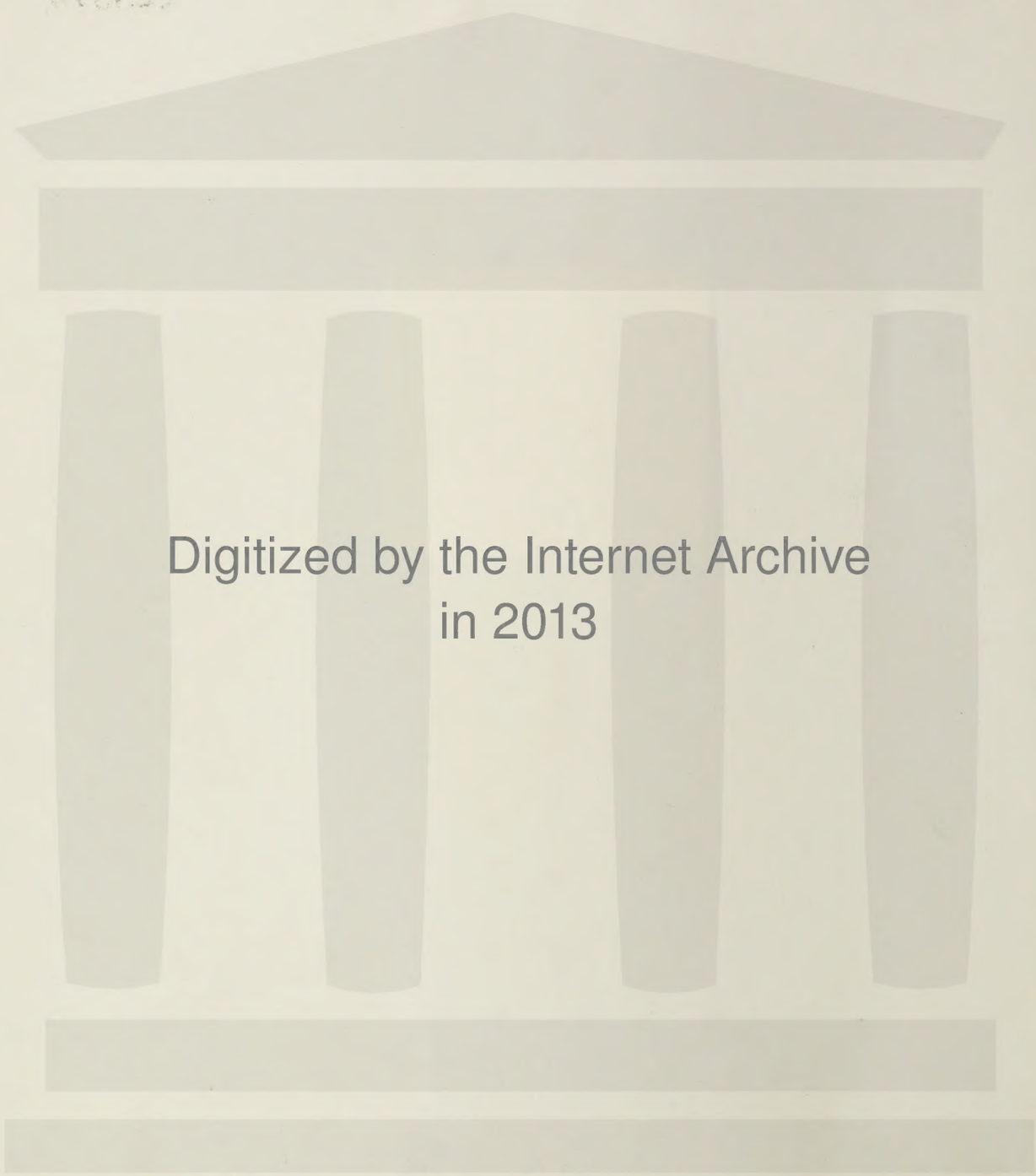
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low, a Houseful f Toddlers! A Progress Report on the ischer Quints

y Phyllis Wright, M.D.

CAROLINE AND JOHN-JOHN GROW UP

More White House Memories of Miss Shaw, Governess of the Kennedy Children

A SPECIAL SECTION TO KEEP ALL YEAR

MAKING MODERN MEDI... WON'T H... YOUR FAMILY

Yesterday, you may have had a reason for missing a good, nourishing breakfast.

Today, you don't.



Now you can have new Carnation instant breakfast –makes milk a meal that's too good to miss.

Each glass delivers as much protein as two eggs, as much mineral nourishment as two strips of crisp bacon, more energy than two slices of buttered toast, and even Vitamin C—the orange juice vitamin. It comes in a lot of great flavors, too. Look for them in your cereal section.



(Why Dinty Moore tastes closest to home-made stew)

We start our stew the way you do at home—with fresh, firm vegetables and good, lean beef, all carefully trimmed by hand. We measure them carefully into each can (adding a fresh-made beef gravy). Then the whole stew simmers together inside the can; the lid's sealed tight to save all the flavor and freshness for you. No one but you and Dinty Moore makes beef stew with such loving care. That is why Dinty Moore is America's favorite ready-to-serve stew; it tastes more like home-made than any other.



Hormel
FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Five strong nails

and how they grew



Strong and Long

by Helena Rubinstein®

At last...a nail hardener for the entire nail. Quickly absorbed. Makes nails strong so they can grow long.

And no shields needed.

Nails breaking, peeling, splitting, chipping? Too frail to grow long? Now your nails can be strengthened to grow beautiful...with Helena Rubinstein's remarkable new Strong and Long.™

It's different from anything you've tried before. Strong and Long is quickly absorbed; your nails actually gain added strength as you apply. And it works on the whole nail at once, not just the tips. Forget shields. There's no sting. No unpleasant anything. Nothing to do but brush on.

The minute your nails are dry, they're ready for polish. *That* simple. So why buy trouble? Strengthen and condition your nails with Helena Rubinstein's Strong and Long nail hardener. Then, see how they grow.

Helena Rubinstein®

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J. M. CLIFFORD *President* **J. MICHAEL HADLEY** *Publisher*

COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FISCHER QUINTUPLETS by Wayne Miller. See "The Fischer Quints at Two," page 53. The quints wear jumpers created especially for them by the Journal—each jumper is easily made from a baby blanket. To send for pattern, turn to page 116. Photographs and illustrations not credited on page: 6–illustration by David Renning; 11–Gene Holtan; 18, 20, 26–Blake Hampton; 33–Victor Cohn by Marty Nordstrom, Black Star, Dr. Louis Lasagna by Fabian Bachrach, Lois Chevalier by Alec Nesbitt, Dr. Emerson Day by Alfred Statler, Dr. Robert Menninger by Corliss Hathaway; 84–Homer Hill; 87, 108–Harry O. Diamond.

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Two new soups from Lipton!

New for kids who are chicken about vegetables.
Lipton Chicken Vegetable.

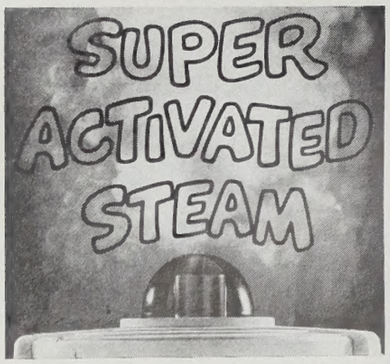
Lipton cleverly tucks into a golden broth lots of tender chicken and tiny macaroni stars. It's another Lipton Soup that kids will love.



New for kids who have a beef about vegetables.
Lipton Vegetable Beef.

More fresh, tender vegetables—skillfully slipped into a zesty blend of broth and beef. One more Lipton Soup that kids will love—because it tastes like Mother just cooked it.





Fight all-night nasal congestion with Vicks VapoSteam!

Clinical study shows VapoSteam in your vaporizer "super-activates" steam—brings more relief than plain steam!

Doctors have long recommended vaporizer steam to bring children night-time relief from a cold's sleep-robbing effects.

Now, steam can work even harder in your vaporizer. Help bring even more relief, thanks to an amazing Vick product: VapoSteam!

A recent clinical study shows Vicks VapoSteam *"super-activates"* the steam! Improves its efficacy. Makes it work harder. Brings soothing relief of nasal congestion and cough.

Only Vicks VapoSteam provides *"super-activated"* steam medication. Because it's the only medication formulated to work *within* your vaporizer—right in the water itself.

Next time, to help give your child's cold all-night relief, pour Vicks VapoSteam into the water of your vaporizer and *"super-activate"* the steam!

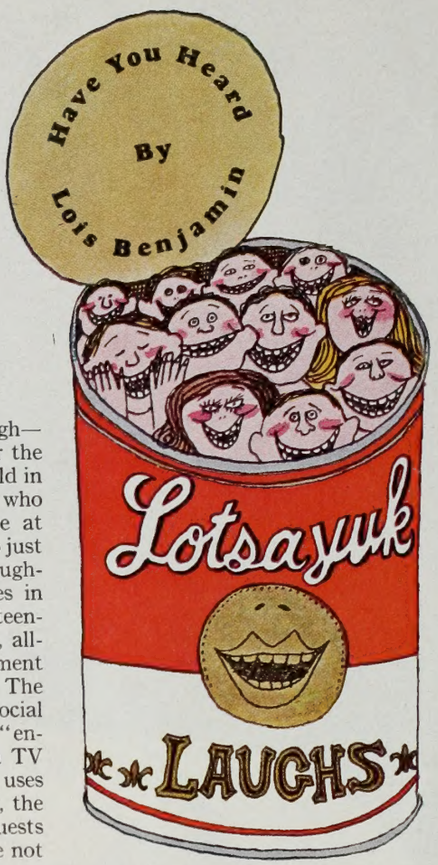
See how this clinically-proven medication helps your child to a more comfortable, refreshing night's rest.

Get the most out of your Vaporizer with VapoSteam



VapoSteam®
from the makers of Vicks® VapoRub®

Have You Heard By Lois Benjamin



Have You Heard . . .

You can now have the last laugh—for keeps. Canned laughter for the home is being packaged and sold in Europe, to nervous hostesses who have trouble breaking the ice at their parties, and to people who just don't like to laugh alone. The laughter, taped sound-tracks, comes in various styles (kids' giggles, teen-aged chuckles, ladies' tee-hees, all-male guffaws and a nice assortment suitable for mixed company). The theory is that almost every social occasion can use a teeny tiny "enjoyment booster"—just like a TV comedy show. If the hostess uses her canned laughter discreetly, the manufacturer guarantees her guests will never even suspect they're not having any fun.

And Have You Heard . . .

What you can get from room service in Las Vegas these days? Free advice on improving your luck at the gambling tables. Low-key lessons on how to do better at dice, 21 and roulette are now available any time, 24 hours a day, via closed-circuit TV in any room of the Hotel Tropicana. It's said to be the world's only permanent floating educational TV course on the subject. You get 15 minutes' worth of lecture, with a friendly instructor showing you the ropes, and there's just one commercial at the end. Something about a friendly neighborhood casino right downstairs.

Have You Seen . . .

King Rat, the prisoner-of-war movie that may go down in Hollywood history as the first and only case where a book had a girl and a love scene, and the movie version cut them both out?

It's definitely not a woman's picture—unless you're a woman who can face more searing truths about the nature of men than you'll ever learn just living with one.

One thing is for sure: a woman who experiences this incredibly raw film (you can't merely *see* it) will never again think she knows all about any man—not even if she loves him.

Have You Heard . . .

In France, the new kick is for *kissing autographs*. Young girl movie fans line up at premieres to catch the latest hero at the airport or stage door, just like in the old days—only now they're organized in teams. One pounces on the reluctant star to collect a memorable kiss; the other whips out a Polaroid camera, records the scene and then gets star's autograph on the "instant" photograph. At the next airport or stage door, they switch places.

Have You Heard . . .

Where sci-fi is heading next? Outer-space fantasies were just a warm-up—the next $3-million nightmare you see (coming next month in pulsing Cinemascope, of course) will be *Fantastic Voyage*. It's got the twistiest plot since Flash Gordon, and, get this, all the action takes place in a *human body*.

There's this seriously injured scientist, see, and he needs a brain operation that's so delicate it can only be performed from *inside*. So this submarine full of surgeons and specialists has to be miniaturized and shot into the scientist's bloodstream, and, boy, do they get into trouble—violent attacks by antibodies, and heaven knows what all. Don't worry, though, the operation is a $3-million success—but you'll *never* guess how the doctors get out of the operating room. (Hint: The escape hatch is in the picture below.)



Have You Seen . . .

The new way to collect a masterpiece—strictly by appointment. The most unusual art-dealing service yet was just set up by a big art gallery that maintains branches in three cities. It will put Renoirs, Utrillos and Dufys into interstate "circulation"—air-taxiing them between New York, Chicago and Palm Beach, so that affluent collectors who don't know where their next masterpiece is coming from can look over a nice fresh batch, in their own home towns, every month.

The Findlay Galleries, organizers of the "appointment" plan, will send out advance notices about showings; they'll even fill special requests to bring along that little Picasso you just *might* want to buy next time it comes around.

Have You Circled . . .

January 5—For discovering the next opera star to give Callas and Sutherland a run for their high-C notes: Montserrat Caballe, the Spanish soprano who conquered New York's Met in December. Join the claque for $5.79—the price of her first American album (stereo; RCA Victor), *Bellini and Donizetti Arias*.

January 11—To celebrate Len Deighton Day—by reading Deighton's latest thriller, *The Billion-Dollar Brain*. (Last two Deighton days brought *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*.) This one (Putnam, $4.95) covers the private spy line from London and Helsinki. It's run by a computer. P.S. **January 11** *used* to be the publication date of one Ian Fleming.

January 17—For *the* literary event of '66—publication of Truman Capote's nonfiction masterpiece, *In Cold Blood*. It's an anatomy not only of a true-life murder, and why it happened, but also of why every murder victim, including the killer, *must* matter to the whole world. (Random House, $5.95)

January 19—To get "with it" by "switching on"—to Roger Miller's TV special (NBC). One of the cleanest-cut (and therefore unlikeliest) heroes of the folk-rock "IN" crowd, he is definitely for grown-ups, too.

January 27—For catching up with *Dr. Zhivago*, the dazzling Ritz-diamond-of-a-movie made in Madrid by David (*Lawrence of Arabia*) Lean from Boris Pasternak's prize epic. It's got *Darling* Julie Christie as Lara, liquid-eyed Omar Sharif as Zhivago, and Geraldine Chaplin's big-screen bow as Zhivago's wife.

If you like to draw, you may have a God-given talent

America's best-loved artist almost quit painting in his youth because he was uncertain of his ability. Here's his advice to people who may be neglecting a natural gift that could change their lives.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS LAMONE

By Norman Rockwell

I CAN'T THINK of a greater waste in the world than being blessed with a natural ability...and doing nothing about it. A talent for drawing, for example, is a wonderful gift. It can bring you such a rich and rewarding life that it just doesn't seem right not to give it a chance to develop and grow.

Nobody knows this better than I. I was born in a shabby tenement in New York City. I guess I always wanted to be an artist. I remember, when I was six, drawing pictures on old cardboard to amuse my friends. At fifteen, I had earned enough money from odd jobs to go to art school. Then, over my parents' objections, I left high school after my first year so that I could attend two art schools at once.

Many times I became terribly discouraged and wanted to give up art school to start earning money. But my instructors encouraged me to continue. One day a cartoonist friend urged me to submit my work to The Saturday Evening Post. To my surprise, they bought the first three pictures I showed them and asked me to do three more. I didn't know it then, but this sale started me toward the realization of my dream . . . making the most of the talent I was born with.



Albert Dorne was born in the slums. His God-given talent made him one of the highest-paid artists in history.

Others struggled, too

My story is not unique...other artists overcame greater hardships. Albert Dorne left school at 13 to support his family, but studied art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week. He went on to become one of the highest-paid commercial artists in America.

Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was orphaned at five. Robert Fawcett, "the illustrator's illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art.

As I progressed in my career, hundreds of promising artists came to me for help. I gave them as much time as I could. But what they really needed was an effective way to master the trade secrets of many successful artists.

A plan to help others

Albert Dorne found the way. One day over 18 years ago, he asked me to meet him in his studio. There I found Dohanos, Von Schmidt, Fawcett and Briggs. With them were six other equally famous artists —Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton. Dorne pointed out the growing need for trained artists. Then he asked, "Why can't we develop a way to share our art experience and knowledge with all who have talent . . . no matter where they live or who they are?"

All twelve of us loved the idea. Taking time off from our own careers, we poured all our knowledge of art—all our hard-won trade secrets into a unique series of home-study lessons. We made over 5,000 special drawings for a magnificent set of textbooks. After we had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed his own specialty. For example, Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor. I devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color.

New methods devised

Finally, we spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each assignment the student would send in, his instructor would actually draw in black and white or paint in full color his detailed corrections. Then the instructor would dictate a letter of criticism and advice. This way, there would be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his progress.

And so we started the Famous Artists Schools. Our faculty totals hundreds of years of professional experience. The School started in an old barn in Westport, Conn. Today it occupies its own modern buildings and has thousands of students. All of us with the School are extremely proud of what our students everywhere have accomplished.

Our students succeed

James Ryan of Los Angeles, Calif., is a good example. If his God-given talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying, routine job. Taking our Course radically changed his future. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time.

Virginia Bartter, a housewife from Ohio, found that our training helped her earn extra income for her family. Last year she received over $1,000 for paintings she did in her spare time and is now holding art classes in her home.

To Dean Brinkley of Arlington, Tex., the Course opened a new world of accomplishment. He's had growing success as an illustrator, doing important free-lance art work. And last year he participated in nine art exhibitions.

Since taking our Course, Felcie Wells, a Charlotte, N. C., housewife, has sold every painting she's done. And she's made valuable contributions to her church—painting murals and other art work.

And an elderly California woman told me her doctors stated many times that medicine would never replace what the Course has done for her health. She has found contentment in painting.

I am not at all surprised by the success of our students. Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous. The School continually gets requests from art buyers all over the country asking us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs.

Do you like to draw? Do you have the desire to train toward a full- or part-time career in commercial art or fine art? If your answer is even a tentative yes to either, I urge you to take steps to develop your God-given talent to its fullest. You owe it to yourself not to waste it.

• • •

UNIQUE ART TALENT TEST. Norman Rockwell, Albert Dorne and the other Famous Artists have created a revealing 12-page talent test to discover people who have art talent worth developing. Formerly, they charged for the test. But now it is offered free and graded free. Men and women who do well on the test—or can offer other evidence of art talent—may enroll in the School. There's no obligation. Just mail the coupon below.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 7975, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test and information about your courses.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____ Age _____

← *Please circle one and print name*

Address _____

City _____ *Zip* _____

County _____ *State* _____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission, National Home Study Council.

If you think water is a moisturizer,



Pram Courtesy Of Sudbury Lab., M... Vinyl Suit By Cuddlecoat / Also available in Canada

you're all wet! Water dries your skin.

And because it dries, you need to moisturize.
Ordinary bath oils are heavy. Leave you too oily. Not Helene Curtis Tender Touch®, the light moisturizing bath oil for dry skin.

It's quick to penetrate because we've added something new: a quick-absorbing moisturizer that is, in fact, one of the very same moisturizers found in your own skin. Tender Touch moisturizes dry skin away so beautifully. Leaves you so smooth and dewy-fresh and clean. All over.

Tender Touch is so nice. $1.50

Tender Touch® Bath Oil



Helene Curtis

where beautiful young ideas begin.



Happy idea! Get a new Philco refrigerator and forget defrosting forever!

Wouldn't it be wonderful? No more precious time wasted defrosting your refrigerator – not even the freezer section. No more defrosting mess to clean up. Just let a Philco No Frost system do the whole job for you – automatically.

And Philco gives you more room for food. The model shown gives you a huge 16.3 cu. ft. of convenience-planned storage. There are even door shelves for half-gallon containers! All this in only 30 inches of kitchen wall space. It'll probably fit in the same space as your old cramped refrigerator.

What else? With many models you can get the exclusive Philco Power Saver to save you as much as $15.76 a year* on electric bills. And the reserve power of Philco Instant Cold to keep your family's food fresh longer. For added convenience, you can also have Philco's brand-new automatic ice maker. You get a free choice of colors, too.

Isn't this exactly what you want in a refrigerator? Come on, get happy! See your nearest Philco dealer.

* Based on [illegible]



PHILCO

[illegible]

Pet News



Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for drowning goldfish? That's what scientists at the Max Planck Laboratories in West Germany advise. In the course of their experiments in fish biology at the laboratory, scientists have learned to revive seemingly dead goldfish that have jumped out of their bowls. They hold the fish just under the surface of the water and blow gently into their mouths. Well, a fish in the bowl is worth two in the hand.

Snakes make good pets for children—according to Marlin Perkins, who should know. Perkins, director of the St. Louis Zoo and host of NBC-TV's *Wild Kingdom*, spends his time collecting and caring for mountain lions, elephants, tigers, gnus and all sorts of exotic creatures that belong in jungles or zoos. But he would "never recommend a wild animal as a pet." Ocelots and monkeys are cute when they're little, he admits, but they all grow up, and they all learn to bite. Zoos are flooded with generous offers from kinkajou owners with chewed up wallpaper and from coatimundi owners with chewed-up fingers. Most zoos just don't *want* any more overgrown, unruly household rejects. Perkins says that the docile wild animal is a rare thing indeed, and that the average animal lover should forget about trying to raise an Elsa at home.

In addition to ordinary dogs, cats, hamsters, fish and turtles—if you really want an unusual gentle creature to keep around the house—Perkins heartily recommends nonpoisonous snakes. A bull snake, a king snake or a small boa won't take up much space, won't eat too much, and if you let him out for a little exercise now and then, he'll be content and won't bite anybody. In case you were wondering, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have only one pet in their home—a gray kitten.

Meanwhile, on January 16, *Wild Kingdom* will show Perkins catching a whale off the coast of California. How do you catch a whale? You lasso it, of course.

P.S. For wild-animal fanciers who aren't fully convinced by Mr. Perkins's advice, Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo has a practical program for satisfying the yen for exotic, expensive and potentially dangerous pets. A group of women, known as the Nursery Volunteers, gives a day a week to caring for animals in the zoo's nursery. Offspring of leopards, pumas, jaguars and other beasts are put in the nursery, which is run along the same spotless lines as a hospital nursery. Housewives and career women take over the newborn animals and care for them until they start to get serious about being wild animals. The ladies weigh new arrivals, sterilize bottles, prepare formulas and keep track of their charges' progress. Once a day the animals are taken from their cages for exercise and play. Lions remain gentle until they are about four months old; jaguars get pretty rough at six weeks. When the nurslings are big enough, they are usually sold to other zoos.

For dogs and cats who fight like cats and dogs—and get hurt—get a First Aid Kit for Pets (Petrx, $10.29). It won't stop the fighting, but it might save a few trips to the vet. The kit comes well stocked with car-sickness tablets, wound powder, diarrhea medication and other remedies for minor ailments. An indispensable dispensary.

In West Germany, pet-food manufacturers have started aiming TV commercials at pets as well as pet owners. Dog sounds and noises that attract dogs to the screen during commercials make the owners take notice, too. Film strips from old Rin Tin Tin movies allure not only shepherd dogs, but dachshunds and setters, who are also big fans of the former screen idol. The cat-food producers were using birds on the screen to attract cats during commercials, but they had to stop. Too many bird lovers protested.

Does your pet have a weak stomach? High blood pressure? Heart trouble? Or does he just have trouble with his waistline? Well, if you're eating black strap molasses and wheat germ, he can get health foods now, too. A Kansas cannery has a variety of foods for animals with health worries. There are high-protein diets for puppies with dull eyes, low-calorie diets for fat cats, and special foods for animals with heart trouble or intestinal disorders. Warning: A dog should consult his doctor before going on a diet; the foods are not sold in pet shops and can only be obtained through veterinarians by prescription.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Ike and Mike, this pair of bookish kittens, are the pert pets of Arthur Shattil of Highland Park, Illinois.



In just a few days, while chatting with friends, or watching TV...

You can make a beautiful deep-pile rug

Send for 32-page full-color catalog showing 55 exclusive Shillcraft designs

Making your own rugs the Shillcraft way requires no previous experience. You can even do it while watching TV.

Women have won prizes with the first rug they've made. Under the Shillcraft system you can't make mistakes. And you gain *worthwhile savings* as another reward of making your own rug!

No wool to cut, no frames to work over. Your moth-proofed, English, 6-ply, 100%-wool yarn comes cut to size. You just match yarn to colors stencilled on the sturdy English canvas—working on your lap or an ordinary table. Then tie yarn with the ingenious Shillcraft Latchet Hook—the only tool you need. The wool cannot pull out, no matter how often you vacuum or clean.

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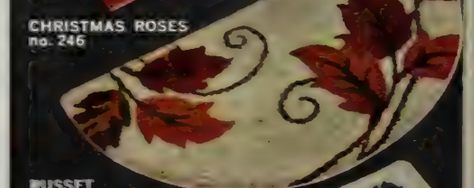
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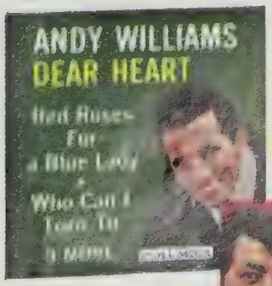
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2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.



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2026. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Believe In You, More, 11 in all



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2028. Also: I'm Just A Country Boy, Battle of New Orleans, etc.



2162. Also: Engine Engine #9, The Good Old Days, etc.



2127. Also: W Sing In The shine, 12 in all



2151. Other artists on record: Manfred Mann, Dionne Warwick



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



1908. Also: Days of Wine and Roses, The Good Life, etc.



1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier



2153. Serenade In Blue, I'll Never Smile Again, 12 in all



1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan



2134. Also: Lo Louie; Come On I Gotta Move; et



2157. Here are the 12 songs from their first movie! When I'm Alone, etc. *



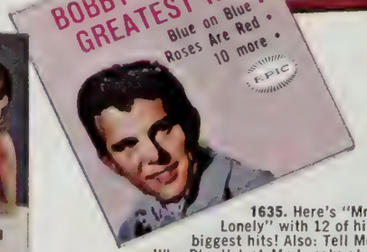
1530. Greater than ever... winner of 8 Academy Awards



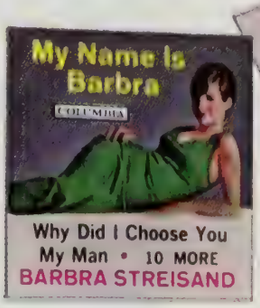
2075. Try To Remember, Jamaica Farewell, 9 more



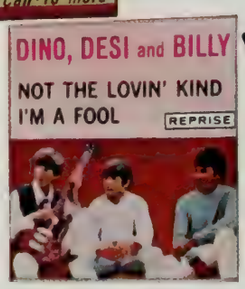
1909. Also excer from "Swan La and "PeerGynt"s



1635. Here's "Mr. Lonely" with 12 of his biggest hits! Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.



2113. Barbra's magic touch on I Can See It, Where Is The Wonder, My Pa, etc.



2167. Here they are! That fabulous new group with their new hit album! Includes It Ain't Me Babe, Satisfaction.



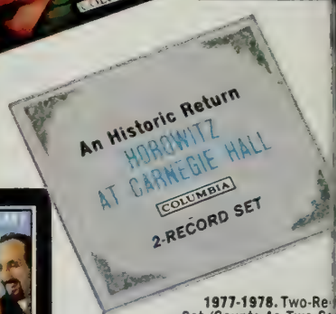
1983. Ray Conniff with For All We Know, The Second Time Around, Chloe, 12 in all.



2141. I'm A Fool Care, One Has Name, 10 more



1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.



1977-1978. Two-Re Set (Counts As Two Se tions.) The fabulous "live" formance, his first in 12 ye



1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.



2115. Also: I'm All Smiles, Time After Time, More, etc.



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1902. Also: It's All Over Now, Rhythm of The Rain, etc.



1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.



2125. Let's Lock The Door, Cara Mia, 10 more big hits



1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



2114. When The Ship Comes In, For Lovin' Me, 10 more



1846. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.



1915. Serenade in Blue, Elmer's Tune, At Last, 12 in all



2158 Also: Just One Smile, Down In The Subway, 12 in all

1359. Standanavian, Nubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

2129. Also: Shout, Don't You Just Know It, Long Green, etc.*

1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.

2176. Also: King of The Road, The Race Is On, etc.

1363. Also: Fly Me to The Moon, More, Fascination, etc.

1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey

1785. Also: Stard Battle Hymn of Republic, etc.

1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.

1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." —N. Y. Journal-Amer.

2121. Why Should I Care, Tell Me Baby, For Lovin' Me, etc.

2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian

2135. Also: She's Mine, Your Heart Turned Left, etc.

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

1900. Also: Go To Him, Sweet Little Rock and Roller, etc.

2124. Sweet Lorraine, Ramblin' Rose, Smile, Unforgettable, etc.

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

2135. Also: Love Home, Pass Me Amen, Remember,

2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

2007. Also: Gates of Eden, On The Road Again, 11 in all

1893. Also: When You Walk in The Room, I Feel Fine, etc.

2179. I Still Get Jealous, Blueberry Hill, 10 more

2112. Also: One Mint Julep, Nice 'N' Easy, Moon River, etc.

2159. Also: The Night We Called It A Day, etc.

2126. King of the Road, Downtown, Meditation, 9 more

1906. Have You Ever Been Lonely, Always In My Heart, 10 more

2180. America, The Beautiful; American Salute; 9 more

2145. The whole w derful score: Ou My Dreams, etc.

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2168. Cher also sings Girl Don't Come Home, Blowin' In The Wind, etc.



2137. Recorded "live" at Whisky A Go Go! Also: Land Of 1000 Dances, etc.



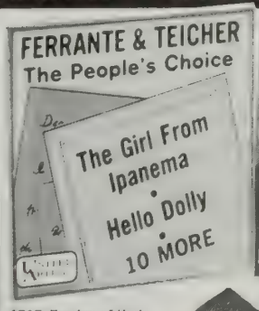
2077. "Mr. Piano" with Try To Remember, High On A Windy Hill, etc.



2030. Johnny also sings Danny Boy, Wildwood Flower, 12 in all

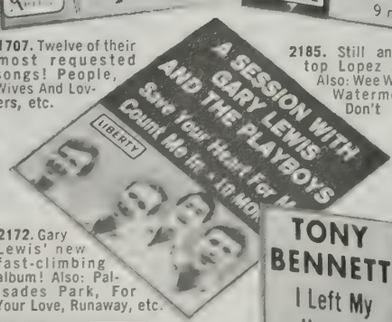






1707. Twelve of their most requested songs! People, Wives And Lovers, etc.





2172. Gary Lewis' new fast-climbing album! Also: Palisades Park, For Your Love, Runaway, etc.

2185. Still another top Lopez album! Also: Wee Wee Hours, Watermelon Man, Don't Let Go, etc.



1023. Sinatra says Tony's "the best in the business!" Hear why as Tony sings Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, etc.

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BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Can This Marriage be Saved?

Jenny was a compulsive eater

I asked the wife in this case what she felt was the one most important thing that she got out of marriage counseling. "Unquestionably, the ability to see the other person's side," she replied promptly. "Both of us gained in that, of course, but I'll speak for myself. When I stopped thinking so much about what my husband was doing and learned, instead, to ask myself, why *does he do it?, I began immediately to get along better. Pretty soon many of my marital difficulties disappeared. Then I began to ask the same question about other people. All my relationships improved. Making the marriage better has made my whole life better!" The counselor in this case was William Zehv.*

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
Founder and president of the
American Institute of Family Relations

"Travis and I spent half our honeymoon in the hotel restaurant," said 26-year-old Jenny. In five years of marriage, her small-boned clear-skinned beauty had been thoroughly spoiled by her mountainous proportions. "I was so excited by being Trav's bride—and so uneasy about how he felt—that my common sense deserted me. I ate five enormous meals a day, and in two weeks I gained fourteen pounds, exactly a pound a day. I discovered the awful truth the afternoon we packed to leave. When I put on my going-away suit, which I'd worn on our wedding day, I popped the fasteners and split the seam.

"The chambermaid came to my rescue with safety pins, but a moment later I heard her and the housekeeper in the hall laughing about the heavyweight bride with the handsome, slender husband. Trav heard it, too. He didn't say a word. But I thought I saw him smile, as though secretly joining in their mockery.

"Trav has never loved me as much as I love him. His smile nearly broke my heart, but I held back my tears and vowed to begin a rigid diet that instant. Since I longed for Trav to be proud of me in public and admiring in private, I had every incentive to stick to my resolve.

"It took me six months to shed those fourteen pounds. My love for Trav gave me strength to starve myself and make other sacrifices for his sake. Without complaint I quit college to marry him—I was a fine arts major—and resigned the job that had paid for my tuition and board at home.

"My parents hated to lose my financial contributions—they needed the weekly boost I provided—and so they disapproved of my marriage. My in-laws were even more bitterly opposed; Trav was an only child. When we met, he and his ailing father were operating a small cabinet-making shop and barely getting by.

"Trav was determined to be his own boss and wanted us to cut family ties. He teamed up with a friend and opened an art store outside Chicago. We sublet an apartment for $90 a month; it was supposed to be furnished, but it had only a sagging bed, a rickety table and two chairs. "There were no draperies, no rugs, no lamps. I kept Trav's shirts and shorts and my lingerie in cardboard cartons from the supermarket. I sprayed other cartons with paint, decorated them with wallpaper scraps and used them as tables, bookcases, footstools, extra seats. In a way the improvisation was fun. But I was ashamed to invite any of the other wives in the building to drop in for coffee.

"Both Trav and his partner were inexperienced in business; and they worked hard, but never averaged more than $50 or $60 a week. Trav kept promising we could buy a few pieces of furniture on the installment plan, but in the five years of my marriage I have never owned a sofa or a TV set.

At first I missed my mother terribly, particularly at times when I was trying to convince my tormented stomach that a glass of skim milk was a good, square meal. Mother and I had done our dieting together since I was nine or ten years old—I inherit my weight problem from her—but I couldn't afford the cost of a toll phone call to Chicago more than once a week. And then very likely Mother would sound unfriendly and make some mean remark about Trav.

"Every day I paced the uncarpeted floor of that empty, echoing apartment and fought my appetite and my loneliness and waited for Trav and the evening to arrive. Often his homecoming face would be sad and worried, and I would guess his business was going poorly, although he wouldn't discuss it. Nor would he allow me to lend a hand at the store or visit there.

"It was several months before I found a way to help him, and also help me keep my mind away from visions of hot-fudge sundaes. I turned our dismal quarters into a studio and painted pictures—some originals, some copies—to fit the frames he sold in the store. I could turn out three or four pictures in an afternoon, and, though they added only a couple of dollars to the price charged for the frame, Trav gave me extra money to save toward draperies. And he was generous in praising my work. Actually, Trav is far more artistically talented than I am. On Sundays I taught him what I had learned at school, about line and color and composition, and soon he was producing canvases vastly superior to my daubs. Those Sundays when the two of us painted together in our makeshift studio were very happy. Passing up a meal almost stopped bothering me.

"We enjoyed perhaps a dozen Sundays in all. And then the blow fell. As soon as my weight leveled off at 130 pounds—with my height (five-feet-two) 120 pounds would be ideal, but is apparently an impossible goal for me—I decided it would be safe to ease my calorie-counting, and Trav agreed. He took me out to dinner to celebrate my trimmed-down figure, or so I supposed. That night at dinner, our first restaurant meal since our honeymoon, he broke the news that the store was bankrupt.

"My drapery nest egg went into moving expenses. For the next ten months, we shuttled back and forth between Trav's disapproving parents and mine. Trav tried one unsatisfactory, low-paid job after another, and I kept on eating and gaining. At the end of six months my weight had zoomed to 180 pounds. I looked like a side-show freak, and my mother-in-law didn't hesitate to tell me so—in Trav's hearing. She screamed at me that I had ruined her son's life.

"Although my in-laws had a six-room apartment, every inch of space was jammed with junk accumulated through the years, junk she considered priceless. My mother-in-law has suffered tragedy and trouble, and I pity her in some ways, but her peculiarities made my existence even more miserable. She had locks and bolts and keys for every door, box, chest, drawer. To change the sheets on our bed, I had to appeal to her to unlock the linen closet. She would stand and watch me count out two fresh sheets, and then promptly relock the closet. She even had a padlock on the hamper where I put the soiled laundry. Nearly always, after that ordeal, I went over to my parents' apartment, raided their refrigerator and gained a few more pounds.

"My parents were as hard on Trav as my in-laws were on me. They boasted of the accomplishments of my two brothers and my brother-in-law to emphasize their low opinion of Trav as a breadwinner. On the day I discovered I was pregnant I was so desperate I debated throwing myself down the stairs to bring on a miscarriage.

"At that point we went to California, and had a little luck. A cousin of mine, who had struck it rich in real estate, gave Trav a good job as agent and troubleshooter for his widely scattered properties. Cousin Frank also arranged for us to buy a bargain house, and lent us the down payment.

It was the first house either of us ever lived in, and I was wild with joy. Unlike most pregnant women, I took off weight until late in my pregnancy; I got in hours of exercise working to improve our place, and I followed my obstetrician's diet to the letter. Mostly I worked outdoors—Trav and I planted the finest garden in the area—because there was very little for me to do inside. There was still no furniture to dust or polish, no draperies or rugs to vacuum. Trav bought a bed for us, and that was about it.

"To earn the money to equip a nursery for our baby, I baby-sat for other mothers. I refurbished a second-hand crib and bathinette, bought material and made curtains, sewed bath towels together to carpet the floor. It was a lovely room, and Betsy was a lovely baby. (*continued on page 97*)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of couples who sought counseling at the institute.

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Illustration by Blake Hampton

Choosing an Anniversary

Q: My husband and I were married at the beginning of World War II when we were both quite young, and were subsequently divorced. In 1945, when he returned from overseas, we remarried, and now have two children. We have never celebrated an anniversary, for the simple reason that we did not know which date to celebrate. Now, however, my husband wants to have a large 25th wedding anniversary celebration, considering our original wedding date in 1941 to be the right one. I have misgivings about this, feeling that perhaps the 1945 date is the one to celebrate.

A: I think you should be sentimental and use the first wedding as the proper one from which to date your 25th anniversary.

Demitasse Spoons

Q: I have demitasse spoons, but no after-dinner coffee cups, and consequently have never used the little spoons. I wonder if I might use them with regular-sized coffee cups?

A: No, don't use the demitasse spoons with large cups; they will look lost on the saucer and lost in the cup when you stir. But why not get some demitasses and enjoy them? They are not limited to after-dinner use. Throughout Europe, coffee is served in small cups often, even in the morning. Neither do demitasses have to match. If you tell your friends that you are starting a collection, they will probably be happy to give you a little cup from time to time.

Acknowledging Contributions

Q: Should a contribution to a deceased person's favorite charity be acknowledged? On two occasions I have made such contributions, and, although I had a note from the charity, I received none from the family.

A: Yes, whoever is writing the acknowledgements for the family should certainly write one, however brief, for any contribution made in memory of the deceased.

Responsibility of the Groom's Parents

Q: Please tell me the correct procedure to follow when a son becomes engaged. Do the man's parents phone, write or visit the girl's parents first? In our case, since we are elderly and do not travel and the girl's family lives 200 miles away, would it be all right merely to write them?

A: When an engagement is about to be announced, the parents of the groom call upon the parents of the bride. (In these days, when calling by appointment is advisable, the mother of the groom might telephone or write a little note asking when they might call.) After this initial meeting, the bride's parents make the next social move, usually entertaining the groom's parents quietly, within the family circle.

In your case, you may certainly write the girl's parents telling them of your own and your husband's pleasure over the engagement. Do not sign the letter jointly. You, as mother of the groom, should write the letter and in it refer to your husband.

Rehearsal Dinner

Q: Do the parents of the groom give the wedding-rehearsal dinner? Should parents of the ushers be invited to the wedding reception?

A: The rehearsal dinner given by the parents of the groom used to be solely a Midwestern custom, but it is becoming increasingly popular and certainly does relieve the bride's parents from one of their heavy responsibilities. Discuss the matter with the bride's mother. She may be delighted at your suggestion.

The parents of the ushers are not necessarily invited to the wedding reception.

Restaurant Manners

Q: Is it polite to ask a waiter in a restaurant to wrap your meat up to carry home, if you have left a large portion?

A: Many popular restaurants are used to requests for a "doggie bag." A very elegant restaurant might be supercilious about it. Much depends upon the personality of the waiter. If he is friendly and helpful, you can ask quietly if it is possible to take home your uneaten portion. If he is a gentleman, he will assume it is for the dog. If such a request would throw the kitchen into an uproar, he will explain that to you.

Sharing a Room

Q: My cousin is coming to live with us. We are both 18-year-old girls and since neither of us has any brothers or sisters, sharing a room is new to both of us. We would like to know what our obligations are to each other. For instance, I enjoy classical music and a quiet evening of reading, and my cousin loves the Beatles.

A: Sit down with your cousin soon after her arrival and jot down all areas that could cause trouble. Is one of you neat, the other rather sloppy? Is one an early riser, the other a late sleeper? How do you feel about borrowing clothes?

If you, for example, hate to lend your clothes and dislike having anyone rummage through your neatly arranged bureau drawers, say so. Stop possible trouble before it starts. Make good rules about the bathroom you share, settling on definite places to keep your own cosmetics and medicines, towels and washcloths. Work out a compromise about the air in the room at night, so that you will both be pleased. From time to time, sit down and have check-up sessions. Have you both been careful about writing down telephone messages? Is one of you slow about doing her share of the chores? Discussing problems in a mannerly way as soon as they develop will lessen tension.

As to the music problem, perhaps you can learn to tolerate each other's preferences. Otherwise, the Beatles lover can go play her records with other fans, or you can enjoy an evening of classical music with friends of the same mind. Remember, you can both learn something from this arrangement. It is good discipline to have to share a room with someone dissimilar to yourself in personality.

Businessmen's Cards

Q: What is the correct form used for a business card in the United States today? My husband has his full name, George Michael Brown, printed in script. Is this correct?

A: On a man's business card the name does not need to be given in full; it could read George M. Brown instead. The name should not be preceded by "Mr." and script is not used. The business card is larger than a social card—about 2 by 3½ inches—and should be engraved or printed in black conservative type. A top executive's card does not carry any advertising matter. It is engraved (preferably) or printed, never plate marked, on finest quality parchment or good white pasteboard. EN

An illustrated booklet, "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," is available to Journal *readers. Please send 25 cents in coin to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, P.O. Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers. She will answer them in this column as space permits.



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BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM
Director of the Orthogenic School, University of Chicago

Dialogue with Mothers "Am I Ruining My Child for Life?"

First Mother: Dr. Bettelheim, they say girls are easier to toilet-train than boys. But we had such trouble training our little girl! She was over two, and my husband was having fits over the potty-seat-in-the-kitchen routine. He said, "This is ridiculous! She knows what she should do and where she should do it, and she doesn't do it." So he took her into the bathroom one day and said, "Go!" Of course, she just got down and wet her pants. But he took her back and gave her a smart crack on her rear end. She never wet her pants again; she was toilet trained instantly. But I cried. He'd ruined her for life, I was sure! I guess she knew he meant business, and decided she'd better cooperate. But it was so contrary to everything you hear.

Second Mother: Well, she was ready.

First Mother: Oh, she certainly was. She was just trying to make a monkey out of me, that's all. She couldn't do that with him, and he let her know it, I guess. I don't know. But I was worried for months before that she'd never get trained, and later I worried that forcing her might be very bad for her.

Dr. B: What interests me here is the parental anxiety; the statement I hear so often: "I'm afraid this or that will ruin her for life." I don't know how you can move at all, with such anxiety that any one thing you might do could ruin your child for life. This is a worry I don't think *anyone* had in your parents' generation.

Second Mother: The education we had was different from our parents'. The emotional and psychological approach to parenthood was emphasized for us.

Dr. B: I think the approach to parenthood swings back and forth. Some thirty or forty years ago, we first became aware of what certain experiences did to children. Parents in those days were well-intentioned people who could defend their own way of life, and didn't need much protection. It was the children who seemed to need the protection. I think, maybe, in some of our nice middle-class families, parents now feel the children get more than their due. If we have now become so worried about our children that the worry begins to do something to us, this is neither good for the children nor for us.

Your parents, or some of them, believed simply: "You do it my way, and that's it." More or less. And we found out that rigidity wasn't so hot for children. So maybe we went overboard and said, "We have to do it the way the child wants it, no matter what." And so we got ——

Second Mother: The bad end of the stick.

Dr. B: Maybe so. Who needs the help and protection now, the children or ——

Mothers: The parents!

Dr. B: The mothers, or both parents?

Third Mother: I think there's a reason for all this concern about our children. The world has changed so much in a generation. But I don't think a parent can do something wrong once or twice and make such a difference in a child's life. That's ridiculous.

Dr. B: Then where *does* the anxiety come from that was expressed here: "I'm afraid I'll ruin them for life"?

Fourth Mother: Maybe some of the anxiety comes from all we hear about delinquency. You hear about all the terrible things youth is capable of doing in our day. It's gone beyond the old days of turning over the outhouses. It's more serious now, with the pep pills and all. Then you see the children go to trial, or go before the juvenile authorities, and the blame is always put back on something the parents did. Instead of the youngster accepting responsibility for his actions, the explanation is always: "He had an unhappy childhood."

Dr. B: What you say fascinates me. I don't know if you're aware of what you said. Maybe you were. But as you put it, "in the old days it was turning over the outhouse, and now it's the pep pills." Now, let me ask you, who is the child nowadays who can turn over an outhouse?

Fourth Mother: Well, that's it. They have to find another outlet.

Dr. B: That's right. So maybe the pep pills have something to do with the fact that we've taken away the outhouse, which takes us back to the lady and how she toilet-trained her daughter. Because what has changed is not that her child got a slap on her behind. That sort of thing happened in the old days, too. What's different now is that this girl or boy, when he's twelve, won't be able to get even for the slap by turning over the outhouse without its ruining him.

Fourth Mother: You think that *that's* going to affect him? (laughter)

Dr. B: No. What I'm trying to suggest is that everything that happens to us, good or bad, has consequences later on. But *how* it affects us depends very much on how these consequences can be expressed later on. For example, many a kid can take even a rigid toilet training in infancy because he can compensate for it all along the way. When he becomes a teen-ager, for example, he can turn over the outhouse. So they balance each other out.

Fourth Mother: My boy's going to need an awful lot of outhouses to balance out.

Dr. B: Yes, but there *are* no longer any outhouses, and you, in your unconscious, connected that to the pep pills. You see, so many of the freedoms that used to exist for the child who was strictly brought up don't exist anymore.

Third Mother: Yes, but Dr. Bettelheim, in the old days when a child tipped over the outhouse, that was his responsibility. He put the outhouse back up—if his parents found out about it.

Dr. B: Yes, if the parents found out. But the point is, there was nothing so terrible about his having tipped it over.

Third Mother: That's right—and some of this kind of behavior was expected.

Dr. B: All right, what can your teen-ager do that parallels turning over the outhouse and putting it back again? What can your teen-ager do in a nice suburban community?

Third Mother: Well, the point is, when the child does something wrong now, the *parents* are made to pay. They have to pay if the kids go around snapping antennas off the cars. It isn't the kids that have to go to work to pay for their mistake.

Fourth Mother: Our house was bombarded with eggs recently. We got the kids to come back, and their parents made them clean up our house. I think kids can be made to learn this way.

Third Mother: Oh, this you can do. But the courts don't do it that way.

Fourth Mother: You said there will always be repercussions for the things you do to your children when they're young?

Dr. B: I would think that everything has its consequences, including what we do with our children. Very often it doesn't depend so much on what you do, but on how you deal with the outcome of what you have done. That is, there's a different attitude today about snapping off the car antennas and throwing the eggs than there was about pulling down the outhouse.

The community's attitude back in those days was: "That's what we expect and it's great fun, but now you boys go and put it back again."

Third Mother: Mischievous!

Dr. B: That's right. But now, when eggs are thrown, you're highly indignant. I'm thinking, too, of how Halloween has changed in the twenty-five years since I came to this country. It's simply a matter of extortion or bribery now, compared to the wildness children really used to display on Halloween. We've closed up so many avenues of compensation that existed a generation ago. Therefore, we have to be much more careful about what we do now. You see, if such avenues were still open, if boys still spent long hours fishing, or running with their dogs in the woods, or sitting by the river, it would be different. Now they have to stay in and do their homework.

Third Mother: Well, we always had homework.

Fourth Mother: But it isn't the same.

Dr. B: My point is, if a teen-ager could roam all day with his dog in the woods, then you could afford a certain type of toilet training. You see? Because there were other compensations. Now that you've taken these outlets away maybe what you do to him earlier has a deeper impact.

Fourth Mother: I feel overorganization is a dangerous thing. We have an awful lot of it in our community. All the things we're doing are very healthy: baseball, the scouting program, and everything. But, taken together, the children are on a pretty tight schedule, and they have no time, really, to roughhouse.

Dr. B: I think in general this is true. The children *are* terribly overorganized and pushed. But it's too bad that the *spontaneous* avenues for corrective experiences are gone—the releases that children used to provide for themselves to make up for past experiences. Maybe, if we could accept them when they're little for the little monkeys they are, we would not try so soon to make *trained* monkeys out of them. Then there would be less danger later that we feel *they're* trying to make monkeys out of *us*. END

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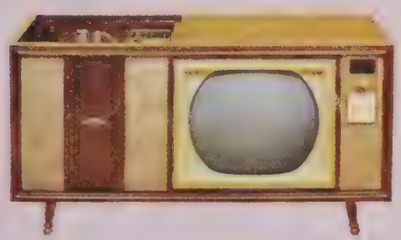
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2. Entries must be accompanied by any 3 proofs of purchase from the Borden's products specified below, or by 3 pieces of paper, 3" x 5", on which you have handprinted in block letters the name of any three Borden's products listed below.

Wrapper from package of Singly Wrapped Cheese Slices • Wrapper from Neufchatel Cheese • End flap from New Danish Margarine • Label from Eagle Brand Condensed Milk • Box top from Starlac • Paper label from Cremora • Box top from Instant Whipped Potatoes • Inner seal from Borden's Coffee • Label from None Such Mince Meat.

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3. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by D. L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Only one prize to a family.

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All products are not available in all areas.
If it's Borden's it's got to be good.

Q: My husband is about to file our income-tax return. What are the chances that our return will be examined?

A: *Take for granted that the arithmetic on your return will be checked by the Internal Revenue Service.*

If you're an individual filing Form 1040, the chances are one in 23 that your return will be checked at the IRS office.

The odds that your return will be examined soar close to 100 percent if your income is $25,000 a year or more, if you're in a trade or profession in which cash payments are commonplace, if you claim deductions that appear extraordinarily large for your income bracket, or if you have big, unreimbursed entertainment expenses.

Q: Our 18-year-old son earned $700 working at a resort hotel last summer. My husband and I are wondering how much income tax he will owe. And can we still claim him as a "dependent"?

A: *Your son can earn up to $900 tax-free. This is because he has $600 as his personal exemption, plus a new minimum standard deduction of $300. You may claim him as a dependent, and get the $600 dependency reduction for him, as long as he's under 19 years of age or a full-time student, and as long as you provide more than half of his support. "Support," by the way, includes the cost of his clothing, lodging, food, medical care, recreation and other necessities, above and beyond the cash you give him. It does not, however, include the purchase price of a car you buy for him.*

Incidentally, your son MUST *file an income-tax return, even though he owes no taxes. A refund check probably will be due him on withheld income.*

Q: We went into the last stretch of 1965 with a respectable sum in our savings account. But now, after Christmas spending and year-end bills, we're flat broke. This seems to happen to us year after year. Isn't there a way we can manage to save regularly and to keep our rainy-day fund intact for a real emergency?

A: *Yes, there is. The secret to building a savings account is to consider savings a regular, fixed* expense—*and the perfect month to start this program is now, in January.*

Put savings in the same category as rent, mortgage payments and utility bills, and provide for the "expense" automatically out of each paycheck just as you provide automatically for other fixed expenses. Even tiny amounts, saved regularly, will become big amounts over a period of time.

Once you have built your rainy-day fund to a proper level—the equivalent of two months' income—make it a must *to keep it at that level. Only when you have done this will the fund protect you against the unexpected and give you peace of mind when the unexpected occurs.*



Money for Christmas gifts should not come out of your emergency fund.

Q: Once a year my husband and I attempt to add up all the family debts and assets in order to figure out what we're worth as we go into the new year. But we always argue about how to calculate the current value of our life-insurance policies, our car, and our personal possessions. Is there a standard formula for figuring a family's net worth?

A: *Yes, first list your total assets:*

The amounts you now have in checking and savings accounts, in savings and loan associations, credit unions, postal savings, and in cash on hand.

The current cash value of any U.S. savings bonds you own (the amount you would get if you cashed them in now, not the maturity value).

The cash value of your life insurance (this means the amount you have actually paid on your policy), plus a rough estimate of your contributions to date to pension plans, retirement programs.

The total value of your stocks, bonds and other securities (the amount you would get if you sold them at their market prices today).

The price you would get if you sold your house, land and any other real estate—and make these conservative estimates. Also estimate realistically what you'd get for your car from a used-car dealer.

The value of all your household goods and personal belongings—including furniture, appliances, jewelry, silver, paintings, gardening equipment, etc. Put a rock-bottom figure on these, then slash *your figure by* 75 percent.

Now, add up all your assets.

Next, list your liabilities: The amounts you owe on your home mortgage, car and installment plans; your total personal debts and bills, including charge accounts, grocery bills, repair bills, medical fees, credit-card charges; the amount of taxes you owe beyond what has been withheld from your paychecks; any other debts and liabilities you can think of.

Simply subtract your total liabilities from your total assets. The result is your total family net worth.

(P.S. I'll bet you're a lot richer than you think! If you're just average, your net worth runs into many thousands of dollars.)

Q: I understand that more than 50 percent of all American wives have life insurance policies today. Since my husband is covered by a $50,000 policy, and since my only job is to take care of the children, are there any reasons why we should have some sort of "wife" insurance?

A: *Yes, there certainly are. Even though you don't have an income to protect, loss of your life could be a major financial setback to your family. Here are three very tangible reasons why so many American wives are insured—and for a total of more than $100 billion dollars:*

1. Burial and other final expenses can mount into thousands of dollars and wipe out a family's entire nest egg.

2. In the event of a mother's death, small children would require expensive household help to care for them and to perform the long list of other household tasks while their father works.

3. A husband's income-tax bill rises considerably with the switch from a joint to an individual income-tax return.

The average wife insurance coverage today is a scant $2,100—only a fraction of the amount her family would actually need to tide husband and children over the immediate, strictly financial loss if she died.

Q: For five years I have been squirreling away a few dollars from here and there and depositing them in a "secret" savings account. The account is my own and no one—not even my husband—knows about it. I use the money strictly for an occasional splurge on clothes or for special surprise gifts to my husband or children. But now that interest on savings must be reported by the bank to the Federal Government, statements on my account are being sent to our house and my husband is sure to find out about it. Where can a wife keep a "secret nest egg" today without being exposed?

A: *It's entirely reasonable for you to want your own secret savings fund—as it is for your husband, too. It is also commonplace for a wife and a husband to have one. But, under a 1962 law, your bank must send you (and the Internal Revenue Service) reports on interest paid or credited to you amounting to $10 or more in a year. The purpose, of course, is to remind you that this interest income is taxable.*

If you want to hide your nest egg, forfeit the interest—then you'll have no income to report. Rent a safe-deposit box and keep your money there. Or open a checking account and intercept the bank statements that come to your house. Or put your funds into U.S. savings bonds—you need not declare accumulated interest or pay the tax due on the interest until you cash in your bonds. Or do what your grandmother probably did and stash your money away in a cookie jar. **END**

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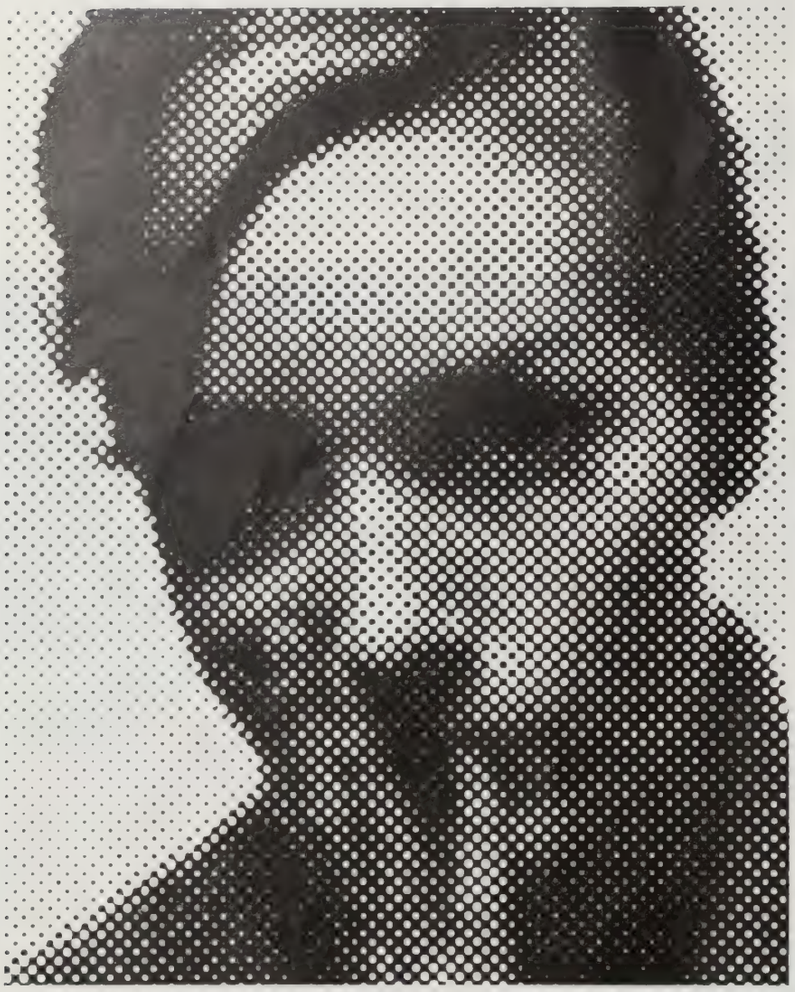


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for "compliments to the chefs."

(Tommy Nelson's Mother, Chef Hector Boiardi and Tommy)





Aren't You Too Young To Feel So Tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel. Because fatigue shows up fast on your face, and those lines of tiredness make you look older than you are—older than you *should* look.

There Is Always A Reason Why You Feel And Look Tired

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

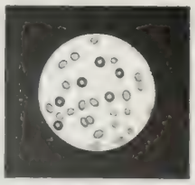
Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman, wife and mother you could be?

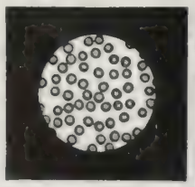
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Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, get the iron you need by taking Geritol. Feel stronger fast, in 7 days, or money back from Geritol.



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Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

Liz and I by Art Buchwald



I read with interest the autobiography of Elizabeth Taylor in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. But I was disappointed no end to note that she had not mentioned the important role I played in her life.

The first time I met Elizabeth Taylor was when we were both street urchins in London. I remember her saying to me, "Arthur, when we grow up, will you marry me?"

I patted her on the shoulder and said, "Elizabeth, my family wants me to go to Sandhurst and then on to Oxford. You'd only be in my way."

The years passed, and one day I was driving down a street in Paris when I saw this lovely flower girl. I stopped the car and told the chauffeur to wait. I said to her, "Your face looks familiar."

"It should, Arthur," she said, smiling. "I'm little Elizabeth Taylor who used to play with you in the streets of London."

"So you are," I said. "How much are you selling the flowers for?"

"One franc for the bunch."

"I'll give you a half franc. They seem quite wilted."

"Thank you, Arthur. You were always a kind person."

"Keep well, Elizabeth," I warned. "It's quite damp this time of year." And then I got into my car and drove off. The flowers died in a couple of days.

As you all know, I joined the Royal Air Force and shot down 54 German planes. But in the last hunt I was wounded. They brought me to a hospital in Sussex. One day I saw this Red Cross girl distributing cigarettes to the patients.

"Could your name be Elizabeth?" I asked.

"Yes, Arthur, it's me. I joined the Red Cross to forget."

"Forget what?"

"You," she said, as tears welled up in her eyes.

Tears started to well up in mine. "You know I have a bad leg," I said.

"It doesn't matter, Arthur," she said, sobbing.

"Well, it should," I said. "I think I ought to get two cartons of cigarettes instead of one."

After the war was over, I went into the banking business with my father, and one day I had to fly out to California. While there, I decided to go for a swim in the Pacific above Malibu. But I got a cramp in my bad leg. I shouted for help, and suddenly, swimming out to me, I saw Elizabeth.

"Hold on, Arthur, I'm coming." She brought me in to shore.

"Thank you, Elizabeth. I swallowed a little water, but I don't imagine that was your fault."

"I don't know what I would have done," she said, "if you had drowned."

"It would have been hard to explain to the authorities," I admitted. "Tell me, what are you doing now?"

"I'm a movie actress, Arthur."

"Is that so? I imagine you make quite a bit of money."

"A million dollars a picture. But money doesn't mean anything to me, Arthur."

"It should, Elizabeth. Why don't you open an account with my bank? We pay four percent and there are no charges for writing checks."

I went back to London the next week and forgot all about Elizabeth until one day when I happened to be strolling down the Via Veneto in Rome. There was Elizabeth, gorgeous as ever and, as usual, glad to see me.

"I'm making *Cleopatra*," she said excitedly. "Arthur, have you ever married?"

"No," I said. "There is only one girl I ever wanted to marry."

Elizabeth started weeping. "Who was that?"

"Baby Jane Holzer. But she married somebody else."

Then Elizabeth said a funny thing. She said, "I'm going to marry Richard Burton, Arthur."

"Why him?"

"Because I couldn't wait for you any longer, Arthur. Don't you understand?"

"Yeh, I guess so. Well, lots of happiness. And if you want to open a joint bank account, let me know."

That was the last time I saw Elizabeth Taylor. But occasionally I hear that people say, even to this day, when they see her, "Isn't that the girl who had the unhappy love affair with Art Buchwald?" **END**

Illustration by Blake Hampton

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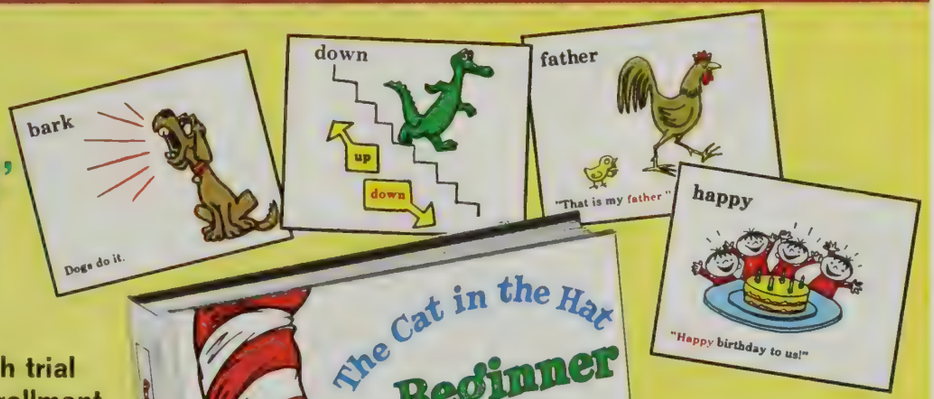
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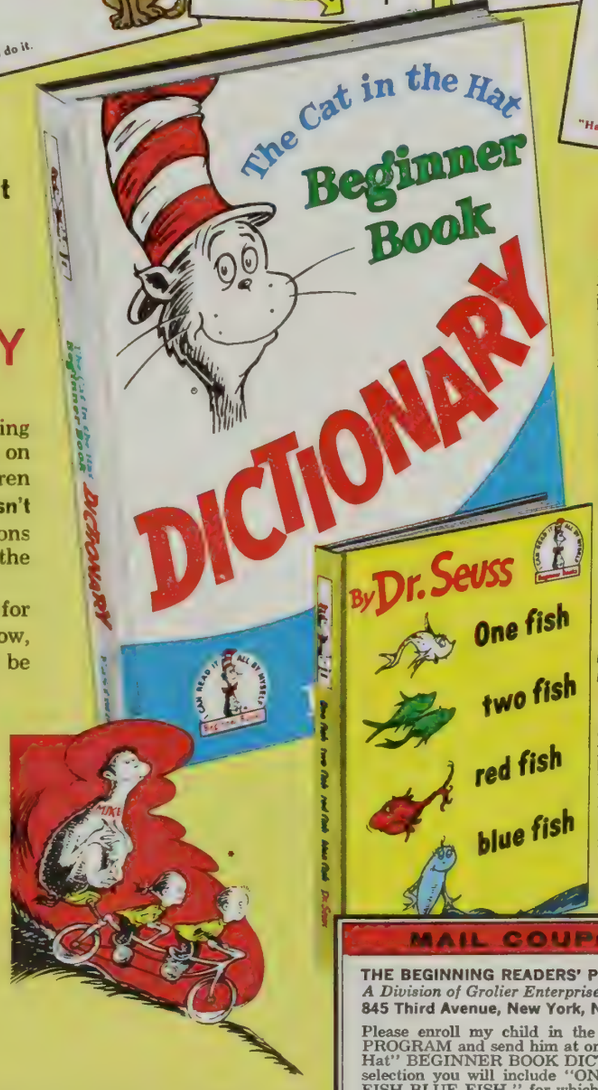
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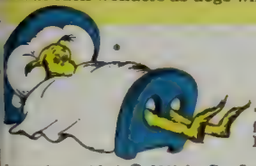
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How to Pick a Doctor
by Victor Cohn

The Drugs Your Doctor Prescribes
by Louis Lasagna, M.D.

How to Get the Most from Your Doctor

Your Medical Dollar
by Lois R. Chevalier

How to Get the Best Treatment from Your Hospital
by Robert M. Cunningham Jr.

Why Get Sick When You Don't Have To?
by Emerson Day, M.D.

When Should You See a Psychiatrist?
by Robert Menninger, M.D.

Introduction by
CHARLES W. MAYO, M.D.
Senior Surgeon Emeritus, Mayo Clinic

What kind of doctor do I want when I am sick? I want a doctor who is humane and thoughtful and kind and gentle. I want a doctor who knows that patients are not numbers, but warm, vital beings, each with a distinctive character, achievements, hopes, aspirations, joys and sometimes secret sorrows.

I'd hate to have a doctor who didn't have any sense of humor. And I want a conscientious doctor, who does not reckon the passage of time when matters of importance cry out. He responds immediately and instinctively when a patient needs him. The patient comes first.

This is the ideal, and I am proud to say there are thousands of American physicians, young and old, who live up to every bit of it to the best of their ability. Unfortunately, some physicians do not. All doctors are not the same. All are not equally good. All are not qualified to handle the same problems, and a good man who is qualified in one field may not be qualified in the next. There are wise doctors, in other words, and there are otherwise.

It is important, therefore, that the modern, intelligent citizen begins to get some modern, intelligent help in choosing and using—but not misusing—a doctor. We are in a wonderful time.

Our average education is higher than ever. You who read this—today's perceptive and sophisticated patients—want and deserve a new kind of medical enlightenment.

We are also in a wonderful time, scientifically speaking. With new drugs, operations and medical wonders, we can live longer and be healthier. More will come: electronics, computers and space medicine are going to make medicine ever more remarkable and scientific, and this means that you, the patient, need ever more help and information in using medicine, to get well and to *keep well.*

These mighty advances of medical science make it hard on the doctor. He has to slave to keep up; there are not enough hours. Don't expect perfection of us. We're just human—we all make mistakes. I remember once, when I was young, I was watching my father, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, operating, and his first assistant made a mistake. In opening the patient, he nicked into the small intestine—and started to take a long time to apologize. The patient suffered no permanent damage, and my father just said: "Don't feel bad. By the time you're my age, you'll have made every mistake in the book." We doctors aren't miracles. It's easier to standardize drugs than doctors.

But you *do* have a right to expect a lot. Medicine demands a lot, and it is a doctor's obligation to give it. I always tell young men and women that if they want to be doctors, they must be endowed with a more than ordinary depth of love for mankind—and for the sick, and the care of the sick. A doctor has to get out of the right side of the bed *every* morning. That's asking a lot—but not too much. For years, if I was at home at night and worried about a patient, I'd just get in my car and drive down to the hospital. If I found my second assistant worried and hanging around too, I'd ask him to be my first assistant after a while. I knew he was the best kind of doctor.

As a patient, I feel the same way. I don't want to be taken care of by any doctor who forgets me. If you find that you are not getting what you feel is the right kind of attention, or if you have worries or doubts about what the doctor has said, you have a right either to a consultation—another opinion—or a referral to another doctor for care. One of the fundamental qualities of the competent doctor, one of the ways you can recognize him, is his willingness to call in consultation. It no longer is possible for one doctor to diagnose and treat everything.

You should have confidence in your doctor. And you owe him something: to tell him all the truth, to hold nothing back. Sometimes this is hard; we don't always like to talk about personal and emotional troubles. But he deserves every bit of information you can give. If you hold back or lie, you can't blame him if he makes a mistake. If you find you can't share this kind of confidence with him, then it may be time to seek another doctor. I've often seen patients that I just could not talk to, or who wouldn't listen to me, and I've respectfully suggested that they might do better with someone else.

Above all, don't neglect the early signs of physical trouble—especially if you think you're doing it to save money—because early diagnosis and proper care can often prevent a prolonged sickness. *Seek* help in matters of health; you should not expect help to seek you. One of the best counselors you can have is easy to find—he is your family physician.

I am very proud of my profession, all over the world. I am proud that in the United States our medical standards are very high. But doctors and other health workers are going to be in more and more demand and shorter supply, and in a day like this we all need to know more about using them. In a day of scientific miracles, we need to know how to take advantage of the miracles. To get our money's worth out of today's scientific medicine, to enjoy maximum health, to live rich and full lives, we all need to learn to be our doctors' partners. This is the purpose to which the following pages are dedicated. I know of no better cause.

Photographs by Rudolph Legname

THE AUTHORS



Charles W. Mayo, M.D., is now senior surgeon emeritus of the Mayo Clinic. He is the distinguished son of a distinguished father: Dr. Charles H. Mayo, co-founder of the Mayo Clinic. Dr. Charles W. Mayo served on the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke, and as a U.N. alternate delegate.



Victor Cohn, science reporter for the *Minneapolis Tribune*, is a winner of the Lasker Award for Medical Journalism and a past president of the National Association of Science Writers.



Louis R. Lasagna, M.D., is associate professor of medicine, pharmacology and experimental therapeutics at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. He has written a book on the problems and achievements of the medical profession, *The Doctors' Dilemmas.*



Lois R. Chevalier is a senior editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* with a special interest in the fields of health and welfare. She has been on the staffs of two medical magazines.



Robert M. Cunningham, Jr., editor of the magazine, *The Modern Hospital*, is the author of a book, *Hospitals, Doctors, and Dollars.*

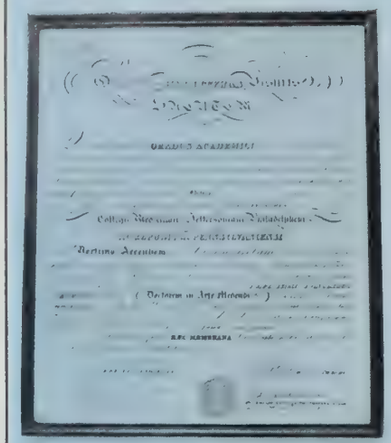


Emerson Day, M.D., Director of the Strang Clinic in New York, has just finished a term as president of the New York Academy of Sciences. He has also been awarded the American Cancer Society's Bronze Medal for distinguished service in cancer control.



Robert Menninger, M.D., of Topeka, Kansas, is the son of Karl Menninger, M.D., of the Menninger Clinic. He is director of the outpatient diagnostic service at the Menninger Clinic.

HOW TO PICK A DOCTOR



BY VICTOR COHN When it comes to picking that important man in your life—your family doctor—it is wise to remember that most of us do not do everything as well as we were taught to do it. Your handwriting probably isn't copybook-perfect, and you probably take shortcuts with book-dusting or cake-making. What's more, the farther you are from your learning period, the more likely you are to be a bit careless.

None of us likes to face up to it, but doctors are the same. Furthermore, they work longer hours than most people, and many of them are trying to take care of too many patients. Just like harassed housewives, some doctors sometimes look for shortcuts. Unfortunately, such shortcuts can occasionally result in totally unintended tragedies.

A few years ago, Dr. Osler Peterson, now a Harvard Medical School professor, organized a program of observing and judging the work of 88 North Carolina general practitioners. These men allowed a highly trained internist to sit in their offices and watch them take care of patients for several days. The findings were not pleasant. Most of these practitioners omitted something the observers considered important, or did something the observers considered wrong. It means they were giving less than optimal care.

Other studies show similar results. Faculty members from Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons examined the medical records of 430 patients at a number of New York City hospitals. They discovered that, by medical-school standards, only 57 percent of these patients had received the best possible care. Mayo Clinic doctors, studying their patients with breast cancers, found that a number of them had not been properly diagnosed by their hometown doctors. And there are well-documented cases of unnecessary surgery done purely for money and downright malpractice where the doctor was actually negligent.

Against this backdrop, how can a family pick a doctor and place their health—indeed their lives—in his hands?

Many people seem to have the same attitude toward the possibility of poor medical care that they have toward nuclear war: it's too awful to contemplate, and they can't do anything about it anyway. These are the people who call the unknown doctor in the next apartment house, or who ask a neighbor over the back fence for a recommendation.

Granted, it is not easy for a patient to judge a doctor's skill. But it is not so hard for other doctors to judge. And the main guideline for you is: find a doctor whom other doctors respect.

For their own family physician, most doctors choose an internist, a specialist in internal medicine who is certified by the American Board of Internal Medicine. This means that they, too, are choosing a doctor whom other doctors have closely scrutinized. For the board-certified internist has not only taken at least three extra years of training beyond the minimum required for a license to practice. He has also been grilled by a committee of top men in an oral examination that many candidates cannot pass.

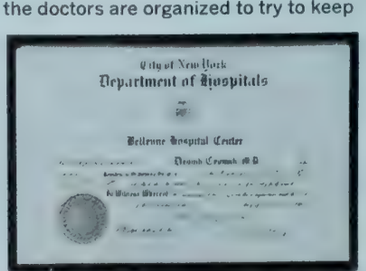
For their wives' obstetrical care, most doctors choose a board-certified obstetrician, for exactly the same reasons. And for their children, they use the services of a board-certified pediatrician.

Doctors are also very conscious of where a colleague received his medical training and they like to know just how many years of training a physician received past his internship.

But it is necessary to refine these guidelines still further, since even the best-trained man may fail to keep up with the torrent of new discoveries in every medical field; or he may succumb to the daily pressures and become careless. Fortunately for patients, doctor-watching by doctors does not end with certification by a specialty board. Doctor-watching goes on continuously in good hospitals.

The most intense competition to prove medical excellence can be found in the hospitals affiliated with medical schools where young doctors are trained. There it is traditional for everyone to try to be more alert and up-to-date than everyone else. The older men who are teaching do not want the younger men to catch them in any lapses. The younger men comb medical journals for new ideas to spring on their elders. It is like a perpetual father-and-son baseball game, and the team spirit is all in the patient's favor.

A lot of this striving for excellence may be dissipated when the doctor is working all alone in his own private practice. Yet doctors themselves have taken steps to help maintain this spirit beyond the teaching environment. The Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals provides a certificate of accreditation for those nonteaching hospitals where the doctors are organized to try to keep


City of New York
Department of Hospitals
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up the team spirit by setting up committees to review each other's work.

How does this help you to find the best doctor for you? It simply means that you can well begin your search for a doctor by phoning some hospitals. The public relations office or the assistant administrator of any hospital can tell you if the hospital is affiliated with a medical school, or is approved by the American Medical Association for training of residents in the specialties or is accredited by the Joint Commission. Once you have an affirmative answer on one or more of these questions, you can ask for the names of several physicians who are on the attending staff of the hospital. If you know any doctor on the hospital's staff, he could recommend a man who does family practice. A pathologist often is a particularly good source for a recommendation.

An attending staff appointment means that the doctor has been fully accepted as an equal by his colleagues and is himself eligible to serve on reviewing committees. If his status is "visiting staff" or "courtesy staff," this may mean any of several different things. It may mean that he is a young man with excellent training who just has not been there long enough to be promoted yet. It may mean that the other doctors are not encouraging him to work with them. Or, it may mean that he takes most of his patients to some other hospital in town and has his attending staff appointment there.


NEW YORK UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER
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Now your search is narrowing down. You have the names of perhaps three internists with top status in one of the best hospitals in your community. If you are serious about it, you are now going to have to invest some more time and, I'm afraid, some money. You are going to have to make an appointment to see one of these men, even though you feel perfectly healthy.

When you buy a car, the salesman will let you drive it a few miles without charge. But doctors are more in demand than salesmen, and you will have to pay for any time you use. However, it is a good idea to have a physical anyway. And if the doctor at the top of your list turns out to be someone you like, then he will have you in his mind as "his patient" in case you ever need his help in a hurry. Furthermore, he has a medical record for you; he knows what your norms are, what your allergies are—all the things he would need to know to treat you if you suddenly became ill.

On this first visit, ask yourself searchingly: Do I really like this man? Do I trust him? Am I willing to follow his advice? The most skilled doctor in the world will have trouble helping you if there is no feeling of rapport between you.

And also observe him closely as he takes your medical history and gives you your examination. Is he thorough? Does he take enough time to find out all about you? Is his examination complete?

Of course, your family physician does not necessarily have to be an internist.

Indeed, you have probably read a great deal about whether your family doctor should be a general practitioner and also about the question of whether you get better care from a group-practice clinic than you might receive from any individual. These are questions that may have to be answered pretty much in terms of geography. If you live far from a city, you may gladly accept the care of a good general practitioner because he is the best available. Even in larger towns, you will find that there are general practitioners who are highly respected by the rest of the medical community.

"A good G.P.," says Dr. Peterson, "a man who doesn't try to do everything, a man who is very thorough, in many ways can make the best family doctor."

The best general practitioners these days function about like family internists: they send their patients to a surgical specialist if an operation is indicated unless the factors of time and distance make this choice impossible. And the ones who are in earnest about keeping up with medical progress take time out to take postgraduate courses at good medical centers. The American Academy of General Practice, the pace-setting organization for general practitioners, requires its members to take a certain number of refresher courses to retain their membership.

A good group-practice clinic encourages the team spirit that can pay off for you in the most alert possible care. The orthopedic specialist knows that your backache may signify a kidney problem, and he is likely to talk it over with the urologist. But not all "groups" of doctors practicing under one roof are really in group practice. Sometimes they have no more in common than the landlord and the receptionists. For information about a specific clinic or group you can write the American Association of Medical Clinics, National Bank Building, Charlottesville, Va.

If you choose an individual physician from the close-knit staff in a good hospital, you may enjoy some of the advantages offered by a group-practice clinic. The doctors in the different specialties know one another, talk about patients whom they have in common, and pool their knowledge. Remember that you are looking for doctors who are practicing under the scrutiny of their colleagues. The organizational form is only an indication, not a clear-cut criterion.

You may also have been told to call the county medical society to get the names of men who engage in family practice. It is well to keep in mind that almost every doctor in the United States belongs to his county society. (If a physician does not belong, you should ask searching questions about him.) In short, county societies are not the most selective organizations. And only in the most flagrant situations do they drop a man from membership. Their methods of recommending doctors from their rosters vary from county to county. But some just keep a rotating file of members, and give the phone-inquirer the next three names on the list. About all you can be sure of is that the men they recommend graduated from medical school, are licensed to practice and have paid their county medical society dues.

THE DRUGS YOUR DOCTOR PRESCRIBES



BY LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D. People's attitude toward drugs has come to resemble an emotional roller coaster, careening wildly from dizzy heights of pharmacologic faith to gloomy terror over drug hazards. A host of dreaded killers that had tyrannized the world for centuries can now be cured—pneumonia, meningitis, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and venereal diseases. That is a cause for some to regard drugs as "miraculous." On the other hand, there are the hundreds of pitifully deformed babies born of mothers who had taken thalidomide—the very thought of them causes terror.

What is the sensible attitude toward drugs? How can an intelligent person steer a wise course between the extremes of pill-happy dependence and capsule cowardice?

I think the first thing to think about is the difference between drugs and wonder drugs. The antibiotics—sulfa, penicillin, streptomycin, chloramphenicol, and the rest—can really cure certain bacterial diseases. On the other hand, the major diseases threatening Americans today are cancer, stroke, hypertension, coronary disease, arthritis and psychoses. Against them, the doctor's bag of tricks is limited. He has no wonder drugs.

Of course, many patients suffering from these ills can be improved by taking drugs, and a few can be dramatically helped. But no drug has *cured* a single case of schizophrenia or rheumatoid arthritis, in the way that penicillin can cure pneumococcal pneumonia or meningococcal meningitis.

So the first important lesson is not to expect too much from drugs. If you can accept the fact that the war against many of our most devastating diseases is, at best, a holding operation rather than an inevitable triumph, it will do a great deal to ease your own life as well as that of your doctor. Too many patients exert unholy pressures on doctors to prescribe for every symptom, even when such treatment is unwarranted or dangerous.

Unfortunately, the medical profession is guilty of some complicity here. The patient who demands a shot of penicillin for every sniffle and sneeze may be given the injection by a reluctant physician because he is certain that if he does not, the patient will search until she finds a doctor who will. (This does not excuse the action, but scientific medicine sometimes conflicts uncomfortably with patient-doctor rapport and the economics of practice.)

More important, the physician is apt to be a willing collaborator in overmedication because he, too, has been oversold on drugs. Years of exposure to pharmaceutical advertising have filled his brain with the names of hundreds of drugs which he can administer to combat hundreds of complaints. He is rarely at a loss for a remedy that *might* be just what the patient needs. Doctors want their patients to get well. They also derive feelings of power and ego-satisfaction from the ability to prescribe the latest drugs.

The result can be drug-prescribing at the unthinking reflex level. The patient has a complaint; the doctor has a pen and a prescription pad. Presto! A drug is prescribed. The doctor's best thought processes are not even involved. The patient came to him with a problem, and he has taken some action. If the patient goes away with a prescription, he cannot feel that he was ignored. But at times the results are tragic.

Each year at our hospital, patients are admitted whose intestinal obstruction or meningitis has gone untreated for days because the diagnosis was delayed by "treatment" with an anti-vomiting drug prescribed by a doctor who focused on one manifestation of the disease rather than on the search for the cause of the illness.

At the other extreme is the patient who is suspicious of all medications. Such people deprive themselves of the vast benefits obtainable from today's drugs. In this category are the patients who never take an aspirin tablet because they believe that "every aspirin you take leaves a scar on the lining of your stomach." There are also those who meekly take a prescription from the doctor, but never have it filled, and those who refuse the nurse's offer of a sleeping pill or pain-killer even when tortured by insomnia or agonizing discomfort.

Without doubt, such ill-advised behavior is at times traceable to lurid accounts of drug dangers. Not long ago, when one antidepressant drug was temporarily withdrawn from the market by the Food and Drug Administration, radio and television stations in New York carried stories about the "killer drug loose in the city." Patients were told that, since it was a prescription drug, it might be "in your medicine cabinet without your knowledge." They were advised by commentators not to take any medication at all. The resulting hysteria in hundreds of patients was as real as it was predictable.

Can we achieve a happy medium between overindulgence and therapeutic famine? I believe so, with the aid of some principles to guide the perplexed:

The first and most important rule is really directed at the doctor, but it involves the patient, too. *No drug should ever be taken without good reason, since no drug can be entirely free of risk.* Doctors have been importuned to be cautious in prescribing for the pregnant woman, but there is no reason to deprive the nonpregnant woman of the benefits of pharmacologic conservatism.

The second rule is strictly for you, the patient: *Follow your doctor's directions.* An irrational fear of drugs can lead to as much trouble as taking drugs when they are not needed. A pregnant woman with a serious infection or other major illness runs the risk of damage to herself and the baby she carries if she does not take appropriate drugs.

Careful surveys have indicated that as many as 50 percent of patients do not take drugs as directed. Some patients believe, erroneously, that if four tablets of sulfa a day are good, 20 must be better. Other patients forget to take their tablets, or begin to feel better and stop taking drugs, only to have their symptoms flare up, worsen, or go on to complications.

The third major point is to keep the lines of communication open with your doctor. Many of today's most useful drugs carry with them the possibility of side effects.

For example, some of the drugs widely used to lower blood pressure may occasionally cause depression, nausea, or rashes. High blood pressure can be a dangerous condition, and the physician is quite justified in trying to lower it. Yet any hypertensive patient may react badly to a particular drug. If the patient is candid with the doctor, then another drug can be tried instead.

Many patients simply stop taking medication because the drug makes them ill. One British specialist found that his tuberculous patients did a lot better when he changed his instructions about taking

(continued)

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DRUGS *continued*

para-aminosalicylic acid. He used to lecture patients on the need for swallowing the drug obediently, and they were so cowed that when the drug produced nausea and vomiting, they merely cut the dose or stopped completely, afraid to confess the truth. The result, all too often, was a progression of their tuberculosis. Now he emphasizes the importance of treatment with *some* drug, asking humbly that they report promptly an intolerance, so that he can prescribe something else.

The necessity for conscientious interchange of information between doctor and patient will continue to increase as the number of drugs and their potency increase. The risks may go up with the pharmacologic power of the drugs, and they often increase when a person is getting a combination of drugs.

For example, the introduction of the thiazide diuretics for treatment of heart failure has been widely hailed as a milestone in therapy. Yet, when given with the old heart remedy, digitalis, they have at times brought on digitalis poisoning. Given with potassium compounds, they have been known to lead to intestinal ulcers.

Both patient and doctor must be alert to the effects of combining drugs. I know a nurse who had once been given a prescription for a drug called a monoamine oxidase inhibitor to control her feelings of depression. It so happened that she thought her weight was getting a little out of line, so she took some Dexedrine that she happened to have in the medicine chest. The combination put her into a coma and sent her temperature up to 109 degrees. She was so critically ill for 24 hours that her husband waited out the night in the hospital, advised by the doctors that she might not survive. That girl did recover, without permanent damage to her brain and nervous system. Others have not been so fortunate. I think her case illustrates my point about communication: If you are taking one prescription drug (especially if it was prescribed by another doctor), do not take another one without making sure your physician has considered the possible effects of the combination. Indeed, you may have to remind him that he gave you another prescription for something else and that you are still using it.

When I think of that nurse's case, it suggests the common-sense advice: discard old drugs. First of all, you may get them mixed up. The white tablets that you remembered as a splendid antibiotic may really be the powerful sedative that your doctor gave you the night your oldest son wrecked the car. And even if you do know for sure what is in the bottle, time can cause some amazing changes.

I know of a doctor's wife who procured some tetracycline capsules for a round-the-world trip. A year later, ill with a miserable sinusitis, she was advised to take tetracycline. She economically took the unused supply from the previous year. But the drug had deteriorated, sitting in its container, and she developed diarrhea, vomiting and a kidney disorder.

Even if you swear a solemn oath to throw old drugs away, it is still a good idea to ask your doctor to have your prescriptions labeled with their contents by the pharmacist. While an occasional patient may have to be kept in the dark about what she is getting, there is usually no need for secrecy. And there are times when ignorance of the contents of a bottle can cause serious consequences. It is a rare doctor who has not been frustrated at three in the morning when faced with an unconscious patient and an empty, unlabeled bottle.

Furthermore, if a drug produces a bad reaction or harmful side effects, you should know the name of it. Some other doctor treating you in the future could avoid prescribing it, if you had the name written down for him.

But please do not let your knowledge of the nature of your prescription tempt you to self-medication on the basis of self-diagnosis. I do not suggest that patients should seek medical advice for every single ache and pain. Medical bills are high enough, and doctors are already badly overworked. But there is danger in delaying diagnosis and treatment of serious illness by medicating yourself for ills that keep recurring. It can also be dangerous to obtain a refill on a prescription that worked wondrously for the infection your husband had last Christmas that "was just like what I have now."

I suspect that many persons use old prescriptions and other people's prescriptions and outdated drugs because they resentfully feel that "drugs are too expensive." How realistic are our feelings about drug costs?

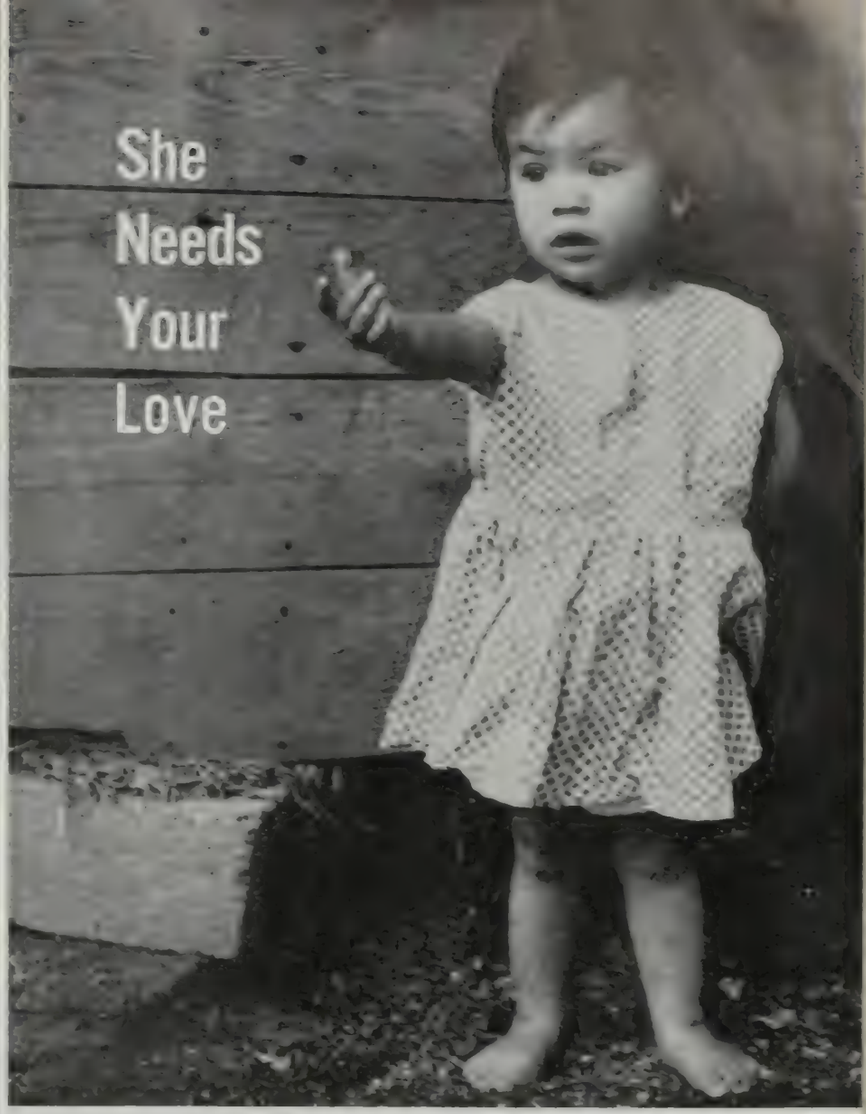
Some drugs are expensive, amazingly so. Yet the overall price index on prescription drugs actually has gone down in recent years. One widely discussed consideration is the use of generic versus brand names. Occasionally the savings in prescribing a non-brand name are tremendous. More often, the savings are less dramatic or may be submerged in the pricing habits of pharmacists. It is not generally appreciated that even the same *brand* name can vary as much as fivefold in different drugstores.

In a Northern California survey a few years ago, a prescription for 12 Seconal tablets cost 85 cents in some places, and $3 in others. This variation applies to generic prescribing as well. Last year an enterprising reporter took a prescription for meprobamate (Miltown or Equanil) to 11 Baltimore drugstores, and paid from $2 to $4.85 for 30 tablets.

Why such discrepancies? Costs of doing business vary, of course, from store to store, depending on neighborhood rents and on whether the pharmacy is a small corner drugstore or part of a large chain. You may well prefer to pay a bit more for drugs at a store that provides prompt and pleasant service, and home delivery, but patients with large and recurring drug bills may be wise to do some comparative shopping.

The consumer should not be frightened by stories about "inferior drugs," since the great majority of medications dispensed by pharmacists are up to government requirements.

Lastly, an optimistic note. The ongoing pharmaceutical revolution is providing exciting and powerful new drugs. By keeping in mind the guidelines mentioned here, you can make the most of this dramatic progress.



Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $10 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear — you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Kim and children like her need your love — won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: India, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, Formosa, Brazil.

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Look for the seal on the peel

(and wear it in good health!)



If you're looking for something that's good for you, you've come to the right spot.

Take vitamins. A Chiquita Brand Banana is loaded with 'em: A, B_1, B_2, B_6, and C. Plus niacin. Plus 12 essential minerals.

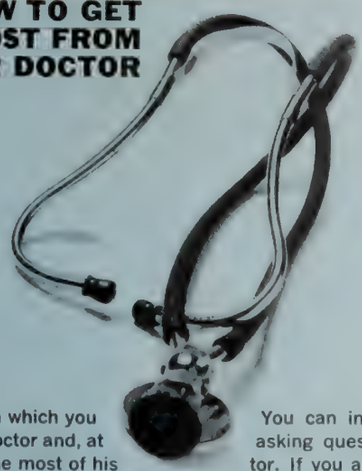
Or, take calories. A Chiquita Brand Banana has precious few of these. Fewer, even, than a 5-ounce serving of cottage cheese.

Finally, if you happen to be the baby of the family, a Chiquita Brand Banana is just what the doctor ordered. Because it's as digestible as digestible can be.

So for *goodness'* sake, start eating Chiquita Brand Bananas. Before you know it, you'll be stuck on them. **CHIQUITA BRAND BANANAS**

Chiquita is a registered trademark of United Fruit Company.

HOW TO GET THE MOST FROM YOUR DOCTOR



There are many ways in which you can be helpful to your doctor and, at the same time, make the most of his time and knowledge. One way *not* to be either helpful or helped is to be alarmed if your doctor doesn't give you an instant diagnosis. Diagnosis is often difficult: occasionally it takes a long time. Don't be surprised if he changes his mind sometimes. This means he keeps on searching for better ways to help you. Sometimes the best of doctors will be rushed or impatient. This does not mean you have to put up with a day-in, day-out grump, or one who never has time for you. But if you find a good doctor, cherish him—and be considerate of his health and peace, too.

Because he is busy, he can simply no longer take time for many house calls. This does not mean he should not make *some* or make sure that a colleague does, if you just cannot be moved. But most patients with moderate fever or illness can safely be transported. Even sick children can safely ride in a car, even though the idea often seems shocking to parents. House calls may have done the job back when there was little the doctor could do anyway. But today, "it's difficult to draw blood or take samples there," Dr. Jack Geiger of Tufts University explains. "The doctor can't take an X ray. He has only the few drugs he can carry." Your doctor can actually do far more for you at his office or the hospital.

It doesn't help to fight your doctor, either. Doctors become humanly unhappy with chronically sarcastic or belligerent patients. Yes, a doctor should be understanding—the sarcasm is part of the patient's illness. But he may hurry this patient on so that he can see someone pleasanter. If you ignore his directions and fail to use his drugs, diet and other advice, you only cheat yourself. Thousands die every year by concealing symptoms, staying away from the doctor, or ignoring his counsel. A Mayo Clinic doctor once pointed to a chart and said to me: "This man has had a chronic bleeding ulcer for several years and is refusing an operation for the third time. He may very well die." Why? Well, many people delay getting care because of fear or depression. Many suppress facts about their emotions or their sex lives. If you are guilty of this, you should pause and try to ask yourself, "What am I really doing to myself?"

You can bring many truths out in the open if you will try. Give your doctor a chance. Don't be afraid to sound fearful. Sometimes those who are the most stoic, who try to put up the best front, are the ones who break down later.

You can inform yourself by asking questions of the doctor. If you are informed, you will take better care of yourself, and you may well save health and money by seeking care early, when help is still possible. If you don't understand what your doctor tells you, by all means ask him to explain or ask him to write down his directions, or diet, or exercises.

What if your doctor advises an operation, and you feel uncertain whether you should go through with it? Or what if your illness or your child's or husband's is going on and on and not improving?

You have a perfect right, a right exercised by hundreds of patients every day, to another medical opinion. Patients are timid about this, but doctors are used to it. Most of them welcome consultations. In fact, they suggest them more often than their patients do, and sometimes meet resistance. If your doctor suggests a consultation, he's not floundering. Studies show that the best doctors seek the most consultations.

Actually, you may ask for either a consultation or a referral to another doctor for further treatment. If you have a disabling accident, for example, and are not quickly recovering all your normal functions after the acute phase, the sensible thing is a referral to a specialist in rehabilitation. In cancer, the best course is treatment by a specialist working in cooperation with other doctors in a well-equipped center. The G.P.'s office or small hospital, statistics show, is decidedly not the place for most cancer treatment. If *any* non-emergency surgery is suggested, get a second, a specialized opinion, suggests Dr. Ray Trussell of Columbia University. If two doctors disagree, maybe yours is one of the really puzzling cases that should be seen at a university medical center.

Are you entitled to hear from a consultant directly, rather than getting his opinion secondhand via your doctor? "Absolutely," says Dr. Cecil Watson, chief of medicine at the University of Minnesota. "In fact, most doctors who call me *want* me to talk to the family." A.M.A. Code of Ethics backs him up. Nonetheless, some insecure doctors do not want you to hear conflicting opinion.

"The patient," emphasizes Dr. Trussell, "has every right to a second, third or fourth opinion. If a doctor refuses to call a consultant, I'd abandon him. Too many patients feel their doctors are too busy and important to be bothered. But a patient doesn't exist for doctors and hospitals. *They* exist for the patient. My advice is, don't be afraid of your doctor. Just say, 'I'm worried,' and most doctors will clear up the matter. That's what they're there for." —BY VICTOR COHN

"I have arthritis in my hands...



and a lot of times it flares up."



"I have to have my hands to do my work...I design and make toys."



"So I took two Excedrin® and went right on in. By ten o'clock I could use my hand without any pain."*

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*Excerpts from unrehearsed interview with Mrs. Karen Johnson, February 15, 1965.

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She's **V**ery **A**ctive
(has energy to spare after playing with the children)

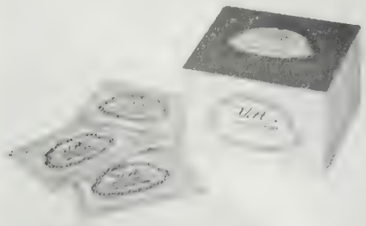


She's **V**ery **A**ware
(speaks with authority on community projects and home decorating)



She's **V**ery **A**ssured
(knows how to cook for a crowd and still keep cool—knows the freshness of an inner bath)

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VA Douche Powder

YOUR MEDICAL DOLLAR

BY LOIS R. CHEVALIER Not too long ago, a 39-year-old Wisconsin housewife was driving her six children home from a party. Their car stalled on a railroad crossing and was hit by a train. The mother and six children were all badly injured, so badly that it took an aggregate of 308 days of hospital care to put them all on their feet again. The total bill was $36,571. The father of the family worked as a fireman in a boiler room—for $80 a week.

Fortunately that family, while not rich by any means, was almost perfectly prepared financially for such a disaster. The father had joined a community blood-bank program and given blood, so that the blood bank replaced the $1,125 worth of blood used in treating the mother and children. The father's employer had provided his workers with a good Blue Cross-Blue Shield policy that covered dependents for thousands of dollars' worth of care.

Their health insurance happened to cover almost exactly the kind of thing that happened to them. Their contract provided 70 days of hospital care for each member of the family. If *one* member had used the total of 308 days, the contract would have paid only about a quarter of the charges. What's more, their low income was a protection to them, because most Wisconsin physicians have agreed to accept Blue Shield benefits as payments in full for persons whose income is less than $5,000 a year. The bills could easily have been several thousands more if the doctors had charged their full fees.

Would you be that lucky in case of a medical disaster? Almost certainly not. But what's equally important is that you almost certainly don't even know. If you are like most people, you are living with the vague assurance that you have some kind of health insurance, but you probably don't know what it would—or wouldn't—do for you.

Getting the most for your medical dollar is a complex and puzzling business. The most important single aspect of it is getting the kind of health insurance that is best for you and your family. But before we tackle that problem, there are some other clues to the situation that may be helpful to you.

First of all, medical costs vary widely across this big country. If you move from a small town to a large one, or from one state to another, you may be in for surprises in testing the purchasing power of your medical dollar.

For example, in Georgia or Florida the average semiprivate hospital room costs about $15 a day. But in California or Washington, it would be about $30. Almost anywhere in the United States a hospital bed costs about $5 a day more in a big city than in a small town.

Doctors' fees vary, too. The going rate for removal of a gall bladder is about $250 in most of the country, but on the West Coast it is likely to be $300 or more. And even the concept of the "going rate" is hard to pin down. About 15 percent of the obstetricians charge $275 or more for prenatal care and delivery. And more of the high-priced ones seem to be in the Middle Atlantic States than elsewhere. Yet the median fee in those states—and nationally—is only $175.

It also makes a difference whether you go to a specialist or to a general practitioner. In parts of the South there are general practitioners who give complete obstetrical care for $75, though the average for the country's G.P.'s would be about $125. Visiting a general practitioner in his office can cost you $5 in the Middle Atlantic States—and $15 in the Far West. Visiting an internist for a complete history and physical (but without laboratory tests) can range in cost from $10 to $35.

You might deduce from these examples that it is an economy to go to a small-town hospital and to be cared for by a general practitioner. But one of those few general practitioners who charges only $5 for a visit may see three times as many patients during his office hours as the internist does. He may not take the time to discover a mild diabetes or a silent but treatable cancer. It's also best to be cautious about looking for the cheapest possible hospital care, since it is usually found in hospitals that are too small to be accredited or to possess any but the most minimal equipment.

Probably the best thing to do is to pick your doctor and your hospital for their medical excellence (see pages 34 and 42) and then have some frank discussion of costs. When there is going to be a prolonged course of treatment or an operation, the doctor himself will talk with you about the fee. If he doesn't bring it up, you should. Don't be embarrassed about it. The doctor himself asks prices before he makes a large financial commitment.

If you are going into the hospital, there are a couple of tips that can save you money. One is to ask for a semiprivate room unless there's some compelling reason why you want to be alone. First of all, it will be about $5 a day cheaper than a private room. And, second, some surgeons assume that the patient who can afford a costlier room can also afford a higher surgical fee. Another way to cut your hospital bill is to make sure that you go in between Sunday night and Friday noon, if you have any choice. The first thing that happens in almost any hospitalization is a battery of laboratory work and possibly X rays. On weekends there are only skeleton crews performing these services. You can be paying $60 for a weekend in bed when none of the serious diagnostic work will start until Monday.

Of course, you won't be paying all of that $60 out of pocket—unless you're very unlucky or very foolish. You will have some kind of health insurance, and the chances are that it will be for hospitalization. Nearly 151 million Americans have hospitalization insurance. About 141 million also have insurance for surgical bills, and 109 million are insured for the services of physicians who are not surgeons.

But the number of people who have health insurance does not give a complete picture unless you know what the insurance does for them. Nationally, health insurance pays about two thirds of the cost of private hospitalization. And it pays about one third of the costs of physicians' services. Every year people pay nearly $2.5 billion out of pocket to hospitals, and about $4.5 billion out of pocket to doctors—plus $8 billion for health-insurance premiums.

How can people pay so much premium money and still not have the costs of their illnesses covered? Specifically, how can you do better than the average?

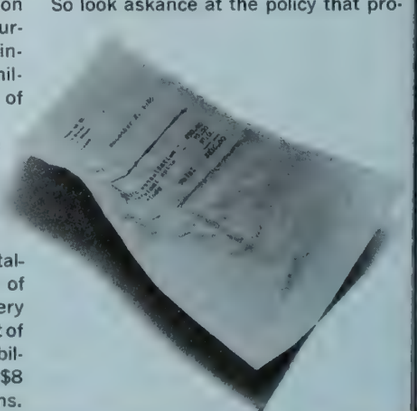
The first thing to do is to try to buy your health insurance as a member of a group. Commercial companies pay out only 54 cents in benefits for every $1 they take in on individual policies. They are required by law to retain large reserves on individual policies, and the advertising and salesmen's commissions also eat into the premium dollar. In contrast, they pay out more than 90 cents in benefits for every $1 collected on group insurance. So it stands to reason that getting into a group will just about double your medical dollar.

The most common group consists of the employees of a company or the membership of a union. But if you can't get that sort of coverage, there may be other groups for which you are eligible—such as teachers' associations, bar associations, fraternal orders, and farmers' organizations. Husbands should be sure the policy covers the family.

With a group policy you have to take what the group has bought. But in case you have a choice of groups, or in case you want to consider supplemental coverage, you had better look over the benefits and exclusions with considerable care. Your family's entire financial future may depend on what you find.

There is an enormous variety in what policies provide. Some that have been in effect a long time are highly unrealistic in terms of today's costs. The hospital room and board benefit may be as low as $5 or $10 in some old policies; it wouldn't help much if your hospital is charging $30. Some other old policies exclude particular illnesses such as tuberculosis or certain forms of treatment, such as radiation therapy.

In general, a good basic hospitalization plan should provide at least 60 to 120 days of care in a semiprivate room, either paid in full or through a cash indemnity that is almost as large as the average hospital charges in your community. It should allow for renewal of benefits for the same illness in case you have a second attack. It should provide generous coverage for the other hospital services in addition to room and board. Most of the much-heralded advances in medicine come under the heading of supplemental hospital services. These include laboratory work, X rays, drugs, and the elaborate equipment of a modern operating room. Their use can easily run into hundreds of dollars or—on rare occasions—thousands. So look askance at the policy that pro-



les only "five times the daily room d board rate" for supplemental hos- al services.

Allowances for surgery in the best olicies range from $300 to $600 for e most expensive procedures. At ev- y level, from removal of a wart up to ain surgery, they are likely to be some- hat lower than the fees most surgeons arge. There is nothing you can do out this—except to talk over with your rgeon the possibility that he will let u pay off the extra in installments. A serious illness may well require the rvices of more than one doctor. The rgeon may need an assistant. He may so need an internist to work on the edical aspects of your case. The in- rnist may want a consultation with a rdiologist or a urologist if there are mplications. So try not to get a policy at limits you to one doctor per illness.

ay special attention to what the pol- y says about your children. It is safest have each child covered *from the oment of birth*. There is no sadder nancial plight than that of the young ouple whose baby is premature or in eed of immediate medical or surgical are because of a birth defect. A baby ho is carefully insured for and bud- eted to cost $400 can turn out to cost ousands if the policy covers infants nly from the age of 14 or 30 days.

Parents should also scrutinize the rovisions for children. Many policies rop teen-agers as your dependents hen they pass the age of 18. Yet if our son or daughter is in college, you ould still be responsible for any medi- al and hospital bills.

Finally, if you have a choice on basic overage between a commercial in- urance company and Blue Cross-Blue hield, you have some other points to ake into consideration. Blue Cross and lue Shield are nonprofit organizations ponsored by hospitals and doctors to elp prepay the costs of care. Since hey do not have to show a profit and sually do not pay taxes, they give back little more of the premium dollar in enefits. Most Blue Cross plans pay the ospital bill in full, at least for semi- rivate rooms. Most Blue Shield plans ay the doctor's bill in full—for persons n low-income brackets. Here, it is up to ou to reduce the risk of receiving a big ill for surgery. You can do this by: (1) y making sure your doctor belongs to he Blue Shield plan, and (2) by swallow- ng false pride and telling your doctor what your income is.

In any case, remember that the plans ary quite a bit from state to state, and here is a wide difference between their ld standard contracts and some of their newer, more liberal policies. For example, there are some Blue Cross subscribers in Mississippi who stand to get only $5 or $6 a day toward their hos- pital room and board bill. They have no coverage for ordinary nursery care of the newborn. In contrast, all Michigan subscribers get 120 days of full cover- age and extras like physical therapy.

Some commercial policies provide more benefits than some Blue Cross- Blue Shield contracts. But, in general, you may have more protection with basic coverage from the "Blues" than from the insurance companies. Still, hospital costs are always rising, and in- sured groups are demanding higher levels of benefits—all the good no-holes coverage we have been talking about. And these factors continue to drive Blue Cross premiums up.

In some areas of the country, there are group-practice prepayment plans. As a patient of such a group, you pay a fixed amount each month and receive most of your medical care at no addi- tional charge. Some patients are happy with the arrangement; others feel it is too impersonal because you may not always see the doctor of your choice. In any event, it is likely to be less expen- sive than individual care.

So far we have considered only basic coverage for relatively routine prob- lems. As everyone knows, there is some- thing called "major medical" that can be added on. It is supposed to help take care of you if you are one of those unfortunate persons whose illness is so expensive that ordinary insurance ben- efits might only begin to make inroads on the bill. Major medical never pays the *total* bill. It has a "deductible," as your car insurance has. This can range from $250 to $1,000 on individual and family policies. It begins to pay only when your bills for any one illness go over that fixed amount. Usually it pays only 75 or 80 percent of your costs.

Some major medical policies do not set any fixed limits on what they will pay for each service. But there is always an outside limit per person per illness. It may be anywhere from $5,000 to $20,- 000. Naturally, the smaller the deduct- ible and the higher the total limits, the more the insurance costs.

If, like most families, you have some kind of basic group coverage through the husband's place of employment, you might want to supplement it with major medical. If you have to buy it on an individual basis, not as a group mem- ber, the premium will vary with your ages and possibly with the number of children you have. In addition to picking up on doctors' bills and hospital bills where your basic coverage leaves off, major medical policies also cover other costs that basic coverage completely omits. These are private-duty nursing, prescription drugs, physicians' visits, and laboratory work when you are out of the hospital. These are items that sometimes add up to stupendous totals.

When you are buying any kind of in- dividual health insurance, be sure it is guaranteed renewable. You don't want the company to call off the whole con- tract if you use a lot of benefits.

Some families, once the children are grown and on their own, retain major medical alone. They want to be pro- tected against a medical catastrophe, but they are willing—and able—to pay for the $500 illness out of pocket.

Of course, when you reach retirement age you will have the very complete coverage provided by Medicare—begin- ning next July 1. But don't drop your present insurance without checking first with your local Social Security office.

Finally, don't ever be so frightened by a pile of medical bills that you fall into the hands of loan sharks. Hospitals don't like to do it, but they will give you time to pay if you have a good credit rating. And doctors will, too. But they do prefer you to talk it over frankly with them, rather than to keep shoving their bills to the bottom of the pile. They'll wait patiently as a rule, so long as they know that you are acting in good faith.



Do some foods disagree with you?

For you, it may be cabbage. Or pizza. Or French fries. You name it. Just about everyone has certain foods that upset their system, causing acid indigestion or irregularity.

That's when Phillips' Milk of Magnesia sets things straight.

Suppose those foods get your stomach upset with too much acid. Phillips' relieves that acid upset, heartburn or even nausea *in seconds*—literally!

Or (let's call a spade a spade) suppose you're constipated. Phillips' will start you back to regularity in just a few hours—gently, comfortably, completely. In fact, it's the kind of laxative doctors recommend.

For acid upset, you take just a little Phillips'. For constipation, a little more. And if you're worried about taste, don't. Flavored Phillips' really tastes good!

Mind you, it's still not a good idea to sit down and eat yourself sick. But next time you have a little too much of a good thing, hurry up and take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. *That settles it!*



Regular or Mint Flavored



HOW TO GET THE BEST TREATMENT FROM YOUR HOSPITAL

BY ROBERT M. CUNNINGHAM JR.

Whatever it says in the bright brochure they hand you at the admitting desk, you aren't going to enjoy your stay in the hospital. There will be rewarding moments, perhaps, but the hours between may be counted in pain or discomfort, and anxiety, indignity and boredom—a melancholy outlook.

If you are intelligent and resourceful and possibly a little more demanding than you'd like to be or usually are, you can make things a lot easier for yourself. A day in the hospital will never win many votes over an afternoon at the beach or a night on the town, but it can have its own kind of reward if you are an informed, intelligent patient.

In most situations you will have some say about what hospital you go to and when. But about 10 percent of hospital admissions are emergencies. In these cases, accident or sudden illness chooses the time and place, and the patient has little or nothing to say about it. Even in the most urgent circumstances, however, you will be better off if you have your Blue Cross or insurance identification with you, and a card with your own doctor's name and telephone number and the request that he be called in an emergency. This isn't to say that many hospitals would refuse or delay treatment if they thought you couldn't pay. And most emergency-room attendants know their jobs. But lapses do occur, and even the brightest intern or nurse may look a little sharper if he or she knows your doctor is going to be asking questions.

Of course, it's possible for patients to outsmart themselves. A few years ago, I was hurt in a skiing accident in New Hampshire and was hauled off the slopes into a country hospital and attended by the local doctor. The next day, I hastily arranged for an ambulance to take me to one of the Boston medical center hospitals, where the chief orthopedic surgeon was called in and promptly ordered X rays.

A short time afterward the surgeon came into my room. "Who took care of you up there in New Hampshire?" he asked. I told him, and he smiled.

"What's so funny?" I wanted to know.

"He trained with us here at Harvard," the surgeon said, "and he has more experience with ski fractures every week than I've had in my entire practice!"

It was a few days, at least, before I saw the joke. The point is that I was lucky. And the incident was the exception that proves the rule. It is better to be in a hospital you know is good, with a doctor you know is good, than in a hospital and with a doctor you don't know anything about. Not all doctors in ski pants were trained at Harvard.

How can you tell a good hospital?

First of all, you really pick your hospital when you pick your doctor (see page 34). But you should know something about how hospitals are judged and ranked within the profession.

At the very top are the teaching hospitals, those that are affiliated with a university or medical school. These are the great centers of medical research and medical education; the doctors on the staff all have appointments on the medical-school faculty, and the presence of medical students, interns and residents taking specialty training is a constant stimulus to the whole medical community. Staff conferences, at which cases are reviewed, make it unlikely that errors will pass unnoticed.

The patients are the beneficiaries of all this medical ferment. You may have heard that teaching hospitals are too big, that the patients there are regarded as just numbers, or cases. Don't believe it. The teaching hospital environment *has* become impersonalized, and the parade of residents, interns, students, technicians, nurses and nurses' assistants can leave you feeling that you are on an assembly line. But these people are all there for a purpose; they are bringing you the benefits of all the instruments, materials and skills that are essential in the best modern medical care. The more critical your illness or condition, the more grateful you should be that you are there. The most recent development in chemotherapy is a vast improvement over the cool hand on the fevered brow, and the spectrophotometer is a more precise instrument than the naked eye.

If a teaching hospital isn't conveniently available to you, however, or if your doctor doesn't have a faculty appointment that makes a teaching hospital available to him, you can still get first-rate medical care in many of the nation's neighborhood or community nonteaching hospitals. But you should know what to ask about.

First, you should find out (by calling the administrator or public-relations office and asking) if the hospital in your community is accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. This is the professional body supported by hospitals and doctors to inspect and approve hospitals, making certain that the facilities are safe and professionally managed, and especially that the doctors are organized to monitor the quality of care by reviewing diagnosis, treatment and results.

In the accredited hospital, for example, there must be a credentials committee whose task is to study the training, experience and professional record of doctors applying for appointment to the staff, to make certain they are qualified and ethical, and to determine what staff rank and privileges they shall have. Another required staff committee in the accredited hospital is the tissue committee, which reviews the hospital pathologist's reports on all tissue removed during operations. If the committee finds that a particular surgeon's work is not up to standard, he will be asked to discuss his cases with the committee. In some instances, a medical staff committee may limit the kinds of operations he can perform. This kind of close review helps to keep all the doctors' surgical judgment keen, and helps to protect patients from the unethical man who might do unnecessary surgery as well as from the honest but incompetent surgeon.

Inspectors for the Joint Commission examine hospital records and confer with staff members to satisfy themselves that these and other safeguards are functioning properly in the nation's 4,300 accredited hospitals. Only a little more than half of our 8,000 hospitals are accredited. But this is not quite as alarming as it sounds. Hospitals with fewer than 25 beds are not eligible for accreditation. And the 70 percent of eligible hospitals that are accredited represent approximately 85 percent of all hospital beds.

Find out, too, about the ownership of the hospital you're considering. Most of our accredited hospitals are voluntary—that is, they are under university, church, or nonprofit community auspices, but about 15 percent of hospitals (though only 5 percent of hospital beds) are proprietary businesses, incorporated as profit-making enterprises, like stores and motels. The important thing about any hospital is not who owns it but how good it is. Yet the purpose of the voluntary hospital is to provide service, and the purpose of the proprietary hospital is to make money, so there is reason to be especially certain that the proprietary hospital meets accreditation standards. If it does, you don't need to worry about the ownership. If it doesn't, you may want to question whether the doctor who intends to take you there is the doctor you should have.

If your doctor is on the staff of more than one hospital, you may get your choice of hospitals. Don't let the convenience of the location outweigh other considerations. Find out which one your doctor prefers for you. He may think the obstetric service at one is superior, for example, or the radiology service is better at another. If your illness is critical or complicated, he may want the hospital with the widest range of laboratory facilities. Follow his recommendation in such instances, even if it means that fewer neighbors will visit you.

Whatever hospital you find yourself in, for whatever reasons, you're going to experience something of pain or discomfort, and some anxiety, some indignity and some boredom. The amount of pain or discomfort you may suffer depends on your particular condition, but there are drugs that relieve pain, and you shouldn't hesitate to ask your doctor for them. There is no particular virtue attached to being heroic in the hospital. Unless your doctor has ordered them for you, the nurse is not authorized to order pain-relieving medications. You should ask your doctor on his first visit to you in the hospital or, better yet, have an understanding with him beforehand, making it clear that you want help when you ask for it. Unless there is some reason drugs are contraindicated in your case, he'll make it possible.

If you've been taking any drugs at the time you go to the hospital, such as tranquilizers, antibiotics, cortisone—or even aspirin—or if you have ever had a bad reaction to a particular drug, be sure to tell the head nurse or intern on your floor as soon as you are admitted. Your doctor will know what drugs he has been prescribing, of course, but there can always be an oversight or delay in getting this kind of information to the hospital. And if you have changed doctors, or a consultant has been called in at the hospital, it makes sense to be sure everybody has been alerted.

Of course, you'll want to be a good patient so the nurses will like you and be on your side, but it's a mistake to think this means you can't ask any questions or make any demands. The fact is that you're paying—or your Blue Cross plan or insurance company is paying for you—$30 or $40 a day for the service you get here. It is foolish for you to suffer discomfort or fear that could easily be relieved by asking for help or information. Nobody likes a patient who is constantly querulous and complaining, to be sure, but this doesn't mean you must remain silent and supine at all costs. The difference between a patient who is troublesome and one who is just sensibly curious and concerned about what's happening is not in the attention she asks for but chiefly in the way she asks for it.

A few years ago Dr. Ernest Dichter, a consulting psychologist, made a study of the behavior of hospital patients. In extended interviews he discovered that the characteristic response was one of fear—not rational fear of pain or death, but fear emerging from an infantile feeling of insecurity. "The patient feared being in a situation and environment over which he had no

(continued)

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Coat fryer parts with seasoned flour. Brown. Add 1⅔ cups of Dole pineapple chunks with syrup, plus ½ cup of water. Cover and simmer for 45 minutes. Uncover and simmer 15 minutes more. Dole pineapple is always a special treat, because it's always Hawaiian pineapple. The soil and climate of Hawaii put something into Dole's flavor that pineapple from other parts of the world just never has!



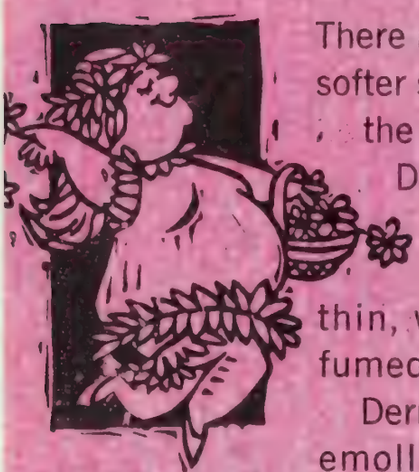
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HOSPITAL *continued*

control," Dr. Dichter explained. "It was a situation in which the adult patient felt frightened, alone, helpless as a child."

Doctors and nurses generally understand the emotional regression of adult patients to childlike fearfulness, but too often they forget that the patient is still an adult, nevertheless, and will not be satisfied with the kind of assurances one would offer a child. In fact, the doctor's sphinxlike, "Papa-knows-best" attitude and the nurse's phony "Time to take our medicine!" are more likely to infuriate than to reassure. What the hospital patient wants is not soft generalities but hard information: What is this test? What is it for? What is this medicine? What will it do? Putting aside one of the brochures that are thrust at hospital patients in this public-relations-conscious era, one patient said recently, "I don't want a lot of information about their laboratories. I just want a little information about my stomachache!"

Hospital people are often conditioned to clam up or put off patients' questions. The theory is that a little information may be dangerous or frightening and the safest thing to do is say nothing. For some patients, at some times, this may be true, but ignorance of what's going on can be frightening, too. You can usually break down the wall of silence if you keep trying. Some of your questions may not be answered satisfactorily. Perhaps some can't be. But the more you ask, the more you're likely to learn.

Your best source of information is your doctor. The time he spends with you in the hospital will probably be one short visit a day, so it is wise to limit questions to the things you want most to know.

Most hospital patients are curious about who's who in the hospital hierarchy. Hospital floors are staffed by some combination of nursing personnel that includes registered nurses, practical nurses, nurse's aides, ward attendants, orderlies and, sometimes, student nurses. R.N.'s wear white uniforms and caps; P.N.'s are in white without caps; aides and attendants usually have colored uniforms or smocks; student nurses wear colored blouses and white aprons. Volunteers may be in pink or gray, teenage volunteers in stripes. If you see a uniform you don't recognize, ask the person inside it what she does. Interns and residents are in white with stethoscopes sticking out of their pockets. Nothing offends them so much as your not recognizing that they are doctors.

The more R.N.'s there are around, the better the nursing service is likely to be, but the nurse shortage is such that few hospitals have all-R.N. staffs today. It doesn't really matter who does the routine nursing chores, such as making beds and giving baths, but ordinarily it should be an R.N., in a cap, who performs relatively complicated tasks like giving injections and changing dressings. Don't worry if the person who brings your medicine isn't an R.N. Practical nurses are trained and permitted to give many medications, and hospitals in a few states have also introduced special "drug technicians" for this job. Only R.N.'s may administer narcotics, however, and P.N.'s are supervised by R.N.'s or doctors when giving all but the simpler medications. If someone you never saw before shows up to do something you never heard of, don't hesitate to ask for verification that the procedure is indeed intended for you. Patient mix-ups do occur on occasion—usually without serious damage, but there are a few cases of patients who got the wrong operation, and this isn't the way you want to go down in medical history.

If it is your child who is going to be hospitalized, you should try to anticipate the fears he may have, and, without making a production of it, be as reassuring as possible under the circumstances. With the cooperation of their doctors, some parents of school-age children have taken them on preliminary visits to the hospital so the surroundings and the people will seem less strange. However you try to reassure your child, never stray from the truth. The feeling of betrayal experienced by the child who discovers that mother told him wrong and it *does* hurt will last longer and may be more damaging than the pain.

For many, including children, the most trying aspect of hospital life is its indignity. They see the urinal and bedpan as instruments of torture; the necessary exposures of repeated examinations can be especially traumatic for sensitive women, and for everyone the enema is simply an epic outrage. The only encouraging thing that can be said about such antic hospital episodes is that they are becoming less and less frequent. Unless your illness directly involves the bowel, for example, the doctor today is inclined to relax and let it take care of itself.

Moreover, the urinal and bedpan are no longer mandatory for most patients. Early ambulation is the rule now, and bathroom privileges are encouraged, along with foot-racing in the corridors, on the second or third postoperative day. Industry's ingenuity has even relieved the curse of the enema somewhat; it comes now in a neat disposable tube instead of through a formidable apparatus, and do-it-yourself is widely practiced, understandably applauded by nurses as well as patients. If, in spite of these favorable trends, you still find yourself trapped with a bedpan, about all you can do is remember the philosopher's aphorism: This, too, shall pass.

In the end, however, the most relentless enemy of the hospital patient is apt to be neither discomfort, nor anxiety, nor indignity—but boredom. There will be hours when you're waiting for someone to come or for something to happen—and nothing does. Visitors—even beloved and eagerly anticipated ones—may quickly tire or bore you with their chatter. Meals come and go swiftly and generally seem dispirited. The books pile up on your bedside table, mostly unread. Especially at night, time palls.

When the body is immobilized, the mind races along on its accustomed rounds for a while, like a motor with the gears disengaged. But when most of the stimuli of daily living are cut off, the mind soon begins to idle and eventually turns inward. Here the personality is stripped as bare of its pretensions as the body is of its garments, and you are face to face, finally, with yourself. Here in the loneliness of the hospital experience is a rare opportunity to contemplate the kind of person you are, the kind you'd like to be. The confrontation may be chastening, but it can be rewarding.

One of the little-known compensations of illness is that you may be on a sounder basis with yourself emotionally by the time you are physically well again.

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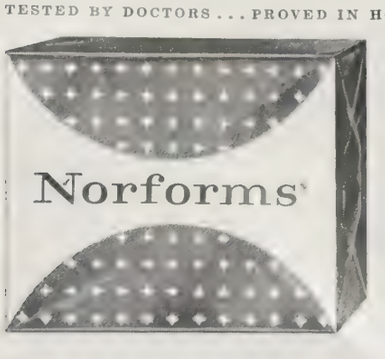
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WHY GET SICK WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO

BY EMERSON DAY, M.D. Every Saturday Scott Hannings has lunch in the village because his wife, Julie, has to take the girls to their dancing class. He usually orders two hamburgers, grilled in butter, French fries, and a glass of milk. Then he picks up some cigarettes for the weekend and hurries home to cut the grass. Riding around on the new motorized mower, he can do the lawn in a little over an hour. Then he has a shower, and watches the last few innings of the ball game on TV. By five o'clock, he and Julie are ready for a cocktail and something to nibble.

What does this Saturday program reveal about the Hannings family? To most people, unfortunately, not much. But as a physician, I see hundreds of young couples in their 20's and 30's whose life patterns are like the Hanningses'. And I know that a substantial percentage of them are headed for serious trouble in their 40's and 50's.

Of course, I cannot make a hard-and-fast prediction for our hypothetical young couple, Scott and Julie, who are so much like so many patients I see. They feel fine now. They look great. Scott can still manage to get into the dinner jacket he had in college.

Like most American men, Scott takes on a few more calories every day than he burns up. He has gained an average of a pound a year since he graduated from college. That doesn't sound like much. But even if he continues to gain at this modest rate, he will be more than 20 pounds overweight in his mid-40's. And chances are that he will gain faster. As they rise in the world, Scott will buy more gadgets like the lawn mower that he rides instead of pushes. He already has his eye on an electric saw to cut the fireplace wood. And he will exercise a little less every year. Julie, who is a good cook, will be able to afford the best cuts of beef—juicy, tender and richly marbled with white fat. As Scott advances up the economic ladder, his tensions may increase. He may be lighting cigarettes without knowing it. And he will build up a higher tolerance for martinis, so that he will take on 500 calories instead of 250.

These changes happen so gradually that the Scotts and the Julies are hardly aware of them. No one makes a conscious decision to live so as to shorten his life. Most people don't make *any* conscious decision about how to live. They drift along, enjoying "the good life," unaware that severe disability may hit halfway through that life.

A decade ago, when physicians first became concerned about overweight, cholesterol and smoking, it was co cern directed toward the middle-age man who is so often the victim of ca diovascular disease. But now we kno that thinking about a healthful livi pattern in middle age is too often a ma ter of locking the stable after the hor is stolen. I see hundreds of men in the 40's and 50's who are trying to chan the eating, smoking, drinking and exe cise habits of many years. But for tragic number of these men, some da age has already been done. Their blo pressure is too high. Their blood ve sels are already partly clogged wi fatty deposits. Their electrocardiogra show enough changes from normal worry a doctor. Such changes are us ally reversible, but it's best to sta living sensibly as early as possible.

Suppose that our hypothetical Sco and Julie wanted to be smart and ma a conscious decision about their pa tern of living now, while they are youn

My first recommendation would that they each have a complete physic examination and that they talk ov with their doctor any findings that mig be important in setting up a program diet and a practical program for healt If they have no health problems that a special or unusual, then they can s about following a few simple rules.

There is one thing I'd like to make pe fectly clear: I don't believe in being martyr to a health program. If you ca enjoy life, why prolong it? In fact, t person who compulsively goes abo being healthy and feels tense about probably ends up doing himself har perhaps as much harm as the Hannin family does by being thoughtless. Go food, tobacco, alcohol and loafing c be among life's pleasures.

For example, Julie has an old-fashion idea of a good cook as one who us quantities of butter and cream, pu cheese sauce on the vegetables, a always provides a rich dessert th leaves people too full to move from t table. She has heard about saturat and polyunsaturated fats. She vagu knows that cholesterol, especially wh combined with overweight and hi blood pressure, can trigger hea trouble. She will admit that she kno the average American diet is too high animal fats, and that vegetable fats a apparently better for people. But s hasn't bothered to translate this kno edge into changes in the style of co ing that she inherited from her moth

If Julie were not still cooking in the tradition, she might collect interest recipes for veal, seafood and chicken replace some of the pork and beef roas that are high in fat. She might try Ori tal dishes—long on flavor and short fats and calories. (The Japanese rar die of coronaries.) Her cooking could more varied *and* healthful. *(continu*



What was the date of your husband's last physical check up?

Does he exercise enough?

How much relaxation does he enjoy each day?

What about fats in his diet?

(Four provocative questions from the makers of Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine.)

1. It is a known fact that men are *afraid* of physical examinations, keep putting them off, sometimes indefinitely. Many wives have learned the simple trick of saying "*we* should have a physical examination," and going with their husbands to the doctors. An odd form of togetherness, perhaps, but it works.

2. Exercise is always best if it's something a man *enjoys* doing. Pushing him onto a golf course if he hates the game can cause stress. Just walking is a good exercise; bicycling is better. One well-known authority says that exercise means *"working up a sweat."*

3. A "quiet hour" every evening when your man comes home from work is fine for his well-being, and great for your marriage, too. If the youngest kids make dinner hectic, try feeding them first. Ask the older ones to save their problems, at least till after dinner. Save yours, too—but listen carefully to *his*.

4. As for diet, many authorities suggest that the kinds of fats you eat are important to good health. But this doesn't mean you must *nag* your husband into changing. Cut the fat off the meat in the kitchen to avoid a scene at the table. There are easy and delightful ways to serve polyunsaturates in place of the saturated fats from animals. Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine are two of them.

Interesting facts about Mazola Corn Oil

The people who introduced Mazola thought so much of corn that they named their product for it. "Maize" is the Indian name for this wonder-grain. Mazola is 100 percent corn oil, rich in nutritive values, and singularly high in polyunsaturates. It is a *natural* food, easy to digest and wonderful for frying, for salads, and for baking.

When the Mazola people came to make a margarine they insisted that the liquid portion of Mazola Margarine be made with Mazola 100% Corn Oil. Why? Because of all leading oils, liquid corn oil is highest in polyunsaturated fats (the right kind) that are so necessary to help balance the saturated fats (the wrong kind) in the average diet.

Pleasant fact about Mazola Margarine

When you fry with Mazola Margarine it does not blacken and smoke unappetizingly like other margarines because it cannot burn at normal frying temperatures.

In summing up, Mazola is a special margarine, actually rates as "special" according to a leading medical association and is higher in polyunsaturates than ordinary margarines.

But Mazola products are not medicine. Neither does their use require a drastic change in eating habits. Mazola is really an aid to *more* delicious eating.

In fairness, there is only one way you can judge the natural superiority of Mazola products, and it is *not* by reading. It is by tasting. Thank you.



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HY GET SICK? *continued*

s for Scott's exercise, it shouldn't be mething that he dislikes. He shouldn't uggle out of bed for a program of calnenics if he can't bear the thought of Instead, he should find what he likes do that uses his muscles. Maybe he ully enjoys chopping fireplace wood, d wants the electric saw only as a tus symbol. Maybe he would enjoy lking to some places instead of always ving. Maybe he and Julie could spend re time outdoors with the children—skating in the winter, bicycling in the mmer. Whatever it is, it should be asurable activity.

t is hard to lay down rules for moder- drinking, but an occasional cocktail fore dinner, or a couple of glasses of ne with dinner, won't harm most peo- as long as they remember that calies in drinks count just like calories in od. And most doctors agree that ars, a pipe, or half a pack of cigates a day are not likely to increase eatly your chances of lung cancer. fortunately, it is a rare person who n manage to smoke moderately. Most us have to stop altogether, or—better —never start. Unless they are invetate smokers, I think I could honestly y to Julie and Scott that nothing I have tlined as a healthful regime would be ally hard. It might take some habitraining, but so does getting a man to t his socks in the hamper.

Although middle-aged men are the ople most likely to be prematurely by heart disease (our biggest killer), ott's health should not be the family's le concern. What about the children? hat about Julie herself? The main prentable hazards to the health of the ildren in middle-class American famis are accidents and infectious disses. I think most mothers are aware most accident hazards—the ball that ls across the street, the drugs in the mily medicine chest, the boiling pot on e stove—though a trip through a hosal pediatric ward will show that some others are sometimes careless.

fectious diseases are not nearly the zard to children that they used to be, ovided mothers keep up their chilen's immunizations. Smallpox, diphheria, whooping cough, tetanus, polio d measles need not threaten any merican child. Doctors do find it somehat shocking that many mothers have iled to take advantage of the new easles vaccine for children. Measles is t a simple little childhood ailment. ery year some children die of the mplications, and others suffer peranent brain damage. The vaccination easy and safe. There is no excuse for y child not to have it. Young adults ho have not had measles should also vaccinated, and keep up their polio d tetanus immunizations.

Young mothers may be tired, rundown, casionally anemic, but on the whole ey are a healthy lot. Chasing toddlers d running a house are not sedentary tivities, and female hormones seem be a protection against the atherolerosis that may be starting to damage eir husband's blood vessels. Childrth has its risks, but with good obstetcal care they are not often serious. The ct that most young wives are under the re of a physician for their pregnancies one of their greatest protections.

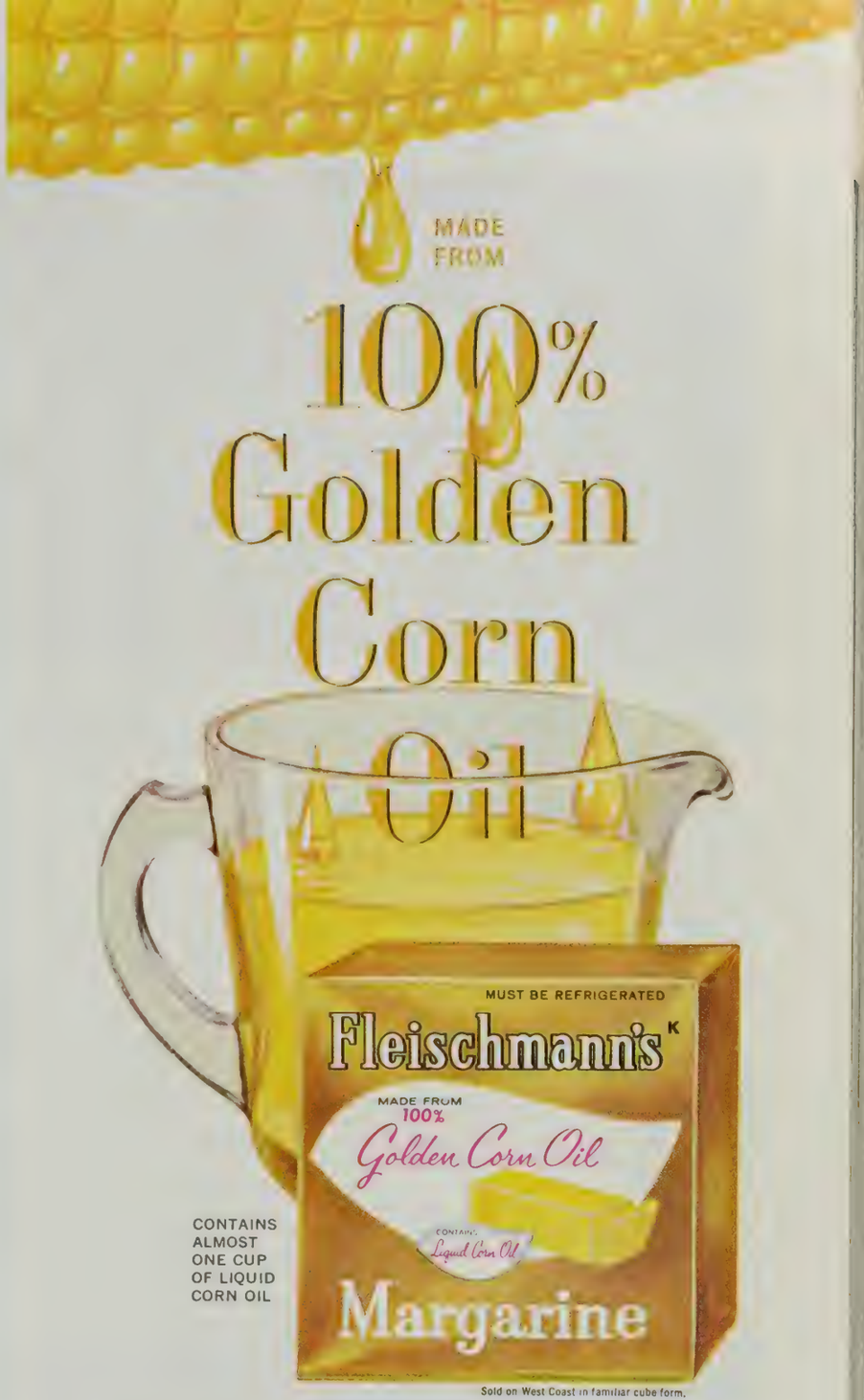
Besides living patterns that help prevent disease, the second phase of keeping well is catching possibly serious diseases early. The woman getting good obstetrical care has her heart, blood pressure and blood count watched quite closely. And the two most threatening possibilities, breast cancer and cervical cancer, are not likely to go unnoticed if she is seeing her doctor regularly.

It is hard to lay down any fixed rule about annual physicals for each member of the family. But I believe, in general, that every growing child should be checked at least once a year. Tests of vision and hearing as well as regular dental care are important. Probably every woman who has finished having her family, whatever her age—certainly after 35—should have an annual physical, with a breast examination and a Papanicolaou smear to look for cervical cancer. For men, regular examinations should start no later than age 40.

These recommendations assume that people have a single doctor who knows them well and that they continue to go to him. Actually, we know that people move from place to place and change doctors. I cannot stress too strongly that the doctor who is going to take care of you should see you first while you are well. He needs to know what you are like when you are your normal self. He needs to have a careful medical history. How he cares for you in the future depends on what he learns in that initial history and physical examination.

Some families have more of a tendency toward diabetes than others. Breast cancers appear more often in some families than in others. If your doctor knows what diseases have affected your blood relatives, he knows to be especially alert for those diseases in you. For example, at the Strang Clinic, we suggest examination of the breasts every six months for women whose mothers or sisters have had breast cancer. For heavy cigarette smokers, we suggest additional chest X rays or sputum studies. We are not trying to frighten people. We are just helping them take advantage of clues they know themselves that will enable them to live longer. And in some ways these people, who know what their personal hazards are, are more fortunate.

The greatest threats to health today are heart disease, cancer and stroke. We know ways to reduce these hazards for most people. Diet, exercise, smoking and blood pressure affect the blood vessels. The person with healthy blood vessels is most likely to escape heart disease and stroke. If he is a non-smoker, he reduces his chances of several kinds of cancer. Many forms of cancer cannot yet be prevented. But this should not make us pessimistic or fatalistic about it. One of the most important points I can make is that most cancers are slow-moving, predictable conditions. They develop over a period of months or even years. A cancer that has not begun to spread beyond its original site is, in most instances, curable. Those of us who work in cancer detection know that nearly half the people who die of the most common forms of cancer could be saved if only the disease is detected early enough. That is why we urge examinations. We want to get on with the job, to help people prevent serious illness while there is still time.



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AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

By **ROBERT MENNINGER, M.D.**

I'd like to tell you about two young wives, both of whom are very troubled. One of them needs psychotherapy, and the other does not. They are not my patients, and if they were, I would not be calling them by their first names. But they are typical of persons you might know.

The first is Judith. She and her husband, Bill, scrimped and saved and put a down payment on a little house that they both loved. Their two little girls had a sandbox in the side yard and a swing in the apple tree. Judith made all the curtains, and Bill learned do-it-yourself bricklaying and built an outdoor fireplace.

Now, three years later, their cherished little house is gone. Their small savings account is gone, too, and they are heavily in debt. Bill gambled on a business venture with his college roommate. They both quit their steady jobs, went into the coin-operated dry-cleaning business, and lost everything they had.

Judith and Bill are starting over in a crowded little apartment on a shabby street. The girls have been moved from the shiny new kindergarten they loved so much to a grubby old school where many of the children are dirty and use bad language.

Judith tries hard not to blame Bill, who has been moody and depressed himself. But trying to wash the scaling paint in the old kitchen, worrying about the children playing in the street, wondering how the debts will ever be paid off—sometimes it seems like more than she can bear, and she sits down and cries and cries.

Now let me tell you about Myra, a girl with a beautiful singing voice. She had been off to a promising start as a professional singer when she met Dennis and they fell in love. She had to change her religion to marry him, but she did it without hesitating. When the first baby came, she stopped accepting engagements as a soloist. Until recently, though, she continued to sing with a choral group that gives local concerts.

Myra is pregnant now for the third time. Dennis has noticed a marked difference in her in the past two or three months. He didn't want her to give up her singing entirely, and was perfectly willing to stay home with the children on her rehearsal nights. But she just stopped going. She has also given up going to church with him, and they haven't entertained any of their friends in so long that their best silver is tarnished. Myra sits around a lot with a book open in front of her, but she never turns the pages. Meals are routine—no more exciting culinary experiments that earned her reputation as a great cook. And the children are turning more to Dennis because he is the one who talks to them.

As you have probably surmised, Myra is the one who needs psychiatric help. Judith's problems seem much more real. She has suffered a genuine loss, and she has worries that would oppress anyone. There are clear, observable reasons for her to grieve, to cry, to feel despondent. Anyone would, in her situation.

Myra's case is different. Dennis doesn't know what is the matter with Myra—and, more important, Myra doesn't know herself. Someone trained in helping people to clarify their problems can probably help Myra understand what is happening to her. It may be that she feels she has been disloyal to her own family by leaving their church. It may be that she feels guilty because her parents sacrificed much to give her a musical education that she is not using. The conflict between her desire to be a singer and her desire to be a wife and mother is apparently not satisfactorily resolved.

The essential difference in the two cases is that Judith knows what is the matter with her; Myra does not. And that is perhaps the chief difference between those who need professional help and those who do not.

Psychiatry can never promise happiness. And mental health doesn't mean happiness. You might think of a parallel: physical health doesn't mean physical comfort. You can be in tip-top condition and be quite legitimately uncomfortable in an unheated house in January. The fact that you are shivering does not mean that you are sick. Anyone in such a house would shiver until he could find some way to get the furnace going. Yet you know that if you have a chill when the thermometer in the house reads 72 degrees, something is wrong with you.

I believe that gradually people are giving up the idea that mental illness is a hopeless condition that puts a person permanently behind locked doors and sets him apart from his "sane" brothers and sisters. Every one of us has been mentally ill at some time, if you understand that any emotional outburst or any moment of despair is a sort of temporary illness. To use another parallel with physical illness: if everyone in the family has a cold, you are not surprised when you begin to sneeze. You have a cold, too, and you know how you got it. You probably know how to deal with it, too, miserable as it makes you, and you don't run to the doctor with it. But, on the other hand, if you have serious pains in your chest and you feel you can't breathe, you know you should see a doctor.

In short, mental illness, like physical illness, can be something that you can understand and handle yourself. It can be what physicians call self-limiting—that is to say, it will go away on its own. Or it can be something you don't understand and cannot handle, something that stays with you and will have a damaging effect eventually in all the different areas of your life unless you get effective help.

A psychiatrist, like any other physician, can do much more for a patient whose illness is diagnosed and treated early, before the symptoms become too severe. We notice at the Menninger Clinic that we are getting more and more patients in their 20's and 30's. As one of my colleagues puts it, "People now are not waiting to seek help until they are climbing the walls." Dr. Karl Menninger has described the treatable mental patient as "a somewhat disorganized human being who has got crosswise with his fellows and with himself until he is increasingly uncomfortable and unacceptable." How much better it is for this crosswise human being to get help early than for his condition to go on until he is bent on self-destruction, or is completely out of touch with reality, or is so sunk in silent despair as to be almost unreachable.

Because early treatment is so important, any wife and mother has to consider her family's emotional health as much her responsibility as their physical health. In general, you can assume that the members of a family are weathering the crises in their individual lives as long as they are able to work, and play, and love one another. But if one member's own normal pattern of work, play or love seems to undergo a prolonged, unexplained distortion, perhaps there is trouble.

Let me give you some examples. Most men grumble about their jobs, have days when they find the boss unreasonable, days when the pace seems too much. But if a job that once seemed satisfying and absorbing to a man becomes a horror that he can scarcely bear to face, if he stays away from it frequently on various pretexts, if he can't even talk about his job troubles with his wife, then the work aspects of his life are disturbed. And, usually, when one major aspect of a man's life inexplicably goes wrong, others will also. He may stop playing baseball with his sons on weekends; he may be brusque and unloving with his wife; he may begin drinking more than he used to. Things of this sort add up to a pervading change in his behavior that can be clearly seen by his wife or anyone else close to him.

It may be a little harder to spot true shifts in the emotional health of children and adolescents because their behavior patterns normally change as they grow, as any parent knows who has said resignedly, "Betty is going through a phase." But even with all the phases, you as a parent really know the basic character of each of your children. Vickie has always been merry, outgoing, sociable, a favorite with other children. Maybe adolescence brings moody spells and a high-school romance brings sadness and disappointment. But as long as the basic personality continues to reassert itself, Vickie is emotionally healthy.

On the other hand, Ralph has always been studious, bookish, and interested in learning. If he kicks over the traces completely, starts running with a crowd of wild boys who defy parental standards of behavior, and if he neglects his schoolwork and begins to fail the same subjects in which he used to get straight A's, then Ralph has somehow got crosswise.

I have said how important it is to get trained help early, and now I must face up to the harsh fact that deciding to get the help is only the first step. There are still many communities where it is not readily available.

Suppose you have tentatively decided to look for help, where do you go? You have several possible starting places. Maybe your family doctor, if you have one, can provide the solution. We psychiatrists have great respect for the kind of family physician who really knows his patients and has observed them over the course of many years. Oftentimes he already knows much about a patient's character and personality that a psychiatrist, coming upon the problem new, would not learn for many weeks. If your husband overreacted to a setback in his career several years ago and then snapped back in a couple of months, your family doctor may be the one who remembers this pattern. He may wisely counsel you to relax and give your husband



WHEN SHOULD YOU SEE A PSYCHIATRIST?

more time to recover when a similar episode occurs again.

But not all family doctors have this ongitudinal knowledge of their patients, nd not all are equally skilled in help- ig with emotional problems. If you feel hat yours doesn't like to talk about eelings and behavior, you still have a erfect right to ask his advice about hoosing someone who will. He under- tands perfectly that psychiatry is part f his profession, even if he wants no art of practicing it. And he can steer ou away from unqualified practitioners who might do you more harm than good.

You should be aware that some fam- y physicians, in an attempt to be help- ul, will try prescribing the various tran- uilizers and mood-elevators that today pour forth so plenteously from the pharmaceutical manufacturers. Some- imes this kind of temporary crutch may be all that a person needs to help him over a bad situation. But using hese drugs is treating the symptoms, not the causes. I believe they should be used in a way comparable to the way ou use aspirin—that is, for something hat you are pretty sure is temporary. Just as you don't want to let a brain umor keep growing while you mask he headache with aspirin, so you don't want to let an emotional illness get more difficult to cure while you dream away behind your pill bottle.

Another first place to turn for help is to your minister, priest or rabbi, espe- cially if religion is a real, integral part of your life. More and more religious leaders have had some orientation in emotional illness as part of their train- ing. Often they are more aware than physicians of the community's resources for people with emotional problems.

But, in all honesty, I must admit that it is possible for a person to visit both his family physician and his clergyman and fail to get much real help. If this happens, then you must fall back on persons with whom you have no pre- vious personal relationship. Admittedly, that is harder, but it is not really an excuse for giving up when so much may be at stake.

If the problem is a school-age child, you as a parent should see what the school can do. Many school systems have counselors and school psycholo- gists. They can help you to more special- ized help if it is needed.

If you live in a small town and you have tried all these sources without success, you have probably to look to the nearest larger community. There you can probably find a family agency and possibly a mental-health clinic. The family agency is usually a voluntary, nonprofit organization that may expect you to pay a small fee. It is staffed by trained social workers who can help you decide whether you need psychi- atric help or just a chance to talk about your problems. The mental-health clinic, which may be community-sponsored, affiliated with a medical school, or tax- supported, can also give you the same kind of guidance. Some mental-health clinics may even provide moderately priced psychotherapy with a psychia- trist, but for such services there is often a long waiting list. ●

Obviously, there is a shortcut that I have not mentioned yet. You can go to the library, get the *Directory of Medical Specialists,* find the nearest qualified psychiatrist, and phone his office for an appointment. Or you can ask the county medical society to give you the names of several psychiatrists. If you feel that the problem is urgent, for in- stance, if someone in the family is even just *talking* about suicide, this may be the best course of action.

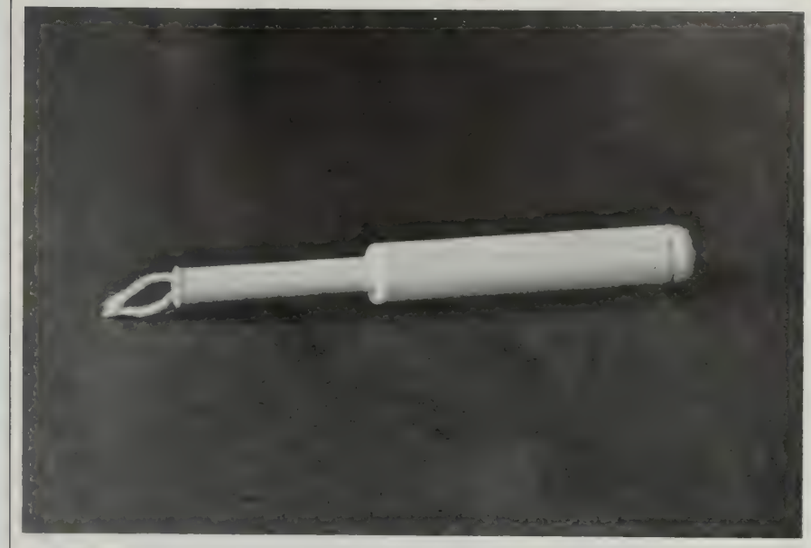
I'd like to emphasize that you may have to be very persistent. You may have setbacks in this search for help, as I have said. If the mental-health clinic puts you on a waiting list, don't hesitate to call them and remind them that you are waiting. If the doctor says, "Try these pills for a while," don't as- sume that is all he can offer. It is your health that is at stake, and the respon- sibility for getting treatment rests with you. It is unfortunate that it is harder to get this kind of treatment than it is to get your allergy shots or your ob- stetrical care. But it is not nearly so hard as it was 10 or 15 years ago. And as facilities and personnel increase, it will become easier. Meanwhile, you want to be sure that you are not short- changed by the shortages.

The shortages are responsible for an- other pitfall that you should be warned about. There are many inadequate sub- stitutes for good psychotherapy that may be easier to get than the real thing. There are untrained persons who call themselves marriage counselors, mental hygienists, and psychological therapists. Many have thriving practices because there are not enough well- trained persons to handle the load. Psy- chiatrists, psychologists and social work- ers have set up boards that require standards of training, experience and proficiency. For psychiatrists, it is the American Board of Psychiatry and Neu- rology; for psychologists, the American Board of Examiners in Professional Psy- chology; for social workers, the Acad- emy of Certified Social Workers.

If the problem is your husband's or your child's, you may have the added difficulty of helping the patient see that he needs help. In my experience, gen- tleness, candor, love and perseverance work best. You can't order anyone to talk about his life with a psychotherapist. You can't trick him into it, or bribe him. But if he knows that you love him and honestly have his well-being at heart, he should heed you. Incidentally, it is at this stage that the reinforcement of an understanding physician or clergyman can be enormously valuable.

And, finally, if and when psychother- apy begins, don't be too impatient. It may take a patient a number of ses- sions to relax and trust his therapist enough to open up and talk freely. And a psychotherapist's first and most im- portant curative technique is listening. He does not give orders and tell the patient what to do. His first job is to help the patient get the whole situation out in the open, so that together they can begin to understand it. The person who has "got crosswise with his fellows and himself" is not an inanimate object that can be picked up, turned around, and set down straight. He is a dynamic, changing human being and a unique creation. The good therapist, like the good clergyman or the good teacher, does not try to force him into a mold. Instead, he hopes to help him to find his own best self. END

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The Fischer Quints at Two

By Phyllis Wright, M.D.

The quintuplets, churning with energy after their naps, were tumbling all over each other in a noisy tug of war over a favorite pull-toy, a row of tiny pigs that waddled and squeaked. The family room, rocking with whoops of delight and/or anguish, looked like a slightly chaotic nursery school, with toddlers swarming over the brown leatherette couch and the supposedly quintproof matching armchairs.

Two had scrambled up the back of the couch next to where I was sitting, and had begun swinging a large painting back and forth on the wall. The improvised seesaw was, fittingly, a handsome oil portrait of their five angel-faced baby quintuplet selves.

Suddenly four girls ganged up on their lone brother, until he lay wailing under a pile of thrashing, chubby arms and legs. Finally, he surrendered his favorite truck to his sisters, and peace descended—for about 27 seconds.

What was I doing there? It had all started 1,700 miles away in Los Angeles, with a page operator's insistent voice calling me to the telephone at my hospital for a long-distance call.



"They communicate with a radar understood only by quintuplets."

I was, as usual, way behind schedule, making the rounds of my pediatric patients. The call was an irritating interruption.

"How would you like," the voice on the phone was saying, "to visit the Fischer family in Aberdeen, South Dakota, and write about them for the *Journal?*"

I reviewed the possibilities of the trip while listening to the editor. It *would* be fun to get away from the hospital routine for a few days. I would be visiting healthy babies instead of sick ones. Having had my share of usual problems bringing up two children of my own, I was frankly curious to find out how Mrs. Fischer manages to cope with 11—including five who, in one simultaneous eruption, had just graduated into the toddler stage.

"It's as a writer and a mother that we're asking you to go, not as a pediatrician," the editor said, and that settled it.

A few weeks later, on my first of several visits, I (*continued*)

Photographs by Wayne Miller

It's hectic—but there's plenty of room for action



For busy Andy Fischer, the farm still has peaceful moments to share with each of his 11 children.

was unlatching the chain to the big metal gate that protects the sprawling Andrew Fischer farm with its recently completed 17-room, blue, brown and white frame and brick home.

A tall, red-haired woman was peering in my direction, and through the large windows I could see five small, absolutely motionless heads, which could have been either a row of statues or a row of children watching television (the *only* activity I know of that will so immobilize a group of children for any length of time).

As I met 32-year-old Mary Ann Fischer, it occurred to me that she was probably the most beleaguered housewife of our time. Yet she didn't look the part at all. This young mother of 11 was quite obviously a tower of physical stamina, fortified by plenty of common sense and bolstered by the saving grace of humor. It was reassuring just to look at her.

"I guess you want to see the babies," Mrs. Fischer said, leading the way briskly. "We always call them the *babies—not* the quintuplets," she added, setting me straight on an important point immediately. (From the start Mary Ann and Andy Fischer have shied away from using the word "quintuplets"—perhaps because it has a freakish sound, but also because it seems to collectivize five exuberant little individual personalities under one impersonal label. Although the quintuplets are fast outgrowing the "baby" stage, the family's continuing refusal to call them "the quints" shows how determined they are that the world accept each of the five as any other member of the large Fischer family. As Andy once said before the quints' younger sister, Baby Cindy, was born, "The Fischers now have ten children—*not* quintuplets and five others.")

I was still reflecting on this good omen for the quints' future when Mary Ann ushered me smoothly from the slate-floored entry hall into the spacious, incredibly neat kitchen where, behind an immense oval dining table, six yellow high chairs were lined up facing the kitchen work area. Five of the high chairs were occupied by my five small yellow-haired statues, now fully animated and identifiable as America's famous quintuplets.

Their round little faces and delft-blue eyes followed every move their mother made as she prepared their lunch. Not a sound came from any of them—until their mother brought the plates. She served them sensible "finger

(*continued*



To keep them together, and out of Mommy's garden: Wheee—a five-passenger wheelbarrow!

"Not a sound came from any of them—until their mother brought lunch. Then they pitched in—no feeding problems with these babies."





The babies and Mary Ann show off their native acres. Despite frequent invasions by little "helpers," the farm flourishes.

Everywhere you look there are quints on the go.

food" appropriate to their age, which was then 21 months. And, as if on cue, they pitched in with enthusiasm to their cut-up hot dogs, apple slices and mashed potatoes, managing to cram almost as much into their mouths as they dropped on the floor, and occasionally leaning over to share a bite with a neighbor.

Mary Ann introduced them, pointing out Mary Ann, who was named for her mother, still a shade the smallest of the five; then Margie, Cathy and Maggie. "And you know who *this* is," she said, when she got to Jimmy, the largest of the babies. He was very much the male, even at that age. His blond hair was cut in a no-nonsense, boyish style; and he had an irrepressible masculine air. Mary Ann said she has never had any difficulty distinguishing the four girls, even from the beginning, when other members of the family would try to stump her.

For me, though, the task was hopeless. Except for Jimmy, and little Mary Ann's slightly smaller build, they all looked very much alike.

Three of the four girls were dressed in red corduroy overalls topped with perky white angel blouses; the fourth was dressed the same except for green overalls. Jimmy wore a one-piece brown jumpsuit, as befitted his masculine status. All five wore white high baby shoes.

The quints gave me brief friendly glances, as if accustomed to strangers interrupting their lunch, and went on happily fingerpainting with their mashed potatoes. As they ate, Mary Ann went calmly down the line offering each of them sips of milk from a common glass, a process that at first startled the germ-conscious pediatrician in me. However, as I thought about it, why not? Food, toys *and* germs were all community property anyway. The babies were actively teething, and had the sociable habit of putting all objects into their mouths, giving them a vigorous chew or two, and passing them along to the next customer. It would have been impossible to keep all their toys and food separate, and certainly Mary Ann's one-cup method was better than having each quint spill a whole cup of milk; no mother could supervise the cup-drinking of more than two babies at a time, and the quints have been off bottles for many months.

I began to enjoy my visit as I watched them—so obviously healthy and brimming with energy—pack away their (*continued on page 115*)



"And you know who this is," said his mother, when she got to Jimmy. Even at two, he is very much the male.

Daddy was watching TV, but a quint can change a man's plans.





They're nonchalant about photographers; Margie demonstrates.





They crawl and squirm all over him, but for Andy Fischer a romp with his famous offspring is more fun than any ball game.



Old House:
New Plan for City Living

By Margaret White
DECORATING EDITOR

Judith and Richard Newman—both young, both architects, both city people by nature and New Yorkers by birth—wanted a house of their own, a special place to live and work in the heart of the city they love.

"House" in New York is almost synonymous with "old brownstone" (in Philadelphia, Georgetown it's "row house"), and the Newmans found theirs after a two-year search. Located on New York's Upper West Side—a once-respectable neighborhood turned slum, now the site of extensive urban renewal—it was a rooming house when they discovered it.

"Our first 'renovation,'" Judith Newman explains, "was to get rid of thirteen dilapidated bedsprings." What followed is a familiar story to many city-lovers participating in urban renewal programs across the country.

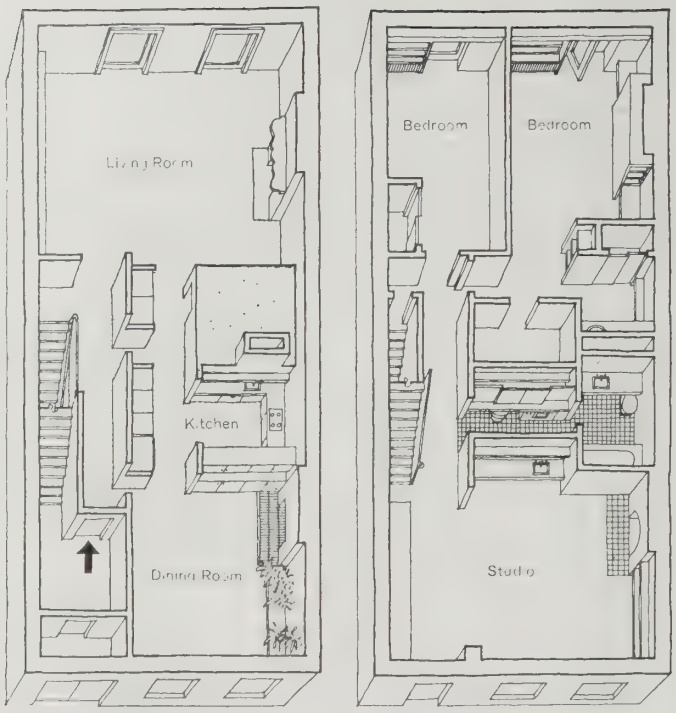


Above: Storage wall of the Newman living area was planned for instant flexibility. Adjustable display shelves surround three matched pieces—two cabinets (suspended on the wall, legs removed) and a piano bench, of old, no-period oak. For a different look, the colorful fabric stretched on back panels of storage arrangement can be changed.

Left: Sweeping view of the first floor (living area in foreground, dining room at far end) shows how quarry-tile flooring, redwood ceilings unify the whole. For texture, the final coat of plaster on all the walls was mixed with white sand. Very much at home together, the 18th-century sleigh chair, and the contemporary, marble-topped table.

Photographs by Bill Maris, Ezra Stoller Associates

The Newmans occupy the first two floors of the renovated brownstone. (First-floor plan, near right; next to that, the ground-floor plan.) The third story was planned as a natural extension; when the Newmans want more space, all three floors will work together as a whole.





Before so much as replacing a light bulb in their new old house, the Newmans had thoroughly analyzed and planned for their particular needs and knew practically down to the last doorknob exactly how they wanted the finished brownstone to look.

They had definite ideas about space and how best to use it. One of the first things they did was to clear away all the existing walls. "A friend of ours kept badgering us about the number of *rooms* we could have if we wanted them," Judith Newman said with a laugh. "We don't think in terms of rooms but of the house as a whole and of 'areas' which we've defined with partitions."

Natural materials—tongue-and-groove redwood for ceilings, charcoal-colored quarry-tile for flooring, the exposed brick wall—throughout the house give the feeling of spaciousness and continuity the Newmans wanted. Color—lots of white combined with warm earth tones—repeated from area to area works for them in the same way. They prefer to see lots of space around their furniture and dislike clutter. In fact, except for a piano, the Newmans bought no new furniture in moving from a three-room apartment to the much-larger house.

The furniture itself is a skillful mixture. There is an 18th-century sleigh chair, and a classic modern chair by Saarinen. The dining-room furniture is stripped-down, no-period oak, companion pieces of which are suspended on the storage wall in the living room. This "carrying through" from area to area of materials, colors and forms is based on sound decorating principles. As Judith Newman puts it, "You don't just close the door of a room and forget about the rest of the house."

The dining room by day (left) and by night (right). Redwood chandelier, designed and made by Richard Newman, is rheostat controlled for lighting that ranges from intimate to bright. Plants and a warm wash of light emanating from can lights on the ceiling make a focal point of the exposed-brick side wall. Stained-glass panels at the windows were rescued from a nearby brownstone demolition. The furniture, more old, stripped-down oak. Chairs and window seats are covered in contemporary Roman-stripe linen.





The Newmans feel that what really counts in renovating an old house is careful planning, imagination and a realistic attitude. "It's important to recognize in the early planning stage the features of a house that *can't* be changed," Judith Newman points out, "and to respect and work with what's already there."

The long, windowless side walls and the narrow (in proportion) 20-foot width of the brownstone, for example, could not be drastically modified. But by stripping the plaster from one of these walls and exposing the handsome red brick underneath (which was then cleaned, rubbed with linseed oil and waxed), they turned what might have been a problem into an asset. The brick provides texture and interest while contributing to the brownstone's warm, private atmosphere—one that has a dollars-and-cents value of its own.

The Newmans (who met as students at Cornell University) explain that their architectural training was an advantage in doing over the old house. They know what can and can't be done; they've learned how to "visualize," and put ideas down on paper; professionally, they've formed fairly definite opinions. (One, that it would be false for them to work in a traditional vein, is in evidence throughout the contemporary interior of the brownstone.) They stress, on the other hand, that they are only one of many couples—the vast majority of whom are not professionals—who've recently undertaken and successfully completed similar projects all over the country.

Speaking for herself, her husband, and probably for hundreds of those others, Judith Newman says: "It was hard work—I don't care if I never help lay another tile floor. But I loved it, and I love our house, and I want to live here forever."

Left: A masterpiece of planning, the kitchen feels airy and open despite its small size. U-shaped work surface is laminated, oiled cherry wood on the side serving kitchen and dining room, and unglazed yellow clay tile on the other. Spices, cookbooks, and the toaster are handy on the wall-hung shelf over the sink. Facing the kitchen (at left and out of the picture) is a huge storage closet, made in three sections.



Above: Attractive wood-paneled "headboard" in the master bedroom is actually the jut of a chimney, extended and then sheathed in redwood—the alcoves formed on either side are fitted with shelves and used as desk areas. Handsome wooden grill concealing heating unit and can lights above the bed are identical with others used throughout the house.



Above: Small, well-organized laundry has storage space with sliding redwood door above the washer and dryer, a hamper and more storage below. The Newman theory of planning a house as a whole is evident even here in the quarry-tile floor, the warm, bright towel colors. The pop-art ceiling, made of hundreds of stapled-together frozen-juice cans, conceals overhead fixtures and deflects the light.

Shopping information on page 108.

THE INCOMPARABLE CHAPEAU

by Roma Sherris

No masterpiece, however small, can fail to leave its mark on those privileged to see it. The hat which Janine Darrieux made one spring long ago was no exception. But hat is an inadequate word to describe so incomparable a creation. It was a chapeau of elegance, distinction and perfection. And when Janine had cut the last thread of the last stitch which held the last silken rosebud in position, she knew that, although she was only eighteen, she had created a masterpiece and might never make anything so beautiful again.

Her mother, who had started to instruct her in the milliner's art the moment she was old enough to hold a needle, recognized its quality at once.

"*Ma fille*, there is nothing further I can teach you," she said. "It is an *objet de vertu*, an *objet d'art*, and if there is a woman of discrimination in this town, it will be sold tomorrow before noon."

The following morning, Janine arranged the chapeau in the window. And although it was her own handiwork, she gazed with admiration at the perfectly modeled crown, the encircling garland of leaves and flowers and the sweeping brim, which was lined with chiffon, pleated as exactly as the underside of a field mushroom.

Then she went back to her work until, at ten o'clock precisely, she heard the clatter of horses' hooves drawing to a halt on the cobbles outside. A glimpse through the voile curtains showed Madame la Comtesse alighting from her carriage.

"What an adorable hat you have in the window!" she exclaimed as Janine opened the door for her. "I am dying to try it on!"

Janine lifted the hat from its stand and set it carefully on the chestnut curls of Madame la Comtesse. There was a long silence as she turned her slender neck this way and that before the looking glass. The brim of the chapeau dipped provocatively over one eye, then to fly upward in a gentle arc which revealed the wing of hair that swept away from her brow on the other side.

"It is a darling chapeau!" she cried. "I have never seen its equal. I shall wear it at once and I hope you will, mademoiselle, accept as a gift my other hat, which I bought when I was last in Paris."

When Madame la Comtesse made her way back to the carriage, Janine and her mother, observing her progress through the curtains, were gratified to see the admiring glances cast by passersby in the direction of the chapeau which she wore with such an air.

It could also be that they noticed the smile which played about her lips—the smile of a woman who knows she looks her loveliest and is on the way to meet a man who adores her.

Thirty minutes later, Madame la Comtesse had exchanged the seat in her own carriage for a place in another, humbler one, owned by her admirer. He was a lieutenant in the army, of excellent family but slender means; he was young, he was handsome and he was hopelessly in love with the vision of beauty beside him. Being sophisticated as well as romantic, he recognized that the chapeau was a masterpiece.

"My Solange," he murmured, fervently kissing her hand, "you have never looked more enchanting."

She dipped the brim of the chapeau and gazed up at him from beneath it, her enormous blue eyes tender with promise.

It was at this precise moment that a carriage rounded the corner ahead of them and approached at speed, with puffs of white dust arising like cumulus clouds from beneath the wheels and the horses' hooves. Madame la Comtesse's face grew pale under the chapeau and eyes widened.

"*Mon Dieu*," she breathed, "it is my husband, returning from Paris too early."

She did not hesitate. Adroitly





Illustrations by Lorraine Fox

Designed to bedazzle lovers, and evoke marriage proposals, it was the most beautiful hat in the world



she turned the cartwheel of the chapeau, so that her face was hidden from the oncoming coach, and as quick as a kingfisher, her lover darted forward and moved his head within its sanctuary.

Monsieur le Comte, looking out of the carriage window, saw the glory of the chapeau, a pair of shoulders which were uncommonly like his wife's, and a flash of blue uniform on the barely discernible figure beside her.

A thousand dimly sensed suspicions crystallized in his mind. But, being a man of pride, he did not so far debase himself as to order his servants to halt. There would be time enough ahead to settle this affair with honor. . . .

"Do not disturb yourself, *chéri*," Madame la Comtesse murmured a little later. "I do not think he observed us. And if he did, I have an idea. . . ."

As Janine sat stitching away that afternoon, she was disturbed by a knocking at the back door. She dropped her work, went to answer it, and was surprised to be confronted by Madame la Comtesse, flushed in the cheek and carrying the chapeau in her hand.

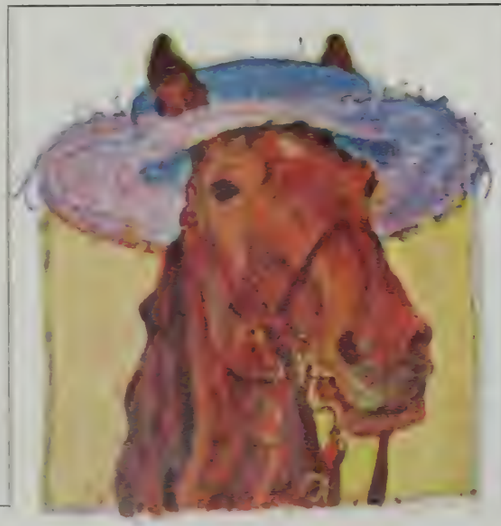
"Chère Mademoiselle Darrieux," she exclaimed breathlessly as she came in. "I am a capricious creature, I know, and I hope you will forgive me, but I have come to return the chapeau."

"To return it, madame. Is it not ——"

"It is *perfect*, mademoiselle. The most exquisite chapeau I have ever possessed. A creation designed to be worn just once, for an unforgettable experience. That is why I have brought it back. It must never be contaminated by anything less perfect. Because it is so beautiful and because you yourself made it, I should like to give it to you. And I will buy back the *Parisien* hat which I left with you earlier today."

"But Madame ——" Janine exclaimed.

"I want no argument," the Comtesse said imperiously. "Give me back my toque of Parma violets and I will pay you double the extravagant price I gave for it in Paris."



When Janine told her mother what had happened, Madame Darrieux delivered a speech on the irresponsibilities of the upper classes.

"We should never cease to be grateful that we have been born into a decent middle-class milieu," she said. "Ah, well—we have the money for three hats, and we do not appear to have depleted our stock, although obviously we cannot offer the chapeau for resale, since Madame la Comtesse has made you a present of it."

After closing time, Janine sat down before the looking glass and tried on the chapeau. Always a pretty girl, she was transformed by it into a beauty. It was, she admitted with a sigh, a chapeau for a woman of importance rather than the daughter of a provincial milliner. She would nevertheless wear it just once, for all the world to see.

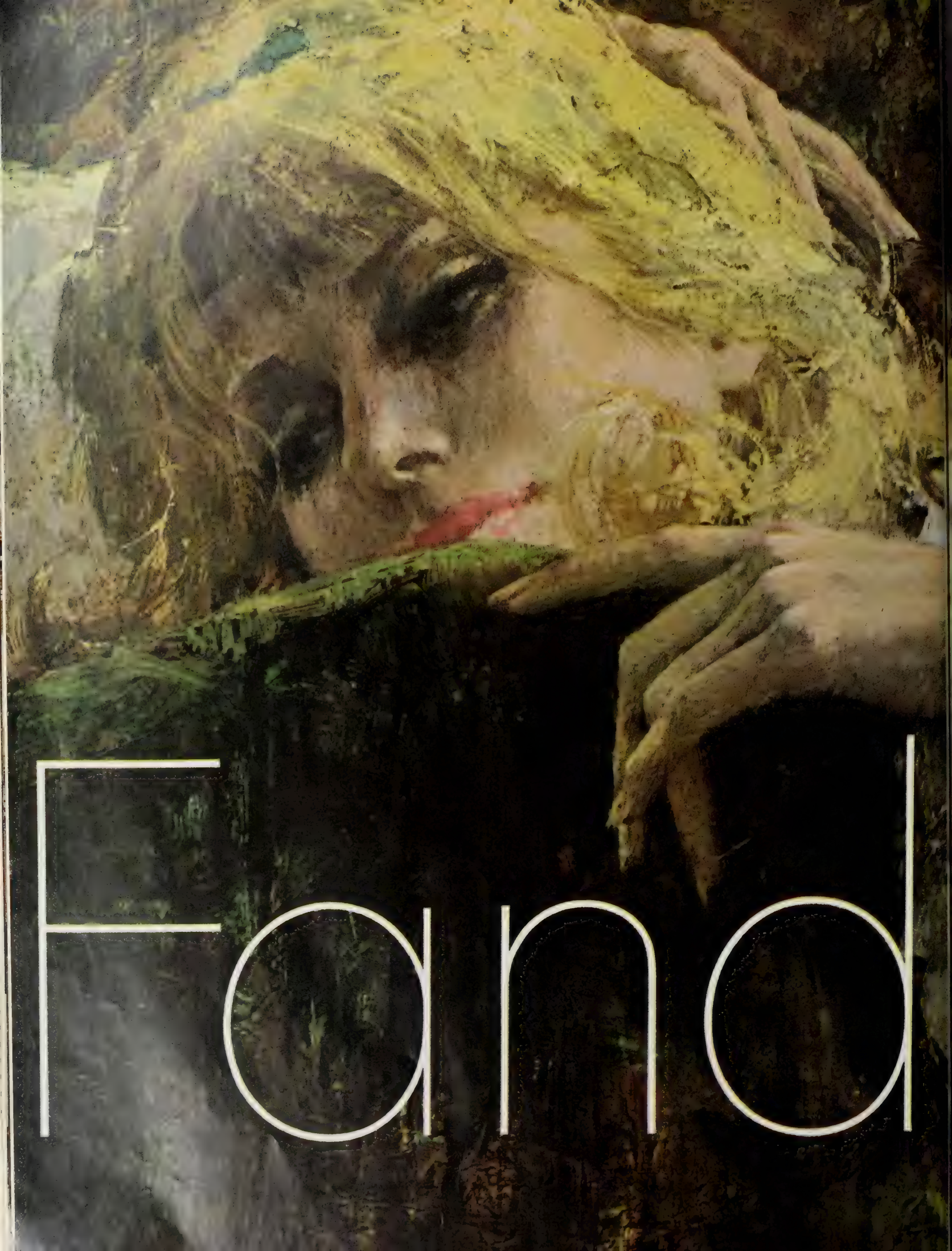
Instead of accompanying her mother to early service on Sunday as she usually did, Janine decided to attend High Mass.

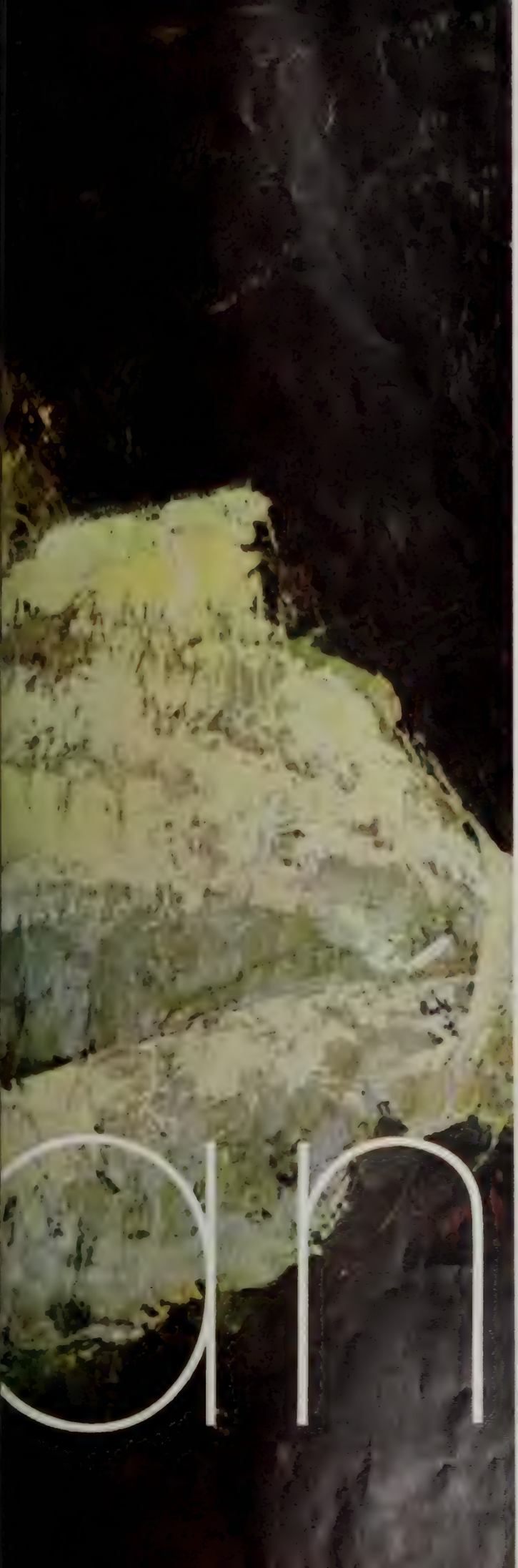
She left the house at ten and made her way slowly through the narrow cobbled streets toward the Gothic church where the bronze bells tolled their reminder to the faithful. She was wearing her best white facecloth dress. High-necked, demure and pure in line, it was a perfect foil for the chapeau.

The month of May was tenderly unfolding its benediction of flowers. The pale-mauve butterflies of the wisteria hung upon the houses. The golden sovereigns of the laburnum fell over the weathered walls. But the natural beauties of the season went unnoticed, since all eyes were upon the magnificence of the chapeau.

Madame la Comtesse, observing Janine's entrance into the church from the family pew where she sat, bent over her missal to hide a smile. Monsieur le Comte at her side recognized the chapeau instantly, and prayed for forgiveness for the unjust suspicions which had poisoned his mind against his wife.

Then his thoughts took another turn, less appropriate to the place in which he found *(continued on page 100)*


Fend



Rain at seven, rain at eight, and "Get up, Mrs. Leacock, get up," I say to myself. But am I not Isabel? Today, I woke up as Isabel. That I am also Mrs. Leacock is a chance happening. Forgive me, Thomas dear, but there it is, this troublesome thought: I could have been a Mrs. Smith, a Mrs. Avallone, a Mrs. Doomsberry as well. But always Isabel. Tell me, Thomas, squinting at the bathroom mirror and giving your chin its little matinal cut, have you never fancied a wife named Dolores, or Ingrid, or one Lan-Sin?

No good asking you that. "Sure," you would say, "a new one each day. After all . . ." Here, being the nice person you are, you stop. But your grin—that certainly would go on stretching all the way to the left, which is your mischievous side. Yes, yes, I know. I'm the one who's had a good try at a different name, if good is the word for it. Just let's say honest?

Yes, once upon a time I was Mrs. Dimaras, Mrs. Jacques Dimaras. "Jacques" was the name my lips formed every day. Funny, I've almost forgotten how Jacques used to turn away from the morning, from me, the world, sighing "*Laissez-moi souffrir . . .*" into his pillow. The end of that quotation, if it was one, I never did find out.

Now, to most people, I've become Mrs. Leacock; "Tom's mother" to the neighborhood; "Occupant of Apartment 2C" to the mailman.

I hear you two Leacocks squibbling in the bathroom, big Thomas and little Tom. Like cymbals you clash against the soft background of the rain playing on its thousand harps. I should be out there making wifely and motherly noises: "Vitamins . . . raincoats . . . rubbers. . . ."

Before leaving, you both come tiptoeing in, to give me a peck on the forehead, and I murmur "Darlings" against your buttoned coats, pretending to be half-asleep, though I see you haven't got your mufflers. The doctrine of nonintervention is a legitimate principle of morality, and the only possible one early in the morning when conscience is not awake. They'll have wet feet, but I'll have my peace. I want to take a bath of silence. Then, with coffee, I'll savor my dream again. I refuse to think of its implications. Dreams are fairy tales, works of art, except for (*continued on page 112*)

There is something of Isabel in every woman: a longing for gallantry, poetry, and castanets, a yearning for guitars. By Rita Madocs





MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE & JOHN-JOHN BY MAUD SHAW

One worry that Caroline Kennedy had when her brother was born develops every time there is a newcomer in the family, and an older child sees you spending a long time with the baby.

Quite naturally, Caroline asked me one day, "Do you love John more than me?"

"No," I replied. "I have known you three years longer than I have known John, so I couldn't love him more than I love you, could I? I've been your friend for three years already."

Caroline smiled. "You're still my bestest friend!"

"Of course I am, and always will be," I said. She gave me a quick hug and skipped away to play, her problem solved. Even though her little brother edged her out of the limelight when he was a little baby, she never resented him. And I was proud of them both. Grateful, too, for it was they who were responsible for my enjoying the most wonderful years of my life.

It all began for me in the fall of 1957, when I got word that Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of a young senator from Massachusetts, wanted an experienced nurse for her first child, expected in December. Baby Caroline was just 11 days old when I took her into my care. She had been born November 27, a bit earlier than expected. Then, three years later, when Senator Kennedy had become President-elect, another baby was expected. We were living then at 3307 N Street, in the lovely Georgetown section of Washington. About 9:45 P.M. on the night of November 25, 1960, Mrs. Kennedy called from her bedroom.

The birth was unexpectedly at hand—and I was the only other woman in the house. The President-elect had taken off only an hour earlier for a short rest at his father's home in Palm Beach. Frankly, I was petrified for a moment. When I rushed in to Mrs. Kennedy's room, she was very sensibly lying down.

"I've called the doctor," she said. "He should be on his way."



"The President called Caroline 'Buttons,' because of her little button nose. For Mrs. Kennedy, every hour she could spend with her children was precious."

"For John there was the sea and sand. That was all he wanted in the world. He scampered and splashed, built sand castles and demolished them with gusto."

From the book to be published in April by New American Library of World Literature, Inc. Copyright © 1965, Maud Shaw and Southern News Services Ltd., Maidstone, England.
Photographs both pages © 1965 by Mark Shaw



"Even though her little brother edged her out of the limelight when he was a tiny baby, Caroline never resented him—she was proud of him. And I was proud of them both."

"Caroline is a naturally loving child, and in her love of animals, she took after her mother. Both of them are wonderful riders, and love to be in the saddle. Not so the men of the family . . . John was much more a helicopter man than a horseman."

He arrived within 15 minutes, and in no time at all Mrs. Kennedy was on her way to Georgetown University Hospital. About this time the President-elect's private plane was landing in Florida—and Mr. Kennedy was on his way home in a faster plane about a half hour later. The baby was not due until the end of December, and thus was a month premature. John was born by Caesarean section less than two hours after his mother had called me to her room. He spent about a week in an incubator; apart from being a month early, he had a minor respiratory complaint.

I had tried to prepare Caroline for a baby's arrival, and his being born so close to her own birthday was a godsend in this respect. I'd told her that she was going to have a baby sister or brother as a birthday present; and for a long time afterward she felt that John sort of belonged to her. She loved to do loving things for him, and we began as soon as John was a day or two old, when I took Caroline shopping for a little brush and comb set. As soon as John and his mother were able to leave the hospital we went to the Palm Beach home of the baby's grandfather, Mr. Joseph Kennedy. At that time Palm Beach was at its loveliest, with wonderful sunshine, and Mrs. Kennedy quickly *(continued on page 104)*



Photographs this page [illegible], Mark Shaw.

"It always seemed to do the President good to cast off the cares of the day and enter the tiny world of his children. I left them by themselves whenever I could, so that they . . . could be quite alone together."



Photograph above © 1965 by Mark Shaw Below © 1965 Mark Shaw





Geraldine Stutz,
the dynamic young president of Henri Bendel, thinks of glasses as an important fashion accessory that must keep up with the times. "Glasses used to be strictly utilitarian; now they're part of fun fashion." Currently she favors the proportion of big glasses (whatever their shape) against a small face. "Surprisingly enough, they can make a woman look more feminine." Never, she cautions, use eyeglasses as an excuse for omitting eye makeup. Eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara and/or false lashes should be seen behind all glasses.

Rona Jaffe,
herself a career girl in New York when she wrote about career girls in The Best of Everything, *owns over 15 pairs of glasses in a variety of shapes and sizes. Her advice: "If you really crave far-out glasses and you can't find them at your own optician's, then bring him a pair of sunglasses from your local cosmetic counter and have the dark panes replaced with your own prescription."*

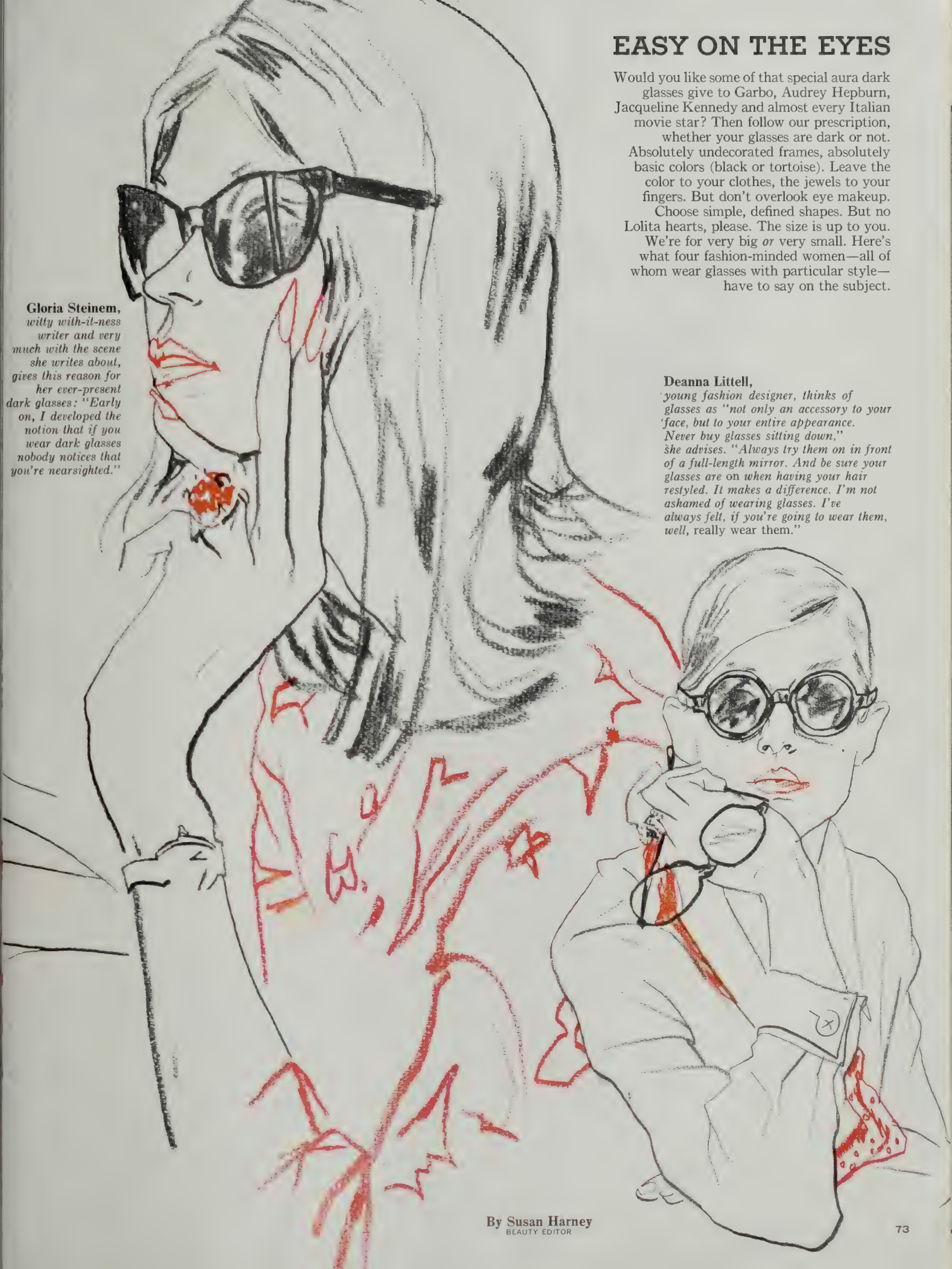
Drawings by Dora

EASY ON THE EYES

Would you like some of that special aura dark glasses give to Garbo, Audrey Hepburn, Jacqueline Kennedy and almost every Italian movie star? Then follow our prescription, whether your glasses are dark or not. Absolutely undecorated frames, absolutely basic colors (black or tortoise). Leave the color to your clothes, the jewels to your fingers. But don't overlook eye makeup. Choose simple, defined shapes. But no Lolita hearts, please. The size is up to you. We're for very big *or* very small. Here's what four fashion-minded women—all of whom wear glasses with particular style—have to say on the subject.

Gloria Steinem, *witty with-it-ness writer and very much with the scene she writes about, gives this reason for her ever-present dark glasses: "Early on, I developed the notion that if you wear dark glasses nobody notices that you're nearsighted."*

Deanna Littell, *young fashion designer, thinks of glasses as "not only an accessory to your face, but to your entire appearance. Never buy glasses sitting down," she advises. "Always try them on in front of a full-length mirror. And be sure your glasses are* on *when having your hair restyled. It makes a difference. I'm not ashamed of wearing glasses. I've always felt, if you're going to wear them, well,* really wear them."



By Susan Harney
BEAUTY EDITOR



Paired together with brass buttons to match, a coat and dress by Yves St. Laurent to wear here, there and everywhere this spring. The coat, of Anglo's diagonal wool, has a new wider sleeve, squared shoulder. The dress, of Pendleton's wool flannel, has an Empire waist, matching belt. Both, Vogue Design 1567. Hats, Halston; gloves, Aris.

Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky

PARIS

PATTERNS

By Nora O'Leary
PATTERNS EDITOR

The big news from Paris is, as always, great fashion. And here, from Paris to us to you, is this year's message—line-for-line copies of designs from three famous couture collections. All are great fashion news, one a special scoop—Yves St. Laurent. These are the very first authorized designs available in patterns anywhere, anytime, by fashion's man of the hour. All the designs we show on these pages are made up in fabrics of our choice. Backviews and sewing details are on page 116



Here, the smock look St. Laurent made into a famous fashion, turned into a spectacularly simple evening dress, of navy-blue crepe with blue lace yokes and cuffs, appliquéd with navy sequins. Editor's note: For a charming short version, use white crepe yoke and trim. Vogue Design 1556. Rayon/acetate crepe by Oriondaga; earrings, Charles Elkaim.

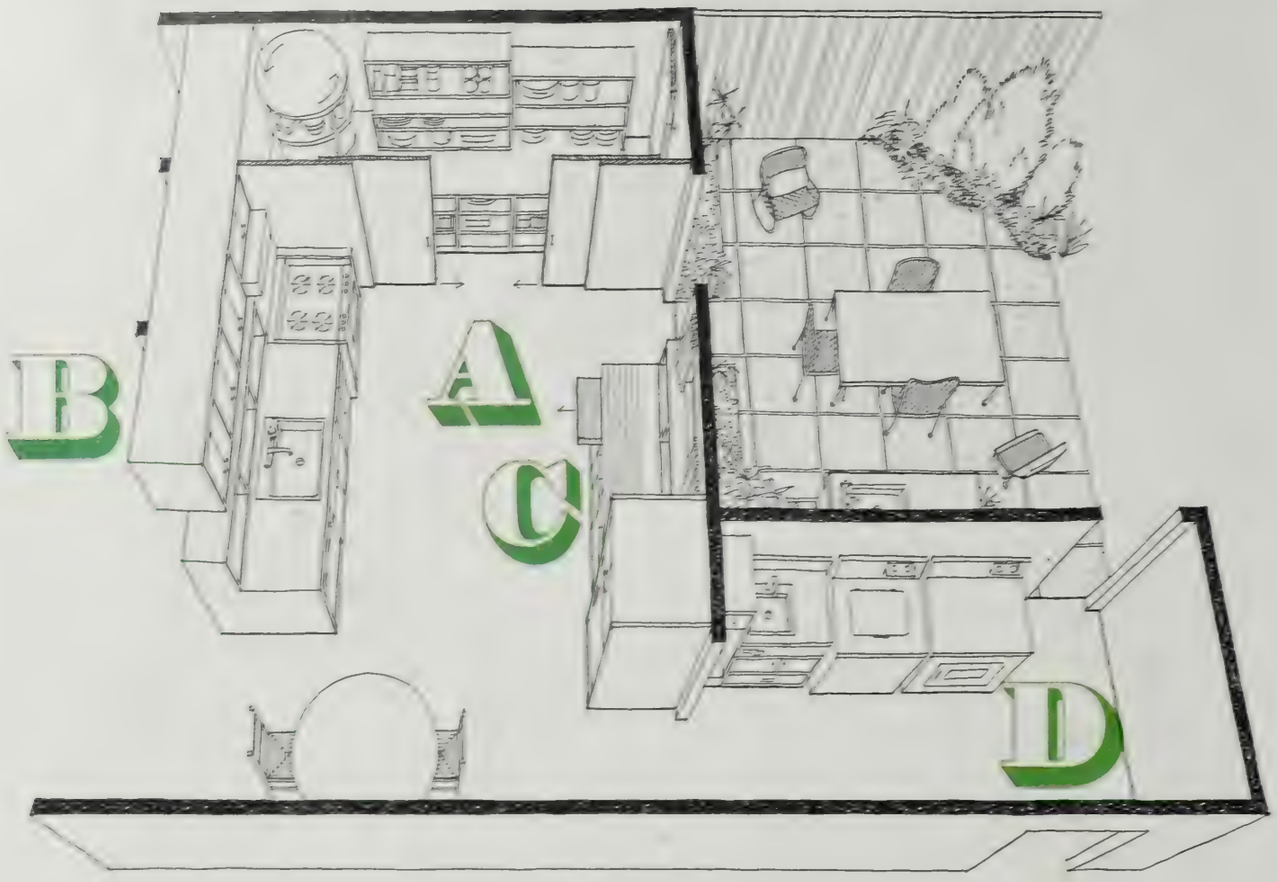
Evening Hairdo by Raymond of Costantini



Red and navy checkmates for a double-button suit by Nina Ricci. Its wrap-front skirt closing is plumb-lined with the jacket. Of houndstooth wool tweed by E. H. Sormani. Sleeveless bias-cut raspberry blouse of Jasco's double-knit wool jersey. Vogue Design 1581. White felt roller by Emme. Earrings, Monet.



Eased tweed suit by Dior skims the figure in a simple direct line. Its collarless, slim-sleeved jacket is slit at either side above each skirt pocket. Of navy and white worsted and mohair tweed by E. H. Sormani. Vogue Design 1570. With it a sleeveless white piqué blouse. Gloves by Wear-Right. Shopping information, page 108.



THE NEW PANTRY KITCHEN—MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

STUDY THE FLOOR PLAN ABOVE. THEN COME ALONG WITH US ON A TOUR OF THIS PRETTY-TO-LOOK-AT KITCHEN. IT'S A KITCHEN MADE MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS BY CAREFUL PLANNING AND A MODERN VERSION OF THE OLD-FASHIONED WALK-IN PANTRY WITH FLOOR-TO-CEILING STORAGE. (HOW DID WE MANAGE WITHOUT ONE ALL THESE YEARS?) THERE ARE MANY ADAPTABLE IDEAS—AND LOTS MORE NEWS—IN THE SEE-THROUGH ARRANGEMENT OF WOODEN CABINETS, IN THE APPLIANCES, THEIR PLACEMENT AND THE BRIGHT NEW LOOK OF MANY OF THEM, AND IN THE WAY THE KITCHEN ITSELF RELATES TO FAMILY ROOM, PATIO AND LAUNDRY. SO COME ALONG WITH US. **BY MARGARET DAVIDSON,** HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR



Photographs by [illegible]
Drawings by [illegible]



Left: Line-up on kitchen side of divider wall: dishwasher; neat, 30-in. gas range (both Caloric)—between them, stainless-steel sink with Waste King disposer in convenient, off-center drain.

Right: Window-wall next to patio. For a coordinated, "built-in" look, scrubbable vinyl used on Amana refrigerator's special front was also applied to the walls.



B

Below: On the family-room side, divider wall is a see-through arrangement of natural-wood kitchen cabinets. These and the special green-finished pantry cabinets and the blond-oak cabinets in the kitchen are by Wood-Modes. Bold houndstooth-design floor by Armstrong is easy to lay, using full-sized and diagonally-cut vinyl tile.



Right: Pull-out cutting board in counter next to refrigerator is convenient height for long, sit-down chopping or mixing jobs. Underneath, in a special cupboard, is a pull-out waste container. Front edge of counter itself is a hardwood cutting board. All other counters are attractive, tortoise-shell design by Textolite.

C





D

Above: The laundry is just a few steps from the kitchen, but located so that work can go on in the two areas simultaneously and without interference. Automatic washer can handle loads of up to 14 pounds: the gas dryer has time and temperature settings for delicate and special-care garments. (Both appliances by Hamilton.)

(Continued on Page 88)



Magnificent Half-hour Stews

Time and long, gentle purring in the kettle have always been the secret ingredients of fine stews. Now there is a new way, and what a godsend this idea is for the hurried (as who isn't) cook!

Like many breakthroughs, this one is simple: You use steak-type, quick-cooking meat cut into strips or small pieces. The meat gets a brisk tossing and browning in a very hot skillet. Three to five minutes should do it. Then you add a ready-made or fast-made sauce or gravy. Allow to simmer for 15 minutes or until tender. The meat will be browned on the outside with a pink glow inside—juicy, flavorful. Never boil hard.

Does it sound madly prodigal to make a stew out of a steak? It needn't be. We discovered that 2 pounds of high-type meat and our style cooking made as many servings as three pounds of the usual, because there is so much less waste and much less shrinkage.

Tenderloin of beef, leg of lamb, sirloin or cutlets of veal are, of course, the ultimate for the grandest and speediest of these sautéed stews. But the less expensive, and often just as flavorful, cuts like chuck, round or rump, may be used with a meat tenderizer. Our recipes, on page 93, give you a choice.



Flemish Carbonnade, left. Revered as the paintings of the Old Masters is the Carbonnade, a beef stew cooked with beer, redolent of onions, scented with thyme.

West African Ground Nut Stew, right. Fascinating to look at, to taste and to talk about, this West African Stew is made in Africa with crushed peanuts, known there as ground nuts. (We use chunky peanut butter.) Serve with "big" hominy or grits and a variety of curry-like accompaniments, all in the containers that nature gave them. Continued on page 93.

BY POPPY CANNON
FOOD EDITOR

Photographs by Elbert Budin

The 10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook

Dazzling dishes in ten minutes! Sounds incredible. But Yvonne Young Tarr, in her new *10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook* has capitalized on the fact that many delicious high-style meals are often very simple. With today's shortcuts you can now whip out of the kitchen in ten minutes with a guest-pleasing "special" like Chicken Breast in Rum Crumbs or Mousse au Chocolat. To show you it really can be done, we took these step-by-step pictures as we prepared a savory Japanese Sukiyaki from the book. The Japanese cook it right at the table in a wok over a hibachi as shown here. No wok? An electric skillet will do nicely.

7:00 and we're off . . . Peel and slice 1 medium onion. Get skillet medium hot . . .

© 1973 by Yvonne Tarr, from her book "The 10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook," published by Lyle Stuart.



7:02 Place in skillet 3 tablespoons salad oil and the sliced onion.



7:02½ Mix in 4 large sliced mushrooms.



7:03 Add ½ pound very thinly sliced lean beef. Cook 2 minutes.



7:05 Add ½ pound fresh spinach, whole or sliced into 1-inch pieces.



7:05½ Now 3 (5-inch) pieces celery, sliced thin.



7:06 In go 4 scallions, cut lengthwise into thin pieces.



7:07 Give with 4 tablespoons soy sauce.



7:07½ Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar.



7:08 Add half of a 10½-ounce can consommé. Mix. Cook 2 minutes.



7:10 Serve forth.

Complete Menu
Sukiyaki Rice
Green Bean and Shrimp Salad
Fruit en Brochette

In place of the thinly sliced lean beef, you may prefer to use ½ pound thinly sliced rare roast beef, available at any delicatessen. This recipe, like all those in the cookbook, serves two.

The Japanese serve each guest with a small bowl containing one raw, beaten egg into which each forkful may be dipped just before eating. Tastes much better than it sounds. Try it!

For all recipes and other complete menus from *The 10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook*, turn to page 95.

Photographs by Bernard Gotfryd

Things to do with sour cream



A European connoisseur went into a tailspin when introduced for the first time to our American commercial sour cream. All his life he had listened to raves about the *crème fraîche* of France, the Devonshire and Cornish and Somerset clotted creams of England. But nobody ever told him about the American commercial sour cream. "So delicate," he raved. "So subtle, so white-as-snow! Completely different from the kind that sits and sours itself, which can be great one day and horrid the next."

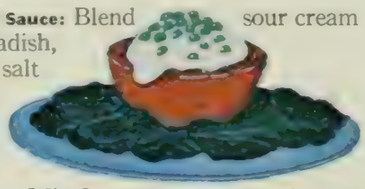
Here is a bevy of slick tricks for using commercial sour cream to glorify everything—not just from soup, but from dips, to nuts.

Pebble Beach Party Dip: Mix 1 pint sour cream, 1 envelope or can dry onion soup mix, 4 tablespoons chili sauce and 3 drops hot pepper sauce. Serve in a bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic. Dust with paprika.

Caviar Dip: Add a small jar of red or black caviar to 1 cup sour cream—serve with hot toast fingers or packaged melba toast.

Soups Soupreme: Not only borsch, but vegetable, tomato and pea soup are enhanced with a dollop of sour cream.

Sour Cream and Walnut Sauce: Blend sour cream with prepared horseradish, chopped walnuts and salt and pepper to taste. Serve this sauce with roast beef or fish.



Nonclassical Sauce Raifort: Mix 2 cups sour cream, ½ cup plumped raisins, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Serve with baked ham.

Blue Cheese Sauce: Combine 1 cup sour cream with ½ cup blue cheese and serve over broccoli.

Tomatoes Florentine: Broil tomato halves, pile high with sour cream scattered with cooled cooked peas. Serve on a bed of hot, cooked, seasoned spinach.

Mashed Potatoes Hungarian: You know about serving sour cream in baked potatoes, but next time use it instead of milk when preparing mashed potatoes. Add salt, pepper, a few chives and 1 teaspoon paprika.

Waikiki Tongue Salad: Hollow out ½ of a fresh pineapple. Cut the removed flesh in wedges. Fill the base with julienne strips of tongue. Add sour cream into which 1 (12-oz.) pkg. drained mixed melon balls has been stirred, together with the pineapple wedges. Garnish with a large bunch of mint.

Zucchini Smitane: Coarsely grate or chop 8 medium-sized zucchini squash, add ¼ cup water, bring to a boil and simmer slowly, covered, for 8 minutes. Drain thoroughly and add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, salt and pepper to taste, and ¼ cup sour cream. Reheat and serve.

Lemon Cream Dressing: Mix 2 cups sour cream and 1 (6-oz.) can of frozen lemon concentrate, adding just a speck of salt. Serve as a dressing for fruit salad.



Brown Angel: Frost an angel cake with 2 cups thick sour cream. Sprinkle with 1½ cups brown sugar and chill well before slicing.

Roman Delight: Toss together 4 cups chilled Thompson grapes and 1½ cups sour cream that have been sweetened with ½ cup brown sugar. Chill at least 2 hours. Garnish with another 2 cups of grapes and sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar. Serves 8.

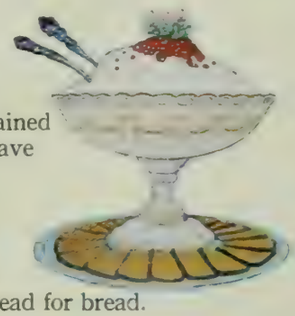
Raisin Filling: Mix sour cream with chopped raisins and nuts and use for an unusual filling between layers of a chocolate cake.

Maple Snow: Fill sherbet glasses with ¼ cup sour cream. Sprinkle each with 2 tablespoons shaved maple sugar and top with a whole strawberry.

Apple-Cream-Topped Gingerbread: Freeze together ½ cup sour cream and 1½ cups canned applesauce. Serve on squares of hot gingerbread.

Minted Cream: Mix together 1 cup sour cream and ½ cup melted mint jelly. Serve over sliced oranges now or peaches later.

Waffles Apricotine: Toast commercial frozen waffles and swirl on top of them sour cream mixed with sliced, drained apricots (or dried ones that have been cooked and chilled).



Creamy Fruit Spread: Mix sour cream with strawberry preserves, orange marmalade or blackberry jam. Use as a spread for bread.

Pennsylvania Dutch Sandwiches: Blend ¼ cup sour cream with 1 cup cottage cheese. Salt and pepper. Spread on toast, crisscross with bacon. Broil until bacon is crisp.

Line a Day

by Poppy Cannon



1 For a lucky New Year, you must have Hopping John. It used to be cooked with a fresh hog jowl. Now there's this quick, new way: Dice ¼ lb. salt pork or bacon. In a deep skillet, fry till crisp. Add 1 ½ cups instant rice, 1 large can black-eyed peas with the liquid, 1 cup consomme or enough to make 2 full cups when added to the pea liquid. Bring to a boil, uncovered. Lots of pepper, red and black. Stir with a fork. Cover. Let stand 10 minutes.

2 Raisins in the cereal today to honor St. Macarius, who labored under the hot sun in ancient Alexandria. Someone handed him a big bunch of grapes to cool his thirst. Nobly he passed them on. So did the next man, the next and the next, till the grapes came back full circle. Raisins, already.

3 Handsel Monday in Scotland. So there should be a scone. Doesn't rhyme with bone. You will say it right, so they told us, if you repeat this line as a rhyme: "Alas, the scone is gone."

4 Seventh anniversary of Alaskan statehood is celebrated this week. We'll be passing out cups of Alaskan sourdough starter for making the world's dreamiest pancakes, biscuits and bread. We ordered our starter weeks ago from Gordon's, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., P.O. Box 4054. With a little care it multiplies and lasts "forever." Costs $1.

5 'Tis the night before "Little Christmas." Shape a King's Ring from refrigerated cinnamon buns. Hide 3 beans inside. Whoever finds them becomes one of the Three Kings—Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar. Anyone who forgets to call a king by his proper name must pay a forfeit.

6 "Lamb's Wool" was once a drink, served with fruitcake on Twelfth Day. Now it's an applesauce dessert. Add the pulp of 6 baked apples (could be canned) to 1 pint heated cider or apple juice. Sweeten to taste, sprinkle with powdered ginger. Serve hot.

7 The secret for rich crustiness on steaks, chops, fish. Marinate at least 15 minutes in soy sauce. Drain, broil or pan-grill. No salt!

8 Hundred-twelfth birthday of Sherlock Holmes. According to his fans, "Holmes is still alive and busy at beekeeping in Sussex." No doubt, enjoying soft Honeyed Custard made of 2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons honey, 3 egg yolks, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cook gently, stirring till it makes a mist on a silver spoon.

9 Dearly beloved by children in England is a dessert called "The Royal Crown": custard covered with a layer of melted raspberry jam, topped with a crown of meringue. Set for a few moments under the broiler to gild. Bejewel with rubies and emeralds of currant and mint jelly.

10 Blessings on the unsung genius who invented the new plastic strip opener for frozen juice cans!

11 *Schmierkase, Bonnyclabber, Schabziger, Kloosh*—all cottage cheese. The names are different, joy is the same.

12 Tangerines at their height—so half a dozen (sectioned, that is) go into a big bowl of cut-up romaine with 15 black olives, sliced, ½ cup toasted, blanched whole almonds (canned) and 1 cup sliced celery. For the tossing, use low-calorie Italian salad dressing mix made up with vinegar and water according to directions. Be sure to add ½ teaspoon crushed anise seed.

13 In the land of the midnight sun, before central heating, this was the day when the Christmas tree came down to be burned in the fireplace. Great for chestnut roasting.

14 At her château in the Dordogne mountains, Josephine Baker serves white asparagus garnished with finely crushed walnuts in the mayonnaise.

15 For the day of St. Paul the Hermit, who lived on dates in the desert—a batch of hermit cookies humped with dates.

16 Ben Franklin's birthday tomorrow, so we're having waffles. Because some claim it was he, not Thomas Jefferson, who brought the first waffle irons from France.

17 In Italy, *Carnevale* begins. Traditional delicacy of this gay time—sautéed green peppers with broiled *peperoni* sausages.

18 "The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face," not in the lawn yet, but in the market.

19 In Bulgaria, it is an ancient custom on the morrow for the boys to duck the girls in the icy rivers and lakes "to make them healthy." Afterward, they drink hot tea sweetened with cherry jam. Nice thought—the tea, not the ducking!

20 Eve of St. Agnes. In olden times, a maiden dipped thyme and rosemary three times in water, put them beside her bed, recited a prayer to St. Agnes. She was sure to dream of the man she would marry. We foresee a run on thyme and rosemary, since they're so good, too, mixed into mild mustard.

21 Chinese New Year. Everyday dishes take on exotic names to bring on prosperity and good fortune. Eggs become silver ingots, a chicken is a phoenix and mushrooms are opportunities.

22 "Golden Opportunities" is what we call a mushroom appetizer that Janet Odell from Pontiac discovered and adapted for rush-rush elegance. Add 1 flat teaspoon curry powder, 1 clove garlic, crushed, to 1 cup creamy dressing, the kind used for slaw. Mix with drained, canned mushrooms.

23 Fresh, new-fallen snow is lovely leavening. Nobody knows quite why. Try it as the liquid in your favorite griddle-cake batter.

24 Annual fair of the Pine Tree Seeds in Ancião, Portugal. Ever tried spinach with raisins and pine nuts? First heat 2 tablespoons olive oil, add 2 tablespoons pine nuts, then a package of frozen leaf spinach, cooked and drained, ½ cup raisins. Cook 5 minutes.

25 According to the Shepheard's Almanack of 1676, the weather of the whole year depends upon this day. A bright day meant a good year, and cooks tried to lure the sun by drawing his picture on a golden cake.

26 Australia Day—have you ever tried kangaroo-tail soup? If you can't find it in your supermarket, settle for consommé plus a dash of Madeira or sherry.

27 For Mozart's birthday, Salzburger Nockerl—something between an omelet and a soufflé, a dish he loved from the town he loved best in the world.

28 A Salzburger Nockerl is a delicate dish, but our way of cooking it makes it sure and easy: Cream ¼ cup butter or margarine with ½ cup sugar. Add 5 egg yolks. Beat till light and fluffy. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour. Gently add 5 stiffly beaten egg whites. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a shallow pan that can go to the table. Place batter in pan in big spoonfuls. Cook over moderate heat till golden round the edges, then set 5 inches below the broiler for about a minute. Sprinkle with sugar. Serve at once.

29 A Danish friend says, "While it is still January, you should have friends in to eat cod, and there must be quantities of melted butter, and mustard sauce so full of fire it makes your eyes water."

30 Not only with cod, but with any sturdily flavored boiled or broiled fish, this is a lalapalooza Mustard Sauce. To a cup of white sauce (mix-made, maybe) add ½ to 1 teaspoon dry English mustard, the same amount of mild French mustard. Simmer 5 minutes. Serve hot with fish, cold with meats.

31 Coooold!! Consider the poor shrimp, avocados, tomatoes, grapes—frozen at 320° below zero by the new nitrogen process. A space-age triumph.



THE NEW PANTRY KITCHEN continued from page 79



F *Left: Inside the walk-in pantry—cabinets (doorless, so contents can be scanned quickly); sliding shelves; slots for baking sheets, trays; two turntables (one waist-high, the other below counter level) for utensils; a pegboard panel for cleaning gear. Sliding doors keep it all dust-free, out of sight.*



G *Right: Big convenience—small table is a telephone "stand," serves two at breakfast, a child's lunch. Telephone caddy on the wall above has pull-down shelf; notepaper, pencils, address book are inside.*



H *Left: Roofed with translucent plastic and walled on three sides, patio has an all-weather floor of a new, slate-like vinyl. Rocker, chairs, table are aluminum and plastic; cabinet has charcoal-colored vinyl top. The Caloric gas grill with ceramic coals for regulated heat, the small sink with bubbler make outdoor cooking a breeze.*



I *Right: On family-room side of divider wall, plants grow green and strong under the influence of timed fluorescent light from a special four-tube fixture. (Top shelf is glass so plants below get their share of the light.) Wood kitchen cabinets below and next to plant shelves hold table accessories, books, games, stereo equipment.*

SYLVANIA LIGHTING FIXTURE



E *Left: Next to the washer and dryer, small 24-in. laundry cabinet makes for a complete laundry center. It has sliding doors for supplies, a ventilated hamper-drawer, stainless-steel sink for hand washables. Next to it, tall, 6-in.-wide cabinet has slot for ironing board, pull-out rod for hangers.*

ELKAY SINK

For shopping information, see page 108

JACKSON & PERKINS

BRAND-NEW SPRING 1966 FULL-COLOR

FREE Catalog of Roses

featuring the 1966 ROSE OF THE YEAR

MEXICANA

(Pl. Pat. App. For)

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And you'll also see — in glowing full color — all of the "Roses of the Year"... *Tropicana* (the only rose in history to win 14 International Awards); *Americana* (one of the most brilliant reds introduced); *South Seas* (which introduced an entirely new color in roses); and many more! And, of course, you'll see all the old favorites, too — All-America Winners, Gold Medal Winners, Prized Roses every one!

In short, you will see scores upon scores of the world's finest roses . . . and every type imaginable — giant Hybrid Teas, everblooming Floribundas, breathtaking Climbers, exquisite Miniature Roses, majestic Tree Roses! and they are all guaranteed to live and bloom in your garden *this* Spring!

Remember—all you do to receive our FREE J&P Rose Catalog is fill in and mail the postage-paid card. But the supply is limited — so we urge you to mail the card *now!*



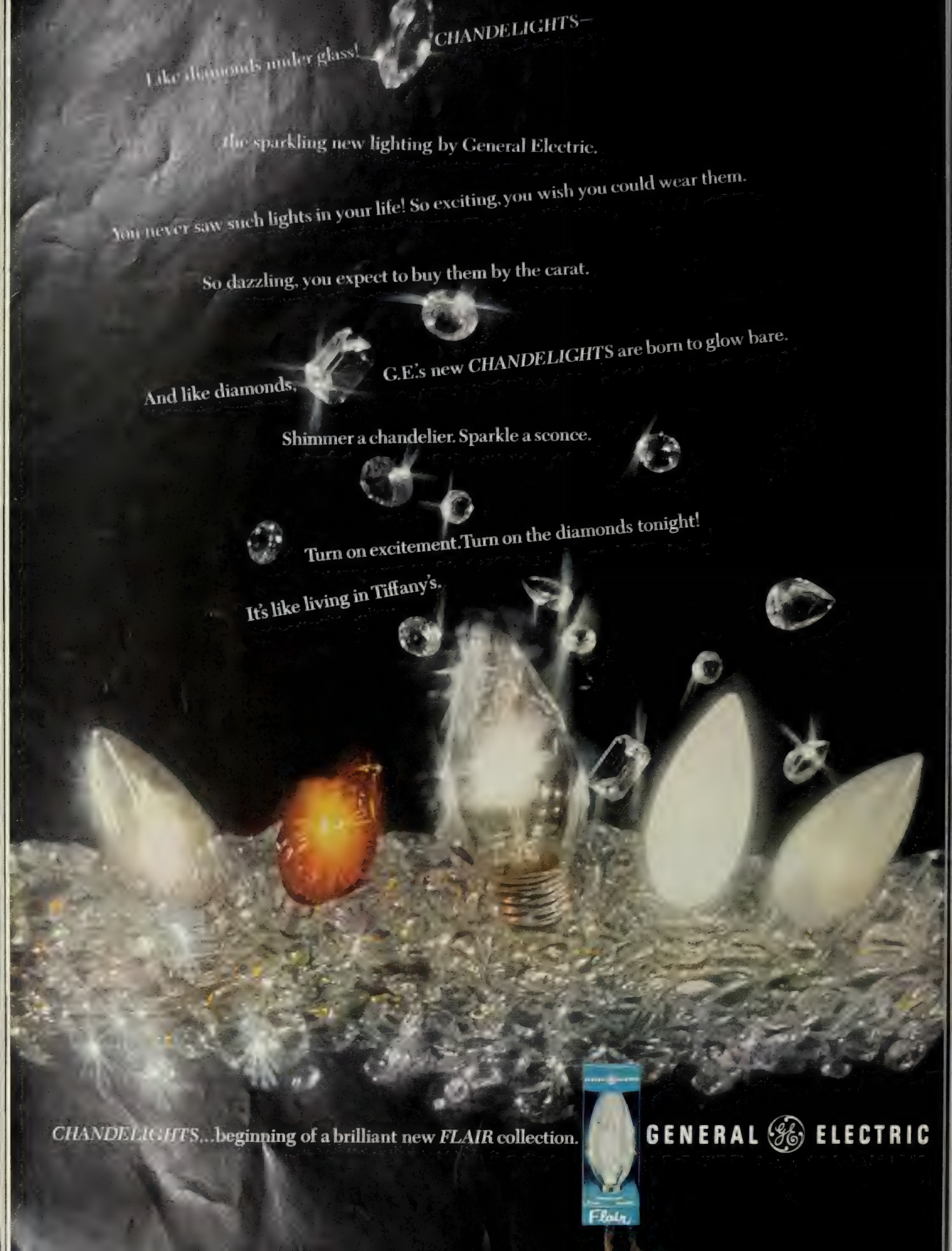
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World's Largest Rose Growers

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So dazzling, you expect to buy them by the carat.
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Shimmer a chandelier. Sparkle a sconce.
Turn on excitement. Turn on the diamonds tonight!
It's like living in Tiffany's.
CHANDELIGHTS...beginning of a brilliant new FLAIR collection.
Flair
GENERAL ELECTRIC

STEWS

continued from page 81

Not for millionaires only—these Half-Hour Stews! We are quite aware that in some areas meat prices have gone into orbit. But you don't need to buy a sirloin to make our stews. Turn to instant tenderizer, seasoned or unseasoned. (We prefer unseasoned. Less interference with our precious recipes.) There are a few simple rules to remember:

1. Remember that the tenderizer performs only where it touches. So go to work on all surfaces of the meat, one side at a time.

2. Thoroughly moisten the meat with water. Use a pastry brush or your own pretty little wet hands. Sprinkle the tenderizer evenly, as if you were powdering your nose. Use about a half teaspoonful to a pound. *Do not use salt.*

3. Even though you cringe at the thought of poking holes into your meat, *do it* thoroughly and deeply with a long, sharp kitchen fork, making the holes about half an inch apart. Cook immediately. Or, cover loosely and store in the refrigerator overnight. Or place in the freezer.

The tenderizer does not do its work at low temperatures.

Tenderized meat has the same keeping qualities as any other meat. The full effect comes about during the heat of cooking.

Stew meat should, if possible, be bought in one chunk. It is easier to tenderize. Cutting up is not difficult homework.

FLEMISH CARBONNADE

Traditionally, Carbonnade must be served with fluffy boiled potatoes. Some families include boiled onions, too. There are even some rebellious characters who serve noodles! As for the parsley in our picture, it's a modern, pretty and "vitaminaceous" addition. But the classicist might frown! At the last moment, just before serving, a little wine glass full of vinegar gives the stew a celestial lift.

2 lbs. beef sirloin *or 3 lbs. beef chuck
¼ tsp. black pepper
4 bacon slices, cut in pieces
2 cups sliced onions
1 (12-oz.) can beer
1 cup canned beef gravy
2 Tb. caraway seeds
¼ tsp. powdered thyme
¼ cup vinegar
2 lbs. whole boiled potatoes or 2 (15½-oz.) cans whole potatoes
1 lb. whole white onions boiled or 1 (15½-oz.) can whole white onions
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 Tb. butter or margarine

Have 2 lbs. beef sirloin cut into strips ¼-inch thick, or tenderize 3 lbs. beef chuck and cut into ¾-inch cubes. Sprinkle meat with ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. Cut 4 slices of bacon into small bits; fry out slowly. Remove bacon from the pan and brown the meat—not too much at a time—in the bacon fat. Remove and keep warm. In the same bacon fat, cook 2 cups sliced or diced onions till soft but not browned. Put meat back in the pan. Add 1 (12-oz.) can of beer, 1 cup canned beef gravy, 2 tablespoons caraway seeds, ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme. Bring to a boil and simmer about 10 to 15 minutes longer or until tender. Just before serving, add ¼ cup vinegar, if desired. Serve with boiled potatoes and boiled small white onions, tossed in ¼ cup chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons butter. Makes 6 servings.



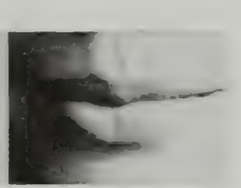
This is the new look in colds



Nose: clear. Why let it get raw and red from blowing?



Eyes: dry. Why let tears make your mascara run and smear?



Voice: normal. Why let a stuffy nose change the sound of your voice?

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WEST AFRICAN GROUND NUT STEW

All the way down the coast of West Africa, from Senegal to the Congo, you will find versions of this delectably exotic, but not too exotic, dish. Sometimes it is half stew, half soup. Always it is accompanied by something bland and white, like hominy or grits or rice. To be truly authentic, you should include a garnish of hard-cooked eggs. In Africa, they are served whole. We use the yolks sieved and sprinkled on top. A cruet of hot-pepper sauce might be provided for those who are brave enough to take the heat as the Africans like it.

½ cup peanut oil
4 lbs. lean loin of lamb, cubed
***or 4 lbs. stewing lamb, tenderized and cubed**
1 small eggplant, quartered and sliced in ½-inch slices
2 (1¾-oz.) pkg. onion soup mix
1 (6-oz.) can tomato paste
6 cups water
1 tsp. chili powder (or to taste)
1 tsp. anchovy paste (optional)
½ cup chunky peanut butter
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen baby okra

In large 6-qt. Dutch oven or casserole, heat ¼ cup peanut oil. Sauté 4 lbs. lean cubed lamb or tenderized and cubed stewing lamb a little at a time over high heat or till golden brown on all sides. Add remaining ¼ cup peanut oil. Sauté 1 small sliced eggplant, tossing frequently until golden (approximately 3 minutes). Remove. Add 2 (1¾-oz.) pkg. onion soup mix, 1 (6-oz.) can tomato paste. Stir to mix well. Gradually blend in 6 cups water. Bring to boiling over medium heat. Stir in 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, and ½ cup chunky peanut butter. Add sautéed meat and 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen baby okra. Simmer 10 minutes or until tender. Add sautéed eggplant. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve in a large bowl surrounded by a selection of 4 of the following accompaniments: 6 cups canned big hominy or grits; 1 (3½-oz.) pkg. flaked coconut; 1 (7-oz.) pkg. roasted peanuts; 1 (2-oz.) can anchovy filets, drained; 2 bananas, sliced; 1 cup pink grapefruit sections; 1 cup fresh or canned pineapple wedges; 2 thinly sliced tomatoes; 1 cup crisp crumbled bacon; 1 cup fried onion rings; 4 hard-cooked eggs, halved. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

This is an all-inclusive meal in a dish. You might want to add a crisp green salad, and, for dessert, perhaps a smooth and soothing custard.

AUSTRIAN ROULADEN

An interesting and most unusual stew. We know one hostess with a flair for dramatics who saves herself the trouble of removing the strings from the little roll-ups. She brings them as they are to the table—and provides a pair of pretty scissors.

Rice would be an excellent accompaniment, scattered with dill weed, perhaps. Then a salad of endive and julienne beets, and afterward, an apple strudel.

½ lb. sausage meat
1 cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup finely chopped gherkins
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. powdered thyme
½ tsp. pepper
1 lb. scallops of veal* or 1 lb. thin slices veal rump (tenderized)
⅓ cup butter or margarine
2 Tb. all-purpose flour
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé
2 cups sliced carrots
2 cups mushroom caps

In a medium bowl combine ½ lb. sausage meat, 1 cup finely chopped onion, ¼ cup finely chopped gherkins, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon powdered thyme and ½ teaspoon pepper. Spread each veal scallop with 1–2 tablespoons of stuffing mixture (depending on size of scallop). To make a roulade, roll up jellyroll fashion and tie at each end with string to secure. In large skillet, heat ⅓ cup butter or margarine. Gently sauté rouladen a few at a time until golden brown on all sides. Remove. Stir 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Pour in 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé, stirring to keep sauce smooth. Bring to boiling. Return rouladen to skillet together with 2 cups sliced carrots and 2 cups mushrooms caps. (*continued*)

Simmer, covered, 20 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. Stir occasionally during cooking. Makes 6–8 servings.

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

A stew with a delicate flavor and a silky smooth sauce, one of the treasures of French cuisine. In Paris they would not serve rice or potatoes with a Blanquette, but plenty of crusty bread in addition to the heart-shaped croutons of bread that are used for the garnish. (It is a tradition that they must be heart-shaped.)

Always there will be salad and, when the spring comes, you might toss a handful of wild violets amongst the fresh young greens.

¼ cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. loin of veal, in strips
***or 3 lbs. breast of veal, tenderized and cubed**
1 cup finely sliced carrots
1 cup sliced onion rings
1 tsp. salt
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp. thyme
2 (10½-oz.) cans cream of chicken soup
1 cup heavy cream
2 egg yolks
2 Tb. lemon juice

In a large casserole, melt ¼ cup butter or margarine over a high heat. Toss in 2 lbs. strips of veal or 3 lbs. breast of veal, tenderized and cubed, coating the pieces well. Sauté until the meat is golden brown on all sides—approximately 5 minutes. Add 1 cup finely sliced carrots and 1 cup onion rings. Sauté 5 minutes more. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon thyme. Stir in 2 (10½-oz.) cans cream of chicken soup and 1 cup heavy cream. Simmer, covered, 20 minutes or until the meat is tender. Remove from heat; stir in 2 well-beaten egg yolks and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. (If reheating is necessary, do not boil.) Serve with heart-shaped croutons. Makes 6–8 servings.



NEW-STYLE PLYMOUTH SUCCOTASH

A cross between a New England boiled dinner and a French *poule au pot* is the famous Plymouth Succotash, which once required nights of bean-and-corned-beef soaking, a whole day of stewing and pot-watching. Even if you brown your own little chicken, you can achieve this astonishing creation in half an hour. If you bring a barbecued chicken home from the rotisserie, it takes half the time.

2 lbs. whole broiler fryer
***or 2 lbs. barbecued chicken**
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups diced onions (or frozen diced)
1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken consommé
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen succotash
½ lb. cooked sliced or cubed corned beef

Wash a 2-lb. chicken. Dry on paper towels. Truss to hold in shape. Heat ¼ cup butter or margarine in a large casserole. Sauté the chicken on all sides, until golden brown—approximately 10 minutes. Remove from the casserole and put 2 cups finely sliced onions in the casserole. Place the chicken on top of the onions. Add 1 (13¾-oz.) can of chicken consommé, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and cook 15 minutes or until tender. Surround the chicken with 2 (10-oz.) pkg. succotash, and ½ lb. corned beef, cut in ½-inch strips. Cook 5 minutes more. Place the chicken on a deep serving dish. Surround with vegetables and sauce. Makes 4 servings. *For prebarbecued chicken, sauté onions in butter. Add chicken and then proceed as above.

GOULASHE HONGROISE

Marjoram, a little splotch of lemon juice and a glass of dry sherry give a marvelously authentic flavor to this "smiling" goulash.

With a salad, fruits and cheese, who could ask for more?

¼ cup cooking oil
2 lbs. beef loin in strips
***or 3 lbs. beef chuck, tenderized and cut in ¾-inch cubes**
1 cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup dry sherry
¼ cup all-purpose flour
1 Tb. paprika
1 Tb. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. marjoram
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (10½-oz.) can beef bouillon
For noodles:
1 (8-oz.) pkg. medium noodles
2 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. poppy seeds

In a large casserole, heat ¼ cup cooking oil; add 2 lbs. beef loin cut in strips or 3 lbs. beef chuck, tenderized and cut in ¾-inch cubes. Brown well on all sides (approximately 5 minutes). Add 1 cup finely chopped onion. Cook 5 minutes more. Stir in ¼ cup flour, ¼ cup dry sherry, 1 tablespoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon marjoram, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 1 (10½-oz.) can beef bouillon. Cover and simmer 20 minutes, or until tender, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, cook 1 (8-oz.) pkg medium noodles according to pkg. directions. Drain; toss with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon poppy seeds. Serve goulash over noodles. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

MEDITERRANEAN BOURRIDE

Almost as famous in Marseilles as its cousin the bouillabaisse is this fish stew-soup. Unlike bouillabaisse, a bourride has no saffron and generally no tomatoes. But like bouillabaisse, it is ladled into a soup dish over slices of toasted French bread.

Those who are truly knowledgeable about such matters will stir a spoonful of garlic-scented rouille or mayonnaise into the broth to give it flavor and a slight tint of thickening.

2 Tb. olive oil
1 cup finely chopped onion or diced frozen onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 lbs. red snapper or 2 lbs. frozen fish fillet
½ lb. prepared smelts
½ lb. shrimp, shelled and deveined
2 (6-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat
1 (8-oz.) bottle clam juice
2 Tb. chopped parsley
¼ tsp. black pepper
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. thyme
1 twist orange peel
Chapon:
8 slices of French bread
½ cup olive oil
1 tsp. garlic powder

Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in a large saucepan. Stir in 1 cup finely chopped onion, and 2 cloves garlic, crushed. Sauté 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cut 2 lbs. red snapper into 1-inch pieces, discarding the skin and bones. Add to the onion mixture together with ½ lb. prepared smelts, ½ lb. shelled and deveined shrimp and 2 (6-oz.) pkg. frozen crabmeat. Pour in 1 (8-oz.) bottle clam juice. Stir in 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon pepper 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme, and 1 twist orange peel. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Meanwhile, make chapon by sautéeing 8 slices of French bread in ½ cup hot olive oil to which 1 teaspoon garlic powder has been added. To serve: Place each chapon in a soup bowl. Spoon bourride over it. Serve with rouille. Makes 6–8 servings.

Rouille*
¼ cup fresh white bread crumbs
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¼ cup fish liquid (from bourride)
⅓–½ cup oil
2 or 3 drops hot-pepper sauce

In blender, combine ¼ cup bread crumbs, 2 cloves garlic and ¼ cup fish liquid. Blend on low speed for 30 seconds. Slowly achieve mayonnaise-like sauce. *Or make quickly by adding 2 cloves crushed garlic, 2 or 3 drops hot-pepper sauce to ½ cup mayonnaise. **END**

GOURMET COOKBOOK

continued from page 83

COLD STRING BEAN* AND SHRIMP SALAD

Can't think of anything less interesting than a cold, cooked, leftover green bean? Before you condemn it, you had better try it with cold cooked shrimp, hard-cooked eggs and French dressing. You'll be ashamed you maligned that bean.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup leftover green beans, cold
- 8 large cold cooked shrimp, peeled and cleaned
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, cold
- ⅓ cup cold French dressing
- 7 black olives

ASSEMBLE

- 1 large mixing bowl
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 paring knife
- 1 sieve
- 1 salad fork and spoon
- 1 salad bowl

Slice the shrimp in half lengthwise. Place the green beans and the shrimp in the mixing bowl. Halve the hard-cooked eggs and slice the whites into thin strips. Add the sliced egg whites and the French dressing to the shrimp and beans. Toss, and place in the salad bowl.

Garnish: Put the egg yolks through a sieve, then sprinkle them over the salad as a garnish. Form a pinwheel of 5 shrimp in the center of the bowl, place one black olive in the center of the shrimp pinwheel and one in the curve of each shrimp used for decoration. Serve cold. *May be prepared several hours early. Garnish immediately before serving. Serves 2.

FRUIT EN BROCHETTE

Barbecued fruit, brushed with honey and set aflame with brandy: serve over vanilla, rum or any fruit ice cream to culminate the perfect cookout.

INGREDIENTS

- 8 maraschino cherries
- 10 chunks canned pineapple
- 2 fresh ripe peaches
- 4 fresh apricots
- ¼ cup honey
- 8 tablespoons fruit brandy

ASSEMBLE

- 2 small skewers
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 pastry brush
- 1 paring knife
- 1 bowl
- Paper towels

Wash peaches and apricots. Peel peaches. Thread the fruit on the skewers, beginning and ending with a cherry. Place honey and brandy in bowl. Stir. Brush fruit with this mixture. Cook for a few minutes over charcoal fire. Remove fruit from fire once and brush again with honey-brandy mixture. When fruit is hot and beginning to brown here and there, remove from fire and dribble with brandy. Place skewers back on fire to ignite the brandy. Serve flaming. Delicious served alone or over vanilla, rum or any fruit ice cream. Serves 2.



"When Mommy comes home with the new baby, will we still have such wonderful meals?"

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP WITH ASPARAGUS TIPS AND ANCHOVY CROUTONS

You won't believe asparagus soup can taste so good until you try this for yourself. The mellow flavor of creamed asparagus is superbly set off by spicy anchovy croutons. And the treasure in the bottom of the bowl? Asparagus, of course.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 (10½-ounce) can cream of asparagus soup
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 8 canned asparagus tips
- 2 slices bread, preferably two days old
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons anchovy paste
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder

ASSEMBLE

- 1 saucepan
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 can opener
- 1 paring knife
- 1 set measuring spoons
- 1 skillet
- 1 rotary beater
- 2 soup plates

Mix together with rotary beater one can cream of asparagus soup and ½ cup heavy cream. If thinner soup is preferred, add a small amount of milk. Place on low heat. Open can of asparagus tips. Drain. Place 8 tips in the saucepan with the soup.

Meanwhile, cut the crusts from 2 slices of bread. Spread bread with 2 teaspoons anchovy paste. Cut bread into one-inch squares. Melt butter in skillet. Add ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder. Fry bread cubes in the butter until they are golden.

Carefully pour the asparagus soup into the 2 serving bowls. Place 4 asparagus tips in the bottom of each bowl. Be careful to keep the tips whole.

Place anchovy croutons in a small bowl and spoon into soup at table. Serve hot. Serves 2.

(*continued*)

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BREAST OF CHICKEN IN RUM CRUMBS

A warm buttery delight! A crusty "sandwich" where chicken slices sautéed in rum crumbs are the "bread" and marrons and chutney form the filling.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
2 chicken breasts, boneless	1 small saucepan
½ cup fine bread crumbs	1 sharp knife
¼ cup rum	1 large skillet
1 tablespoon rum	1 measuring cup
1 tablespoon chutney, with liquid	1 mallet or meat tenderizer
3 marrons glacés	1 fork
¼ pound butter	1 small bowl
	1 plate (for bread crumbs)
	1 serving plate

Pull skin from chicken. Flatten each half chicken breast with mallet or fine side of meat tenderizer. Place bread crumbs on plate. Pour ¼ cup rum into small bowl. Dip chicken in rum, then in bread crumbs. Turn flame medium high. Melt butter in skillet. Sauté each chicken slice one minute on each side or until golden. Meanwhile, mash marrons and chutney with one tablespoon rum. Warm in saucepan. Add a few bread crumbs if needed to make mixture spreadable. Spread this on one side of 2 chicken slices. Top with another sautéed chicken slice. Serve hot. Makes 2 servings.

CARROTS AND WHITE GRAPES

A vegetable dish that is colorful yet tasty in a dignified, understated way. You'll be surprised how well grapes behave as a vegetable.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
1 (13½-ounce) can small whole Belgian carrots	1 skillet
30 seedless white grapes	1 set measuring spoons
4 tablespoons Cointreau (optional)	Paper toweling
4 tablespoons butter	1 tablespoon
	1 serving bowl

Open can of carrots. Drain on paper towels. Wash grapes. Place on paper towels to dry. Place skillet over medium flame. Add butter. When butter has melted, add Cointreau. Stir. Add grapes and carrots and cook over low flame for 4 minutes. Stir frequently. Serve hot. (Note: To serve 3, add 20 grapes. To serve 4, double recipe.) *Garnish:* Tuck pairs of fresh mint leaves among grapes and carrots. Serve hot. Makes 2 servings.

POTATO PFLUTTERS

Bound to cause a flutter at dinner are these fluffy little potato pflutters, using leftover mashed potatoes. Puffy, golden brown, and just garlicky enough to please, they're sure to win over guests in a hurry—or try them as a special touch to a family meal!

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
2 cups mashed potatoes	1 measuring cup
2 egg yolks	1 set measuring spoons
4 tablespoons hot melted butter	1 fork or electric mixer
½ teaspoon salt	1 spoon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	1 mixing bowl
½ teaspoon garlic powder	1 small saucepan
4 teaspoons parsley flakes	1 ovenproof serving dish

Turn broiler flame on high. Melt butter in saucepan. Mix potatoes, egg yolks, 4 tablespoons butter together with a fork or electric mixer. When fairly well mixed, add remaining ingredients and mix again. Place spoonfuls of the potato mixture on the greased serving dish and place under broiler for 5 minutes. Serve hot. Makes approximately 24 pflutters.

MARRONS AND APRICOTS

Here is a handsome garnish that has even more flavor than eye appeal—the mellow goodness of marrons combined with honey-brushed apricots.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
4 marrons glacés, available bottled in syrup	1 paring knife
2 fresh apricots or 4 apricot halves, canned	1 pastry brush
1 tablespoon honey	1 small baking dish
1 tablespoon butter	

Light broiler. Set on high flame. Wash and dry fresh apricots. Cut in half and remove pits.

Brush apricot halves with honey. Place in a greased baking dish. Broil them for one minute, then remove from broiler.

Top each apricot half with one marron. Replace dish in broiler. Broil for one more minute. Serve hot or cold. Perfect garnish for any kind of game bird. Serves 2.

COLD OLD GERMAN FRUIT SOUP IN CANTALOUPE SHELLS*

Oom-pah-pah! Try this one for a cool and filling start or finish to a light meal or lunch.

Zesty orange and cherry flavors mingle in a spice-spiked soup. And you can eat the bowl.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
1 (1-pound) can cold cherry pie filling, thickened	1 blender
½ cup cold orange juice	1 measuring cup
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 paring knife
1 generous pinch powdered cloves	1 spoon
2 whole sticks cinnamon	1 can opener
1 cantaloupe melon	
1 can instant whipped cream	

Pare the rind carefully from one whole cantaloupe. Slice the melon neatly in half. Remove pulp, seeds, and enough melon from center to hold soup. Place one can cherry pie filling, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one pinch cloves, and ½ cup orange juice in blender. Blend on high speed for one minute or until smooth. Pour cherry-orange mixture into cantaloupe shells. Decorate each with stick cinnamon. *Garnish:* Place a flowerlet of whipped cream in the center of the soup and decorate the edge of the melon with whipped cream also. Serve immediately. *Soup may be prepared a day in advance and refrigerated until needed. Do not peel melon until serving time. Stir soup well before pouring into melon shells. Garnish immediately. Serves 2.

SWISS FONDUE

Do as the Swiss do and invite all your friends to dip a piece of crusty roll into this delectable "dunk." The delicate flavors of Swiss cheese, white wine and cognac literally melt together to form one of the zestiest of late-night snacks.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
¼ pound grated Swiss cheese	1 chafing dish
¾ teaspoon flour	canned heat
½ teaspoon garlic powder	1 measuring cup
½ cup light dry white wine	1 set measuring spoons
2 tablespoons cognac or applejack	1 paring knife
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	3 forks
a dash each of salt and white pepper	1 bread basket lined with a napkin
2 hard rolls	

Light fire under blazer pan of chafing dish. Add wine, garlic powder and flour to the blazer pan. Do not boil. Merely heat to the boiling point. With a fork, begin to stir the wine as you add the grated cheese a small handful at a time. Each handful of cheese must be completely melted before you add another. When all the cheese is melted and the mixture begins to bubble a little, add the nutmeg, salt, pepper, and cognac or applejack. Stir. Reduce heat to low and keep mixture warm without burning. Meanwhile, cut the rolls into bite-size pieces. Each piece of roll should have some crust on it. Serve at once in chafing dish. Dip pieces of roll in mixture. Eat at once. Serves 2. Simply double for four or add half a recipe for each additional guest.

PÊCHES FLAMBÉES

Fresh, ripe peaches, poached in syrup, set like a golden crown on a mound of macaroon crumbs, and, finally, flamed with Cointreau. A perfect dessert. Not too heavy, but rich enough to satisfy the most avid dessert eater.

INGREDIENTS	ASSEMBLE
2 fully ripe peaches	1 heat-proof glass bowl
1 cup boiling water	1 paring knife
¾ cup boiling water	1 small saucepan
¾ cup sugar	1 set measuring spoons
10 drops lemon juice	1 box matches
8 tablespoons macaroon crumbs or 4 macaroons	1 chafing dish (2-quart size)
4 tablespoons Cointreau. Rum may be substituted	1 serving spoon
	2 serving plates

Place peaches in heat-proof glass bowl. Pour one cup boiling water over them. Lift out one peach, cut in half, and gently remove the pit. Gently pull off the skin with paring knife. Repeat process with remaining peach. Place ¾ cup boiling water and ¾ cup sugar in saucepan. Place over high flame. Add peach halves and 10 drops lemon juice to syrup in pan. Boil for 4 minutes. Meanwhile, make 2 mounds of macaroon crumbs on each serving plate. Each mound should consist of 2 tablespoons macaroon crumbs. Turn off flame under the peaches. Place peaches and syrup in blazer pan of chafing dish. Arrange serving plates with macaroon crumbs on tray. When ready to serve, carry chafing dish and serving plates to table. Heat peaches and syrup over medium flame. Pour Cointreau gently over peaches in syrup. Do not stir. Light Cointreau with a match. This will be easy after the Cointreau is heated slightly by the hot syrup. Place a peach half on each mound of crumbs. Spoon 6 tablespoons of Cointreau mixture over each peach half. Serve warm. Serves 2. **END**

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

continued from page 16

"After her birth, my weight was almost normal, and the obstetrician was very pleased. Trav was tremendously proud of our new baby and of me and my appearance, and he proved it. When he drove us home from the hospital, he presented me with a vase of roses and the catalog of a leading furniture store. For months, I happily devoted myself to the baby, and for recreation I pored over that catalog, picking out sofas and tables for our empty house. But somehow Trav never found the time for us to visit the store and actually put in an order.

"It wasn't until after Betsy's first birthday that he finally agreed with me on the selection of a sofa and an armchair for our cavernous living room. I never saw them. Before delivery was made, my mother had a serious heart attack and I had to fly back to Chicago with the baby to take care of her. Betsy and I were gone three months. And during those months of worry, uncertainty, unhappiness—I ate and gained.

"I had hardly reached Chicago when Trav sold our home, without consulting me. His excuse was that he'd made a large profit on his investment, and I realized that to him our home was nothing *but* an investment. He then bought a second house.

"When I got back to Los Angeles, Trav walked right past me at the airport without recognizing me. But then Betsy called him, and he turned around. I will never forget the look of horror that spread across his face when he saw me waddling toward him.

"Since that night I have tried every conceivable diet—high protein, low carbohydrate, the DuPont diet, the Air Force diet—but I just don't lose. Something happens, and I break the diet. I hate myself, but I keep on eating. I'm so unhappy that I frequently consider suicide, but I realize I'm too cowardly to kill myself.

"In the past two years Trav and I have lived in three different houses, good investments from his point of view perhaps, but always miserably empty.

"Moreover, we have seldom lived as man and wife. Trav says bluntly that he can't bear to sleep with a woman my size. Not long ago he refused to walk down the street with me.

"He has left me more than once and stayed away for days. A week ago, after he furiously denounced me as a glutton, he moved out of the house—and this time he took along all his clothes."

"Jenny and I aren't temperamentally suited to each other," said Trav, a neatly dressed man of 33 with somber, brooding eyes and thinning blond hair. "Frankly I doubt that I'm temperamentally suited to domesticity. I frequently wish I'd been around in Gauguin's day and could stake out a claim to a patch of cleanswept beach in the South Sea Isles, where I could paint and loaf and speculate on the meaning of human existence.

"Jenny's interest in the arts attracted me. Her lack of interest in her own appearance, her sloppiness and lack of discipline, have practically destroyed any feeling I ever had for her as a woman. Five years ago she was overweight, although she weighed forty pounds less than she weighs today. However, she wasn't hopelessly disorganized. And she seemed far more mature then than she does now.

"Overeating made an invalid of her mother, who has suffered two serious heart attacks and now is bedridden. Jenny is aware of her mother's history. Over my protests, she went East and spent three months nursing a woman (*continued*)



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who doesn't care a rap for her, and who detests me. Jenny watched her mother defy the doctor's orders, eat enough for three, and pay the price.

"Yet Jenny is obstinately pursuing the same lunatic course. For the past three years, ever since our little girl was born, she has sworn off sweets repeatedly. But when I turn my back, she is at the candy box again.

"The night I moved out was typical. It was pitch dark, and I heard the back door quietly open and close. I got up, tiptoed to the kitchen, opened the door a crack and peeped into the garage. Jenny was standing on a ladder, a flashlight in her hand. I watched her pull an old rusty coffee can from a high shelf and stuff herself with chocolate creams she had hidden inside.

"Clinging in space, her mouth jammed and lopsided with candies, Jenny was trembling with nerves. She looked scared, miserably uncomfortable, unwieldy, and pathetic, too. For a moment I felt sorry for her. But then I was enraged by her self-indulgence, her sneakiness, her stupid fictions and fantasies about diets. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"If Jenny were capable of caring for herself and our child, I wouldn't even consider a reconciliation now. I wish I didn't feel responsible for her and little Betsy.

"My present living arrangements aren't luxurious, but they are adequate, although I'm sure Jenny would disda my basement quarters as cold and und furnished. She's like my mother a her mother, like all the women I've ev known—mercenary, materialistic. Unl women are smothered in carpeting a draperies, buried in household impe menta, they feel deprived and put upc I don't. Long ago, as a young boy, learned not to put my trust in mater things.

"When I was nine years old, my p ents and I escaped from war-torn E rope and almost certain death. My f ther was a Viennese manufacturer, th under constant surveillance of the Au trian military and police, spared on day-to-day basis only because he h essential skills. For months, as he a my mother laid their plans to get awa they lived in terror of arrest. I shar their terror. On the night we left o home as refugees, a night I had fear would never come, my mother w bowed down by the weight of a gilt cloc a chest of silverware, her jewelry case violin. She wore two fur coats. My fath was burdened with heavy traveling ba

"I think it's likely I acquired my co tempt for tangible possessions at th time. Even now, years later, it seems me that my mother exposed all of us terrible hazards in a futile effort to cli to things that inevitably, one by or were scattered, lost, abandoned as journeyed by night and on foot to t border. When we reached the safety the ship that took us across the Atlant all of us were empty-handed. But were alive. Yet to this day my moth laments the gilt clock, the violin, t vanished furnishings of our old hom With the aid of mountains of junk, s solaces herself, holds off reality, attemp to transform the meager present into t opulent past.

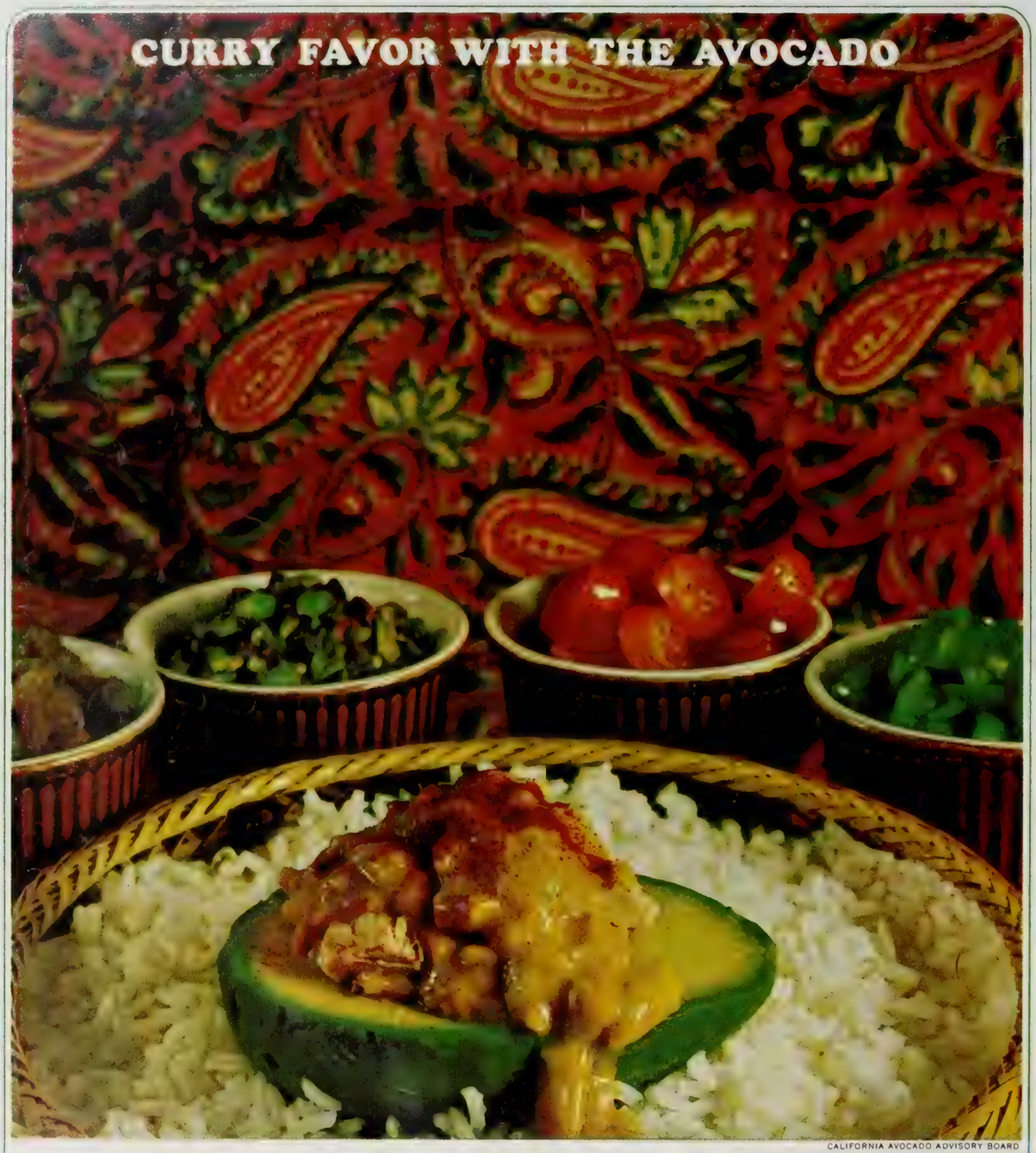
"I grew up in a dusty, grimy railro flat crammed with worthless objec treasured by my mother, things my f ther picked up at auction in job lots. O school desks, a grand piano with cracked sounding board, a seatless sed chair. The good pieces, my father and repaired and sold. Only the trash we to my mother, and she kept it all.

"Our apartment was too overcrowd to clean, even if Mother had been d posed to scrub and sweep. Both she a my mother-in-law are wretched hous keepers, and I'm positive Jenny wou be just as bad—given the opportunit

"When I first met Jenny, she seem very feminine and yet energetic and a bitious, too—ambitious for me. My pa ents scorned my artistic hopes, foug my desires for independence, just Jenny's people scoffed at hers. We seem two of a kind. Until we met, I was frien less, lonesome, too fearful of a rebuff seek youthful companionship. Whatev I wanted, Jenny wanted for me. I gre a beard, and she cheered for beards. shaved it off, and she liked that, too.

"She had the strength of character encourage me to pull away from my far ily. My father, who is now dead, w already fatally ill, his business moribun Without Jenny's backing I might ha been trapped indefinitely in hopeless a tempts to salvage a business I loathe She invested her personal savings in m art-supply store. Although the shop we bankrupt, I gained the experience dealing with people that qualified me f my present job.

"My gratitude to Jenny—I doubt actually fell in love—led me to mar



CALIFORNIA AVOCADO ADVISORY BOARD

Don't tell the California avocado its heritage is Aztec, not *East* Indian. It sits there with that marvelous curry, convinced it belongs.

We like this quick-to-make Avocado Bombay: For 6 servings, sauté 1 small onion, chopped, and 1 small apple, peeled and chopped, in 2 Tbsps. butter. Stir in 1 can of condensed cream of chicken soup, salt to taste, and 2 tsps. curry powder. Heat, over low flame, until smooth. Add 2 cups cooked chicken or shrimp.

Peel 6 ripe avocado halves. (Avocados are ripe when they yield to gentle pressure.) Place 1 on a bed of rice on each plate, and fill with curry. For condiments, start with raisins, crisp bacon pieces, chopped nuts, green pepper, chutney, toasted coconut, and kumquat.



Avocados from California

her. When the art store flopped and we had to move back to our parents, I could understand and share Jenny's bitter disappointment. I could overlook her indolence, her bickering with my mother and her mother, her whining. I even tolerated the overeating that has wrecked her looks and is undermining her health. But now I've run out of patience.

"Nowadays Jenny and I seem to be at odds in all our ideas. Thanks to Cousin Frank's advice, I've done well with real-estate investments, but Jenny deplores my success.

"She and I used to laugh at the couples who tied themselves to rose-covered cottages, cookouts and installment payments. We once planned to buy a second-hand Land Rover and set up housekeeping in the car while I led the life of a full-time artist.

"My present job is a long way from that. Collecting rents, supervising carpenters, painting an occasional mural to decorate an apartment-house lobby isn't my idea of pleasure. Yet I do it to support Jenny and our child. It seems to me that she should do her share and make herself and marriage more attractive."

"Jenny and Trav met at a period when both were deeply lonely," the counselor said. "Neither had ever had a friend of the opposite sex or of their own sex.

"He was ashamed of his family's eccentricities and foreign accents, and of his impoverished background. She was humiliated by her size, haunted by the unflattering nicknames inevitably applied to her by other youngsters. Jenny was an obese child, as could be seen in photographs of her at the age of three and four. As we reviewed the circumstances of her childhood, she discovered why.

"In the first place, her mother was overweight, an inveterate nibbler. But an equally important factor in Jenny's early overeating, from the psychological point of view, was emotional. From the time she could remember, Jenny felt underestimated by both her parents, deprived of affection, shunted to the corner by the needs of her older sister, Elise.

"The year Jenny was born, her six-year-old sister had rheumatic fever, was kept out of school until the age of twelve, and the household revolved around her from then on. Or so it seemed to Jenny.

"Like all children, Jenny craved approval and attention from her parents. Deprived of the sweetness of parental affection, she hungered for love, with the sweet taste of candy and pastry. Eating became a way of life.

"Counseling the couple posed a good many puzzles for me. Significantly, Trav came to my office first to appeal for aid—aid for Jenny. Neither of the two was aware that he had equally serious personality problems. Trav, too, had devised a scheme of life to compensate for emotional insecurity and his own lack of confidence.

"To protect himself from possible snubs, assert his individuality and stand out from the crowd, Trav built up a façade of nonconformity. He jeered at convention and public opinion; he argued, ignored or insulted other people. His thorniness undoubtedly accounted for some of his troubles in holding jobs, his friendlessness. Yet, unconsciously, even as he made himself offensive, he was hunting for love and approval, just as Jenny was.

"When she gave him attention, listened to his notions, echoed and applauded his sentiments, he married her. Although doubtful later on that he 'actually fell in love,' he was so bedazzled by Jenny's open, outspoken approval that he hardly noticed she was overweight. But then, with the bankruptcy of his store and the subsequent humiliations, he began to complain that she ate too much, was too fat, was physically unattractive. And, automatically, as though on signal, Jenny began to gain more.

"It was obvious from our first interview that Trav was suffering from a strong inner conflict. On the one hand, he wanted, or thought he wanted, to be a full-time artist. On the other hand, he wanted the financial security of his good job, and he also wanted Jenny, a slimmed-down Jenny.

"Trav was far more dependent on his wife than he realized. This fact was soon brought home to him in the course of our counseling. For one thing, he was intensely jealous of his in-laws. When Jenny went to Chicago to nurse her mother, he was so angry that he sold their house without notifying her. Once Trav recognized his jealousy, he recognized the reason for it.

"He wanted all of Jenny's attention focused on himself. It was Jenny who had 'discovered' and encouraged his artistic talent. Trav admitted he couldn't paint unless she was there to approve or criticize the work in progress.

"I offered Trav no advice on his career. He decided on his own that he was unwilling to take the risk of trying to succeed on a full-time basis in the tough field of art; he was too unsure of his abilities. He then acknowledged that he needed Jenny, despite his disgust at her looks and her greediness.

"Before he returned to her—their separation was brief—we discussed his errors in the relationship. His complaints of Jenny's poor housekeeping were absurd in the circumstances he imposed. What incentive had she to sweep or dust an uncarpeted, unfurnished room?

"More important, psychologically, he was inflicting upon Jenny the same loveless conditions she had endured as a child. He was asking her to eat less, lose weight, change the pattern of existence she had adopted in babyhood—with no guarantee that he would love her if she did so.

"Trav's persisting refusals to furnish a home increased her anxieties. Jenny sensed, quite correctly, that he was not only withholding furniture from her. He was deliberately depriving them both of a stable, permanent background. In short, he was declining to commit himself to her, to their home and their marriage.

"In her anxiety and unhappiness, Jenny had responded in the same old familiar childish way—by reaching for the candy box.

"In denying Jenny's quite natural wish for furniture, Trav was a rebel without a cause, and I told him so. Soon after Trav returned to Jenny, the two went shopping and invested a few hundred dollars in some furniture—including a bathroom scale and a full-length mirror. At once Jenny's housekeeping improved.

"Her fight with overeating and overweight was another matter. With Trav's encouragement, she exercised and dieted, under a physician's care, and whittled down to a size fourteen dress. The scale helped, of course, as did the mirror.

"After our counseling was completed, I did not see Trav and Jenny for a long time. But a few weeks ago I went to an art show given by a group called 'The Sunday Painters.' There they were, and radiantly happy.

"Trav had entered three canvases, and one had taken first prize. Jenny's eyes were so bright that I almost forgot to look at her waistline. When I did, I knew the battle had been won." **END**



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continued from page 65

[illegible] He gazed at the vivacious creature—at the slender line of [illegible]'s shoulders and at the [illegible] of her waist. If she were interested in [illegible] with the soldiers, surely she would [illegible] with a glance the advances of [illegible] a lowly [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible].

[illegible] Jean Lavigne, a [illegible], but looking the elegant [illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] in. His thoughts were of a more honorable nature than the Comte's had been, interrupted him halfway through a Hail Mary he never completed.

The curé, delivering his sermon, noted not only the chapeau but also the inattention of Jean Lavigne, usually one of the most devout members of the congregation. Nor did the open admiration of Monsieur le Comte, who was in danger of dislocating his neck in his endeavor to improve his line of vision, escape his notice.

His sermon, which he had intended to devote to the life of St. Therese of Lisieux, he abandoned, and embarked instead on a profound series of admonitions on the dangers of vanity and the perils of sins of the flesh.

After church, he stood outside the door to shake the hands of his parishioners as they left. Janine was one of the last to emerge. The words of reproof which sprang to his lips were checked by the modest and pious expression on her face. He inquired after her mother, and expressed his gratification that she was so punctilious a member of his flock. Then, steering himself to his duty, he remarked that while St. Paul had emphatically observed that a woman's head should be covered in church, he felt that the saint had had something less noticeable than the chapeau in mind.

Janine listened with mortification. A tear trembled on her lashes and, in a faltering voice, she assured the curé that in future she would take care to be more discreet in her attire.

The following day, two messengers arrived at the milliner's door. The first wore Monsieur le Comte's livery and delivered a bouquet of rare orchids together with a note which should not have been written by a married man. The second was the local florist's delivery boy, with a posy of lilies of the valley accompanied by a formal card of good wishes from Jean Lavigne.

The first Janine ignored. The second caused her to flush with pleasure. But she did not guess that this was the young man whom she would grow to love and to marry, or she would certainly have clung to the chapeau for reasons of sentiment, even if she never wore it again.

As it was, her one thought was to get rid of it, since it had led her into the error of vanity, and that evening she gave it to her friend Genevieve, who was leaving for Paris the following day to take up a position as a seamstress.

"Pray do not misunderstand my motives, mademoiselle," he faltered, "but I have been following you ever since you arrived at the Gare du Quai d'Austerlitz. I am an artist—and I live only for beauty. You walk like a princess in your divine chapeau. The hold of your head—the manner of your moving—all these things are poetry to me. I beg you to allow me to paint you."

Because Genevieve was a well-brought-up girl who had been taught not to speak to strange men, let alone artists, it took him every minute of the next two hours to persuade her to agree. But the long and short of it was that she never took up her position as a seamstress, but posed each day in his dusty studio for the few francs he could afford to pay her.

And when the painting was finished, even Genevieve, who knew nothing about art, was aware that a touch of genius illuminated the canvas.

The long hours which they spent together in the studio, he at his easel, she posing patiently on the rostrum, led to love. And one sunny day, wearing the chapeau for sentiment as well as for flattery, Genevieve married her artist at the town hall. She did not tell her family, who, she knew, would never approve of so precarious a future as that of an artist's wife.

It was not long after their daughter was born that a shadow fell [illegible] Genevieve's life, as it did across the whole of Europe.

Her artist put away his paint-stained clothes and wore instead a uniform. Two months after he was sent to the front, Genevieve received a telegram. She and her daughter were alone.

Perhaps it was partly the wartime privations, perhaps it was partly the communication of Genevieve's own grief, but the child became an invalid. Her cheeks were pale and her bones as brittle as a bird's, and when the Armistice was signed and the children danced and sang and waved the Allied flags in the streets, she languished still in bed.

Genevieve never abandoned hope, and to amuse the child brought out the chapeau and allowed her to wear it, so that she could pretend to be some proud dame who shopped in the Rue de Rivoli and never bothered about money.

The child thought the chapeau the most glorious, glamorous thing she had ever seen, and when one day, she gave up the struggle, she died with it beside her on the pillow—the symbol of a whole world she had never been able to enjoy.

There was nothing to keep Genevieve in Paris after that, and she disappeared. Nobody knew where, leaving behind everything she owned.

Her old mother came up from the little town where Janine still made hats in the milliner's shop, and gathered together Genevieve's humble belongings and took them home with her in case one day her daughter should come back.

The chapeau was hopelessly out-of-date by now, but the old lady wrapped it up in tissue paper and put it in a leather hatbox in the attic, because it was beautiful and because it had belonged to Genevieve.

Not long afterward, she died, and the box in the attic gathered dust, and a spider made a nest [illegible] which tethered it to the battered suitcase standing beside it. And the old lady's sons, who inherited the house and the land, had better things to do than look inside a hatbox moiding away in the attic.

Janine, who was by now so adept that she could make two hats a day if she wished, often thought about the chapeau,

Janine was among those who gathered at the station next morning to wave Genevieve good-bye—and it is debatable whether the tears she shed were for a departing friend or for the last glimpse she would ever have of her masterpiece, the chapeau which now sat so gracefully on Genevieve's blond head.

When she reached Paris, Genevieve took her basketwork hold-all to the lodgings she had already reserved, and then she set forth to explore the delights of the city. And it was while she was walking past the church of Sacré-Coeur that a shabby young man, with a thin, sensitive face approached her.



her masterpiece. Fashion no longer permitted her to attempt anything so exotic. In the 'twenties, the girls wore cloche hats—grim-shaped helmets like the Germans used to wear, Janine grumbled angrily.

In the 'thirties, the line softened a little, but there was still no scope for a hat of true importance. Janine became increasingly querulous, seeing herself the victim of the fashion mandarins in Paris who decreed what women should wear. Her incessant complaints drove her husband, Jean, near to distraction.

One day she opened the paper and came upon a news item, reporting the sale of a painting by an artist of genius who had died, unrecognized by public and by critics alike, in the war. It had been bought for an astronomical sum by an American art gallery. Above the story was a photograph of the painting.

"Jean!" she exclaimed excitedly. "This is a painting of Genevieve wearing the chapeau which Madame la Comtesse bought and then gave back to me, and which I was wearing that day in church when you fell in love with me. Don't you remember?"

But Jean, who was sick of the subject of hats, and had forgotten what it had been like to be in love with Janine, stared at the picture without recognition. "How could Genevieve have posed for a picture that fetches so much money?" he said. "As for the hat, it is nothing like the chapeau you wore, which was small, with a veil. You are imagining things."

"That is my chapeau, and I would know it anywhere," Janine said angrily. "I shall go up to the farm and show the picture to Genevieve's brothers. They will know I'm right."

But Genevieve's brothers swore that it was nothing like their sister. As for the hat, they said, she would never have dreamed of wearing anything so ridiculous. And when Janine turned on them and said it was her chapeau and her masterpiece, they concluded she was a little odd in the head. They felt sorry for her husband, and next time they saw him they filled him up with brandy and sent him home drunk, for they thought that this could be the only pleasure left to him.

Janine sent to Paris for a photograph of the painting. She had it framed and hung it in the shop and regaled all her customers with the story of the chapeau. Her oldest clients were bored, her younger ones impatient. The hat, they thought, was manifestly absurd, and if she had made it, which they very much doubted, there was no cause for such a song and dance.

The years passed, and a shadow once again fell over Europe. Jean, although no longer a young man, fled the town and joined the Résistance, while Janine covered her workroom with dust sheets, for the women wore scarves over their heads now, and had neither the money nor the inclination to buy hats.

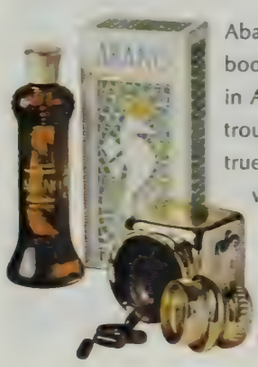
Everywhere were the grim signs of occupation. A tank stood in the corner of the square. The curé had been arrested. A tight-lipped officer was billeted with Janine.

There were whispers that Genevieve's two brothers at the farm were collaborators, so obliging did they appear toward the Germans. But there were other whispers of mysterious visitors to their home—of messages that could be sent and received from men in hiding with the Maquis—of ammunition hidden beneath the furrows in their fields.

It was Genevieve's elder brother who one day discovered the chapeau in the attic and recognized its possibilities. On his instructions, his wife unpicked a few of the stitches which held the mushroom chiffon pleating in place under the brim. Into the gap she put the cipher messages which would be passed on when next someone came from headquarters, and deftly she stitched the lining back into place. A roll of microfilm fitted perfectly into a (continued)



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Jeffrey Martin, Inc., Union, New Jersey

THE INCOMPARABLE CHAPEAU

continued

silken rosebud, and indiscernible stitches held the flower tightly closed to enfold its secret.

When someone talked, and the Germans searched the house in the early hours one morning, they found nothing. The last object to arouse their suspicions was the chapeau, which one soldier placed mockingly upon his head while he pretended to dance a Viennese waltz in his heavy boots. When he had done, he tossed the chapeau contemptuously into a corner.

It did not occur to him or his companions to examine the old leather hatbox, which concealed so admirably a wireless set within its false lid.

So it was that the chapeau and the chapeau box served the Allies well for many months to come.

In the years that followed the liberation, the chapeau lay on the attic floor. The flowers faded into muted twilight shades, the straw grew dirty and ragged, a mouse had nibbled at the brim, and gradually the chiffon pleating rotted away.

The milliner's shop was quiet now. Janine was beginning to feel her age, and her fingers were stiff and her temper short.

The only customers who patronized her were the old ladies of the town, who ordered black hats in felt or in straw, according to season, which they wore from respect for the dear departed, since they had reached the age when they were constantly in mourning for someone.

The young women wore hats no longer. Their hair was exposed to the sun and the wind and the rain, and Janine was amazed that it did not fall out with such neglect.

It was, she thought bitterly, a hairdressers' world of rollers and rinses and permanent waves and coiffures, backcombed like burrs, that were built up into hats of living hair—and rather poorly designed hats at that.

To rest the eye and as balm to the soul, she would often turn to look at the portrait of Genevieve in the chapeau. Genevieve might possibly have been no better than she should be—but at least she had known that no lady ventures out without a hat.

"There is no place in the world for a milliner today," she would say miserably to Jean.

Summer came with blazing, furnace heat. The pavements were angry in the glare of the sun. Plants and grass grew harsh and brittle like the peroxided hair of the girls who wore no hats.

Janine's arthritis troubled her. Her customers grew daily fewer, and one morning she dismantled the workroom and packed away the straw shapes and the veiling and the artificial flowers and took down the looking glasses which lined the walls.

She ordered a three-piece suite upholstered in red uncut moquette, put a sideboard against one wall with vases of dried flowers for decoration, and the room became a second sitting room.

Whereas she had never used the first sitting room, except to receive guests after a funeral or a wedding, or to celebrate a family birthday, she now seldom left the second sitting room.

She would sit for hours, looking through the voile-draped windows at the hatless women who passed by, and every so often, for reassurance, she would turn to gaze at Genevieve in the chapeau, lately promoted to an ornate gilt rococco frame. And while, in the tense, vibrating heat, she thought about the hats she had made, Jean, sitting close at her side, old as she, puffed at his pipe and remembered long-ago football matches and pretty girls and lost opportunities.

Up at the farm, Genevieve's brothers sweated in the fields and thought about the harvest, which promised to be the best of the century.

There was no wind, and the air was alive with the sound of the bees, and the blowflies and the flies descended on the farm animals like a pestilence.

Chico, the horse which drew the trap which the two brothers still used to drive to town, suffered most. A thousand times a day she whinnied pitifully and tossed her head and lashed her tail from side to side in an effort to drive away her tormentors.

"Poor Chico," the brothers said, "she hates the heat and the flies. We should give her a hat to protect her from the sun and put sprigs of mint in her bridle to keep the insects away."

And then one of them remembered the chapeau which had lain so long in a corner of the attic. He brought it down and gave it to his wife who, with a pair of scissors, pared down the great breadth of the brim. At either side of the crown, she made two holes which would comfortably accommodate Chico's ears. Then she looked at the few faded silk flowers which remained sewn to the straw.

"Shall I leave them?" she asked.

"An animal," her husband said testily, for the suffocating weather had shortened his temper, "should be allowed some dignity. She suffers enough as it is. Take them off. We do not want to make her look ridiculous."

Janine was seated at the window of her second living room when Genevieve's two brothers rode by in the trap. The heat of the day was at its height, and Chico's satin-textured coat glistened with sweat.

She lifted her hooves wearily as she pulled her load; her head was bent and her long ears drooped dejectedly through the holes in the chapeau.

"Look, Jean!" Janine cried. "Look at the horse's hat—the architecture of the crown, the line of the brim! What exquisite modeling! It must have been made by a milliner who knew her business. It is many years since I have seen craftsmanship of this kind. It reminds me of my chapeau."

Jean looked sharply at the old lady who was his wife. It was, he supposed, the heat as well as the years which had addled her brain.

He glanced over his shoulder at the picture on the wall of Genevieve, glorified by a chapeau whose beauty did not entirely escape him.

Then he looked back at Chico and the poor, faded object on the horse's head, with its roughly cut brim and the holes for her ears.

He experienced a moment's acute irritation and then, because at heart he was a kind man, he turned to Janine, who was still craning forward at the window, flushed and excited.

"Yes," he said to her wearily, "I see what you mean. It was an incomparable chapeau." **END**

The 10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook

More recipes from *The 10 Minute Gourmet Cookbook* by Yvonne Young Tarr.

MOUSSE AU CHOCOLAT

Here is a dessert that promises to satisfy the most deep-rooted chocolate addiction. It's smooth, rich, and delectable. You won't believe anything so good can be so easy to prepare.

INGREDIENTS

- ½ (4½-ounce) box chocolate instant pudding
- ½ cup heavy cream
- ½ cup light cream
- ½ cup instant whipped cream, canned
- Shavings of semisweet chocolate

ASSEMBLE

- 1 mixing bowl
- 1 electric mixer: the hand variety is best
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 slotted spoon
- 4 small earthenware pots

DIRECTIONS

Measure ½ cup light cream and ½ cup heavy cream into mixing bowl. Add ½ box instant pudding mix. Beat with hand mixer on slow, or stir rapidly with spoon until mix thickens. Squirt approximately ½ cup of canned whipped cream onto instant pudding. With slotted spoon, fold in whipped cream by cutting through cream, down into the pudding, then up and over, repeating process until the cream and the pudding are almost but not completely mixed. Never stir. Spoon into the small earthenware pots, cut shavings of semisweet chocolate onto mousse. Refrigerate until serving time. *Garnish:* Top with ½ candied cherry and 2 pieces candied citron in the shape of a flower with leaves.

FRESH FIGS AND WALNUTS IN PROSCIUTTO HAM CONES*

Another opener that comes to us from Italy. Fresh figs rolled in walnuts and wrapped in thin slices of pink prosciutto. A beautiful start to even the most delicate meal.

INGREDIENTS

- 4 fresh figs
- 4 large slices of prosciutto
- 10 sprigs watercress
- 1 egg white
- ¼ cup walnut meats, finely chopped

ASSEMBLE

- 1 paring knife
- 1 fork
- 1 small plate
- 1 small bowl
- paper toweling
- pastry brush
- 2 small serving plates

DIRECTIONS

Wash the watercress and trim any tough stems. Wash figs. Dry both on paper toweling. Arrange watercress on serving plates. Roll the prosciutto on the diagonal with one end closed and one end open, to form a cornucopia or cone. Place egg white in small bowl. Beat with fork. Brush fig lightly with egg white. Roll in nutmeats. Insert the ripe fig in prosciutto cone. Place on the bed of watercress. Serve cold. (NOTE: To serve 4, double all ingredients but egg white.) *May be prepared an hour or two in advance of serving. Serves 2.

© 1965 by Yvonne Tarr



We make our apple sauce faster than ducks cross "Pondblock" pond

"Pondblock" is an orchard in the magnificent Valley of the Apples. Ducks peacefully tour its pond while fat, juicy apples reach perfection. Then we must shatter the quiet to rush these apples to our kitchens to be cooked into superb apple sauce in just 45 hectic minutes. Why the rush? That's the only way to capture the tingling flavor of fresh apples.



PET MILK COMPANY
MUSSELMAN DIVISION

TOMATO CRAB BISQUE

If there were only one soup in the whole world, all would be well if it were Tomato Crab Bisque. Pale tomato in color, delicately textured, it's replete with the can't-be-forgotten flavor of crab meat and sherry. Serve only for V.I.P.'s.

INGREDIENTS

- ½ (10¾-ounce) can cream of tomato soup
- ½ (10½-ounce) can beef consommé
- ½ (11¼-ounce) can split pea soup (without ham)
- ¼ pint light cream
- ¼ cup sherry
- ¼ pound crab meat (frozen)

ASSEMBLE

- 1 large saucepan
- 1 rotary beater
- 1 tablespoon
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 can opener
- 2 soup plates

DIRECTIONS

Mix the soups together in the saucepan. Use no water. Add ½ cup cream and beat with the rotary beater until mixed. Remove shells from ¼ pound crab meat by picking through it with fingers and discarding anything that feels hard. Put the crab meat in the soup mixture and heat until steaming. Do not boil. Add ¼ cup sherry, a little at a time. Ladle into serving bowls. Serve hot. *Garnish* (optional): Chop 2 tablespoons parsley and sprinkle over center of soup. Sprinkle the outer edges with paprika. Serves 2.

LOBSTER PERNOD GOURMET

If you combine the exotic flavors of lobster, chervil, white wine, and Pernod in one steaming caldron, you can expect people to sit up and take notice. In this recipe you do, and they do!

INGREDIENTS

- 3 small lobsters, cooked, available at your fish store. Ask to have them cut, shell and all, into 2-inch slices
- 1 cup white wine
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- ¼ cup Pernod
- 1 tablespoon dried tarragon
- 1½ tablespoons dried chervil

ASSEMBLE

- 1 kettle
- 1 saucepan
- 1 set measuring spoons
- 1 measuring cup
- 1 butcher knife
- 1 nutcracker (pincher type)
- 1 spoon
- 1 serving dish
- 1 serving ladle

DIRECTIONS

Discard heads of lobsters, crack claws with nutcracker. Place pieces of lobster in kettle. Cover with one cup of white wine. Measure one tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper into saucepan. Melt butter. Stir until slightly thickened. Add one tablespoon tarragon and 1½ tablespoons chervil. Add one tablespoon butter to lobster meat. When hot, add ½ cup Pernod. Set aflame. When the flame is out, add the butter sauce. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Serve hot. Makes 2 servings. (Wine: Pouilly-Fuissé, slightly chilled.)

GREEN BEANS AND ONIONS AU BEURRE*

You'll have to taste it to believe just how much flavor can be released by using just the right tablespoon of just the right ingredient in just the right place.

INGREDIENTS

- ½ (9-ounce) package frozen green beans (cut green beans, Italian green beans, Frenched green beans all equally delicious prepared this way)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 small onions
- 1 tablespoon wine vinegar

ASSEMBLE

- 1 medium-size saucepan
- 1 medium-size skillet
- 1 set measuring spoons
- 1 paring knife
- 1 spoon
- 1 serving dish

DIRECTIONS

Cook beans according to directions on package. Meanwhile, melt butter in skillet. Peel onions, slice into thin slices and add to skillet. Cook. Drain cooked beans. Add to skillet. Cook until both beans and onions begin to brown. Add vinegar, stir, and serve hot. (NOTE: To serve 3, double the quantity of frozen string beans. To serve 4, double entire recipe.) *May be prepared in advance and reheated at serving time. NOTE: Every one of these recipes is geared for two. Merely add half a recipe more for each additional guest you expect, and cook away. But one word of warning. The object of cooking even in a short time is to obtain the most satisfactory results. Don't try to set any speed records in the beginning. Deliberately slow down when cooking a dish for the first time. Later, when you are more familiar with the recipes, you will find yourself speeding along and many dishes will take even less than 10 minutes to prepare. **END**

the
tastiest way
to say
"good health!"
at
breakfast,
lunch
or dinner



Juicy fresh Seald-Sweet grapefruit! Here's taste so sparkling it makes the mouth tingle—and the finest protection for your family's health. A delight for your diet, too. Yes, only the very best of Florida's sun-ripened grapefruit is ever stamped Seald-Sweet. And then rushed to your store, deliciously fresh and fairly bursting with juice. Select them from the bin, or buy them in convenient bags—pliofilm or mesh. Serve some every day.

FRESH
Seald-Sweet
FLORIDA'S FINEST
GRAPEFRUIT

Special Gifts to Make

Here are a few delightful ways to say thank you to your hostess or to remember a birthday with gifts that you make yourself. No preparation or special skills are necessary; materials are inexpensive and readily available.



Max Jordan

1. For a fresh new wastebasket (or, if you wish, a curler basket), start with a straw wastebasket and line in a pretty contrasting fabric. Trim with a narrow ribbon woven through a white eyelet ruffle and tied in a bow.

2. Take a small mirror, frame it fancily with a leftover trim glued to a cardboard backing. We used white eyelet; you could try an embroidered ribbon. Another idea: frame a favorite photograph.

3. Nothing ordinary about saving pennies here. Our flowered pig of dime-store origin grew to silver-dollar value with the addition of bright "jewels." Just glue on colored glass stones. Perfect for young tycoons.

4. To make this bright new pincushion, interweave velvet ribbons of contrasting colors for one side of the cushion. Use a square of velveteen for backing. Sew together and stuff.

5. A bow-bedecked furry hanger to add a touch of whimsy to a closet. We covered a coat hanger with a fuzzy fake fur and tied on a pretty bow. Make several for your favorite hostess.

6. Luncheon sets by the yard in bright new prints. Placemats, napkins, roll basket liner, tea towel, and pot holders are contained in one yard of fabric. Simply cut them apart, hem the mats, napkins and towel, and stitch the pot holders together with stuffing. Fabric by Tiger. At May Company stores. About $2.50 a yard.

The Light's on You

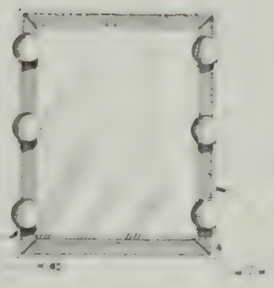
By SCHUYLER WILSON

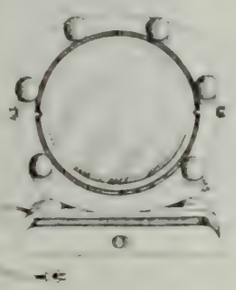
From a star's dressing room, designed for brightening your makeup headquarters, these lights never leave you in the dark about your most flattering makeup.



Apply these *hanging chrome light strips easily on either side of your own wall mirror. There are four special complexion bulbs on each 19½-by-1-in. strip. The set is $11.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York, New York. Add 75c for postage and handling.*

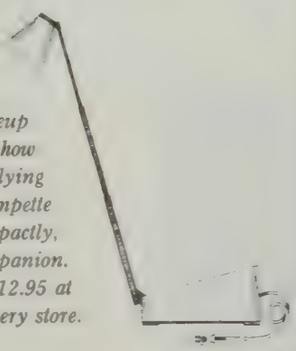
This gilded *theatrical mirror is pretty enough to be set on the most elegant dressing table; can also be hung on the wall. It lights up beautifully in either case. From Bergdorf Goodman, Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, New York, New York. $14 plus $1 for postage and handling.*





Evelyn Marshall *(one of the great names in makeup today) thinks so highly of this mirror that she uses it in her makeup salon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Set in a white plastic frame, the mirror flips for a regular or magnified reflection. Bonus: handy drawer for storing makeup. $20 at all branches of Saks.*

Shine this light *on the makeup you've been using and notice how much easier it makes applying your makeup. The Lampette by Koch Creations folds compactly, making it a good travel companion. Its tiny bulb is equal to 100 watts. $12.95 at your local hardware or stationery store.*



Illustrations by Murray Tinkelman



If you could get lots of Curity® baby clothes Free with boxtops and the softest, lovingest, safest possible baby wash... would you switch to Ivory Flakes?

We thought so.

Wonderful Ivory Flakes protection for your baby, plus famous Curity* dress-up diapers, Curity slip-on shirts, Curity training pants, even stretch socks and plastic pants... it's so free and easy... just mail in those boxtops. Details are on every box of Ivory Flakes.

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EASY-TO-SEE® THERMOMETER! Stay snug indoors—see, at a glance, how cold or hot it is outdoors! Press to outside of window; big numbers and pointer on 3½" sq. poly dial legible 10' away! Weatherproof. 3 yr. guarantee!
53405 Window Thermometer. **$2.00**

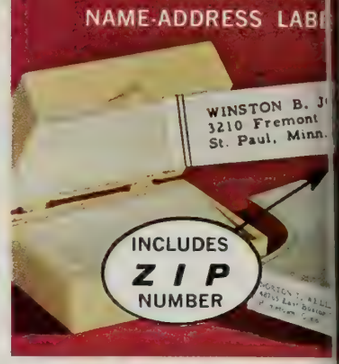


TALK OF THE PARTY—ice encased in brightly colored poly bubbles—keeps drinks cold to the last **undiluted** drop! Pop water-filled balls into freezer; work like ice-cubes—but no melting, no mess! Re-usable, too! 18 in box.
51706 Bubbles. 1 Box, **$1.00**; 3/**$2.89**



DRIVERS NEED "HAPPY BACK"! Orthopedically contoured cushion relieves aches of driving, supports your back! For TV, reading, lounging, too! Vinyl upholstered poly foam, 13x10". Specify Blue, Brown, Green, White, Red.
11700 "Happy Back" **$2.98**; 2/**$5.50**

That's all it costs to identify 10 pieces of mail with name, address, ZIP CODE! Takes only a second to stick label on—saves days of anxiety, waiting for mail that's gone a-stray because of hard-to-read return address! Personalizing stationery, checks, records, books is smart, too! 1⅝x ⅞" gummed labels, in compact pads. Ivory Tenite box **Print 3-line name & address (incl. Zip Code).**
42911 White Labels (1,000). 1 Set, **$1**; 6 for **$5**
47951 Gold Labels (500). 1 Set, **$2.00**



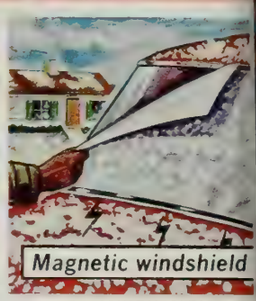


"I'LL HOLD YOUR SCOURING PAD"—This colorful ceramic rooster is as decorative as he is obliging. Set him beside your sink or hang him nearby he'll hold pad neatly, cleanly and keep rust marks off counter. 6x3x3"
84335 Scouring Pad Rooster. **$1.00**





RATTAN SERVICE PLATES—turn a casual meal into a special occasion—lend a suddenly-it's-spring feeling to luncheons and buffets! 10" across, give secure base to paper plates. End post-party dishwashing!
88625 Trays (4). 1 Set, **$1.50**; 2/**$2.89**



KEEP VIEW CRYSTAL CLEAR—fro rear! Flip durable vinyl covers windshield, rear window of park —magnets grip hood, roof. Ret find both free of snow, ice!
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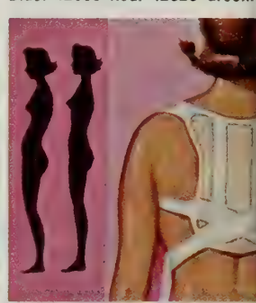
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Wine, Women and So On

How could a New Year be properly welcomed if not with a kiss and a glass of champagne?

This is one time during the year when the wine may be poured full to the glass. For it is accepted (almost seriously) in France that if you dip your finger in the fine white bubbly foam—the mousse—that overflows the rim and rub behind your ears, you will have good luck. At all other times, needless to say, it is considered gauche to fill the glass more than two thirds.

The champagne glass, by the way, is only one of the topics creating a tempest in bubbly circles. All sorts of traditional tenets are toppling. The old saucer-type champagne glass is used mostly by caterers or for sherbets. All the In sippers vote for the tulip shape, or a regulation eight-ounce wine goblet.

The Frenchman has always had a suspicious attitude toward the refrigerator. He was just beginning to accept the old-fashioned icebox when it disappeared. Champagne, they had always insisted, should no more go into the refrigerator than Chiquita Banana. It would become "dumb," they said, if cooled too long. Now even the fussiest wine men, even in Reims, Paris and London, keep a few bottles in their office refrigerators. Laid on their sides, so that the corks stay wet, they may be left indefinitely. "Ready when you are, C.B."

One expert admitted to us privately that "for a month or two a bottle of champagne can stand upright in the refrigerator with no great suffering."

Glory be, the freezer has been accepted, too, for fast-chilling a bottle in an emergency. Commonsensibly, the bottle should remain in the freezer not more than an hour. Any longer and at worst, despite its alcoholic content, the champagne may freeze and the bottle break. At best, a fine champagne will lose its lovely "nose." In any case, when it becomes too icy, the subtle delicacy is gone. No longer will it have a taste "like nightingales singing in a moonlit garden." (The correct temperature for a fine champagne is between 45 and 50 degrees.)

To Pop or Sigh?

The popping of the champagne cork has become a symbol of celebration. Nevertheless, the big bang sends shudders down the spine of the true connoisseur. "A bottle of champagne," as one expert expressed it, "should not be opened with a pop but with a *soupir*. It should sigh a little.

"No pop at all is, admittedly, a bad omen. The wine is probably flat, or spoiled. But, on the other hand, you need not have an atomic explosion. It is dangerous to the mirrors, you know, to the eyes and the chandeliers.

"Be on guard," we were warned. "Make sure first of all that the wine is not too warm."

Our expert went on to explain that you should shield the cork with your hand. Remove the foil and wire. Hold the bottle at a 45-degree angle. Get a good grip on the cork with one hand and ease it out by twisting the bottle—always the bottle, not the cork—and always turning in one direction. No wrestling, please.

Keep the bottle angled till the foaming dies down, otherwise you may have a shower bath. Pour a little first into your own glass. Taste it. Roll your eyes—with delight, we trust—and go around the table.

Happy Years

The vintage year marked on a bottle of champagne is not a matter of earth-shaking importance. In spite of all the talk-talk, vintage champagne is not necessarily superior in quality. For all champagnes are blends of wines made from grapes of different vineyards. Producers decide for themselves whether to mix the wines of different seasons or put up a vintage champagne from any special year. In every year, some good wines are made, some poor wines are inevitable.

The important question to ask about champagne is *who* made it, not when.

How Sweet Is Dry?

Far more important than the year, when you're buying champagne, is the question of sweetness. This is a matter of endless confusion, because there is no standardization of terms, either in France or in this country. Most champagnes are marked either Brut, Extra Dry, Sec or Demi-Sec. But although *sec* means dry, in the French language, it means sweet in champagne parlance. Demi-Sec is the sweetest in most countries. A champagne labeled Extra Dry is usually fairly dry, while Brut (the word itself means natural) is really dry.

And the driest of all are the peridot-pale, suave and madly fashionable Blanc des Blancs—white of whites.

While most champagnes are made from a mixture of black and white grapes, a Blanc des Blancs has all white grapes. The prices are dizzy. For one reason, the vineyards in the Champagne country are generally planted two thirds black grapes, one third white. So there cannot be much of this lovely wine, known for the "lace" of its texture.

The House of Taittinger was the first to bring a Blanc des Blancs to this country. Now there are several in this rare group—at rare prices, in rare "antique" bottles. Among the grandest: Laurent Perrier's Grand Siècle, Mercier Reserve de l'Empereur, and Dom Ruinart.

Who's Who

Here, alphabetically is our own list of who's who amongst the great champagnes of France: Ayala, Besserat, Bollinger, the Heidsiecks—Charles and Piper, Irroy, Krug, Lanson, two Perriers—Laurent and Perrier Jouet, Mercier, Moët and Chandon, Mumm, Pommery, Roederer, Ruinart, Taittinger, Veuve Cliquot. —POPPY CANNON.

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MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE

continued from page 70

recovered. When she went north for the President's inaugural ceremony in January, she looked the absolute picture of health, and was soon preparing the White House for her family's occupation.

In the course of redecorating, Mrs. Kennedy had the walls of the family dining room embellished with rare paper, which had been carefully peeled off the walls of an old house. Its printing depicted scenes in American battle history, including the struggle with British redcoats in the War of Independence. The children were asking about the redcoats one day, and when I tried to explain, the President chuckled. He said, "It's tough on you, Miss Shaw—an Englishwoman—having to talk about the outcome of *that* war."

John had made good progress at Palm Beach, but when we came to the White House, I thought he was still a little underweight, and not as contented as he should have been. For some weeks he had restless periods, particularly in the afternoons, when he cried a lot. In the end I decided to switch his diet. Instead of letting him have his beef extract in the late morning or evening, I gave it to him at lunchtimes; and I fed him as much of his formula as he would take.

After a few weeks of this he slept better in the afternoon and started to put on more weight. I was very gratified about this, particularly when Mr. Joseph Kennedy saw the little chap after a few weeks, and said: "Miss Shaw, he looks twice the boy he was. He's really doing well now."

I also remember the President being puzzled at John not talking when he was quite small.

"When is he going to talk, Miss Shaw?" he asked one day while we were playing with him in the nursery.

"Oh, but he does talk, Mr. President," I said. "It's just that you don't understand him."

"That's right, Daddy," put in Caroline. "He does talk to me."

The President laughed at that. "Well, I guess you'd better interpret for me."

We did not encourage baby talk in the White House nursery. It is charming and amusing to hear little tots struggling to pronounce a word, but I always think it better to correct them rather than let them think they have said the word properly.

But it did take John a while to master his sister's name. "Caroline" was too much of a mouthful for him when he was a toddler. The nearest he could get to it was "Cannon!"

Caroline had a wonderful mother instinct. She used to help me feed John, tuck him down in his crib and was always ready to scamper in to him in answer to his cries of "Cannon. Cannon."

Neither Caroline nor John were particularly early developers. If anything they were a little late in mastering the art of walking. Caroline, for instance, was walking well at a little over a year. On the other hand, she never went through the stage of standing up and falling down all the time. It seemed as if she made up her little mind to walk only when she knew she could do it properly, and from the outset she walked well.

Neither did she spend too much time creeping about on her hands and knees. Caroline had her own way of getting about. She walked on the flat of her hands and feet, with her bottom high up in the air. It was not only cute, but almost acrobatic. Anyway, she made pretty fast time like that, much to her parents' amusement.

She was the same at sitting up. Most babies go through a stage of being propped up and then slopping over when they lose support. Caroline didn't. She was a bit late in sitting herself up, but when she did manage it, she sat up and stayed up.

Going into the White House was a formidable experience for me. For quite a long time I felt reverential awe of living there. Staff of one kind or another were everywhere—Secret Service agents, butlers, maids, houseboys, officials, chauffeurs, sentries, policemen.

This profusion of willing helpers had its advantages, particularly when Caroline got a little older, and began to explore the place. I thought it was natural for a child of her high intelligence to want to discover the workings of the White House, and I could rely on allies on the staff to help keep an eye on her.

After we had been in the White House a few months, the President and Mrs. Kennedy began to discuss various schemes for getting Caroline into kindergarten. A group of parents friendly with the Kennedys had started "play" mornings, in which the children got together in one home or another, and enjoyed games and each other's toys, while the mothers or nannies had a cup of coffee. Of course, the children were really learning nothing more than how to appreciate each other's company.

It was suggested to Mrs. Kennedy that the school might be in the White House itself. In her enthusiastic and well-organized way she soon had the kindergarten set up in the third-floor solarium. Desks were brought in, toilets installed, and the usual accouterments of a nursery school. The school accommodated 12 to 15 children, all aged about three and a half to four and a half, and all from family friends or the embassies. I'm pleased to report that Caroline was among the brightest pupils.

Meanwhile, John was thriving. We established a set routine, despite all the comings and goings of the President and Mrs. Kennedy on official duties. My day usually began about 6 A.M., when baby John needed his first feed. About seven o'clock Caroline would wake up and come into my room to say "Good morning." It was always delightful to see her at that hour, all sleepy and with tousled hair. She was never too sleepy to chat, though—nothing on earth would stop Caroline's chattering!

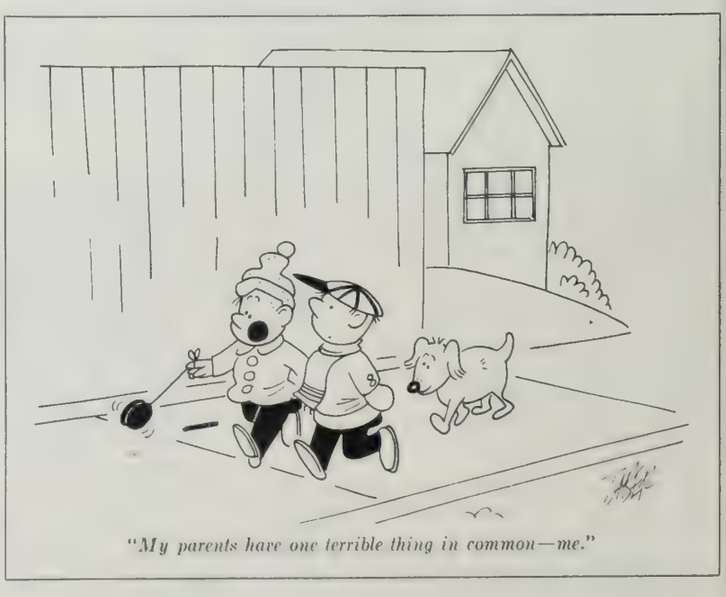
Having got John back to his crib and tucked down, I used to tell Caroline to wash, and brush her teeth, and then we'd get dressed together. I always feel it is a good thing to be doing something while a little child—Caroline was almost three and a half by the time we had got settled into the White House—dresses itself. Seeing that you are busy, children are more inclined to do things for themselves. At that age, Caroline could dress herself almost completely, even doing up her shoes.

Between 7:30 and 8, we sat down to breakfast in a little dinette. Caroline always had a good breakfast—cereal, eggs and bacon, and things like that—since she always got a light lunch. Usually, both of the children ate everything that was put in front of them. The rest of the Kennedy family always used to remark on the way Caroline and John ate their meals up without fuss, and the cook down at the Palm Beach house was always delighted to have my two—"It does me good to see them clean their plates," she would say.

The tempo of the meal, however, depended on the amount of talking Caroline did. While John concentrated on eating, Caroline would chatter away, telling us about her school day, what her friends said, and so on. I seldom interrupted, because learning to express herself was part of her growing up, and this process should not be stifled.

Anyway, after breakfast it was time for Caroline—and, when he was older, John too—to go and see her parents. The President was usually to be found in the lounge or dining room of his suite just after 8:15, when I used to take the children down and leave them with him. When Caroline started going to the school in the solarium, the President used to take her downstairs to his office, and wait with her until her school friends had assembled on the lawns outside his window. He called Caroline "Buttons," because of her little button nose.

From there on, until Caroline's school let out at midday, John was the only one to worry about. Very often Mrs. Kennedy would come into the nursery to help feed him. She loved doing things like that; life in the White House was so demanding that every hour she could spend with her children (*continued*)



"My parents have one terrible thing in common—me."

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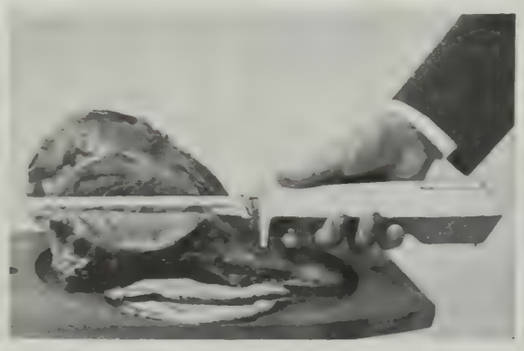
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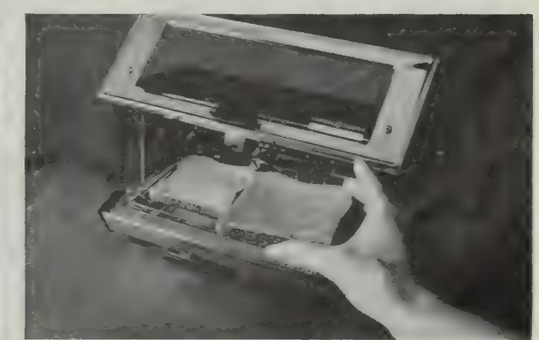


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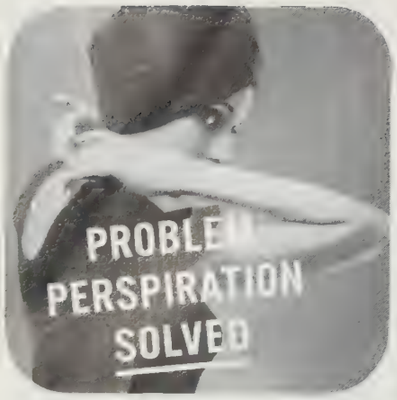


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was precious to her. Yet she let me have full charge of the children, bringing them up the way I felt sure she wanted me to do.

Soon after we had moved into the White House, Mrs. Kennedy demonstrated her faith in me when I had a small difference of opinion with one of the chefs about the children's menu. I had asked the chefs to let me prepare a menu covering a three-week period, giving the children something different for every meal. At first the chefs said they wouldn't need my menu, they would see to it themselves.

During the second week we had liver served for dinner three times in four days. I saw Caroline's nose turn up.

"Liver!" she said. "Miss Shaw, why do we have to have liver again?"

"Oh, I expect the cooks made a mistake tonight," I said. "Anyway, you like liver. Come along, show me you can eat it all up."

Good little character that she was, Caroline ate it up without further complaining; but I resolved to do a bit of complaining myself. After all, to make children eat properly you have to see that their meals are interesting, varied and colorful.

So the next morning I went to the kitchen to do battle with the chefs. Three of them were on duty—the head chef, a charming Frenchman; an Italian chef, and a Filipino cook. I was greeted by the Italian. I told him that I would like him to follow my menu, but he said that there was no need.

"But you have sent us liver three times in four days," I persisted. "I really think you ought to be guided by me."

Just then, a soft voice behind me said: "Quite right, Miss Shaw."

I turned and found Mrs. Kennedy standing there. Apparently having heard everything, she quite clearly told the chef that, in future, he would follow the menu I had prepared.

After that, we kept to our strictly balanced and assorted diet. I was happy about it for the children's sake and also my own, since I ate an evening meal with them as a matter of convenience to myself and the chefs.

I used to have a rule with the children when each began to take proper meals. If there was something on their plates which they had not had before and did not much like the looks of, I used to say: "Now, you just try one spoonful. If you really don't like it, leave the rest. But the next time you have it, try two spoonfuls." We used to do this and sure enough the day would come when they would eat up their spinach or whatever it was without a murmur.

I'll never forget one time when Caroline's favorite cousin, Sydney Lawford, came to dinner and found something on her plate she did not care for. I think it was spinach again. Anyway, when Sydney turned up her nose and said something to Caroline, I heard Caroline tell her quite sharply: "Now, Sydney, you must try one spoonful. If you don't like it, you are allowed to leave the rest. But next time, you must try two spoonfuls. You'll like it in the end. That's what Miss Shaw taught us. That's how I got to like spinach."

During the mornings in the White House, Mrs. Kennedy used to come to the nursery at every opportunity. Sometimes she would sit and talk while little John was fast asleep in his pram on the second-floor balcony which President Truman had built. Many people thought the balcony didn't go with the rest of the White House, but it was ideal as a place to park John when he was a baby, and as a vantage point from which the children could watch the comings and goings of important people. I once met President Truman, and told him how much his balcony was appreciated.

"Well, now, Miss Shaw," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I sure am glad *someone* likes it."

When he got a little older, and was able to walk and run, I used to take John onto the lawn to join the other children from the school at midmorning recess.

One day, when John was running in and out of a playhouse with a little friend, he fell and banged his teeth on a step. When I heard him crying, I whirled round and saw him lying on the ground with blood coming out of his mouth. I was appalled. Yet, bless him, he never made a screaming fuss about it. After I had comforted him a little, he darted away and came back with a tooth in his hand and gave it to me. Of course, the moment I notified the medical staff at the White House that little John had been injured, there was a tremendous to-do. I went first to the Navy doctor who looked after the White House medical affairs, but was told to see Dr. Janet Travell, President Kennedy's doctor.

I was all for pushing the tooth back into John's gum, but a dentist we brought around said that the tooth could not be put back now for fear of tetanus.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy were quite upset to think that their son would have a gap in his front teeth. That evening, when the President came to say good-night he asked whether the tooth couldn't have been put back. I explained the dentist's reasoning. He listened patiently, and nodded.

I don't think I ever saw President Kennedy lose his temper. Even when something made him angry, he would listen quietly to an explanation, and drop the subject. I remember this happening one time when the children upset important visitors to the White House. Caroline's school had been let out to play on the White House roof. The children made quite a noise, it seems, while Ben Bella, then premier of Algeria, was making a speech on the lawns below.

On a later occasion the President asked me to keep the children out of the way the next day, when a foreign dignitary was due to make a speech on the White House lawn.

The schoolteachers were told not to let Caroline and her friends out during recess, so I had only little John to worry about. Of course, he wanted to go out on the Truman balcony and have a look at the preparations down on the lawn. So I let him out to watch the men putting platforms and microphones in place, and lining up the cameras.

John was dressed up with a couple of six-shooters in his belt and was having a fine old time. One of his toy guns fell out of his belt, clattered onto the balcony and dropped through the railings down among the technicians. About 15 minutes before the ceremony was due to start, thinking it best to take John away, I asked the Secret Service men to fetch a car for us. Ten minutes later we were on our way to Dumbarton Oaks for a walk in the gardens.

That evening I was horrified to learn that the little incident of John dropping his gun had been caught by one of the cameras and inserted into a newsreel of the visitor's speech, making it appear that John had been up on the balcony playing about throughout the ceremony.

The following morning, the President called me into his office. "Miss Shaw," he began. "I thought I asked you to keep John out of sight yesterday."

"Yes, you did Mr. President," I said. "And I did take him away from the White House during the ceremony. I assure you we were at Dumbarton Oaks when he was supposed to be dropping his gun."

"Is that right?" he said in surprise.

"Yes, Mr. President. You can check with the Secret Service detail."

He smiled. "All right. Thank you."

And that was the end of the affair.

In my White House afternoons, I was allowed to make what arrangements I liked for the children, providing Mrs. Kennedy did not have any special plans for them herself. Often we would go out to see friends of the children's. Sometimes we would bring children back to the White House for dinner with Caroline and John, or take them for a walk at Dumbarton Oaks.

Whenever the children wanted to go out, I had to telephone a certain number on the White House switchboard and speak to the children's Secret Service detail. There were three men assigned to John and Caroline: Mr. Lynn Meredith, the head of the detail, Mr. Bob Foster and Mr. Tom Wells—all of them wonderful men.

The Secret Service men became great friends of the children's but I always insisted that Caroline and John address them as "Mister" Meredith, "Mister" Foster, "Mister" Wells. The men were a little surprised—in American style they had introduced themselves to the children as Lynn, Bob or Tom. I always thought it better for the little ones to address them in more formal manner, not only out of respect but also because it made it easier for the men to control the children. The agents thought it quite odd—very English, they said it was—but it was my way, and they went along.

There were always two of them with us when I went out with the children. They would bring a big station wagon round to the back door, and stay with us wherever we went, until we were all safely back in the President's home.

In the early evening, when we got back, I usually took the children to play on the lawn. If the weather was bad, we saw a movie in the White House. All the Kennedys were movie fans—it was one of the President's favorite ways of relaxing on a rare evening off.

Caroline was a very popular girl, because she was never bossy. She was an ardent reader, once she had learned to read, and could skim through a child's book almost as quickly as I could. She didn't skip either; when I read to her from books that she had also read, I might pass by a phrase, or mix up a sentence, and she would say: "Miss Shaw, you went wrong there."

I always read stories to her and John when they were in bed, just before they were tucked down for the night. Candies or visits out might be withheld if they had been naughty during the day, but they always got their nightly read. After all, it was part of their education.

I have found that you have to *teach* children concentration—it's not something they are born with. You need to

it them down with a drawing book and rayons and encourage them to draw, nterest them in the colors, suggest hings they might like to sketch, and so n. In this way, they will learn to concentrate. I used to set Caroline to work-ng by herself like this, then fetch John nd help him play with a pile of colored ricks, all the time playing, but setting im the little problems of balancing the ricks on top of each other until he became absorbed in the task.

Apart from dinner, and on special occasions the movies, the big time in the hildren's lives at the White House came etween 7:30 and 8 P.M., when they were llowed to visit their father's office. When I took them down, they saw first f all Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, President Kennedy's secretary. She used to let hem play with her typewriter, swing on he swivel chairs and generally do as hey pleased until the President had inished his work. Then the children went down to the huge indoor swimming ool with the President for his evening wim. He never missed this swim, if ossible, for it was part of the exercises e needed to strengthen his troublesome ack. The children loved plunging into the ool, and it was wonderful to see them omping and splashing together.

It always seemed to do the President ood to cast off the care of the day and nter the tiny world of his children. I eft them whenever I could, so that he children and their father could be uite alone together. Mrs. Kennedy ften joined them for the swimming, too.

I never had any trouble getting John r Caroline off to their beds. Bedtime was bedtime, with no nonsense, and I never had to tell them twice. The secret f getting children to bed at the end of heir day is to prepare them 10 minutes r a quarter of an hour before it's time o change into their nighties. When ohn and Caroline were playing with oys, or reading, I used to go into the layroom and ask what they were doing. When they told me, I'd say: "Fine. You have ten more minutes, and then it will e time for bed."

"Yes, Miss Shaw," they would say. t the end of 10 minutes I would go ack, help them finish their game or let hem read to the end of a page, then olly them along to the bathroom and inally get them into bed. Then I read to hem for 10 minutes, say their prayers vith them, and tuck them down.

The President and Mrs. Kennedy sually came up to give them their ood-night kiss at prayer time. No matter who was in the White House, or what was happening in the outside world, the President never failed to come up to the nursery to see his children tucked down. Often he listened at the door for a few moments before coming in.

I was teaching the children a new prayer once—"Thank you God, for the world so sweet"—and did not notice Mr. Kennedy standing behind me. When I had finished, he spoke.

"That's a lovely prayer, Miss Shaw," he said. "Is it an English one?"

"Yes, Mr. President," I said.

"Well, I like it. I hope they learn it."

This was one of the things I loved about the Kennedys. They were staunch Catholics, but they didn't seem to worry about what prayers were said. Mrs. Kennedy was always broadminded about his. Once, I got slightly muddled between the Catholic and other versions in teaching the children the Lord's Prayer. This time, she happened to be standing at the door while I said the prayer with John and Caroline.

When I had finished, Mrs. Kennedy smiled and said: "That's the Episcopalian version, isn't it, Miss Shaw?"

"Oh, is it?" I said. "I'm sorry . . . I forgot."

Mrs. Kennedy smiled. "It doesn't matter."

Perhaps the Kennedys felt as I do, that the point is for children to understand that there is a God to care for them, and to whom they can turn.

One remarkable thing about the growing up of the Kennedy children was the complete absence of any feeling that colored people differed from themselves. The Kennedys used to have a colored manservant named George. A great favorite of Caroline's in her toddler days, George had a remarkable gift of patience with the little girl. She used to talk to him for hours on end, while George listened, nodded, and said "Yes" or "No" in all the right places.

"I don't know how you do it, George," I said to him one day. "Even I can't make out what she is saying."

George just smiled. "We get along just fine, Miss," he said. "It doesn't need words to make a friend."

One time when we were all down at Palm Beach, Caroline saw that she was tanning in the hot sunshine; and then she discovered for herself that George was naturally brown.

"George," she said, "how did you get that color? I've been in the sun all day, and I'm only a bit brown."

"Well, Miss," said George, "I been lying in the sun all my life, I guess."

Satisfied, Caroline never asked another question.

If there was any real danger of the children being spoiled, it came from the Secret Service assigned to protect them. They grew so fond of the children—and the children liked them so much—that the three men became rather like a trio of favorite uncles. It was Mr. Foster who taught John to ride a bike.

Whenever John wanted anything, he knew he had only to ask one of the Secret Service men for it. I remember one day I scolded one of them for giving John candy before lunch.

The big fellow shuffled his feet. "Gee, Miss Shaw, I like to give him things."

"That makes no difference," I said. "He should not have candy. Now, don't give him any more."

"No, Miss Shaw," he said. But I knew he wouldn't take much notice of me—and neither would any of the others. These men would have laid down their lives for the children, so it was not likely they would refuse them candy.

In fact, the men were too permissive. I remember one incident while the President and his family were on holiday at their home in Hyannis Port. I had taken the children into the garden, and was playing with John, when I noticed Caroline was missing. After searching a bit frantically, I hurried to the nearby gate and asked the Secret Service man whether he had seen Caroline.

He smiled. "Sure, she just went down the road."

"What!" I exploded. "You mean you just let her wander out of the gate?"

"I didn't stop her, but I had my eye on her, ma'am," he said.

I dashed down the road and found Caroline walking along the grass verge looking for flowers. As quietly (*continued*)

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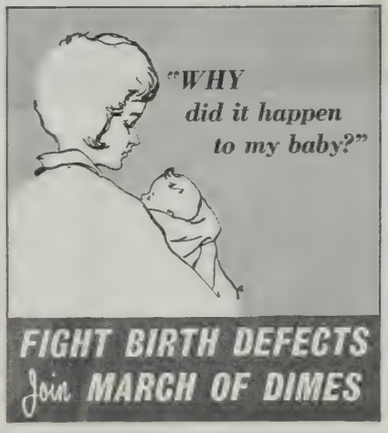
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as I could, I took her hand and led her back to the house. After that I had something to say to the Secret Service people. President's children or not, I felt, the children could not be allowed to have their own way in deciding where to stroll. So notices were posted on all the gates, forbidding the guards to let the children out of the grounds except with one of their Secret Service men, or myself.

One afternoon the three of us, with our Secret Service men at a discreet distance, went to a neighboring house to play at building sand castles. A woman I had never seen before walked toward us. The Secret Service men had her in sight; even so, I walked a few paces toward the woman and stood between her and the children. She came up to us with a pleasant smile.

"Say, I hear the Kennedy children are coming down here today," she began. "Do you know when they're arriving?"

"No," I lied. "I'm afraid I don't know anything about them." Absorbed in their game, the children hardly bothered to look up, even when the woman moved closer.

"Gee, I'd sure like to see them," she said. "I guess they must be real nice kids." She patted John Kennedy on the head as she spoke. She went on chatting for a moment or two more, saying she was staying nearby, and would love to get a snapshot of the President's children. I sympathized with her, and she walked away.

I never volunteered information to anyone about who the children were, or what they were doing or going to do, or anything. Of course, John often used to spill the truth himself by thrusting out his little hand and saying proudly: "I'm John Kennedy Junior."

We had scares, but the worst time, I think, was at Glen Ora, the country house in Virginia, when Caroline went missing for quite a while—or it seemed quite a while to me.

She had been playing on the farm which adjoins Glen Ora, where there were a couple of ponds, little chicken houses and other natural fascinations for children. After I had been playing with John for a while, I looked around for Caroline, and could not see her. I called, but she did not reply—and then I got really worried. I hurried back to the house and called to the Secret Service man. Together we scoured the grounds, the house and the farmyard—but still there was no sign of Caroline. I was absolutely frantic after minutes that seemed hours, and the Secret Service men were worried, too.

Mr. Meredith said: "Miss Shaw, we'll have to search down by the ponds."

A dreadful thought passed through my mind. I was on the verge of tears . . .

"Miss Shaw."

I whirled around at the sound of Caroline's voice behind me and saw her climbing out of one of the little chicken houses.

I had been so frightened, and was now so relieved, that I gave her a hard smack on the bottom—the only time I smacked Caroline without sufficient reason.

"You naughty girl!" I scolded her. "Never, never hide from me again."

"But I wasn't hiding from you," she said reproachfully. "I was playing with my dollies in the little house."

I hugged her with relief, and we comforted each other; for she could see I had been worried, and I was sorry I had smacked her.

Mrs. Kennedy never liked the Secret Service men too close to her children, lest they feel crowded. But after another scary episode she had to agree to let the men stay within eyesight. This happened on one of my days off, when Caroline and John were taken with some friends to the Virginia house to swim in the pool. Caroline, who had no fear of the water, dived in and swam around hanging on to a float. I'm told she was in no actual danger, but somebody evidently thought she was way out of her depth, and jumped in to fish her out.

I heard about the incident the next day. It did not seem important, since the scare was over. But two or three days afterward, Mr. Meredith, chief of the children's guard detail, called me aside.

"This thing has been picked up by the papers," he said. "It will be in the news tomorrow."

"Right," I said. "I'll tell Mrs. Kennedy about it, and put the whole thing straight before she reads it."

I managed to catch Mrs. Kennedy that afternoon, and told her the whole story, emphasizing that the newspaper reports might exaggerate the incident; that Caroline had been in no danger of drowning at all.

"Well, it's over and done with now," she said. "I don't think we should make a fuss about it."

The only result of that incident was that the guards kept closer to us.

I had to undergo "screening" from the Secret Service myself, about six months after I got into the White House. I thought this a little ridiculous, and I said so to the agent who brought a form requiring information about my antecedents right back to the year dot.

"This is silly," I said. "I've been with the President and his family for three years. If I had been a security risk or wanted to do them harm, it would have shown up by now."

In the end, we compromised by my giving him full details of my life since coming to the United States. However, they did take my fingerprints and checked out every detail I put down on paper. I heard later that they even checked with some of the friends in various parts of the United States to whom I wrote. I guess they picked up the addresses through the White House post office. Actually, I was the only alien on the whole White House staff, and acutely conscious of being privileged. Few people are given the opportunity of seeing a great man like John F. Kennedy close up, at work and at play.

Caroline is a naturally loving child, and nowhere was this more evident than in her love of animals. In this she took after her mother. Both of them are wonderful riders, and love to be in the saddle. Not so the men of the family; the President and John much preferred playing about with mechanical things, although John was devoted to his spaniel, Shannon, who more or less grew up with the boy.

The family's first pet was a Welsh terrier named Charlie. He was Caroline's dog when she was very young, and she adored him. After leaving the White House for New York, we had to dispense with all the dogs except for the family favorite, Shannon. Charlie went to live with Bob Foster, the Secret Service man, and his family in Washington. The President's own dog was a big Irish wolfhound. Mrs. Kennedy had a German police dog given to her, called Clipper, but he, too, had to go to friends when we moved to New York.

The most hilarious pets of all were Caroline's two hamsters. They were forever getting out of their cage and running through the second floor of the White House. We lost one of them for two days, once; in the end, one of the ushers found him fast asleep in the President's dressing room. Then we had two canaries and three budgerigars which the children kept in their bedrooms and, of course, the two ponies, Macaroni and Leprechaun; and two deer, which are now in the New York Children's Zoo.

All of these animals used to be kept at the White House, except the ponies, which were at the Virginia house. If the children—or Mrs. Kennedy, for that matter—could have had all the animals they liked, there would have been no room for people in the house.

Caroline was a natural rider because she had a wonderful sense of balance, and moved so well and gracefully. She loved ballet dancing, and her grace when performing simple ballet steps delighted her mother. But learning to swim was another matter. The trouble was, she was just shy of trying to swim on her own. Her instructor asked if I would help him get her through this difficult stage. The next time we went swimming at Hyannis Port, we waded out together in the warm waters. I supported Caroline under the tummy as she practiced her strokes. When she was just out of her depth, I suddenly let go of her.

"Come on, Caroline," I encouraged her. "You *can* swim, you know. Keep your arms and legs going, you'll do it, you see." I think she was just a little scared at first, but then she found she could keep herself on the surface and actually progress toward the beach. I waded beside her, encouraging her all the time, until we reached the beach.

"Oh, Miss Shaw, I can swim!" she panted. "I can swim!"

"Of course you can," I said. "I always knew you could."

From that time, Caroline started swimming more and more, delighting her father, who was himself a strong swimmer. John was never afraid of the water. So often, I would get him out of his swimsuit and all dressed on the beach, and turn around to help Caroline—and find him up to his waist in the water again. Then I'd have to take him back to the house dripping wet. But that little scamp never minded a bit. I have no doubt that he will learn to swim properly very shortly, since he liked to throw himself into the water and scramble out, spluttering: "I can swim, Miss Shaw, can't I?"

The President was always fussy about the children's appearance when out in public, and usually complimented me on the way they looked. They both loved to dress up, of course. At the White House we had a huge trunk filled with national costumes from all over the world, many having been brought by heads of state. Even more fascinating to Caroline were her mother's clothes. If she could get hold of one of Mrs. Kennedy's nighties and slip it on at bedtime, she counted that a great triumph.

Caroline's fascination with her mother's shoes once disrupted one of her father's press conferences. We were down at Palm Beach shortly after the election, and the President was holding an impromptu question-and-answer session in the courtyard of Mr. Joseph Kennedy's home. I was watching from

Journal Shopping Center

OLD HOUSE—NEW PLAN FOR CITY LIVING
pages 58–63

Page 58: Living-room *sofa pillows* in reds and orange, $4 to $10 ea., by Nettle Creek. *Sculpture,* Bachelor Party by Ekros, $800, from Jeremiah, Jobs Lane, Southampton, N.Y.

Page 60: Dining-room *chair seats* covered in "Cinnabar" Belgian linen stripe, approx. $11 a yd., through decorators from Jack Lenor Larsen. Armetal *plates,* $8 ea., and "Luna" pilsner *glasses,* $9 a set of six, from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.C. Brass *bowl,* $18 from W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Ave. & 38th St., N.Y.C. Teak end wood *smörgasbord,* $13.95, and Love Apple red linen *napkins,* $1.25 ea., by Dansk Designs.

Page 61: Tomato red linen *mats,* $1.95 ea., tangerine linen napkins, $1.25 ea., silver saucer *candleholders,* $8.95 ea., and 15-in. hand-dipped *tapers,* $1.95 a doz., by Dansk Designs.

Page 62: Kobenstyle yellow *casserole,* $15.95, and Mutenye wood *pepper grinder/salt shaker,* $15.95, by Dansk Designs.

Page 63, top: King-size Spanish *bedspread* by Clavos, $224, through department stores and decorators. French hare fur *throw,* $385, through decorators from Luten-Clary-Stern. Bottom: Rattan *hamper,* $48, through decorators from Luten-Clary-Stern. Royal Velvet *bath towels,* $4 ea., and *hand towels,* $2 ea , in apricot, verdian green, antique gold, bittersweet and curry, by Fieldcrest.

PARIS PATTERNS
pages 74–77

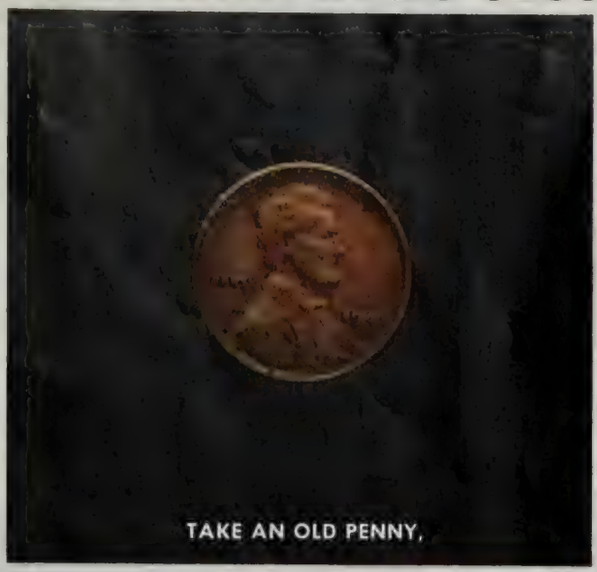
Sormani tweeds: may be ordered directly from E. H. Sormani, 110 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. *Onondaga crepe:* available at B. Altman, & Co., N.Y.C.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Marshall Field, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. *Pendleton off-white flannel:* Belk Leggett Co., Durham, N. C.; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Cain-Sloan, Nashville, Tenn.; Marshall Field, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Boston; R. H. Stearns, Boston; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio. *Jasco wool jersey:* Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.; Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.; Amluxen, Minneapolis; Levy's, Tucson, Ariz. *Anglo wool diagonal:* Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Marshall Field, Chicago.

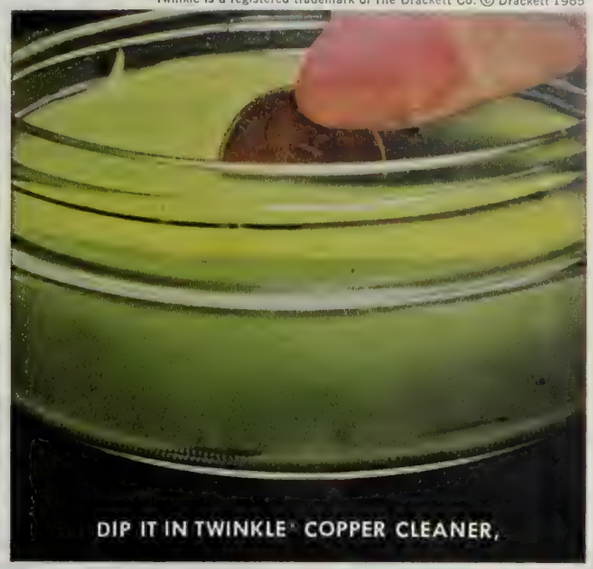
THE NEW PANTRY KITCHEN
pages 78, 79, 88

Cabinets: oak with blond, fruitwood and green finishes, Wood-Mode Kitchens, Kreamer, Snyder County, Pa. *Appliances:* gas range model 1F75CYX, range hood, undercounter dishwasher, gas barbecue (patio), all Caloric; refrigerator-freezer model BFF-125, Amana; clothes washer model WA405 and gas clothes dryer model DS885, Hamilton. *Sinks:* Elkay. *Counters:* Tortoise Royale Textolite, General Electric. *Floors:* inside, houndstooth design Custom Corlon Tile; patio, slate gray (used on counter) and terra cotta Travelon Weather Deck (vinyl), Armstrong Cork Co. *Exterior siding:* Weldwood redwood planktex, U.S. Plywood. *Wall covering* and *refrigerator front panel:* Vicrtex "Malmo" V275, color North Sea 7204, L. E. Carpenter & Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. *Gro-Lux lamps* (over plans): Sylvania. *Hanging lamps* (over table): Linen String, S-9-17; (at window): No. S-20-98 sprayed green, Geo. Tanier, Inc., 305 E. 63rd St., N.Y.C. Bell *telephone* Touch-tone model in Caloric's telephone caddie C-3A. *Curtains:* Fiberglas, No. 16 Cyprus, Ben Rose, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. *Chairs:* painted green (available unpainted), Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.; patio rocking chair, dk. bronze, Tamiami group, Brown-Jordan, 9860 Didley St., El Monte, Calif. *Pillows:* Nettle Creek, 260 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. *Planters:* (patio) Red Wing Potteries, Inc., Red Wing, Minn. *Clock-radio* (laundry): Admiral. Automatic *coffeemaker, food mixer:* Sunbeam. *Food blender:* Hamilton-Beach. *Teakettle:* Hallite, Wear-Ever. Glass *coffeemaker:* Chemex. Aluminum *saucepans,* Club; small *pan, casseroles,* Corning. *Enamel pans* with tomato design, white ceramic *canisters, clock* (over table): Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. *Storage bins,* twin *turntable, dishpans, shelf Kushion:* Rubbermaid. Round *tablecloth, wine rack,* black metal tool *rack,* laundry *hamper, pincushion:* Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. *Towels:* Terri-down, Martex. Ceramic *casseroles* (brown quail and blue fish). decorative *apples,* green glass *bottle* (patio), Georg Jansen, 667 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. White plastic *mugs* and *dishes,* Lenoxware, St. Louis 16, Mo. Tool *hooks, rug, footstool, spice rack, milk jar, wood spoons, Pik-ups, cutting board, hot pad,* Mexican *bag, pot holder, rattan strainers, glasses,* wood *wall plaques, hourglass, folding rack, chalk board, recipe file:* Market Fair, 152 Main Street, Nyack, N Y. *Miz-Stir:* Top Industries, 10 E. 49th St., N.Y.C.; ceramic *birdfeeder,* Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

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pstairs window. As the session got its stride I suddenly noticed a little e in a nightie and oversized high- shoes coming through a doorway the courtyard. Clack-clack-clack t the heels of her shoes as Caroline ed across the yard toward her er, amid gales of laughter from the s men. I hurried down the stairs two time, and found Caroline being led ly away from her laughing father by re Salinger, his press secretary.

me people thought this charming usion was a put-up job by the Presi--elect, or Mr. Salinger, but I know as not. But it did make some lovely tographs of the President as a family . The children were terribly im- ant to him and Mrs. Kennedy. They everything they could to remain as ly a normal family as the pressures he Presidency would allow.

ll children are apt to pick up un- rable language by overhearing some lt say something in an unguarded nent. At one stage, Caroline heard eone using the word "Damn!" and, enough, I caught her saying it once n something went wrong. It would e been unwise to make a big fuss so id nothing until later in the day, n I was washing Caroline and hap- ed to drop the soap. "Jam," I said. nediately, Caroline's ears pricked up. What did you say, Miss Shaw?" she ed. "Jam," I said. "I always say t when I drop things "

Why?" she asked

I don't know really," I said. "Come hink of it, it is silly of me, isn't it?" aroline giggled.

Oh, well," I said, "if you think it's of me, I don't think I'll say it any- re." She went on playing with the ks and said no more. But I didn't r her using the word "damn" again. Caroline and John knew exactly how ehave on formal occasions. As soon hey were old enough, I taught Caro- how to curtsy and John how to bow. had some fine old giggles rehearsing. roline became adept at her curtsies, at a reception for King Saud of di Arabia, she went down so far on knee that she nearly lost her bal- e. However, she recovered with all natural grace, to the delight of the ng. This tall, bearded man was cap- ated by the little girl, and gave her a s, which sent Caroline running out of Oval Room red-faced with blushes. 'He's a nice man," she whispered, ut I wish he wouldn't kiss me. It kles!"

Another royal visitor to the White use was the Shah of Persia and his utiful wife, Queen Farah Diba, her- f a young mother. She became par- ularly fond of John, who was at that ne only about one year old, and she d Mrs. Kennedy spent much time to- her discussing their children.

Of course, if either of the children were ing to do anything wrong, it had to be hn; yet I can only recall the little mp letting the side down once—and en then it was not entirely his fault. is happened at the reception for the ads of the Grand Duchy of Luxem- urg. I had dressed both the children d rehearsed them, as usual, with their ws and curtsies. Then I brought them wn to the reception, and waited out- le. But this time I was called in to ke John out and deal with him; instead being introduced properly and bow- g, he just threw himself on the floor.

When I got him outside, I scolded him. "What on earth did you do that for?" I asked. "That's not being my big boy, is it?"

John looked up tearfully. "But, Miss Shaw, they didn't give me my cookie!"

John was usually given a cookie and a drink of ginger ale at these receptions, but this time there were so many people there that they forgot to give John anything. I felt sympathy, but I had to give him a bit of a lecture about making such a spectacle of himself.

When there were big White House functions, Caroline and I occasionally crept down the front stairs and sat together watching the goings-on through the banisters. It was terribly exciting for a little girl to see all the people in evening dress, glittering with jewelry and waiting in line to be introduced to the President. Once, the line of people broke up in confusion because some visitors spotted Caroline and came over to see her. They made such a fuss over her that the President asked us down.

Caroline used to love those moments, for she was a great favorite with the Marine Corps bandsmen who played in the White House on big occasions. I remember the first important reception that the President and Mrs. Kennedy held there. When Caroline and I came down to have a look, she began waving to the red-coated bandsmen.

They struck up a nursery-rhyme tune in her honor, and she clapped delightedly. Mrs. Kennedy looked over to the staircase. *(continued)*

"Bring Caroline down," she called, and so we made our entrance amongst a whole gathering of important people. In the end, the band devoted half the evening to nursery tunes, much to Caroline's delight, and everyone else's.

On one of those great occasions, I had just tucked the children down for the night; walking up along the corridor, I met the President.

"Can you come in here a moment, Miss Shaw?" he called.

I patted my hair and smoothed my dress and walked across the corridor into the Oval Room, where a reception was being held for Mr. Harold Macmillan, British Prime Minister. The President led me across to Mr. Macmillan.

"I thought you might like to meet someone from your own country," the President said.

The Prime Minister stood up and shook hands with me. He said it was nice to know that the President's children were in such good hands. We chatted for a few minutes; I wished him a pleasant visit and left. By this time I must have been properly Americanized, for I thought the interview a little starchy, and could not help comparing the stiff, formal manner of the Prime Minister with the easygoing approach of American leaders I'd met.

Mrs. Kennedy was particularly keen on allowing the children to meet the people who came to the White House. It was part of her effort to make them feel all part of a family and just like other children. For my part, I always tried to keep to this principle, which is why I always changed to street clothes when I took the children out. If I wore my white uniform, passersby would be quick to recognize my charges as the Kennedy children, as I found out one time on taking Caroline for a look at the shops in Washington.

She loved window-gazing and nosing around the stores, and I did too, of course. This time, we went into a five-and-ten-cent store. At one of the counters, Caroline was on tiptoe, trying to see up to trays of junk jewelry. She was only three at the time, and still rather shy at meeting strangers, so I held on to her hand. Just then a woman bustled up and thrust toward Caroline a slip of paper and a pen.

"Oh, it's Caroline Kennedy, isn't it?" the woman boomed. "Do give me your autograph, dear." Little Caroline retreated behind the skirt of my white dress. I was furious.

"How silly can you be?" I said sharply. "The child can't even write yet. For heaven's sake, go away!"

She backed away hurriedly. I took Caroline's hand and led her out of the store before a crowd could gather. I am sure Mrs. Kennedy would have dealt with the woman a lot more graciously; but she was an expert at handling all types of people in all sorts of situations. Anyway, that was the last time I wore my uniform outside the White House.

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Some of my most cherished memories of Caroline and John are of the days we all spent at Hyannis Port in the summer and at Palm Beach over Christmas. Both places were absolute paradise for two lively children.

For John there was the sea and the sand. That was all he wanted in the world. He scampered and splashed, built sand castles and demolished them with gusto—though he would get awfully mad if anyone else tampered with them.

Hyannis Port, being the Kennedy family "stronghold," was crowded with children; during the day everything revolved round them. Caroline, from the age of five, liked to go off in the mornings with a group of other Kennedy children to go riding. Mrs. Kennedy wanted John to take riding lessons, but after one circuit of the paddock on the back of Caroline's pony Leprechaun, his mouth turned down at the corners and he said flatly: "I wanna get off!"

John was very much more a helicopterman than a horseman. While Caroline went off riding, John and I and our Secret Service man would go down to the beach for a swim and a play until lunchtime.

Lunch was very often a picnic, and the children's favorite place for eating out like this was at Egg Island, just off Hyannis Port.

A cookout on the seashore at the West Beach Club was arranged every week. All of the children from the Kennedy families joined in the fun around a bonfire, cooking their own steaks, hot dogs and hamburgers on toasting forks.

Before the meal, the people at the club used to arrange little swimming races between the dozens of children who gathered there. The first time Caroline entered she won easily, but the next time she had to give the others a start and only came in third, which disappointed her terribly.

Caroline was very much a creature of moods. In something like a swimming race, for instance, she could be very good if she felt like fighting to win. At other times, she simply did not try.

But John's attitude was unvarying. When he found himself in a little race with the tiny ones, he would leap into the water and splash like fury—a complete extrovert!

Most afternoons at Hyannis Port, I took the children out into the country. The Secret Service men always came with us, naturally. We used to play ball, or the men would run races with the children, or just sit in the sunshine and tell stories. There were always stops for candy and ice cream.

One of the highlights of the Hyannis Port holiday was Mrs. Kennedy's birthday in July. Weeks before, the children and I would plan what they were going to give their mother as a gift. Mrs. Kennedy much preferred to have something from the children which they had made themselves. Of course, John was too small to do anything much by himself, but nonetheless, he would try to do a painting—getting hold of a big sheet of paper, covering it with paint, and "signing" his name at the bottom.

I once made a fearful blunder when he was making a painting for his mother.

"Is that the beach you are painting, John?" I said encouragingly. And without waiting for a reply, I went on: "It's very good."

With great dignity John said: "It's not the beach. It's you."

Mrs. Kennedy was very keen on Caroline and John using their heads and their hands like this. Both of them had a high degree of intelligence, as one would expect. What people did not expect was their being so unspoiled and generally nice. There was nothing "bratty" about them. And while I held the view myself, it was always rewarding when other people came to the same conclusion. Even Mrs. Kennedy would tease me about the way I praised the children behind their backs.

"Oh, Miss Shaw," she would say, "You're biased."

Well, let's face it, I am.

My last summer at Hyannis Port with Mrs. Kennedy and the children was in 1963. That year the President rented a house on Squaw Island, on the tip of a peninsula overlooking the sea.

Mrs. Kennedy was expecting a third d in September. The whole family agreed that, if it was a boy, the baby ld be called Patrick—the President's er's middle name. Caroline had her ideas of a name, should the baby be rl: she wanted Susan.

We had been at Squaw Island for five ks—it was August 7—and I was about ake my weekly day off when I no- d that Mrs. Kennedy was looking ier pale.

"I won't take my day," I told her ou're not looking too well. I'll stay h the children."

Mrs. Kennedy was never the one to p on illness. "Oh no, you don't," she l. "You go off and enjoy your day. look after the children."

Rather against my judgment, she per- ded me she could manage all right, I went off to meet a friend. We went mming at Sandwich, a few miles n Hyannis Port. When we got in the to head back, I switched on the io and heard a news bulletin: Mrs. nedy had been rushed to the spe- ly prepared maternity unit at Otis Force Base nearby, since her baby s expected prematurely.

hurried back to Squaw Island to e charge of Caroline and John. They a new baby brother—Patrick; but was not well. The baby was rushed Children's Hospital Medical Center Boston and put in the latest type of ubator. The President stayed in Bos- for the next two days, watching over son, until all hope had gone, and r Patrick died. It was a sad time for of us.

n due course John was told that he uld not have a baby brother after all. turally, he was too young to under- nd. The news brought tears to Caro- 's eyes, but she did not cry. That ht the three of us knelt and said pecial prayer for Patrick, and for mmy and Daddy.

Mrs. Kennedy came home after 11 ys in the hospital, and spent a couple eks more in bed, away from everyone t the children. She had a room with ig sun lounge where she could look t over the beach and the sea. The ather that year was very good, and the children and myself, life went on ich as usual. We went swimming, yed on the sand, had cookouts and nt for walks. But I did try to keep em a little quieter near the house. tually, Mrs. Kennedy made a much tter recovery than I expected

Gradually, Mrs. Kennedy regained r normal vitality, and became involved ce more in the whirl of her life and ties as America's First Lady. She was e to make her first public appearance Dallas, Texas, where the President d a speech to deliver.

Mrs. Kennedy was always tremen- usly popular wherever she went, and gether she and the President made a ndsome couple, the very epitome of e young family people Americans mire—especially if, like the Kennedys, ey combine charm with great ability. I last saw President Kennedy in the vator on the second floor of the White use, minutes before he left on that al, fatal trip to Dallas. There were no ecial good-byes; the President and rs. Kennedy were to be away only a w days, and planned to be back in ne for John's third birthday on No- mber 25, and Caroline's sixth birth- y, two days after that.

On the morning of November 21st, when they were due to leave for the South, they decided to slip away from the children as quietly as they could. Caroline was due in school anyway, and, after saying good-bye to her parents, she went up onto the White House roof to wave to the helicopter as it took off from the lawn. John went with his parents to the helicopter; but I left the Kennedys at the elevator door. As they stepped in, I said, "Good-bye. Safe journey home."

They were the last words I spoke to the President.

The odd thing about that day was that John did not cry when his parents took the helicopter, and left him standing. I think it was the first time ever that he did not cry to go aboard with his father. Usually we had a hard time convincing him that he was not going.

This time, however, he waved happily, and came back to me in the White House quite content. In retrospect, that struck me as strange. But, at the time, I think I just ticked it off in my mind as another advance in John's growing-up process.

The White House functioned smoothly, as always. No one could have forecast the shattering news that was to bring tragedy and grief into the lives of so many people. That struck us all at lunchtime the next day.

(The concluding installment of Miss Shaw's story will be published in next month's *Journal*.)



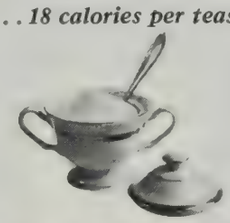
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She needs energyless, artificially sweetened foods and beverages like a grasshopper needs a trampoline.

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Note to Mothers:

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Be More Beautiful This Winter



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin-Care Consultant

This winter can mean more beauty for you with a glow of healthy radiance for your complexion. These beauty secrets to smooth away winter dullness and to bring a peaches-and-cream look to your skin will help you to gain a youthful look of beauty.

STOP WINTER WRINKLES

The reason your skin tends to dry and to form tiny dry wrinkles in the winter is because the skin contracts to keep out the cold. This closes the tiny ducts that bring the natural protective skin oils to the surface. A film of oil of Olay applied daily before making-up will keep your complexion youthfully lovely as it provides your skin with the necessary protection to counteract winter dryness.

A BEAUTIFUL WINTER SKIN

To clear away the dull, winter-dry look and to enliven the complexion, try this simple beauty hint. Wring out a facecloth in warm water and press it gently on and off your face until it begins to cool. This will bring fresh blood cells to the surface and stimulate the circulation to give your skin the healthy English peaches-and-cream look. Now, to complete the good of this warm, complexion beautifying stimulant, smooth on your oil of Olay to hold the radiant, healthful appearance of your lovely complexion.

END DRY SKIN

Test your skin for signs of roughness by gliding your fingertips lightly over your face and neck as you apply your daily base of moist oil. Any dry or rough patches which may be evident should be gently massaged with a little extra oil of Olay to cherish and smooth the skin. This will also insure that your make-up will blend evenly to give your complexion an exquisite, youthful appearance.

TO BEAUTIFY THE NECK

A smooth, slender neck is truly a beauty asset, so give it a little extra care at night by gently massaging with vitalizing night cream. While you sleep, the rich Olay night cream will carry on the task of beautifying the surface skin tissue. For day-long care smooth in a film of oil of Olay on the neck as well as the face to insure that the skin is protected against winter weather and wrinkle-dryness.

Advertisement

FANDANGO

continued from page 67

the obvious ones when I'm driving a car without knowing how, or sitting in school again, unable to make out correctly the cost of mathematical apples.

But what about this one, Thomas, what about this? You and I were descending stairs—it must have been in our apartment building—and walking down the hall, and then the mailman came. You asked if there was any mail for us. "No letters," said the mailman, sprightly turning into the young man who delivers our daily bread, "but a volume of poetry." And he took the book from his big leather pouch and opened it and held it out for you to read, and over your shoulder I could see the first line of the first poem:

"Challenge the castanets in her eyes."

Now here goes Mrs. Thomas Leacock, with castanets in her eyes, click-click. Picking up a boy's socks, a man's pajama top (did a centaur sleep here?) and the avalanche of bedclothes from the floor. I am the typical American housewife, if you please, standing on my head, for the benefit of my pituitary and pineal glands. Seven minutes! While other women are going up in balloons to prove that women are people; while other women are modeling op-art antibikinis; composing electronic symphonies; feeding bacilli to rats; chaperoning Miss America around the world; teaching rabbits to smoke and dogs to type; scientifically gauging the heat of blush; entering *Mishimin-Pitossitchigan,* the Indian dessert, into a contest for recipes; flying in helicopters over New York City to measure the concentration of sulphur dioxide in the air. One thousand three hundred twenty-five female private detectives, in the U.S.A. alone, are rushing out this very minute in their little sneaky trenchcoats to hide behind corners. And at least one woman, somewhere, must be writing a thesis on the subject: "Why most pet snakes are named George."

And billions, while I am standing on my still uncombed head, are efficiently twisting their legs around office chairs, looking at their long unbreakable nails and answering telephones in the utmost British accents.

It is my own telephone that rings. Unlisted, so it shouldn't, not at this hour. Oh, what has *happened?*

Telephone, in a deep, man-with-broad-shoulders voice: "How are you, darling?"

"Oh, I'm fine, but who do you wish to talk to?"

"Isn't this Trudi?"

"I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

"Oh, so sorry. Anyway, I'm glad to hear you're fine."

Castanets and a gallant man! I sashay into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. The smell of fresh coffee will rise from my small pot, soothing and exciting at once, while I'll air my soul by breathing, yoga-fashion, first through one nostril, then through the other, I'll dance around the room with my ironing board—a stiff partner, no doubt, but, ah, so poised! No matter how passionately I snuggle up to him, he won't tell! "And you know, my dear Cedric," I'll say to Lord Ironing Board, "I don't feel a bit guilty for not being in Africa, and for not choreographing ballets for the P.T.A."

In my exuberance, I dial your number and thank you for letting me be a free woman.

"What's that?" you ask, and suddenly I find myself without words. What did I expect you to do?

Now I must explain. "Well, here is a housewife—a homemaker, if that sounds better—well, here I am, Thomas, and would you believe it? I am *content!*" This to the suspicious silence in the telephone. The silence endures. Are you reaching for a cigarette? "Oh, you know—free from that fashionable yearning for fulfillment, for the fourth dimension, and all that. . . ." It gets worse, and I can see myself as one of the celebrated gushers on live television shows: "And my deepest thanks to Mr. Thomas Leacock who made all this possible. . . ." (Clutching my bathroom mop most probably.)

"Great," you are saying. "Fine. Listen, can I call you back? I must ——"

When I return to the kitchen, the rage of the coffee foams brown on the stove, the boiled egg rock-and-rolls inelegantly in a waterless pot, while my kitchen dazzles me with surfaces of plastic pools in chrome embankments. We used to have an old wooden table, and guests wrote their names there with forks that were not silver, and left rings from glasses that were not crystal. What's happened to that table, what's happened to us?

FOR MIDNIGHT

By Diana Der Hovanessian

Bring in the wines
Ring out the gongs
Sing out the year
In old-time songs
To celebrate
In winging breath
Another amnesty
With death.

Fifteen years of marriage have happened. "There are successful marriages, but no blissful ones," Jacques used to say, via La Rochefoucauld.

The table I like now best of all is the one in Matisse's *Small Blue Interior* on the wall. Like Mary Poppins I walk into the painting's blues and greens and blacks and sit at the blue table with the blue woman and the blue child in blue silence.

"Once upon a time," reads the blue child in the white book, "there was Jacques. . . ."

"Jacques . . ." echoes from the nonexistent lips of the blue woman without a face.

Jacques? He would never have hung up on me, as Thomas did. He would have pushed business aside and helped me build a magic mountain out of a molehill. "That calls for champagne," he would have said. And, "Let's go out tonight and celebrate being a homemaker!" He then would have peered into his saffian-bound, breast-pocketed little calendar and, finding that the evening was reserved for Paulette, or Jeanne, or, for all I know, Madame de Montespan de La Vergne de La Fayette L'Enclos de Clèves, would cancel their date immediately because of the most interesting mood of his own wife. Family first! (How many nights did I spend alone, under the indifferent stare of Jacques' blue-eyed Persian cat?) But if I asked for anything—of course, *chérie!* Everything, with Jacques, was an occasion. On the gloomiest day of January he would say: "Ah, spring is coming,

spring is almost here; your thirteen freckles have come out already—and how pale, tender and delicious they are, like the first strawberries, the first little round pink potatoes, the first clumsy kisses a schoolboy has planted on his beloved's face. . . ." And on the day of our official divorce, when all was done with and over, didn't Jacques sing me a song from his native Auvergne, a charming country air? How did it go? About how unhappy the man was who had a wife, and unhappy the man who had none. And how happy the wife who had a good husband, but more happy she who had none? "*Tradèra, ladèri, dèrer!*" sang Jacques. And Thomas all the while waiting in a café around the corner, Thomas the reliable, Thomas the solid one, Thomas who never, in our fifteen years of pure American togetherness, thought of counting my freckles.

"Adieu, ladies," I say to the blue woman and the blue girl, "you must be under a spell, but I am free. . . . And what if Thomas hung up? He'll call."

I stand by the kitchen window, as if the call would come on two feet, with Burberry coat and all, *The New York Times* folded under one arm.

But something else happens—a real live man. Why is it, I've often wondered, that the tallest men unfold from the smallest cars? There is one now, slipping out of what must be a Jaguar, a Salamander, an Armadillo?

How many eyes peer at him through the slats of Venetian blinds, as those of harem wives from their veilings?

The Jaguarman walks up the path carrying a small black suitcase. The Venetian blinds click into place, the mirrors briefly fill with faces, before the doorbell rings. I'm sure I have egg-yolk eye shadow on my lids.

What will he offer us? A percolator that keeps bubbling I love you, *Je t'aime, Ich liebe dich?*

But no doorbell rings. One of the forty-eight apartments has kept him. Maybe he's tripped over a little red fire engine on a doormat spelling WELCOME. Maybe Mrs. Goldfine's twins have captured and tied him to their lamp-sprouting totem pole. His wrists have been caught by one of Maria's wool garlands. Tired of unwrapping yarn from the backs of chairs, she is forever looking for live victims. She will charm him with her cello voice and tell him that the sweater made from this wool will keep some Kentucky miner a little warmer.

Has he, perhaps, come from high authority to give a summons to Mrs. Behan for having, always, five pairs of shoes in front of her door, like throats gaping, ah? He couldn't be the new tenant of the studio apartment who posts garbage bags, studded with beer bottles, on the floor of the incinerator. Not a man who rides the Jaguar.

Or is he the man whom I keep seeing in my dreams, but have never met?

There he comes back, mincing up to the long, lean open automobile with old Mrs. Peck on his arm. She is in her best coat of burnt orange. The son from Los Angeles he must be, and he sits her with care, like a bright Easter egg, into the bucket seat next to his, and they leap away toward the highway, toward Manhattan, the world. And I am standing here and telling myself, aloud, that, living between expressways and parkways and turnpikes, as I do, I have achieved the luxury of peace.

Little Tom comes home a quarter past three. Little Tom, who's been looking down at me, all of my five feet four inches, for over a year. Past are the days when he looked up and made jokes such as "Open says me" or, "Have you bought a new candlebras?" Gone are the wrinkled-brow musings: "Mom, I have a new problem. So many thoughts, but I can't find words for them!"

Now he brushes the tip of my nose with his moist mouth, throws a pair of long legs, imprisoned tightly in stovepipe slacks, over the arm of the nearest easy chair and looks uneasy. He doesn't glance at me, his eyebrows slant with misgivings. It must be a CURRENT EVENT again. His social studies' teacher, whom I've been too afraid to meet at parents-teachers' conferences, must have said it again: "Interview your parents on what happened in A and what B did about it and what they think about it—two opinions, at least." And I stand there in front of my 13-year-old ninth-grader, who thinks that his teacher thinks that his mother thinks, or ought to, about these current events which it will be possible to judge properly only decades from now.

"My dear child," I want to say, "I know that, to Americans, the here and now is most important. But, as for me, I haven't read half of the books that I must read yet, nor have I listened to one third of the music I must list[illegible] for your current events—and t[illegible] math, for that matter—I'm glad I've forgotten the old. . . ." But, of course I don't have to say anything.

"Will Dad be home the regular time? is what I get. And I'm allowed to provide orange juice, peanut-butter sandwich, an apple. Then Tom opens the door of his room to the narrowest possible slit and squeezes in through it, as if to open the door properly would hold some unspeakable danger. It's the latest.

So you haven't called, Thomas. Why am I making such a fuss about it? It's happened before. A man and his sacred work. You'll come home, as usual, give me your gentle smile, as usual, and drop "What's new?" somewhere in my hair. You are not really expecting an answer. But after fifteen years of marriage certain rituals have been established, safe as aspirin. When your eyes have lifted from my face and swept the room, the sameness of both creates the second question, "What have you been doing all day?" Nothing ever comes to my mind at this moment, nothing suitable, atleast. I remember how a child's ball leaped past my window, dotting the gray afternoon with red. I remember peeling shrimp, pink in a blue dish. Mario, the handyman, came to fix the window in Tom's room, and was singing, softly. The Puerto Ricans still know how to sing.

But these awkward truths will never do for a man who comes home after a day's work.

Precisely at seven, the clever Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley wish us a good evening. Between these two gentlemen made of glass and between the two of you made of hungry flesh, I wheel in the serving cart with supper and, never taking your eyes off the television screen, you eat Eastern earthquakes, New York strikes, California divorces. I have my peace, and my plate, in the kitchen, the steam of the teakettle curling my hair, and an open book propped against a Beaujolais bottle. Soon you will look up from dishes empty of food and the television screen empty of news, and eye me with affection and a certain expectancy. This is the moment when I could, and ought to, be an influence in the family. But, "How did you like your supper?" I say, betraying a woman's everlasting hope of their having noticed what they ate—a dessert called "April's Desire." Yet you, my dear ones, carry the dishes out to the kitchen, forgetting about the (*continued*)



empty cart, and this is your official good deed for the day.

The teakettle sings, and another evening seeps in through the Venetian blinds. I'll sit like Whistler's mother, with my hands folded in my lap, and gaze at you both bowing over your books, and simply be content.

Or will I?

Tom has gone to bed, and you sit there yawning. All around us, in New York, plays are opening, operas are being sung, concerts given.

You have spread out your *Essentials of Russian* on the coffee table, and *Russian Made Easy.* You have put your reading glasses on that handsome straight nose. Your eyes, guiltily glancing at me, before disappearing in the books, signal just two drab brown wishes: peace and quiet.

"Demands! My analyst says I should make demands!" Thus Mrs. Kloppnik, in the apartment to our right. She shrieks from eight to nine, habitually, as kind of an exotic dessert. Supreme egoists—like cats—should at least be good to look at. But Mrs. Kloppnik seems to be made of clothes hangers, far from being that soft and fragrant matter in which a man, returning from his daily effort at being a man, can bury his frustrations. Mr. Kloppnik may be buried for all we know—he never answers.

"I'm getting it," you say. "I can understand most of it. It's coming all right!" Last year it was self-taught Spanish, the year before—Italian?

As for Jacques, all he ever grasped of the formidable language of Pushkin and Nabokov was a song named *Otchi chornye,* the first line of it, and he sang it to me, appropriately, over vodka and caviar.

But this is the blue woman speaking again, not me. I'm not being unfair to you, Thomas, I'm really not! And my eyes, after all, they aren't black. Who knows what color they are? No one has mentioned it for a long time, much less made a study.

To our left, we have the Schmitts. There is never a sound, after their stork-legged daughter has gone to bed. They speak to each other only on Sundays, while the little girl is attending Sunday school. Then they shout the familiar formulae of conjugal distress: "I *never*... you *always*. . . ."

"Why did you marry me, Thomas?" I hear myself ask.

You look up, almost frightened. *Must* persons wearing reading glasses always look *over* them at you? Now be fair. They must.

You are taking the glasses off. Good sign. "Because, my dear, you are the quietest woman I ever met." Back go the glasses again, onto the nose, onto the eyes, and onto the Russian language.

Yes.

I'll have my big scene now. I go into the bedroom, powder my nose and come back wrapped in my Indian shawl. Blue, gold and black I shine, Mrs. Peacock Leacock. The small diamond at the side of my nose I leave to your imagination.

"Is that new?" you say. But you are smiling now, grinning really, your old boyish grin. The glasses come flying off, *The Essentials of Russian* closes with a little thud—accidentally or not, I don't care.

Is that new? This is not the time, is it, to remind you that we bought the Indian shawl six years ago, in London.

I sit primly on the couch, with my bare feet crossed, remembering the odalisque poses from days when I was Isabelle.

But for us, Thomas, there is no need for poses. There has never been. Your face is melting, and you come and sit at my feet, and your hands slide up my knees.

"Have I forgotten something?" you ask. "An anniversary, perhaps. I know it's not your birthday."

"Only castanets," I say.

"Castanets?"

"The castanets in my eyes."

Please, don't take the easy way out. Please, don't bury your face in my lap. Please, don't say "I love you," so that I should be obliged to sit there quietly and gratefully, with the Leacock's head between my palms, I—the satisfied Salome of Apartment 2-C. Before you attempt that solution, I must try something myself. Become the Isabel I once was so that you can be the Thomas you once were?

I slip away from the hand which seeks to comfort me with the accumulated safe warmth of fifteen years' legality. No, Thomas. If an illusion it must be, so let's have it with a ring! I'm all for illusions, Thomas, and for the magic that lets doves fly out of silk handkerchiefs; for Aladdin's lamp, the seven-league boots, the wishing well. I am the mysteriously smiling woman sawed into halves, and it is up to you, my sorcerer, to put the halves together. Challenge the castanets in her eyes, oh, do!

In the world of magic buttons, I grasp at the one that I know best, the one that can, at times, produce instantaneous bewitchery. The one that gives us our daily music. It lights up slowly, the radio, it comes to life tantalizingly, and full of danger, as if it knew its role of magic wand. You, too, begin to light up, Thomas, I can see from your eyes. What is it we both are expecting? We stare at each other, we are beyond the bright words, the empty smiles.

And then, in this universe of Twist and Frug, of Jerk and Spasm, of Monkey and Two-Backed Beast, there it happens, just for the two of us, the incredibly living and breathing sound, the fire and intensity, the music of a fandango, a Malagueña, with its castanets and guitars and the human voice.

Wrapped in my Indian shawl, I am Queen Isabella of Spain, as seen only by her lover, moving in the slow dance, full of longing, of great emotion, and dignity as well. Wasn't this the favorite dance of Casanova, mentioned in his memoirs?

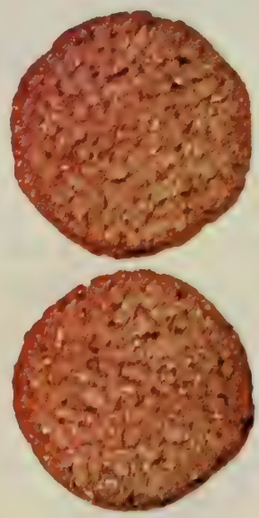
Come, Thomas, with your flamenco eyes that have forgotten all about peace and quiet and the accusative singular of masculines and neuters and that, in the Russian language, the present tense of the verb "to be" is generally not expressed.

But you can express it in a dance, this idea comes to your limbs, not to your head. Who needs heads now? Slowly, threateningly, you rotate around me. Oh, remember, remember? How we roamed from one Gypsy melody to another, from one glass of Fundador to another, from day into night, from night into day, and Spain had captured us with its magic as if with a golden lace mantilla?

The cascades of sound ripple and become passionate. True Spanish dancers are said to have honey in their hips. Don't we? Ah, come, Thomas, do! And then—here you go, with your receding hair, with the little paunch of peaceful living, with your forty-five years of age. You can still rap your feet splendidly, if you want to, and snap your fingers formidably. Faster, and faster, and faster! And then in a frenzy. Go, Thomas, go! There! Olé!

END

Which is better for your dog?



20% SUGAR!

Products like this may contain up to 20% sugar (sucrose) added as a preservative.



NO SUGAR!

Friskies adds absolutely no sugar—because it needs no preservative.

And a can of Friskies contains 20% more protein than two patties of the leading sugar-preserved dog food. In fact *all* the protein, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals a dog is known to need. So feed your dog Friskies. It's the fully nourishing canned dog food that has *no sugar preservative.* From a world leader in nutrition.....Carnation



continued from page 56

lunches. No feeding problems with *these* babies; eating was obviously just what it was intended to be, a relaxed, furnace-stoking, energy-replenishing process, mixed with a lot of cheerful socializing.

Mary Ann's innate good sense—plus the overwhelming force of numbers—has obviously helped her avoid the turmoil over food that plagues so many young mothers. Too often, especially when babies are premature, a mother worries so much about food consumption and weight gain that mealtime becomes a highly charged emotional battleground. Mealtimes at Mary Ann Fischer's house may be hectic—but everyone enjoys the action.

After lunch, Mary Ann began to herd the quints upstairs for their naps. When I commented on the absence of a safety gate to guard the stairway, Mary Ann explained that the babies had been neatly negotiating the carpeted steps from an early age. They simply squirmed up and down on their tummies. She scooped up the two nearest squirmers and headed serenely up toward their bedrooms, with the other three bouncing happily up after her in well-practiced team spirit.

The babies share a roomy suite of three light, airy bedrooms, efficiently connected by an adjoining bath-and-utility-room unit. The suite is designed so that all the babies' laundry can be handled at the source, which minimizes the work load in the main laundry room.

Each baby, of course, had his or her own crib, but there were two cribs to each room (one quint bunked with 10-month-old Cindy), and so, though Mary Ann always beds everybody down separately, at wake-up time she often finds two roommates cuddled up. They have all learned to clamber noiselessly into each other's territory for company.

Now, as the troops invaded the nursery, nap-bound, Mary Ann explained she would have to go on with her domestic chores while we talked; she was alone with the children and the housework that day, as the housekeeper was off and Andy, of course, was busy with the farm.

As she deftly cleared away the last of the quints' hot-dog scraps and loaded the dishwasher, we exchanged sympathetic remarks on our mutual problems of needing someone else to help take care of our children.

In the frantic first days after the quints were born, a nurse and Mary Ann's own mother helped share the work load. Later the Fischers employed a girl who lived with the family for a while, but she resigned just before Thanksgiving, a year ago, as the Fischers were packing to move into their new home. At present, Mary Ann's mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady, visits on most weekends and there is also a competent housekeeper who seems to fit nicely into what may well be the world's most exhausting household routine—except that there are simply no signs of any super-effort.

Later that afternoon I met the older Fischer children. Danny, nine, had returned from an unsuccessful fishing trip, announcing that the weather was too windy on the pond. Eight-year-old Charlotte, seven-year-old Julie, six-year-old Evelyn and five-year-old Denise pored excitedly over a tangle of Hawaiian shell and bead leis I had brought them, and immediately decided to wear them to their Brownies' meeting the next day. I had also brought a large spotted cowrie shell for each of the babies, and the older girls busied themselves selecting which one should be bestowed on which baby.

"Each of the older children still likes to choose things for their 'own' baby," explained Mary Ann, referring to the way the five older children had "divided up" the quintuplets—one apiece—right after they were born. "But actually they all play with all of them now."

Since managing the babies is more than a full-time job, I wondered how Mary Ann could possibly fit in time for activities with the older children.

"Well, in the school year," she said, "the older ones are busy with school activities, of course, and Denise will start kindergarten this fall. Then in the summer Julie and Charlotte go to a Girl Scouts' group, which meets in our local park." Mary Ann even makes time to take her turn, along with the rest of the mothers, to help the Brownie sessions.

The girls are enthusiastic about their dancing lessons, too—they all are learning tap dancing and ballet, from a local Aberdeen girl who attends Northern State College. The dance recitals are high points in the older Fischer girls' social life, and Mary Ann showed me several photographs of her foursome wearing professional-looking dancing costumes—tutus and a scarecrow outfit—which she made for a recent show.

Although it is obvious that the Fischers' move from town to the farm has many advantages, it required a readjustment on the part of the older children.

While the quints napped peacefully upstairs, Mary Ann offered to show me the rest of the house. I am a pushover for home-watching and I knew that touring the Fischer house would be a treat.

Although the family had been living in their new home only six months, Mary Ann had already seen to it that it had a thoroughly lived-in look. With the help of an architect and two decorators, she and Andy had done an excellent job, I thought, planning a livable home for such a large family. It is a three-story house with one level below the ground. On the main floor are a formal living room with a dining alcove, the kitchen with another dining area, leading into a family room. There was a two-way, glassed-in fireplace between kitchen and family room—and I commented that it must be cozy in the winter (Aberdeen winters go to 40° below). Mary Ann said the babies have had such fun using the fireplace as a tunnel or, at times, as a refuge in which to nurse injured feelings, that it has yet to have a fire. Andy's study and a maid's room complete this floor.

Upstairs (there are two stairways, front and back, to handle all the traffic) are the master bedroom, the babies' suite and four other bedrooms with several connecting baths (tubs and toilets are in separate compartments and there are double sinks so that more than one child can be accommodated easily at the same time). There is also a secluded playroom, with an outdoor deck.

On the basement level are recreation room and the main laundry; endless streams of shirts and sheets glide down invisibly via chutes from the upper floor, ready for processing by two big washing machines and dryers.

There's also a big storage room down here—stocked with neat rows of home-grown vegetables and fruits, the pride of Mary Ann's garden, which she plants, harvests and puts up in cans. A huge freezer stores the meat for the small Fischer army, and a big milk dispensing machine refrigerates and serves up the daily household milk quota—three gallons. As a result, Andy can concentrate his farming efforts on beef cattle; he no longer has to keep dairy cows.

Throughout the living areas, the furniture is simple and traditional; the Fischers and their decorators wisely chose easy-care woodwork and floor covering that would stand up under the patter of 22 little feet. Mary Ann and I had a good laugh about decorators who have a penchant for white carpets; we both agreed that carpeting the color of muddy Irish setter footprints is just about ideal for families with children. And Mary Ann admits she'll be glad (*continued*)



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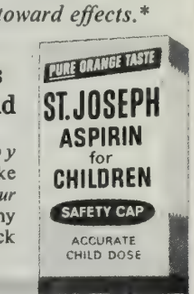
Give your child the children's aspirin more doctors recommend than any other

Tastes Better. *Natural (not artificial) orange flavor, creamy smoothness.*

Highest Quality. *224 control checks insure purity and trustworthiness.*

Nothing Added. *No added drugs that may have untoward effects.**

In a national survey, picked 4 to 1 by children's doctors who recommended an individual brand



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Naturally, your boy or girl will prefer the flavor of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children.

But more important to you, as a mother, is its *purity*. 224 quality control checks are necessary to insure the quality of this aspirin. But it's worth it . . . that's what makes this little tablet the preferred way to relieve big fevers, little aches—distresses youngsters suffer from colds.

Doctors, of course, *respect* quality. In a survey covering practically all the children's doctors in this country, St. Joseph Aspirin For Children was *specified* 4 to 1 among all the doctors who recommended a particular brand!

Note: The addition of *other* ingredients is *not* favored by most doctors.† So insist on pure St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. Accept no substitutes for America's mother and child favorite.

Guaranteed by Plough—You'll like this aspirin for *your* child better than any other or money back from Plough, Inc.

***Be Careful, Mother,** *about giving "combination of ingredients" products to children with colds or the flu.* Most children's doctors oppose such products for children—prefer pure aspirin. Pure St. Joseph Aspirin For Children contains *no* added drugs that can make children nervous or wakeful. No decongestants (be sure you read "Caution" on such products).

† In a survey directed to nearly all pediatricians in U. S., nearly 90% of those replying so expressed themselves.

when their freshly seeded lawn becomes a reality; maybe then there will be a *little* less mud.

The tour over, Mary Ann and I settled in the living room—but it proved to be the least likely place for a quiet chat. Neither of us could finish a sentence without Denise, or Julie, or Charlotte, or *somebody* popping in to ask for crayons, or help in cutting out a paper doll, or wanting to know when they could visit Aberdeen's new public library.

Mary Ann fielded all questions and solved all crises smoothly and gracefully; only once did that amazing composure ruffle. Mischievous Denise, the five-year-old, had apparently decided she'd had enough of nosy visitors asking questions about the quintuplets. She pestered us so many times, asking why I was there and why I wanted to know all those things, that her mother threatened her with a spanking. A few minutes later she was forced to carry out her threat. The spank was administered firmly but quickly in the hall, and, although peace was restored, I felt sorry to be intruding.

Meanwhile, the quints were up and everywhere—climbing, scampering, tugging, giggling, poking and in all kinds of almost-2-year-old trouble. At one point they escaped from the family room into the kitchen; by the time we caught up with them, they had undone the string ties that Mary Ann was forced to put on the floor-level cupboard doors in hopes of discouraging busy little fingers. The usually neat kitchen was in chaos. The quints had emptied most of the contents of every cupboard, and were delightedly bowling cans of fruit and vegetables down the "alley" into the dining area. After patiently restoring order, Mary Ann sank wearily into a chair in the family room, whereupon all five quints tried to climb into her lap at once.

"I'm so busy most of the day with housework and gardening that the babies don't get much chance to sit in my lap," she said, smiling, "so whenever I do sit down they're all over me." Since there was obviously not room for all at once Mary Ann hugged two lap-climbers at a time, while the others scrambled onto the arms of the chair and snuggled up against her. The first lap-sitters eventually became distracted elsewhere in the room and moved on, so that eventually everyone had a satisfactory turn.

When the babies appeared to be tiring of indoor activities, we took them outside, and Mary Ann proudly showed me her vegetable garden behind the house. Two varieties of lettuce, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, radishes, beans, peas and dill plants (Mary Ann makes delicious pickles) appeared to be flourishing, but Mary Ann said she had had bad luck this year with the flower seeds.

The quintuplets, supervised by Evelyn and Denise, pattered around blinking in the sunlight as if they were not too accustomed to being outdoors. When I questioned Mary Ann about this, she replied that the weather had been rainy lately and there had been so many mosquitoes that she had had to keep them in. (But I wondered also if the cars of sightseers who occasionally circled the property had anything to do with it. When the newly planted shade trees grow larger, they will afford some protection from prying eyes, but at present the house and yard are clearly visible.)

Because the ground was uneven, the babies kept falling down, and soon began to wail dismally. After she was obliged to pluck Maggie and Margie out of the bean patch several times, Mary Ann solved the problem of keeping them all together and out of the mud by piling them all into a wheelbarrow and taking them for a ride, an adventure they enjoyed immensely. We stopped in front of the two-car garage while they played a while with their tricycles. Of course, they are still too young to use the pedals, but they love sitting on the seat paddling their feet and trying to steer. Exploring the garage kept them busy for a long time; they swarmed all over Mary Ann's garden tractor (her birthday present from Andy), found a broom and made a few awkward attempts to sweep the floor, but it quickly developed such possibilities as a dangerous weapon that Mary Ann finally had to hide it. A long-suffering tortoise-shell mother cat and some adorable calendar-type kittens then appeared, and each baby tried to catch a kitten. Cathy and Jimmy finally succeeded in getting strangleholds on two of them, and Mary Ann patiently began the more or less futile instruction course for toddlers on "how to hold a kitten."

Suddenly Mary Ann wrinkled up her nose, testing the air. The babies feigned innocence, and so all five were packed off into the house for a group diaper change, while I returned to my hotel for a rest.

The next day Andy Fischer took me on a tour of his 800-acre farm. Andy is a tall, slim man with the uneven sunburn of farmers and ballplayers who wear hats to shade their eyes from the sun. We rode over his land on two of his horses, I on a big buckskin named Ike. I handled the horse gingerly, having heard that he had just bucked off Cy, the hired man. Andy rode his big chestnut mare, whose colt followed behind us. Like the rest of the land around Aberdeen, the Fischer farm is flat or gently rolling. The lack of encroaching mountains makes for a wonderfully free-feeling "big sky" effect. A creek runs through the acreage, and has been dammed up so that now there is a sparkling blue-black pond at the lowest end of the meadows. I caught glimpses of rabbits, ducks, a fox and a brace of the pheasants for which Aberdeen is especially well known. Andy appeared quite contented with the sudden change in fortunes he had experienced when he became the father of quintuplets. "Of course," he said, "things have calmed down a lot now. It sure was getting me down there in the beginning, all those reporters, and people trying to get us to sign contracts and all."

Reviewing the facts about those first exciting days when the Fischer family skyrocketed from relative obscurity into front-page headlines, I felt that they had handled their sudden fame well. Andy quickly obtained legal advice from the firm which still handles their affairs.

Although the Aberdeen Chamber of Commerce offered to build the Fischers a home as a gift from the town, the family preferred to do their own financing. But stacks of letters keep coming. The American public seems to feel it has a say in how the babies should be raised. Let Mary Ann dress them in red for a photograph, and in will come a flock of letters reminding her that babies look better in pastel shades.

"I was brought up to mean what I say," Mary Ann said, "and so I believe people really mean the things they write."

However, there are many pleasant surprises in the mail. Some people have sent the babies beautiful handmade gifts—such as a set of five small identical baby dolls in five identical handmade high chairs. Such gifts reflect a love of children, Mary Ann feels, as well as many hours of thought and work. She also treasures a poem composed by a lady to commemorate the quints' second birthday; there are five stanzas, one to describe each baby.

Though they know that people are hungry for news of the quints, Mary Ann and Andy have determined not to exploit their children, and to shield them as far as possible from the direct public eye. Nor do they revel in their own roles as celebrities. They do occasionally participate in some local event as a courtesy to their friends in the town. Mary Ann recently acted as scorer in a state bowling tournament (a sport of which she and Andy are both fond) and was told that the attendance hit a record high.

Pattern Backviews

SEE PAGES 74–77



1567 1556 1581 1570

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1567 Dress and coat by St. Laurent, 10–16, $3.50; in Canada, $3.85. Size-14 dress requires 1¾ yds. of 60-in. fabric without nap. Size-14 coat requires 2⅝ yds. of 58-in. fabric.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1556 Dress by Yves St. Laurent, 10–18, $2.50; in Canada, $2.75. Size-14 dress requires 2 yds. of 45-in. fabric without nap. Contrast bodice takes 1½ yds. 10-in. cotton lace.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1581 Suit and blouse by Nina Ricci, 10–18, $3.50; in Canada, $3.85. Size-14 suit requires 3¼ yds. of 54-in. fabric without nap. Blouse requires ¾ yd. of 54-in. fabric without nap.

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1570 Suit and blouse by Christian Dior, 10–18, $3.50; in Canada $3.85. Size-14 suit requires 2⅝ yds. of 54-in. fabric without nap. Blouse requires 1¾ yds. of 36-in. fabric.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

Cover Design

Journal pattern for jumper worn by Fischer quintuplets on cover



FRONT BACK

Cozy, braid-bound "jumper," made in the *Journal* workroom especially for the Fischer quints, is a perfect bedtime cover-up (the quints wear them over Carter's red sleepers). Each jumper is made from one Carldyke 100% Acrilan baby blanket (size 36x50 in.). A summer version (nice for the beach) could be made from a regulation bath towel. Pattern fits up to size 6; price: 50c.

Please send me *Journal* jumper pattern JPC-44. Fill in coupon, enclose 50c (send check or money order) and mail to:

Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. JPC, P.O. Box 84, New York, N.Y. 10046

Allow about three weeks for delivery.

PLEASE PRINT NAME

PRINT ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

ast fall, the whole family appeared
on a float in the 50th anniversary
thern State College's Gypsy Day
. Their appearance was kept se-
til the last minute, and the town
rprised and grateful to see the
s babies fashionably turned out in
l blue jackets, red pants and white
y boots. Baby Cindy slept through
f the excitement and when one of
uints became restive, their big
r or sister entertained them.

Mary Ann and Andy know that
ccasional glimpses do not satisfy
rious public, and on each occasion
visited the Fischers, we saw cars
htseers slowly circling the farm,
sing binoculars in a futile hope of
ng sight of the babies. Mary Ann
the drapes against these ill man-
but I know she is annoyed and
y because she has to do this.
everybody is happy with the
rs' sensible ways.

he occasion of the babies' second
lay, the headline in the *Aberdeen*
ican-News stated, AFTER TWO
S QUINT CITY'S DREAMS FADE,
he article reported that the town
iled to benefit financially from be-
e home of the quintuplets. When I
sed this situation with one of the
s leading citizens, he said rather
lly that he wished some arrange-
could be made so that visitors
at least see movies of the babies,
this town respects the family's
s for privacy, and we all want to go
if that's what they want."

ut the only publicity in town now
he form of four signs on the main
ays leading into Aberdeen. These
im: ABERDEEN, HOME OF THE
ER QUINTUPLETS (picture post-
of the *sign*, but not of the *babies*,
vailable to tourists in Aberdeen).
erwise Aberdeen, population 25,-
oes about its business of being the
portation and shopping hub of a
farming district in South Dakota.
a pleasant town, with wide streets
d over with trees, and many old
frame houses reminiscent of New
nd. There are many churches, but
ars; there is a state college and a
l for the blind. There is, above all,
, room to breathe and to grow.

had to raise quintuplets, I thought
yself as I wandered through one of
own's spacious parks, I think I
dn't mind raising them in Aberdeen.
an you imagine what it would be
o try to maintain normal family life
ew York City or Chicago or Los
les?" I asked Mary Ann.

hat's one of the reasons we plan to
right here," she replied. "We've
ome offers to move to other cities,
ve wouldn't think of it."

y last visit to the family was shortly
the babies' second birthday. I sat
e big oval table in the kitchen and
ed with Mary Ann and ate a piece
eir birthday cake, a delicious white
cake with white frosting. (The
er family celebrated nine birth-
in September and October, so there
plenty of cake to spare for guests.)
narveled at how much the quints
changed since my first visit. The
hair is longer now, though still
ingly blond, and curling gently on
collars. Their mother moaned good-
redly that they "get into *everything*
(a familiar lament from the mother
ny two-year-old, but certainly a
felt one in the case of Mary Ann



It's the woma... in yo...

that needs 50% more iron than a man
(every day)

The truth is, the very day you became a woman you had a normally greater need for iron than men. And you will, all through the child-bearing years.

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Iron is an essential part of hemoglobin—which carries oxygen through the blood stream to help power muscles, nerves and all body tissues.

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ONE-A-DAY® (BRAND) MULTIPLE VITAMINS PLUS IRON

Fischer). The only places where the quints could once be left unsupervised were the family or recreation rooms. However, they had now learned to open the doors, with the result that either Mary Ann, the housekeeper or one of the older children must always be with them.

Although they still communicate among each other by a kind of radar understood only by quintuplets, they *can* express themselves vigorously when the occasion seems to call for it. For example, Jimmy delivered a ringing "*No! Don't do dat!*" when his mother called him over to trim his finger and toe nails after she had finished with his sisters'. (I remember being quite hysterical after trimming *one* of my children's nails at that wiggly age, but Mary Ann seemed supremely undaunted as she tackled her 81st nail despite Jimmy's struggles.)

The quints' play was becoming more sophisticated now; they had invented a new game of feeding each other an imaginary dinner from an empty plastic bowl. When one quint tired of this game, another took it up, and collapsed in giggles when I joined in. Little Mary Annie was particularly tickled, and kept offering me a spoonful of air from her bowl, roguishly snatching it away just before I had a chance to "eat" it. When I introduced a large, remarkably life-like stuffed dog—a recent gift—into the game, the babies surprisingly started to cry and back away. Nothing would convince them that the toy had not suddenly sprung to life and might shortly attack them. (*continued*)

QU[illegible]EW! JUICY LEAN BEEF

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ons, or help
or wanting
visit Aberde

I A CAN
ike ham)

icious, lean beef cooked
n natural beef juices.
quick dinners and
ndwiches or serve

Mary Ann
's finest ham,
solved all crise
lade.

So tender you can cut it
with a fork. Two sizes:
1 lb. and 1 lb. 14 oz.



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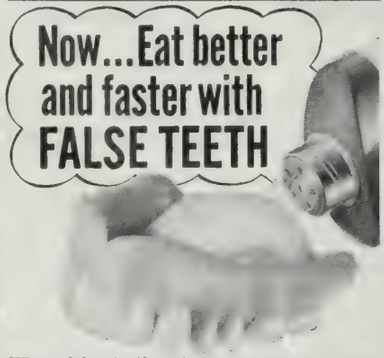
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During this last visit, Wayne Miller, the photographer, quietly followed the babies about the house, crawling along the floor at quint-level or climbing to get some special angle shots. Whenever they did anything particularly photogenic, which was often, he would take a flash shot. The babies seemed absolutely unperturbed by his presence and all the flash activity. They just went on playing as if he weren't there. As Mary Ann pointed out, the babies are very nonchalant about being photographed—they were born to the flash of a camera.

The quints finally managed to open the door of the family room and stream into the living room to find their daddy resting peacefully on the couch. It was Sunday afternoon, and he had settled down to watch a pro football game on TV. The quints wasted no time changing his plans. In a split second they had crawled up and squirmed all over him, obstructing his view of the game. If he minded, he didn't show it; it was obvious that a romp with his famous offspring could be even more fun than a ball game.

Mary Ann busied herself trying to catch one or more babies to try on some new play clothes. Before her family became so large, she used to make all her older girls' dresses; she really regrets that she is now too busy to sew for the quints and Cindy. The babies have finally outgrown all the gift clothing they received after they were born, so Mary Ann now buys their clothing (size three) from the local shops in Aberdeen.

We were now in the living room, where most of the furniture is "off limits" to the quints. Normally, and understandably, they responded to their parents' repeated "No, no's!" with pitiful looks and occasional tears. But, once again, as on previous occasions, the special team spirit that binds these five so closely together asserted itself. Whenever one cried, another immediately wandered over to offer comfort. And little Mary Ann seemed in charge of trying to keep the other quints out of trouble.

"She knows the things she's not supposed to touch," said big Mary Ann. When I questioned them more closely on personality differences between the babies—which baby talked the most, or was most sociable, or adventurous—neither Mary Ann nor Andy would allow themselves to go into too much detail. Mary Ann expressed the fear that anything she might say about one of them now would prejudice their development later on. Besides, they seemed now to be changing so quickly that what would be true about one of the babies today would not apply tomorrow. I got the impression that, although their parents are encouraging them to develop as individuals, they are not about to categorize them by labels, at least not for the benefit of the public.

From my point of view (that of a Gesell-reading mother), they seemed to be progressing pretty much apace, and, especially from the standpoint of physical development, they are functioning well within the normal range for their age. Of course, as they were two months premature, one has to consider them two months younger than their [illegible] ages.

Their general healt[illegible] been good, aside fro[illegible] and intestin[illegible] ve them [illegible] of th flock [illegible] who might have thought would be following such famous babies, Mary Ann continues to consult a group of local doctors in general practice, and she calls on them only when common sense, maternal judgment and waiting 24 hours haven't solved the problem.

Their other concerns for the future include the need to continue to shield the quintuplets from the glare of publicity, while at the same time allowing them to lead normal lives. Eventually, too, the question of schooling will have to be resolved. At the moment I think the family would prefer to have them attend the same parochial school as the older Fischer children, a situation that could create some problems for the school. Mary Ann also worries about how to help each of the quints develop his or her individual personality and talents—especially the girls. Finally, there is the very real problem of making very sure the other Fischer children don't feel left out, with so much attention focused on the five small celebrities.

Somehow, though, as I left the Fischer farm the last time, none of these problems seemed insurmountable to me. At least not in Aberdeen. And not in the hands of Mary Ann Fischer. **END**

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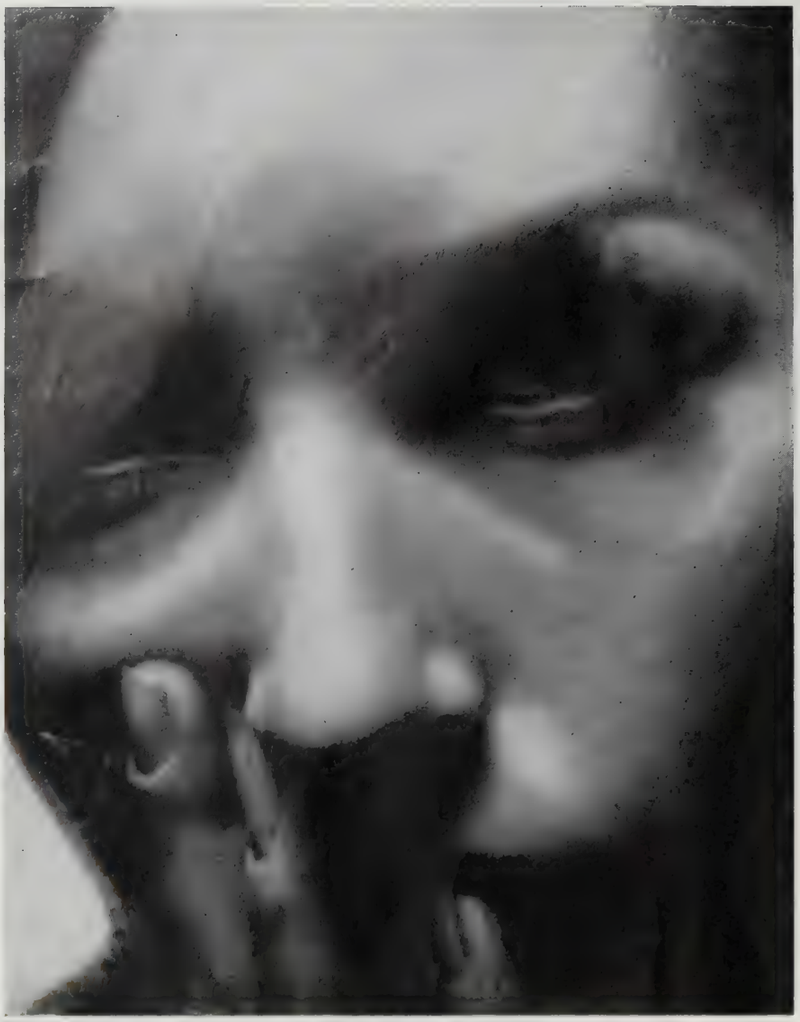
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Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

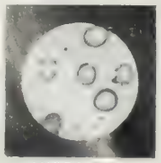
Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman and wife you could be?

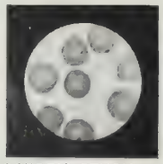
Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

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Pale, Iron-Poor Blood When you're tired and worn-out, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.



Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

MICRO PHOTOS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY

OUR READERS WRITE US

Coeds in Rebellion

Dear Editors: Thank you for COEDS IN REBELLION, by Betty Hannah Hoffman, in the October issue of the *Journal*.

As a younger member of coed Susan Druding's generation, I find that our concern for the present racial issue, Vietnam and the Free Speech movement is explained away far too often, in article after article, as youthful ignorance. I find Miss Hoffman's objective, documented account most refreshing.

She has knifed through such clichés as "youthful, left-wing agitation" in her effort to find out what emotions and reasoning make today's young adults tick. I, for one, feel she has achieved her goal without resorting to the compromising statements and conclusions which characterize those writers who wish to maintain the goodwill of the overfed, apathetic American public.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* has a great deal to offer and has found a new advocate in me. CARLA RODGERS
Oak Park, Ill.

On Reaching 39

Dear Editors: What a delightful story! *39*, by Muriel Weiss (November, *Ladies' Home Journal*), came right to the point, exposing all the things that women who have reached that age must face.

I wonder about one thing, however. When 39 becomes 49, will she again solve her problem with a new baby? Or will she finally be mature enough to realize that her husband could have the same light in his eye for her that he has for the batteries in the lantern if she will only share his interests and make him, not the children, her life.

MRS. EUGENE WILSON
No address

Dear Editors: I am within a few months of being "39," and so feel qualified to offer the opinion that the non-heroine in Miss Weiss's story is the most thoroughly unlikable character I have encountered in recent fiction.

After carefully re-reading the story, I came to the same unhappy conclusion. The lady decided to have a baby because she was bored. Do you, does Miss Weiss, do your readers *really* believe that adding to the population will solve this lady's problem? If I were this woman's harassed husband, on hearing the "happy" news I wouldn't hesitate to jump into that boat and head for Tahiti. Then the little wife would have to fire the maid, put all the kids in a nursery, go to work—and *maybe* find out what life is all about!

MRS. A. C. VENABLE JR.
Dallas, Tex.

Liz

Dear Editors: I am slightly past the fan-letter age, but I feel I must thank you for publishing Elizabeth Burton's wonderful story (November, *Ladies' Home Journal*).

I think of her as a beautiful woman, wonderful actress and a sensitive mother and wife, and I admire her for having the courage to do what she feels is right for her.

We all make mistakes; we're all wrong at one time or another. And usually we pay—Elizabeth Burton certainly has.

MRS. EUGENE S. MILL
Lakeville, Conn.

Dear Editors: Despite Elizabeth Taylor's overpublicized shortcomings, she is nevertheless a great star and a fine actress as well. Thank you for allowing her to speak out in her own defense.

MRS. GUY L. HERMAN
Houston, Tex.

Dear Editors: Before reading her story Elizabeth Taylor was much less than my favorite actress.

Now I can understand a few of the reasons behind her actions. I can even admire her a little.

CLAUDIA BLOCK
Mandan, N. Dak.

Robert Matlock

Dear Editors: Your November article on Bob Matlock (HOW AMERICA LIVES BLACK AND WHITE) was good, but not quite complete. You should have contacted his friends of all colors to better know this kind, intelligent, warm person.

How fine a person he is was shown when our friend and co-worker Jerry Moskowitz died. The rest of us sent condolences. But Bob stepped in and did his best to keep Jerry's son occupied. At a time when he needed it most, the boy had a man to talk to, ride with, learn fishing from.

Like Bob, I, too, have tears in my eyes when I hear the National Anthem; but I also get a large lump in my throat when I think of this Negro Protestant sitting at the end of a pier with his arm around the young Caucasian Jewish boy.

JOHN MCGEE
Ontario, Calif.

Dear Editors: Thanks so much for the story of Robert Matlock in the HOW AMERICA LIVES section of the *Journal*.

The article reminds us once again of how many loyalties man may have and how excruciatingly complicated life can be—worthy Robert Matlock acts as best he can for his family, his town and country's good.

Would that we were all so aware of the troubles of all mankind and tried as hard as he does to help solve them.

JOSEPHINE CHALL
Morris, ...

Dear Editors: Voluntary integration would solve so many problems. And if people would only take the trouble to know each other as *people*, instead of as Negro, white, Christian or Jew, we would have voluntary integration (what sane person could possibly have feelings other than respect and admiration for people like the Matlocks?).

Our country, our world, needs more men like Robert Matlock—and more articles like your HOW AMERICA LIVES BLACK AND WHITE.

CONSTANCE BUSH
Newark, N.J.

Claybake Success

Dear Editors: I am Emily Maddow, age thirteen. *(continued on page ...*

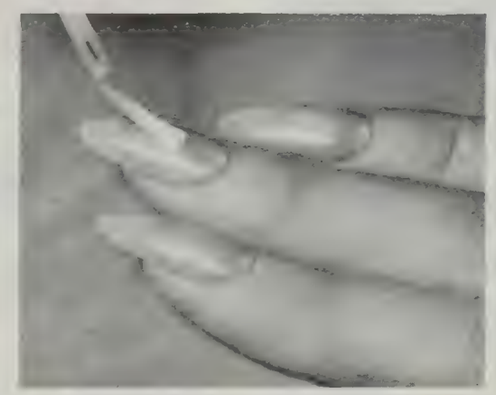
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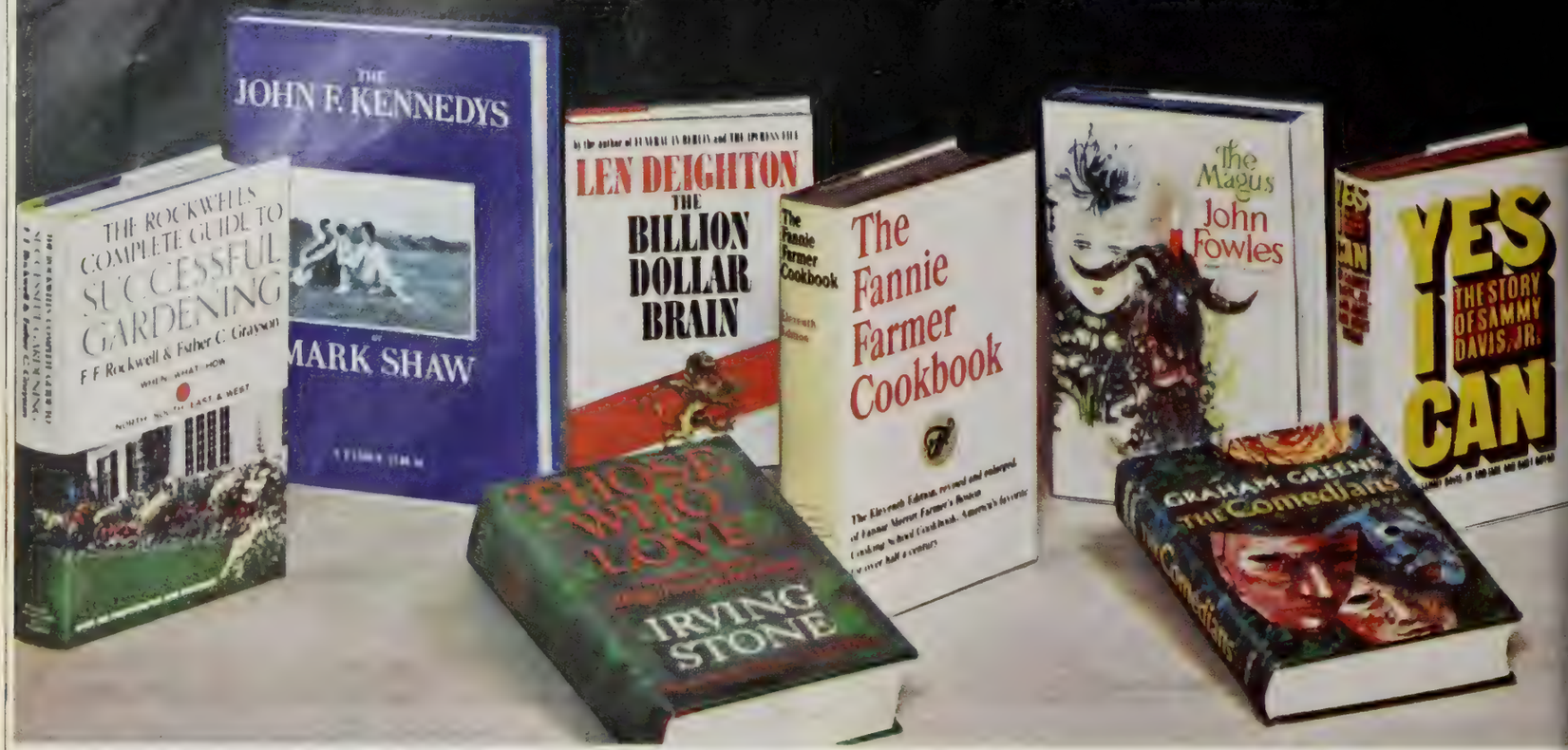
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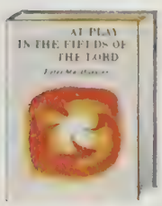
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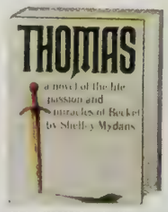
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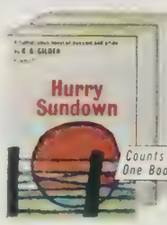
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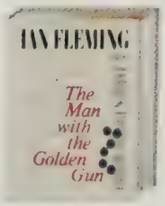
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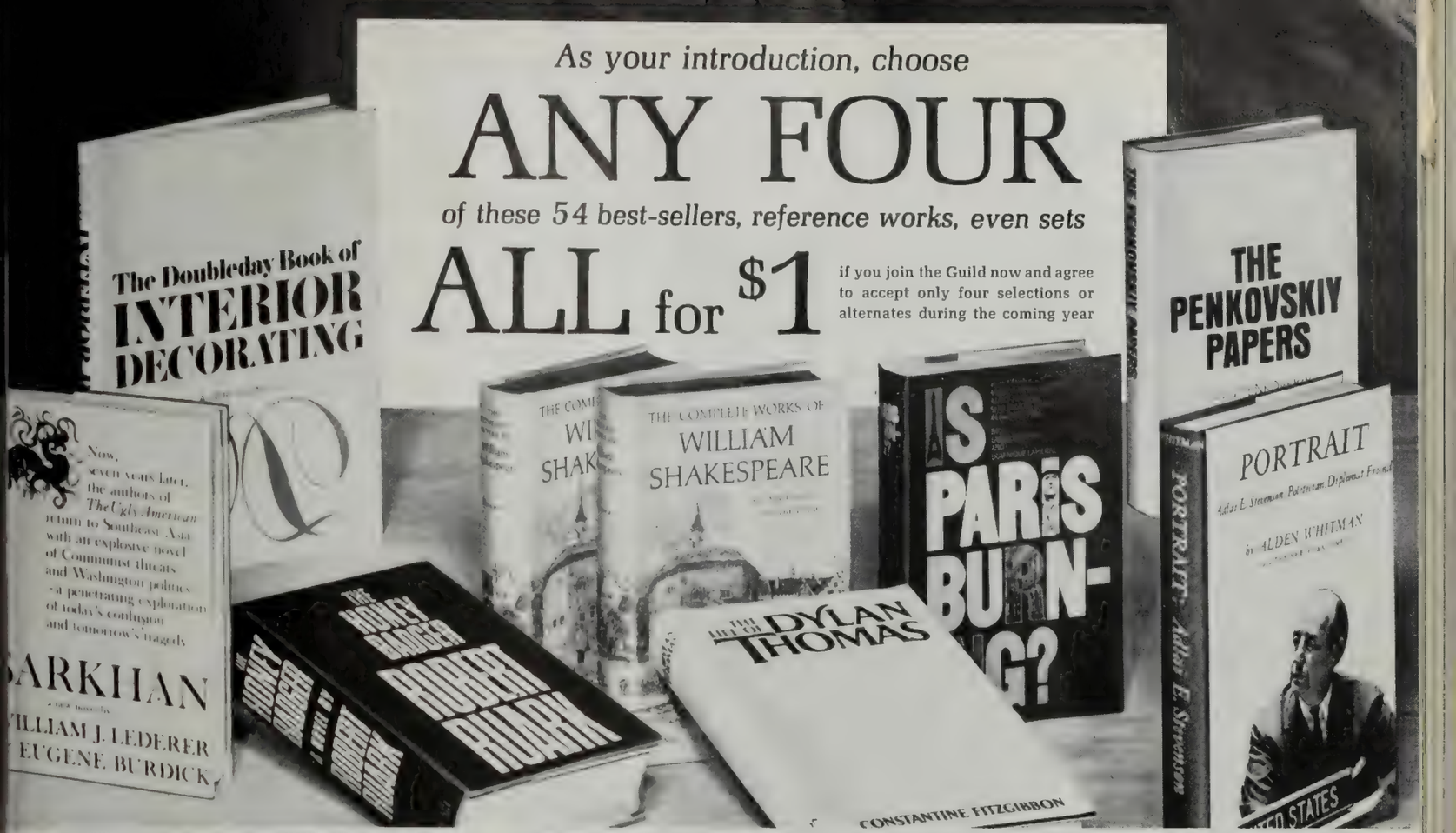
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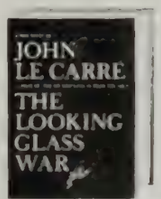
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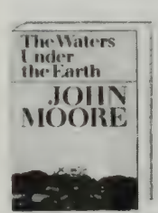
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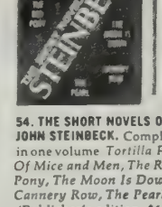
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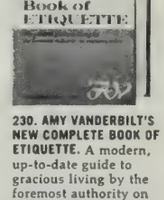
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OUR READERS WRITE US

continued from page 8

I was looking through your December, 1965, issue and saw your Claybake article. I tried to make some of these clay things, and I succeeded with some beautiful Christmas and Chanukah decorations.

Thank you for this lovely idea. It is a great pastime for a cold or rainy day, and it's easy for kids.

EMILY MADDOW
Hollywood, Calif.

Forgotten Children

Dear Editors: How gratifying and encouraging to discover THE CHILDREN SANTA FORGOT in your December issue.

At a time when magazines call to their readers to "make this the best Christmas ever" by creating "these sparkling ornaments," or "this glittering table arrangement," it is rewarding to learn of concrete ways in which one can practice the true spirit of Christmas.

How sad it is to be reminded that there are children who don't have visions of sugar plums because they've never seen such things. But thank you for the reminder.

BEVERLY JOHANSON
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Editors: At first, while reading THE CHILDREN SANTA FORGOT, I felt compassion and pity. But as I went on, anger began to swell within me—to the point where I now feel compelled to write this letter.

Yes, of course, the children should be helped. But instead of playing Santa all year round with doles, a once-a-year present should fill their mothers' stockings on Christmas Eve—a present that would prevent all the hardships and strife in your article. That one gift should be a year's supply of birth-control pills.

MRS. WAYNE SIMMS
Villa Park, Ill.

Enter Dazzling

Dear Editors: ENTER DAZZLING, the fashion article in your December issue, included some of the most delightful party clothes ever.

As an ex-fashion editor, my interest in clothes has been both personal and professional for many years now. It is almost painful for me to see otherwise alert and well-informed women turn up at party after party all done up in practically identical black dresses.

Now that the *Journal* has come out for more color and dash in party clothes, perhaps these women will see the light and be encouraged to make their own "dazzling party entrances." I certainly hope so.

HELEN BORDEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Prairie Winter

Dear Editors: Thank you so much for publishing PRAIRIE WINTER, in the December, 1965, issue of the *Journal*.

It is a gem, almost a classic, and I hope you will convey my feelings to the writer, Margaret Creal.

I, too, recall the rural winters of my childhood with nostalgia. The snow has never been so cold and deep, fires never as warm, hot chocolate never as sweet as then, and . . . well, I could go on and on.

Thank you again for the article, and for all the many pleasant and not-so pleasant (but nevertheless treasured) memories it called to mind.

JANET CARROLL
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editors: A thousand thanks for Margaret Creal's PRAIRIE WINTER.

I was thrilled with the vivid description of the prairie and that wonderful, indescribable feeling of peace, fellowship and goodwill that doesn't seem to exist in any other part of Canada.

Margaret Creal has certainly captured the spirit of it all, and I thank her so much for sharing it with me—with us, the readers of your very fine *Journal*.

MRS. B. B. MCDONALD
Ontario, Canada

Dear Santa

Dear Editors: Just a note to thank you for the best Christmas issue ever, and to tell you how I love my *Journal* more each year.

The fashions were fabulous. Poppy Cannon came through as usual with some marvelous recipes, and the fiction and articles were heartwarming.

As the mother of four small children, I especially enjoyed Bill Adler's DEAR SANTA. And perhaps Bill Adler would enjoy this (dictated by my six-year-old girl):

"*Dear Santa:* The kids next door told me there wasn't really a Santa Claus, but I'm writing this letter to you just in case."

DELLA CASTILE
San Diego, Calif.

CALLING ALL MOTHERS

Have You A Special Trick—

to get a child to do something he doesn't want to do, like having his hair washed, or finishing her milk, or getting up in the morning?

The Journal welcomes letters from mothers who have an unusual solution to the everyday problems of living with children. We will pay $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Please address contributions to Susan Jacobson, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.

A little bit of Karo
puts a little bit of you
into every dish you cook

Here's a whale of a fish dish: Tuna Delish

All it takes is 5 ingredients • 25 minutes and Karo®



1/3 cup Karo All Purpose Syrup (dark corn syrup) • 2 (1 lb.) cans stewed tomatoes • 1/2 medium onion, sliced (1/2 cup) • 1-1/4 cups uncooked elbow macaroni 2 (7 oz.) cans tuna, drained • 4 oz. grated or shredded American cheese (1 cup)

Combine tomatoes, onion and Karo Syrup in saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Stir in macaroni. Remove from heat. Add tuna in large chunks and about 2/3 of the cheese. Pour into 2 quart casserole. Cover. Bake in 425°F. (hot) oven until macaroni is tender, stirring occasionally, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake uncovered until cheese is melted, about 5 minutes. Makes 4 servings of Tuna Delish in 25 minutes baking time.

You'll find Karo adds delicious taste, extra nutrition, helps flavors blend better. Whenever your recipe calls for light or dark corn syrup, always use Karo!

The new way to cook is with Karo!



I was on my way up to the top—227 pounds—when this picture was taken. Every time I went shopping for a dress, I knew I'd have to buy it bigger. When I hit size 22½, I knew it was time to come down.



Here I am at 130. My husband never thought I could lose so much weight. But I did. And I feel great!

I stopped crash dieting and lost 97 pounds

By Edith Henderson—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

I never thought when I went to work in the bakery that I'd turn into a 227-pound cream puff. But that's exactly what happened. Of course, it didn't happen overnight. For fifteen years, I'd been overeating. My job, however, was what tipped the scales. From nine to three, I lived in a world of Danish rolls, sugar-coated doughnuts and plump apple turnovers. The temptation was terrific. And I had little will power. When I wasn't selling, I ate. And when I went home, I didn't stop. In fact, I ate even more.

My husband is a baker. He and I and our three children live on a small farm in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. We have ten acres. On six, we grow corn and oats. On the rest, we have livestock. There's always plenty to do, but the exercise I got doing chores only helped to build up my appetite more.

Our evening meal was the big one. And I really mean big. Meat. Heaps of potatoes, smothered in gravy. Sometimes macaroni and cheese or spaghetti. And plenty of pastry—prune kolachy, berry pie or my favorite, homemade chocolate layer cake.

You can see what made me fat. It wasn't heredity. My six sisters are all slim. It wasn't glandular. It wasn't lack of exercise. It was simply my own oversized appetite that was to blame for the shape I was in.

What made me decide to do something about my weight? Strangely enough, my job, the very job that was helping to make me fatter. You see, at the bakery I was "out in public." I was no longer seeing just chickens and rabbits and calves every day. I was seeing people. And they were seeing me. That's when I began to see myself. There I was—Edith Henderson, in my early thirties, wearing a size 22½ dress. The other girls I worked with were all slim. The contrast was enough to move me to action.

I'd tried dieting before, but never with much success. Once, many years ago, I took a drug. It wasn't for me. Later, I tried crash dieting. Eggs and grapefruit . . . day after day after day after day until I couldn't stand it anymore. I was so ugly with my family, even they encouraged me to go back to my chocolate layer cake.

This time, however, I was determined to take off the weight gradually and sensibly. I knew, though, that I'd need help. That's when I turned to a vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy to curb my appetite. I'd read in a magazine about movie stars using it. And our local druggist thought it would help me. Oh yes, one thing more. Misery loves company. So I called a few of my overweight friends to ask if they wouldn't be interested in trying to reduce along with me. They were. So we formed the "Chub Club." Some took reducing drugs. Others tried liquid diet drinks. Still others used will power alone. I was the only one to take the candy, Ayds. And I was the only one to achieve a major weight loss.

What did I have to do on the Ayds Plan? It was really quite simple. The candy contains no drugs. There's nothing in it that made me nervous. I just followed directions — took one or two Ayds before meals, with a hot drink. For me, that was usually a cup of coffee or tea. Fifteen minutes later, I was able to sit down at the table with the rest of my family and eat what they ate. Only I ate less, because my appetite had been curbed and I wanted less.

Where cake and coffee used to be routine when we watched television in the evening, I now take a cup of coffee and an Ayds. It comes in two flavors, you know. There's the caramel kind. And there's the chocolate fudgy kind. I like the caramel kind best, because it's chewier. I *have* to have something to chew when I'm reducing. I just can't drink a meal.

How much weight did I lose in all? 97 pounds! And I've maintained the weight loss, too. My husband told me later that he never thought I could do it. But I did! And I feel great. I felt good-natured, too, all the time I was on the Ayds Plan. Not irritable like the other times when I dieted.

My whole family is just delighted with the new "me." And so am I. I seem to be more popular and have more friends than I ever did. My new figure has caused quite a lot of talk in the town where I was raised, too. A few months ago, I went back for a visit. Someone who'd known me for years stopped me on the street. Only she thought I was my sister. My "skinny" sister. What a compliment that was for me! And so it would be for you, if you'd gone from a size 22½ to a size 12! Thank you, Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
5′4″	Height	5′4″
227 pounds	Weight	130 pounds
40″	Bust	36″
38″	Waist	29″
40″	Hips	36″
22½	Dress Size	12

2.

(Advertisement)

WANTED

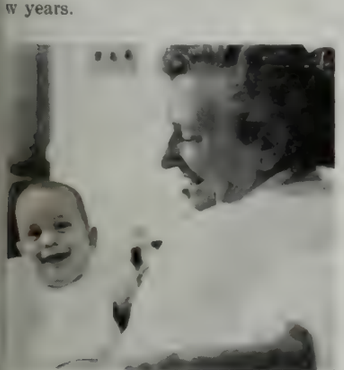
ew York.—Ex-emelyreliableand mpetent young oman, 25-35, eeded to look after l of seven and y four in New York ty; English or ench native lan-iage.–Telephone, De Park 3808 tween 10 and 12.

CONTRIBUTORS & EDITORS

his blind ad placed in the "personal" lumn of *The Times* of London last ring by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy naled the departure of lifelong itish nanny Maud Shaw from the es of Caroline and John Kennedy. "I just told them I was going away r the summer," she says. "The truth uld have been too upsetting for all of ." On that white lie Miss Shaw, 59, o came to the Kennedy household en Caroline was 11 days old and re-ained for 7½ momentous years, an-unced that she was retiring to the glish countryside.

Last August, after she had helped d the "extremely reliable and com-tent young Englishwoman," Miss tricia McCormick, who is now in resi-nce in the Kennedys' New York artment, Miss Shaw sat down to mpose the hardest letter of her life. was addressed to Miss Caroline Ken-dy at Newport, R.I., and it said that though it was very hard, she thought e only right thing to do was for her to main in England and look after her k brother and sister, with whom the ildren had spent a joyous weekend in gland last summer while their mother s off visiting former Prime Minister acmillan. She would miss Caroline d her brother an awful lot, she wrote, t Caroline had lots of people to love r—her mother, her grandmothers, her cle Bobby, all her cousins and her tle brother—"but Hettie and Jack ve only me, and they need me very uch." She wrote that she thought out them all the time and that she ew almost exactly what they must be ing from day to day.

Perhaps the parting was hardest for aud Shaw herself. With a wanderlust herited from her seafaring father, she rely stayed in one job more than a w years.



Her seven years with Caroline and hn was her longest tenure in any usehold—and the happiest years of r life.

As a professional nanny for 40 years, iss Shaw provided us with some re-aling insights into the unique and acting profession of taking care of her people's children. Good nannies are never out of work: the demand for them always exceeds the supply, and a bad employer doesn't stand a chance against the Nanny Mafia.

We learned there is an international nanny grapevine, which operates with a deadly, quiet efficiency that the CIA might well study. British nannies gently rocking their prams in Hyde Park are in constant touch with their colleagues wheeling strollers in Central Park.

This nanny "hotline" provides a pool of acute and detailed information on potential employers' personality defects, working conditions and the dispositions of their offspring.

"It is a sort of labor exchange and trade union which is invaluable in our work," Miss Shaw says. An afternoon chat between nannies can make or break a mother.

If a nanny is vaguely dissatisfied with her current household, she simply takes her charge to the park, taps the grapevine for a more suitable position and hands in her notice after bathtime.

In addition, nanny-nappers, a growing race of desperate mothers, lurk on every park bench waiting to seduce top governesses with a promise of color TV, higher wages and three-day weekends. (The only sure way to avoid them is to have only one child, which all nannies prefer, stay home most evenings, take your child to the park yourself and leave your nanny at home.)

What makes a good nanny?

Miss Shaw lists these four basic qualities to look for: (1) A genuine love of children. (2) A sense of fair play. (3) The rare ability to discipline without tears. (4) The understanding that every child is different.

What makes a good employer? A mother who doesn't resent it when her child turns to his nanny for comfort instead of to his mother. Miss Shaw reports that it is a rare mother who fails to bridle when this happens, as it inevitably does when a nanny does her job properly.

Titled personages, Miss Shaw discovered, often pay the poorest wages and make the worst employers.

For despairing mothers, Miss Shaw offers her time-tested formula for bringing up children:

"The real secret is to treat them in a quiet manner. Never bully, always be fair, tell them in a reasonable way what you expect of them, and they will respond. Do the opposite and they will 'play you up' unmercifully."

The final proof of how well this formula works lies in Jacqueline Kennedy's inscription in a scrapbook that has its own shelf in the small living room of the little white house in Kent that Maud Shaw now calls home.

"You have brought such happiness to all our lives and especially President Kennedy, because you have made his children what they are."

It is a sentence that every nanny, nurse, mother and grandmother might well envy. For the last installment of Miss Maud Shaw's own story, telling how she made President Kennedy's children what they are, see page 68. **END**



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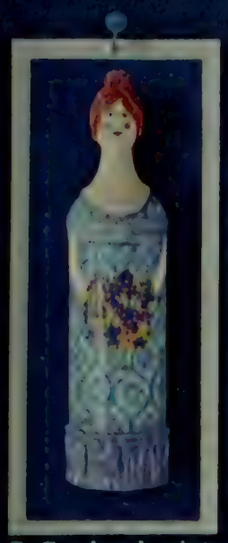
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Have You Heard . . .

How to spoil your kids—and their tummies, too—in one scrumptious, diabolical blow? Hollywood presents The Big Rock Candy Mountain, a birthday cake that not even Cecil B. DeMille could top.

The Mountain, as big as the Ritz and twice as rococo, was concocted by a Beverly Hills caterer whose clients' kids are *already* spoiled—and whose parties have to be Supercolossals, with Vistavision, or else.

Which is why the Mountain stands five feet tall in its melting-rainbow icing, and also why it has to have cunning little railroad tracks spiraling up from base to peak, with little bridges, tunnels and cliffs lovingly sculptured into its fantastic terrain.

But wait—at the height of the birthday revels, a tiny, battery-powered train begins chugging over those tracks, a light on the summit starts blinking, and from somewhere in the rich, moisty interior, a tape recorder plays *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*. Cost of the entire production: a mere $250. (Maybe *next* year they'll have a deluxe model, with a pint-size Virna Lisi tucked inside.)

And Have You Seen . . .

The most daring rescue device for wayward travelers since the St. Bernard brandy keg? It's a "Never Get Lost Car Map," a minor miracle of automation dreamed up by a British electronics company and wrapped securely in a 6-inch container. The device projects a regional map on any available surface inside your car; your starting point is indicated on the map by an arrow. Then, a tiny electric calculating device moves the arrow along the map, along the precise route your car is traveling. Every time you take a wrong turn, the arrow points to the error of your ways. Best of all, it's the *only* car map in the world that you never have to figure out how to refold.

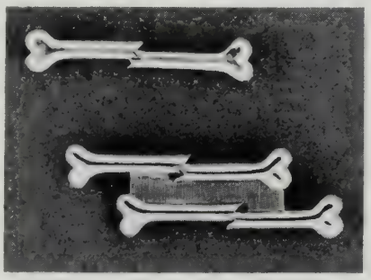
Have You Heard . . .

The last word in foreign-language phrase books is for jet-setters who want the natives to know how they *really* feel. A five-language insult dictionary is about to come off the presses in England; it promises to be the first handy pocket guide ever designed expressly for tourists with lost baggage, mixed-up hotel reservations, cold breakfast, terrible service, padded bills and ruthless customs inspectors. Carry the insult dictionary with you at all times, and even if it won't stave off disaster, it will at least help you snarl at the natives firmly and nastily with lovely French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian epithets.

Have You Seen . . .

The new IN insignia of the ski slopes—it's a little one-inch sterling silver fractured shin bone. And if you wear two matching fractured shin bones, you're practically king of the mountain. The cracked tibiae are the mark of membership in a very exclusive organization known as the Broken Bone Club of the National Ski Patrol System. The club's been around since 1939, but, although a million skiers now hit the slopes every year, the club has only about 2,000 members.

To join, all you have to do is fracture a bone. But you have to fracture it on a ski slope, and get pulled to the nearest orthopedic surgeon via Ski Patrol toboggan. It costs $3 for the single-fracture pin, $5 for the double-fracture. Membership is available for the price of the pins, simply by writing to National Ski Patrol headquarters, Denver, Colo. P.S. You don't have to enclose your plaster cast or X rays; the Patrol keeps records on every hapless skier it assists. The money goes to further the work of the Patrol, a volunteer organization that provides free help for other injured skiers.



If you can't sport a silver bone . . .

When you wear your pin, you're allowed to buttonhole all other skiers and talk about your accident.

Have You Seen . . .

The new status item for big sports—a lightweight *steel* tennis racket, impervious to heat, moisture and weak-wristed players, which European experts say will serve up the most exciting tennis news since clay courts. Developer of the sensational racket is Rene Lacoste, brilliant French tennis star of the 1920's and '30's. Lacoste spent 10 years working on the "aerodynamic" shape (double-pronged hollow handle, leather-wrapped plastic grip)—which makes it possible for even a 98-pound beginner to hit a hard, fast ball without collapsing.

The Lacoste racket is headed for the U.S. market sometime this year; it will cost about $40 with gut strings. Now, if only somebody would build a ball that couldn't possibly land in the net. . . .

Have You Circled . . .

Feb. 10—Huddle into your trench coat and go catch *The Spy Who. . . .* Seeing Richard Burton out in the Cold War may be the bone-chilling-est movie experience of your life. Gritty, hard, iron-gray and as spirit-breaking as the Berlin wall, the film version of John le Carré's shattering anti-spy novel is even more so. It doesn't particularly matter if you hate depressing flicks; this one is absolutely unmissable.

Feb. 11—Consolation prize for people who didn't get away for a midwinter cruise: *The Voyage of the Brigantine Yankee*—a breath of salt air on TV (CBS), about the real-life adventures of 22 young Americans who sailed around the world on a 96-foot schooner.

Feb. 14—Tell your Valentine not to bring home just another filmy nightgown tonight. But he *can* give you a filmy nightgown designed by a male psychologist, who really knows the stuff that Valentine dreams are made of. *These* dreams ($100 and $200 apiece) were "functionally engineered" to promote better marital relations, says Dr. William Swartley, the designing analyst. What he means is they fall apart instantly at the touch of a button, bow, snap or parachute ripcord. (Geronimo!) P.S. Dr. Swartley's next psycho-lingerie item ought to be a Freudian slip.

Feb. 18—Stop humming *Hello, Dolly!* and watch Carol Channing being her own remarkable self. *An Evening with C.C.* (CBS) involves (1) a Channing spoof on those TV "tours" of famous cities, with a movie star as your guide; (2) a Channing vaudeville routine with George Burns; (3) a dramatic Channing encounter with David (U.N.C.L.E.) McCallum, and (4) a choice handful of Channing songs—including something called *Hello. Dolly!* (P.S. If you watched NBC's *Hello, Dolly!* special on Feb. 14, now's your chance to compare Dollies. NBC covered Mary Martin's international tour of the show.)

Feb. 20—Transfer to Moscow U.—just for an hour—courtesy of CBS-TV News. A *Twentieth Century* crew penetrated the U.S.S.R.'s blackboard curtain last fall, for a quickie course in Soviet campus life. Moscow U. has 25,000 students, and 1,700 laboratories for them to learn to build Sputniks in.

Feb. 25—Stay up all night reading *Games For Insomniacs*, a superb collection of terrible trivia for self-service brainwashing. John G. Fuller's games are guaranteed to work faster than either sheep-counting or The Late Late Show. For instance, have you ever tried thinking of all the words beginning with "sn" that pertain to the nose? Or pairing unlikely movie titles for double-feature billing? (*The Key* and *The Apartment; If A Man Answers* and *Sorry, Wrong Number*) . . . See—you're yawning already. (Doubleday, $4.50.)



. . . then how about a steel racket?

BY LOIS BENJAMIN

Yesterday, you may have had a reason for missing a good, nourishing breakfast.

Today, you don't.



Now you can have new Carnation instant breakfast –makes milk a meal that's too good to miss.

Each glass delivers as much protein as two eggs, as much mineral nourishment as two strips of crisp bacon, more energy than two slices of buttered toast, and even Vitamin C—the orange juice vitamin. It comes in a lot of great flavors, too. Look for them in your cereal section.

JOURNAL ORIGINAL 29

These patched-and-embroidered wall hangings will clue you in on brisket and shank, loin and chop, help you cope with budget and butcher. (We hope he has a sense of humor if, by chance, you ask for a pound of polka-dotted brisket.) Each hanging—one for pork, beef and lamb—is stamped with animal outline. You appliqué the dotted, flowered and paisleyed cotton patches (they're keyed to the chart below) and finish up with simple embroidery. Chart measures 19x16 inches; kits are available with or without frame.







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PET NEWS

The little boy was crying as he stumbled up the steps and shoved open the glass door. In his arms he carried what might have been a bundle of white and brown rags.

"Make my dog well, lady?" he asked the nurse who met him halfway across the high-ceilinged waiting room.

The nurse gathered up the dog quickly, but very gently, and ducked through a swinging door, the boy right behind her.

In the emergency room, a white-clad veterinarian stethoscoped the dead puppy, glanced at the little boy, and then nodded to the nurse.

"Come along," she said to the boy, "and we'll pick out a puppy you can borrow while we take care of yours."

Off they went, hand in hand, to the adoption ward. Only nurse and doctor knew the "borrowed" puppy was to belong to the boy, for keeps.

This story—and hundreds like it—happens every week at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston. It is one of the world's greatest hospitals for small animals, with 19 staff and resident veterinarians, two dozen nurses who work three shifts in the 12 wards, and an outstanding animal pathology department.

Not all of Angell's patients arrive in the arms of heartbroken little boys. Not long ago, the hospital got a call to pick up an ailing dog at Boston's Logan Airport. The dog—a mongrel—had just flown in from Florida in its owner's private DC-3. He was alone save for the three-man crew. In a few days, Angell vets cured him of his minor skin condition, and the DC-3 picked up Fido and ferried him home to his dog's life in Boca Raton.

Animals have reached the hospital, via one mode of transportation or another, from all 50 states, and from as far away as Morocco, West Germany and Japan.

In 50 years, Angell's veterinarians have treated more than two million domestic and wild animals—from elephants to mice, eagles, llamas, monkeys, snakes, tropical birds and at least one aoudad.

The men who founded Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in 1915 named it for George Thorndike Angell, who started the humane movement in Boston. Their policy: to heal sick animals, charging fees to owners who could afford to pay, but never turning away those who could not. Today, Angell operates at a deficit of about $1,000 a day, a loss that is made up by funds from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which owns and operates the hospital.

Angell Memorial was built on Longwood Avenue in Boston's huge medical center, and its distinguished neighbors are proud to have it there. Next door is Harvard Medical School; across the street, the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy; 100 yards away, Children's Hospital, and nearby, eight other famous hospitals—all for humans. This has often created confusion for people seeking emergency help. A distracted young man once dashed into Angell Memorial clutching an object wrapped in a blanket. "Quick," he panted, "a doctor!" A nurse hustled the man and his bundle into an emergency room while they waited for a veterinarian. The dialogue was brief.

Nurse: "What kind of animal is it?"

Man: "Animal? It's my baby!"

The shaken nurse rushed the father down the street to Children's Hospital. It is understandable that Angell could be mistaken for a human hospital. Here are long, well-lighted corridors; hurrying doctors and nurses, dressed in shining white; immaculate laboratories. Technicians in spotless smocks bend intently over microscopes or stand before whirling centrifuges.

Through the glass in a door marked "Radioactive Isotope Research" a doctor can be seen hunched over a lab table, making notes. And behind another door sits a huge complex of wires and dials—an electroencephalograph for brain-wave studies.

Even the telephone calls from anxious "relatives" of the patients sound like those in City Hospital. A doctor can be heard soothing a worried caller: "No, we really can't say that; there's always hope. . . . You'll just have to be patient and trust us. . . . We'll try awfully hard for him."

Within the wards, however, Angell Memorial becomes unique among hospitals. In a large, square room, with a bone-clean cement floor and an antiseptic atmosphere, the four walls are lined with cages, two tiers high. Nearly every cage is occupied.

Here a regal Siamese with an ugly open burn across one cheek, the result of a nibbled light cord; there a gay little cocker spaniel, a furious tail-wagger, looking healthy but "subject to fits," according to his cage card.

Huddled silently against the rear wall of another cage, a lovely German shepherd, sunken into a listlessness from which neither the veterinarians nor the nurses, with all their tidbits, coaxing and pampering have been able to rouse her.

A nurse rattles her way into the ward, pushing a medication cart laden with vials, bottles, beakers. In one corner of the room, a ward boy takes a blue Persian kitten's temperature. In another, a staff veterinarian checks the dressing on a quivering collie's stomach.

BY BILL McGUIRE

This hospital employs some of the greatest veterinarians living today. Dr. Gerry Schnelle, who has been at Angell Memorial for 40 years (chief of staff for the past 14), is among the world's foremost authorities on animal radiology.

Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, director of surgery, sixtyish, jovial and supremely capable, has performed 17,500 operations in his 35 years on the staff, including heart surgery to correct an otherwise fatal "blue baby" condition in puppies.

Like the other veterinarians, the nurses and even the technicians, these men have an unashamed love for animals. ("Why else would a man become a veterinarian?" asks Dr. Blakely in mild surprise.)

The chief and his staff are also teachers. Each year, they select six to eight graduate veterinarians—the cream of the college crop—for the hospital's internship program.

The young veterinarians spend 15 months studying and working at Angell. When the training period is over, some enter private practice, but many go into teaching or research.

Though they may not experiment on live animals, the veterinarians of Angell Memorial have made some notable contributions to animal research. And, from time to time, their efforts are important for human medicine, too.

"We plan our work to be of help to animals, not humans," Dr. Schnelle says. "But what we learn often turns out to be of benefit to man."

Of the thousands of animals—and people—who have passed through Angell, a few are graven on the minds of the staff.

For instance, the Cape Cod lady who drove up to Boston to take her dog home one blizzardy day, arriving just in time to be snowed in at the hospital.

Figuring Rover had spent enough nights alone, she borrowed a blanket from a nurse, crawled into the cage and went to sleep beside him until the next morning, when the patient was released.

On another day, a man and his wife brought their Weimaraner to the hospital, one of his front legs paralyzed by an accident.

After the surgeons amputated the useless leg, the couple decided they couldn't live with a three-legged dog. Their solution: "Put him to sleep."

"He was a great dog," Dr. Schnelle recalls, "filled with life. With his owners' permission, I took him home."

His name was Ego. He lived nine happy years with the Schnelles, getting around quite neatly. If dogs have moments of triumph, Ego's—and Dr. Schnelle's—came the morning Ego galloped awkwardly up out of the woods behind the house, carrying a muskrat he had captured alone with three legs, plus courage and a well-loved animal's zest for life. END

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e Heard That Song Before	*Dance With Me Dolly*	*All Alone*	*Amapola*
The Chapel in The Moonlight	*I'll Take Romance . . .*	*Friendly Persuasion*	*Anniversary Waltz*
Confessin' That I Love You	*Stormy Weather*	*The Peanut Vendor*	*Mr. Meadowlark*
en I Take My Sugar to Tea	*Nobody's Sweetheart*	*Drifting and Dreaming*	*Sweet and Lovely*
nk You For A Lovely Evening	*I Double Dare You*	*After You've Gone*	*Birth of The Blues*
ar Hearts and Gentle People	*White Cliffs of Dover*	*Cheek to Cheek*	*Poinciana*
re's Danger In Your Eyes	*Rain on The Roof*	*These Foolish Things*	*One For My Baby*
e Makes The World Go 'Round	*I Hear Music*	*Ole Buttermilk Sky*	*Say It Isn't So*
ppin' Out With My Baby	*Me and My Shadow*	*The Road to Morocco*	

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sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has re- d the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair oration. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult ears of age or older will be checked against the official of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card). Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed envelope!

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R1691-883

beauty countdown: what's new, how to

It's a Space Age fact: Almost anyone willing to work at it can have good skin and strong, healthy hair—the fundamentals of a great contemporary look. It's all in knowing what's new and how to. Count on the cosmetics people for what's new—they work overtime on fascinating



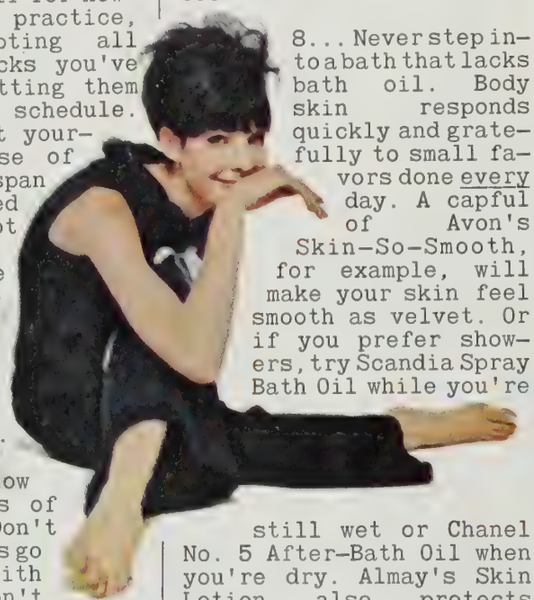
scientific discoveries to help you toward your goal. Count on yourself for how-to—this means practice, planning, adapting all the little tricks you've learned and fitting them into your daily schedule. And don't count yourself out because of age; our youth span has been elongated—eighteen's not too early, fifty's not too late to start working for pretty skin and hair. Ready? Now count on our beauty countdown to get you started.

10...Always follow the basic rules of good health. Don't scoff. Good looks go hand in hand with good health. Don't neglect your vitamins. Be sure to get plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise. If your skin looks cloudy, go on a fresh-fruit-and-vegetable kick and see if your mirror doesn't send back a



clearer image within a few weeks.

9...Keep your hair clean, clean, clean, shiny, shiny, shiny. There's no set rule for when to wash your hair. You can wash it as often as is needed—and that could be once a day if your hair is extra-oily. Dry or oily, never be lazy about brushing. A hundred strokes a day with a natural bristle brush is still the best hair polisher going. But, clean and shiny isn't enough. Hair styles today are definite in shape and color. Let your hairdresser take care of the shape. You or your hairdresser can make the change from a colorless color to a lively one full of highlights. One of the fastest ways to a permanent change is Clairol's Five Minute Color. Just shampoo it in, let it sit for five minutes. See the difference?



8...Never step into a bath that lacks bath oil. Body skin responds quickly and gratefully to small favors done <u>every</u> day. A capful of Avon's Skin-So-Smooth, for example, will make your skin feel smooth as velvet. Or if you prefer showers, try Scandia Spray Bath Oil while you're still wet or Chanel No. 5 After-Bath Oil when you're dry. Almay's Skin Lotion also protects against dryness, chapping.

7...Make absolutely certain that your skin is <u>really</u> clean. Fresh, clear skin is <u>always</u> clean skin. Most dermatologists agree that soap gets skin the cleanest. However, we feel that a first go-round with a cleanser, liquid or cream is a must if you wear eye makeup. Smooth it on, wait for it to meld with stale makeup, tissue off and follow with skin freshener or soap and water. For remedial cleansing (blackheads, coarse surface), try Beauty Grains.

6...Take action against sallow, tired skin, crepe-y throat with cosmetic exercise. Ella Bache's light, lemony Evening Mask is especially good just before the party. Used regularly, Germaine Monteil's new Super Moist Mask (it spreads on with a brush) builds up your skin's moisture level. For your throat, try Charles of the Ritz Throat Cream Concentrate in a swivel stick or Eve of Roma's roll-on Skin Stimulant. For lackluster lips, use Bonny



Bell's medicated lip gloss.

5...Keep a watchful eye on the area directly under your eyes. Even before wrinkling begins, get into the habit of using eye cream, eye stick or eye oil before going to bed or when you're doing morning house chores. If dark circles are a problem, Revlon's Frosty White Blush On will do a quick disappearing act.

4...Be prepared for all kinds of weather. Extremes of any kind can play havoc with your skin—sometimes do permanent damage. Two



ways to protect your skin: First, don't overexpose to wind, sun, heat or cold. Second, always set up a cosmetic barrier against the elements (including steam heat and air conditioning). Coty's new Beauty Climate family—including a moisture veil, cleanser, nutramoist conditioner, mask, eye-cream—will help your skin acclimatize everywhere.

3...Make an investment in night creams. They pay off by keeping your skin smooth, moisturized and soft. Put on 15 minutes before bedtime, wipe off top "shine" before you turn out the lights. If you don't like to wear cream at night, simply apply it just before you step into the tub, tissue off after you step out. The night cream you choose depends on your skin type. If you're doubtful how to classify it, ask an expert. There's at least one behind every cosmetic counter in America.

2...Never, never, never let your cupboard be bare



of moisturizers. Thirsty skin ages rapidly and moisturizers help prevent this from happening by both holding moisture in and replenishing it. Most cosmetics contain moisturizers — from lipsticks to colognes. Look for them on the labels of all your beauty preparations.

1...Take full advantage of machine-made miracles. For example, you can steam-clean your face with a new lightweight machine called Facsorna which alternates steam with cold showers. Or, you can set your hair in just three minutes with an electric-roller machine called Curlatron. Both available at Hammacher-Schlemmer, New York (also by mail).

0...Off you go to a new beauty orbit. **—Susan Harney**
BEAUTY EDITOR

Photographs by Alberto Rizzo



For the joy of a slender figure, try SEGO®, the magical meal that helps you slim.

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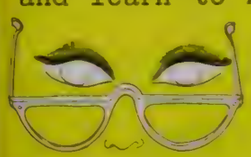
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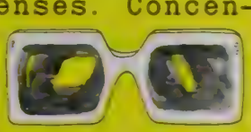
PROJECT: YOU

Make the most of your glasses



Forget the old rules when choosing new frames for your glasses. Huge frames can be charming on a tiny face, round ones can make a round face look positively angelic. Do experiment with all the interesting sizes and shapes available now, and do try frames in front of a full-length mirror to make sure they're right for your figure and height, as well as your face. Use lots of eye makeup, but be extra careful applying it, since glasses tend to emphasize eyes and makeup mistakes. If you must wear glasses to apply makeup, get a variety of long-handled brushes and learn to manipulate them around your specs. (Most makeup goes on better with a brush, anyway.) Another idea: invest in one of the new prescription mirror/lenses. Concentrate on making the prettiest mouth possible when you plan to wear sun glasses. This means perfect outlining with lip brush, of course. Bright lip colors, by the way, look newer than pales this year. And glasses, sun or regular, look smartest now with the bows (sides) worn over, not under, your hair.









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I've got all kinds of problems, bu



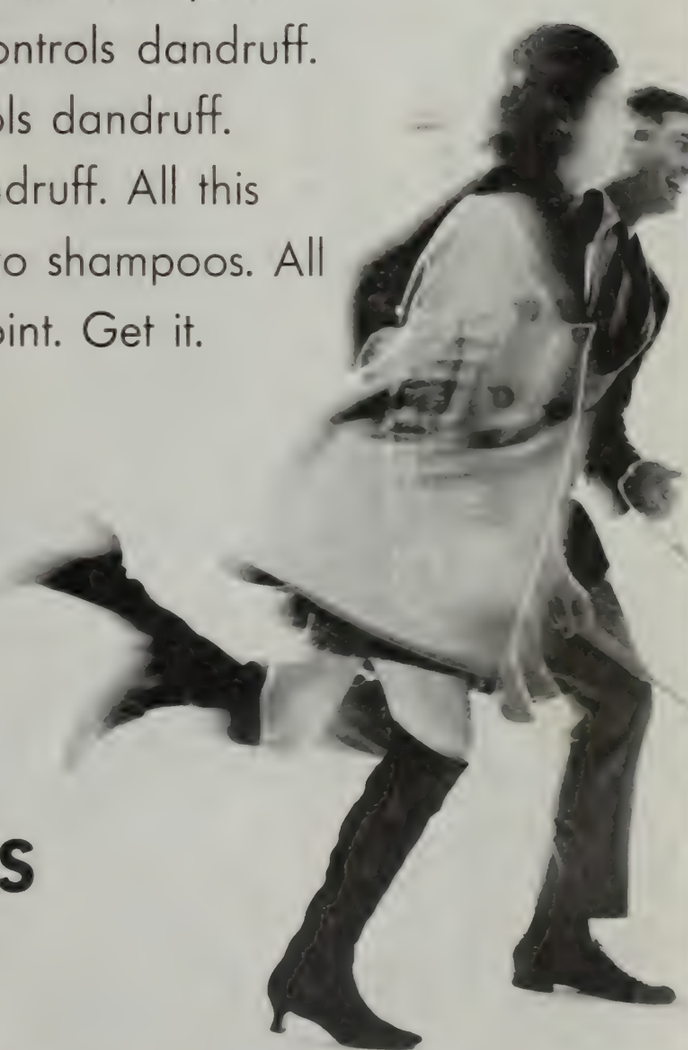




dandruff isn't one of them.

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Helene Curtis

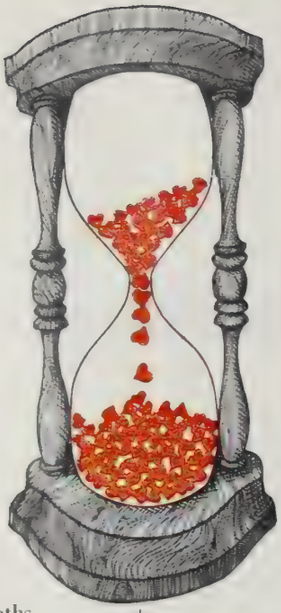
where beautiful young ideas begin.

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A Treasury of Valentines

LOVE POEMS FOR THE VERY MARRIED

By Lois Wyse



DO YOU NEED ME?

Remember that day in New York?
You know, the last day we were there.
I had just bought the pink suit
(the one with the funny loops you like so much).
I walked out of the store.
And I saw one of those there-on-the-sidewalk phone booths.
So I called the hotel for messages.
The operator read all the usual nothings.
And then she came to that message from you.
It said, "Do you need me? I'll be at . . ."
Funny.
I never heard where you'd be.
I heard only
"Do you need me?"
And I thought,
"Do I need you?"
And slowly I put the receiver back on the hook
And I said to myself . . .
Oh, how I need you.
This very moment I need you.
How dear you are. How right that you should show me what
I love you
really means.

Do you need me?

ON DEPOSIT IN A SECRET HEART

It's like money in the bank.
The delicate, off-balance, improbable things that happen in a moment . . .
The day you said you couldn't see me off,
Then at the last minute came to the station as the train was leaving
And raced the diesel along the track.
And I said, "It's just like the movies."
And you said, "Yes, it's just like the movies,"
And we kissed without ever touching.
Or the day . . . or the day . . . or the day . . .
All the delicate
Off-balance
Improbable things that happen in a moment
To be stored and treasured
On deposit in a secret heart . . .
Withdrawn when needed.
And redeposited for another rainy day.

I THINK I LOVE YOU

Once, when we were very young.
You looked at me and said,
"I think I love you."
And I bristled slightly
(as young girls do),
And I said to you, "Think?
You only think you love me?
You mean you do not know?"

For at that moment I knew love.
I was on intimate terms with Cole Porter lyrics,
And I cried when I read *Wuthering Heights*.

But now that I have grown up
I know the timeless treasure of your words.
For love must have a way to grow,
And you found the way so long ago.
You took the time to think our love . . .
And still you do.
A good love takes thinking through.
And living with.
And I knew
The first morning I awoke and touched you next to me . . .
I, too, could say at last,
"I think I love you."

I WISH FOR YOU

I wish for you
Each small success
That makes a man a man.

I wish for you
An outside cut,
A twist of lime.
An order from the Coast.
A second look from pretty girls,
A second look for pretty girls,
And one glittering riposte.

I wish for you
Unshaven Sundays,
Brilliant Mondays,
And occasionally a day with nothing to do . . .
But ride waves or bikes or roller skates
And reflect, my dear, on
The Importance of Not Being Corporate You.

Let others wish you
Hand-tailored suits,
English boots,
And dream executive dreams for you.
The wheels of business make their wishes real,
With two kisses ours come true.

WORDS FOR A FIVE-STAR LOSER

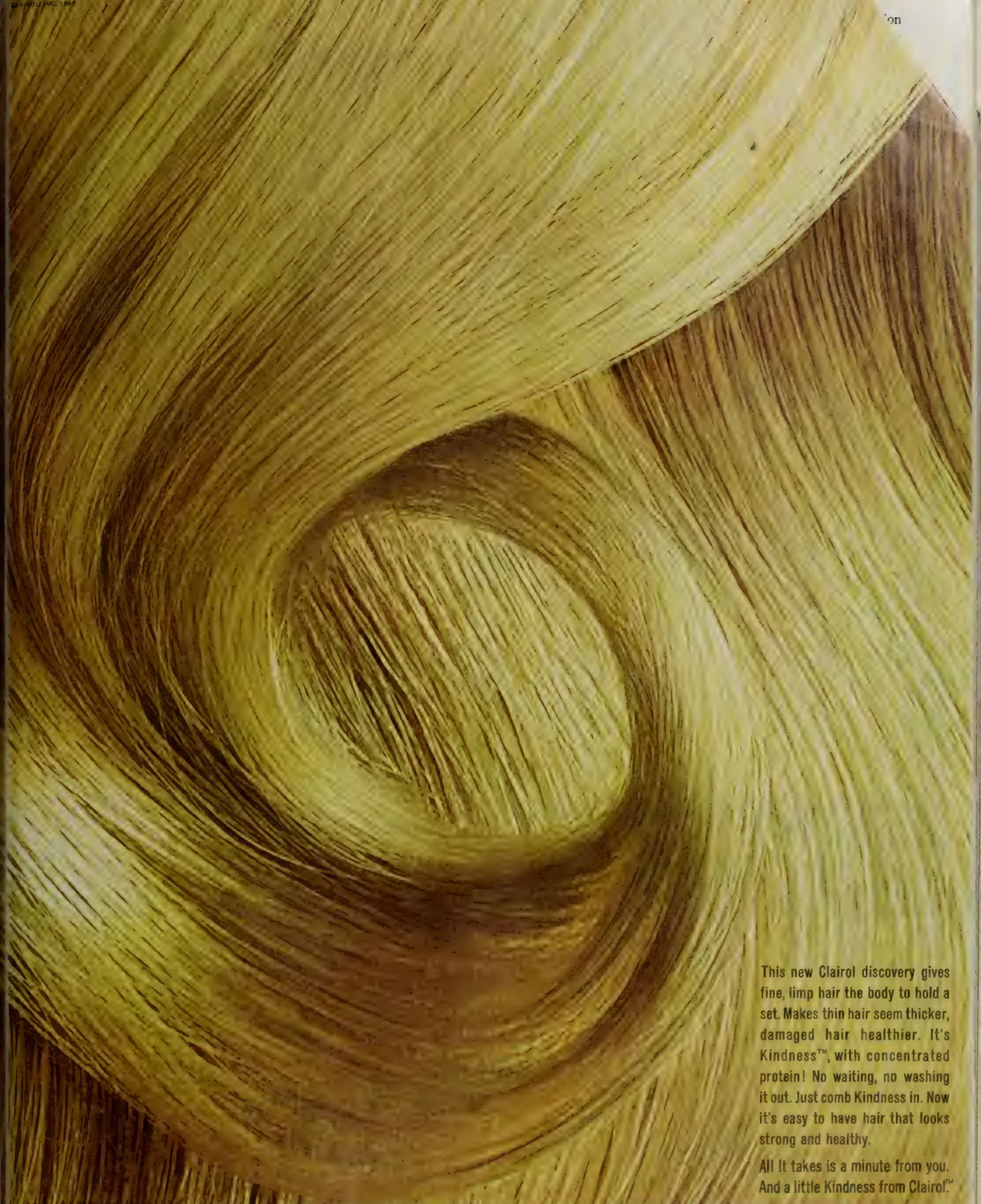
I met a famous man at a dinner party the other night,
And I extended my hand and said,
"I'm one of your admirers. I've read a lot about you."
And he stood up and said,
"You probably read about my five marriages, too."
I hadn't, except for the famous early headline ones.
"Trouble with me," he said, "is this . . .
Every time I fall in love I get married.
No marriage lasted more than ten years.
Around seven years I get itchy."
Look, famous man, sit down, and let me tell you something.
Around seven years everybody gets itchy.
Dumb executives and smart plumbers and wives. Oh, do wives get itchy.
They get itchy
Putting up hems and taking down storm windows.
They get itchy
When they go to the movies or watch TV.
They get itchy
Making hamburg patties
And diapering bottoms
And holding heads.
They get itchy
Putting children to bed and getting husbands up.
They get itchy
Just thinking about men like you getting itchy.
That's the itchiest feeling of all.

FOR AN OUT-OF-TOWN HUSBAND

Of course you have to travel.
All husbands have to travel
But I thought you ought to know that
We are so married I know you by your telephone ring.
It's a short, impatient ring
Followed by a long "Hello how are the children did you have a good day?"
And then sometimes there is silence
Which is a very nice thing in a marriage.
And during that silence
We both say the most understanding things of all.

Illustration by Werner Kappes

©1966 by Lois Wyse. From the book, "Love Poems for the Very Married," to be published by The World Publishing Co.



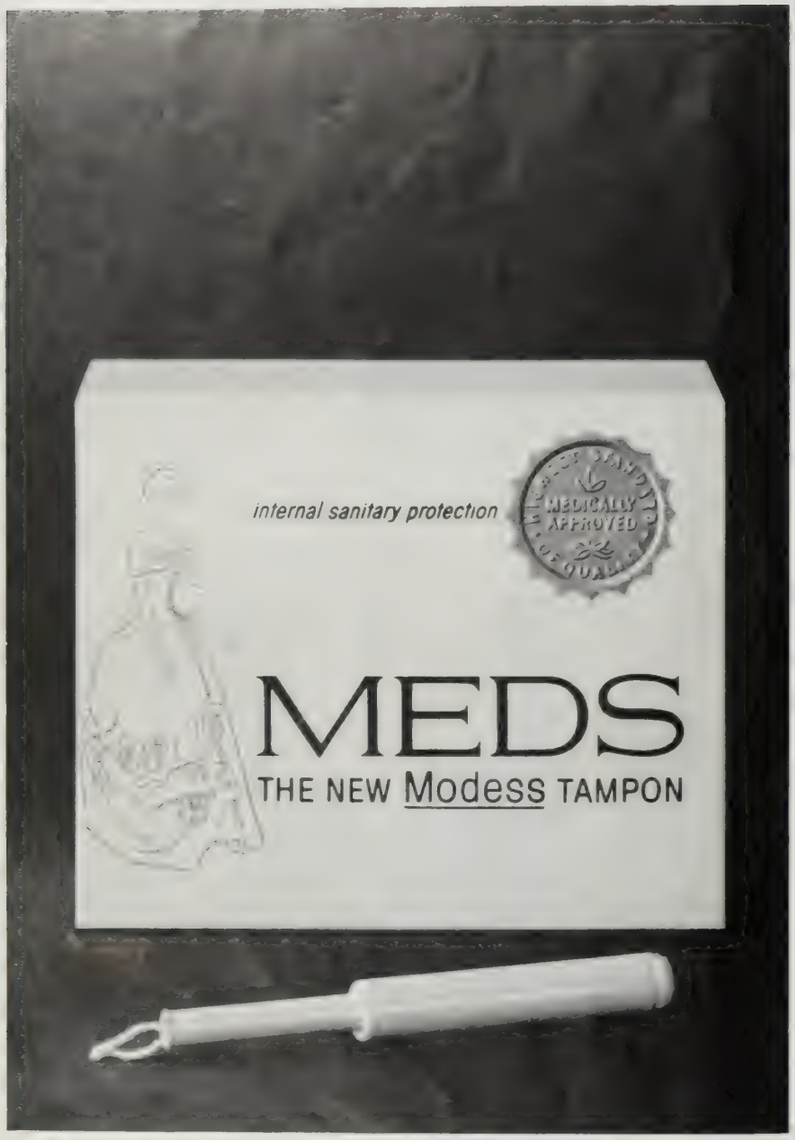
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MEDICINE TODAY

BY PHYLLIS WRIGHT, M.D., WITH VICTOR COHN

HOW LONG CAN YOU SAFELY take birth-control pills? Are they safe in the first place? Government committees are now re-examining both questions in the light of latest evidence.

Some critics have been accusing the Food and Drug Administration of ignoring complications in some women: mainly blood clotting and eye troubles. Firms making the pills and several university authorities say no cause-and-effect relationships have been shown. To guide its members and local medical directors, the Medical Committee of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America (which evaluates all contraceptive methods) recently said:

"The number of women for whom oral contraceptives has been prescribed is very large—estimated at seven million in this country alone. The number of alleged complications is very small. . . . It is therefore the opinion of the Medical Committee that there should be no change in our previous endorsement of this method."

The committee also suggested that any doctor prescribing any contraceptive method must also weigh the medical risks of pregnancy itself. An unwanted pregnancy, in other words, may be a greater and more unnecessary medical risk than that of the pill or other method.

As to length of use, the present recommendation is a maximum of four years in the case of the longest-tested products. So far, however, the recommendations have been extended year by year as the pill-makers have shown the Government additional evidence of good results in test groups. FDA medical advisers are now considering an extension to five years for the pills in longest use—as well as looking at all the evidence, good and bad, on experience to date.

All physicians point out that no chemical compound is ever completely "safe" for everyone and for all time. As more women use the pills for more years, there are certain to be more reports of possible ill effects. And it may be years before we know whether or not they would have occurred in these women anyway. Most responsible physicians will probably continue to prescribe the pills when they feel there is good reason. They will continue to advise their patients: "Don't take any drug lightly—make sure it's needed and medically advisable."

SOME 80 CASES OF TRACHOMA—a serious eye disease that often causes blindness—appeared in San Jose, Calif. The cause was the borrowing and lending of eyebrow pencils, all starting with one girl who caught the infection from a relative in Mexico. Doctors urge: Don't share eyebrow pencils or lipsticks any more than you would share toothbrushes.

NOW THERE ARE prescription eyeglasses that will darken when exposed to sunlight and clear to normal when indoors or after sundown. This adaptable ophthalmic glass is called Bestlite and has been developed by Corning Glass Works. The change is rapid, going half of the way in one minute, and three quarters of the way in five minutes. After an hour's exposure to direct sunlight on a warm day (85 degrees F.), this unique glass darkens so that it transmits only 66 percent of the light, comparable to lightly tinted sunglasses. At 25 degrees F. (skiers take note) the light transmission drops to 39 percent. The glass darkens to a pleasant neutral shade that doesn't interfere with color perception. It does NOT darken on exposure to tungsten or fluorescent lighting or even mercury vapor lamps used for highway illumination. Disadvantages: So far it is available only for single-vision glasses; patients using bifocals have to wait a bit. Also, even when the glasses reach maximum darkness they still are not nearly as dark as conventional sunglasses.

WHAT IS THE BEST TREATMENT if your baby has the most common kind of birthmark (strawberry mark or hemangioma)? In most cases, *no* treatment at all except observation and reassurance, say pediatricians Drs. A.M. Margileth and M. Museles. They have just reported the results of their seven-year study of 200 children with birthmarks. Normally hemangiomas grow larger during the first six months to one year of life, then begin to disappear spontaneously, so that by five years of age they are practically gone. Treatment by surgical excision, radiation, dry ice or injections of sclerosing agents usually leave more scarring than if natural healing is allowed to occur. Only in rare instances, these researchers say, is treatment indicated.

IF YOU WANT early reassurance that your unborn baby is alive, an ultrasonic device can detect the fetal heartbeat as early as 10 weeks and consistently after 12 weeks following the last menstrual period. This is quite an improvement over the old days when you had to depend on the doctor's observation of fetal movements or the detection of the fetal heartbeat through a special stethoscope. Those methods were not too reliable before the fifth month. More recently, doctors have been relying on the fetal electrocardiogram, but Dr. Wayne L. Johnson and his co-workers from the University of Washington School of Medicine in Seattle feel that in their hands the ultrasonic detection of the fetal heartbeat is the most reliable method.

Using a device called a Doppler Flowmeter, they can pick up and

mplify changes in sound waves ıade by the baby's blood as it ɔurses through the heart and great essels. The baby's heartbeat can e distinguished from the mother's y a difference in pulse rate.

THE LUNG-CANCER EPIDEMIC ɛen in men now appears to be ıtching up with women," reports ɔr. Lester Breslow of the Califorıia Public Health Department. Vomen, he explains, began smokıg cigarettes only 20 to 30 years go, and the apparent effect is ırning up only now: between 1960 nd 1964 lung cancer deaths in alifornia women age 35 to 64 in-ɛased 50 percent.

No magic way has been found ɛt to break the cigarette habit, ɛport Dr. Starr Ford Jr. and statisɛian Fred Ederer of the National leart Institute. One advantage for ɛomen quitters over men switchɛs: persons who stop use of all ɔrms of tobacco are less likely to ɛart smoking cigarettes again than ıose who switch to pipe or cigars. f you stop smoking for a year, one ɛudy finds, there is only one chance ı five that you'll start again in the ext year. If you stop for two ears, it drops to one in 20.

DOLESCENT GIRLS are "the medɛally forgotten," Dr. Kenneth ɛaldwin of Newport News, Va., ɔld fellow gynecologists. They on't want to go to the pediatrician nymore, "and the internist or ımily doctor all too frequently as little interest in their probɛms." Moreover, girls are reachıg adolescence earlier and earlier. A quarter century ago adolescence ɔr girls was between the ages of 12 nd 21," said Dr. John Parks of Vashington, D.C.—while today 's more likely to be from 10 to 19. oth doctors urged thorough and gentle" attention, including pelic examination, for girls' comlaints. These commonly include ıenstrual pain or disturbance, pelic and abdominal pain, vaginal ischarge and—disturbing to a irl—breasts of unequal size (alıost always harmless, though ıere should be a search to rule out tumor).

WHAT ARE THE THINGS to be fraid of?" According to children, 's not A-bombs or war, but mostly nimals: snakes, lion, tigers, bears. nimals were named by 64 percent f 112 children five to 14, when ɛdah Maurer of the University of ɛalifornia asked them that quesɛon. Fear of animals drops with ge (from 80 percent at age five nd six to 23 percent at 13 and 14). ther fears: the dark (up to about ge seven); spooks, monsters and ɔogeymen (to 10).

Older children are naturally more ealistic, and fear natural hazards ıch as earthquakes.

IVES CAN HELP their husbands ɛcover from heart attacks—by not eing overprotective and by helpıg their husbands fight perfectly nderstandable post-attack fear nd depression. So emphasizes a ɔuke University team. Its report ells how one wife assiduously tried to keep her husband inactive, saying, "I want him alive. I don't care if he doesn't do anything." Actually, say the Duke doctors, far too many heart patients become moderate to severe invalids without cause. With modern care and carefully prescribed activity, most patients can return to nearly normal, or normal, work and play. Doctors need to sit down with husbands and wives, the Duke researchers emphasize, and help them understand what future pains and symptoms to expect without panic. Modern rehabilitation centers can test heart patients to learn just what activity can be permitted.

TOO MANY DOCTORS still discourage rhinoplasty—plastic nose surgery—and tell their patients, "Your nose is fine the way it is," maintain Drs. G. Jan Beekhuis of Wayne State University, Detroit, and William Wright of Baylor University, Houston. They say: The operation is painless in 99 cases in 100 (aside from the slight discomfort of local anesthesia). The patient who seeks "perfection" may be disappointed, yet good results often work "attitude changes that would ordinarily require many months" of psychiatry. Results are generally good enough now so the operation can be recommended "in much the same way" as straightening teeth.

A MAJOR BLOW is being struck at the salmonella germ, now the main cause of Americans' "stomach flu," "diarrhea" and "intestinal upset": Starting January 1, the Agriculture Department requires pasteurization of all commercial products containing eggs. Salmonellosis has become "the nation's No. 1 food-poisoning problem," and is rapidly gaining on us, public-health authorities report. Animal foodstuffs are the most important source. The experts' advice to homemakers:

Cook all meat and foods containing animal products thoroughly.

Wash your cutting board, knife and utensils after cutting raw meat and poultry.

Keep cooked food refrigerated, or hot.

Wash, wash, wash your hands before preparing food, after handling food (including raw eggs or eggshells) and after all bathroom trips.

THE I.U.D.—THE INTRAUTERINE contraceptive device, implanted in the womb by a doctor—is being used by more and more women, physicians report. One problem (especially in I.U.D.'s without telltale appendages): how to make sure they have not fallen out. Dr. H. S. Winters of the Oakland, Calif., Kaiser Foundation Hospitals is using an ultrasound transmitter to make three monthly detection checks after an I.U.D. has been inserted.

In rare cases, a woman wearing an I.U.D. may become pregnant. If pregnancy is suspected, the ultrasound transmitter can be used (instead of X ray) to determine whether the I.U.D. is still in the uterus, thus avoiding X-ray exposure to the embryo. **END**



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THE BIG BEDTIME ARGUMENT

DIALOGUE WITH MOTHERS

Dr. B: Some of you would like to talk about bedtime. Have you been having difficulty getting your children to bed?

First Mother: I never have. I found it works if you go in and lie down with a child and explain that you're going to sleep at the same time they are. Then they feel a little more like they aren't missing anything that way.

Dr. B: That's right—this is very important, the child's fear of missing out on something important. It's really a battle between their own sleepiness and their wish to be part of everything that's going on—their curiosity.

First Mother: My little boy wants me to stay with him, but just for a few minutes. If I lie down with him and put my arm around him, he'll go to sleep almost immediately. On the nights that I don't lie down (if he doesn't request it, I don't), then about two or three o'clock in the morning he'll wander into our bedroom and lie down and go to sleep. He won't bother us.

Dr. B: Well, I must say you're lucky, because often there's a battle royal at night to get the children to sleep.

Second Mother: With my two-year-old it is.

Third Mother: I became interested in knowing how long it takes people to get their children to bed, because I sometimes think—my husband thinks it takes me too long.

Dr. B: How long does it take?

Third Mother: For the three of them, I'd say about an hour. But once they're in bed I never hear from them again and they sleep the night through. So I think it's worth an hour. But I wondered if maybe I'm getting carried away.

Dr. B: No, I think you're very wise. I've known parents who fight an hour.

Second Mother: You waste an hour anyway.

Dr. B: That's right, so you might as well use it constructively rather than fighting with your child. What is the value of routines here?

Third Mother: They feel secure.

Dr. B: You're right, but why?

Third Mother: They know what's expected of them next. The boundaries are there and the limits are there, too.

Dr. B: Yes, but why does that give security? What anxieties are bound by these routines?

Third Mother: I think it's comforting to them to know that the same thing always happens.

Dr. B: Very true, but that only postpones the question—why is it comforting? The fact is that all human beings derive a certain security from routines, particularly at night. Why does that facilitate sleep? Why does it give security to the child? What specific anxiety is relieved?

Third Mother: You mean, why are they afraid to go to sleep in the first place?

Dr. B: That's a good question, too.

Third Mother: Is it on the order of saying goodbye at night?

Dr. B: No, I don't think so.

Second Mother: Is it because they're afraid you won't be there when they wake up?

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM
Director of the Orthogenic School, University of Chicago

Dr. B: That's right. Because the fear of separation is particularly acute at this age. It's the age when the child first becomes able to separate himself from the mother by walking. You see, what we have all the time we take for granted. We're not afraid of losing it, though we actually need it more. We become afraid of losing things when we can afford to walk away from them and go off on our own. That doesn't make sense, logically, but it makes sense emotionally.

Fourth Mother: Would you go over that again?

Dr. B: Look. In a strange way, what we have all the time, we are not afraid of losing.

Third Mother: We assume it will somehow be supplied to us?

Dr. B: That's right. Actually, of course, there's no certainty. After all, however much the little baby needs the mother, she might die or desert him. But the baby doesn't so consciously fear the loss of his mother. It is the three-year-old who does. The two- to three-year-old really has the conscious experience of being alone, of understanding that mother goes away.

Third Mother: Can we get back to why routines are comforting? This isn't just at bedtime. I've been told that, even with infants, it's not necessary to keep a rigid schedule like they did twenty years ago, but that there should be a certain time for bed, a certain time for nap, and so on. It's helpful to the child's development if he doesn't have to worry about his routine. Then he can go on with other things.

Dr. B: Yes, this is true, but why particularly at bedtime?

Third Mother: Maybe it's that they know what's happened in the past, so they can depend on it that it's going to happen tomorrow night.

Dr. B: Of course! But not only that. What's true in sleep? What's the danger of sleep?

Fourth Mother: You mean not having the parents there when they wake up?

Dr. B: Yes, or how have we generalized this?

Second Mother: Separation.

Dr. B: Certainly. Therefore, it's when the age of separation fear appears that the difficulties of falling asleep are greatest. But what's the big danger when you're asleep?

Third Mother: You have bad dreams?

Dr. B: Well ——

Third Mother: Something's going to happen that you don't know about.

Dr. B: Of course! The child, at exactly this age, has just learned that things can happen, and especially that *he* can make things happen, all by himself. And that if you're awake and paying attention you know what's happening and can even do something about it. This is also partly why they don't want to go to bed. With the infant, the mother is there all the time. And if the child is asleep, then in the child's imagination the mother is still there. Because when he awakes there's the mother, with his first cry. But by age three, you are no longer there when the child wakes up. And you no longer rush when he starts calling. As likely as not you just turn over, or something. The child's experience is no longer that "whenever I wake up Mommy's there." So in a way he tries to provide this experience for himself by crawling in bed with you. That way he knows and can feel you are there. And that's where the routine has the extra reassuring quality that "although I'm going to sleep, things are happening the same way. Therefore, even when I'm asleep they're going to happen the same way, and when I wake up they'll still be the same." And this pacifies the fear, "I don't know what's going to happen during the night. Something unexpected can happen during the night, so I'd better stay up and watch what's going on. Because then I can know, and can do something about it." To help him, it is a good idea to make things less and less exciting, less and less attractive, as bedtime approaches.

For example, while it's a good idea to introduce new stories during the day, a new story asks for the child's full concentration. At night it cannot help but make him more wide awake, and even more so if the content of the story is exciting or provides much food for questions.

Fourth Mother: Let me ask your personal opinion about letting the child come to bed with you. Usually it only lasts for three or four months.

Dr. B: If you have any animals around, you know how the baby animal curls around the mother at night—the puppy, the little kitten—even though it may have taken a few steps on its own during the day. You have to realize that, not so long ago, most people not only slept together in one room, but several to a bed, because that's where all the warmth was. The whole family sat in the kitchen because it was the warmest room and very often the only room. So, you see, the security of sleeping together is something man has craved since his infancy. But now the mature individual sleeps by himself. Kittens and puppies mature much faster, you know, and then they sleep by themselves. The human infant matures much more slowly. But among all the mammals we know of, or so I believe, the infant sleeps with the mother, curled up around her. It's only a fairly new development that the child sleeps in a room by himself. Actually, many of these difficulties at bedtime are the creation of affluence.

Second Mother: Individual bedrooms.

Dr. B: Yes, and we've spread out. The houses get bigger every day. First, children had a bedroom of their own, but all the children slept together. Then we started to separate them by sexes. Now many children have rooms of their own. We are separating the children more and more from our lives. This makes them feel more and more apart. With it come anxiety and loneliness. And so they crawl in bed with us; there they are close, warm and safe. It's the most natural thing for them to want to do that, and I think we should accept it as such. That doesn't mean to make it a habit, or letting it go on all night, unless there are special circumstances, such as if the child has just had a severe fright. But there are also times when a child wants to crawl in bed with mommy and daddy, less for security but more to come between them. This desire, too, is natural and understandable, but once it becomes clear that this was the reason, I would not let it go on. It only scares a child to believe he can separate his parents; if he should succeed, where would he be? Minus one parent. So, their getting into bed with us is all right, if it's done for the right reasons. If, as most children do, they come into our bed because they feel lonely and want to come closer to those they love, then I wouldn't object as long as the child is small, and as long as it doesn't happen every night, or for much of the night.

Third Mother: They're like us. They want someone there with them at night.

Dr. B: That's right. This fear of losing the beloved person or loved things, this separation anxiety is so central—particularly at night—that when they're free to do so, children themselves will find remedies against it: they will hold on, even in sleep, to a favorite toy. It's as if they wanted to feel that the pleasant reality their security depends on during the day hasn't deserted them at night, in their sleep, even if they can no longer see it. A cuddly animal serves as a protector against night fears about what he might do in his sleep and also as evidence that things don't disappear during the night.

Incidentally, that's why small children love peek-a-boo games. Their pleasure derives from the repeated experience that, contrary to what they're afraid may happen, they only have to open their eyes and the loved person is still right where he was. So the child tries to convince himself that not seeing his mother doesn't mean she's really gone, as he feared.

Older children do the same thing, a little differently, by playing hide-and-go-seek. There the person has actually gone away, but can be found again. That's why children will often get frantic if it takes too long till they're found or till they've found the child who is hiding. Little ones, especially, will often run up, shouting, "Here I am!" The child experiences the height of relief when the lost or hidden person is finally found again. **END**



This much is now known about obesity in children: It is a much more *serious* health problem than most parents believe; it is also much more *common*, and it is still very much on the increase. But the most significant discoveries are these: Serious overweight frequently starts at an *earlier* age than the experts used to think, and it is at this early stage that it is most likely to be *preventable* as a chronic problem of adolescence and adulthood. Moreover, diets and even the best doctors are not necessarily the most important answers at all. Frequently, the key is simply the *attitude* of the mother toward her young child. For it is she who can innocently establish patterns that may lead to a child's lifelong and futile struggle against overweight.

In a sense, according to some of the most up-to-date pediatricians, a child should start dieting with the first mouthful he swallows. And, paradoxically, many doctors are no longer sure that a teen-ager should diet at all. Indeed, physicians are as concerned over what we eat as they are about quantity. Thus, the American Heart Association recently recommended that everyone lower his consumption of animal fats. Some doctors believe that all of us, including two-year-olds, should drink skim milk. And just about all the experts want children and adults to exercise more.

Recent statistics unfold a somber picture of overweight as a cradle-to-the-grave phenomenon. Twenty percent of American adults have a *serious* weight problem; of these, one out of three was an obese child. The doctor who tells a mother soothingly, "Don't worry; Johnny will outgrow it," is dead wrong, for eight out of 10 fat children never lose their pudginess. Instead, they become the stubborn cases, the grossly overweight adults whom doctors often consider hopeless. Statistics predict that they are more than normally susceptible to almost every cause of death except, oddly enough, suicide.

Because of the latest findings, doctors are now looking with suspicion upon the adorably dimpled one-year-old, whose arms and legs are creased with fat. The fact is that, while many babies slim down in the toddler years, a significant number do not. One half of all fat children are already seriously overweight by their sixth birthday. Yet mothers often wait two to nine years before seeking help. Weighing in one 12-year-old at 200 pounds, a doctor recently threw up his hands. "Didn't anyone see this before?" he wailed. "Why didn't her mother do something eighty pounds ago?"

Yet "doing something" is not nearly the simple matter that doctors used to think it was. Handing a child a diet list, teaching him how to do push-ups, sending him to a psychiatrist have all been tried with dismal results. Pediatricians and nutritionists who work with fat children now realize with some humility that this is a complex field, in which habit, emotion, heredity and custom are inextricably intertwined. The significant question they are now asking is—why? Why do some children nibble all day long? What makes one watch television instead of playing touch football?

Although definitive answers are not yet in, important clues suggest that the eating habits and the emotional attitudes toward food that a child develops before he goes to school are a significant factor. Leading researchers have concluded that many mothers today overfeed their babies. They badger the pediatrician to make each bottle bigger and richer; they beg him to add solids the first week they bring the infant home from the hospital. A healthy baby should gain about seven ounces a week, but these mothers strive for 10. Babies used to double their birth weight at five months, but now many double it at three or four, and some weigh a hefty 30 pounds at a year. "It is time mothers realized," says Dr. Harry H. Gordon of Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, "*that bigger is not better.*"

It is now also clear that some children eat for emotional gratification. If they are bored, worried, unhappy, they start to nibble. Doctors are wondering if this habit is learned in infancy from a mother who thrusts a bottle in a baby's mouth every time he cries. If a wail of discomfort, of loneliness or boredom is answered by food instead of cuddling, they argue, it is not surprising that a child, seeking mother love, finds it in the cookie jar. Dr. F. Howell Wright of the University of Chicago School of Medicine says that self-demand feeding may be all right in early infancy, but "later in the first year a child should acquire other sources of gratification, and a mother should find other ways to show affection."

With the toddler, many a mother, harassed by housework and the demands of her other children, uses food as a reward, a bribe, a punishment. To keep the small child out of her hair, she may allow him to munch all day on potato chips, cookies, crackers, and to sate his thirst with sweetish soda pop. Alert researchers have come to recognize how such a mother unwillingly encourages overweight.

"Don't cry; here's a cookie," she comforts the youngster who scrapes his knee. "You can't have any ice cream until you finish your vegetables," she warns. Many growing children thus conclude that candy, cake and ice cream are prized foods, and they develop an insatiable sweet tooth.

The "clean-plate club syndrome" may be another cause of obesity, according to Dr. Philip L. White, director of the department of nutrition of the American Medical Association. First the mother heaps the child's dish too high; then she insists that he finish every bite of food on it. She does not take into account the varying appetites of her children. By insisting on a clean plate, she ignores the child's own physical recognition of satiety. To oblige her, he must learn to ignore it, too.

Then the abundance of today's society brings the grave risk of overweight to every child. High-calorie foods beckon him—ice cream in the freezer, cookies on the shelf, popcorn at the movies. And, at the same time, there no longer is a need to work off calories: no wood to chop, water to haul.

Some children, moreover, face still an additional hazard. These are youngsters with a tendency to get fat. Doctors want to spot these children early in order to take preventive measures. This high-risk group includes:

1. The child of *fat parents.* When both parents are slim, less than 10 percent of their children will become fat. But if one parent is overweight, 40 percent of the children are likely to be overweight. If both parents are obese, the children's chances of also being obese soar to 80 percent. Doctors believe this tendency is inherited, not due to family food habits, since it does not appear to hold true for adopted children.

2. The child with a particular *body* build. He is likely to be large-boned, have heavy muscles, and a soft, rounded look apparent even by the age of four. Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, says that a child's hands provide a tip-off. If they are narrow, with long, slim fingers, he is not likely to get fat.

3. The child of *poverty* or of *immigrant parents,* particularly those hailing from southern or central Europe. "The typical fat child we see in our clinic," says Dr. Charles U. Lowe, professor of pediatrics at the State University of New York in Buffalo, "is a Negro from the South, or a first-generation American from an Italian or Central European family. It is much rarer to find obesity among white Anglo-Saxon Protestants." An important New York study recently showed that as a family climbed up the economic ladder, and as immigrant customs faded, so did the likelihood of obesity.

4. The *inactive child.* If two children of the same weight eat equal amounts of food, but one of them takes an hour's brisk walk daily, the non-walker will be 12 pounds heavier at the end of a year. Moreover, doctors now believe that a child who exercises little does not eat less. Harvard studies include a series of motion pictures showing fat girls standing idle on the volleyball court while their slim classmates chase the ball. To the question, are children sedentary because they are fat, or fat because they are sedentary? Harvard's Dr. Mayer answers, "The inactivity comes first, but once the child becomes fat, the two reinforce each other."

5. The *city child.* Statistics on the number of fat children range from a modest one in 20 to a shockingly high one in four, depending on where the children live. The city child is fatter than his country cousin, and the Massachusetts youngster fatter than the one from California with its year-round open-air activities.

6. The child who is *heavy at the age of one.* Doctors recently compared a group of obese teen-age girls with an average group. Although both weighed approximately the same at birth, the fat teen-agers were already significantly heavier by their first birthday.

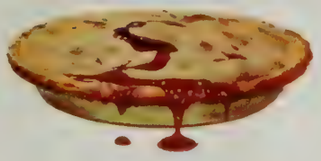
7. The *girl.* What are little girls made of? From the age of two onward, they're more likely than boys to be made of excess fat. The difference becomes most marked in the teen years. Children of 10 to 13, just before puberty starts, tend to deposit a layer of "puppy fat." Once the adolescent growth spurt comes, most boys shed the fat, but many girls do not. One *(continued)*

BY ALICE LAKE

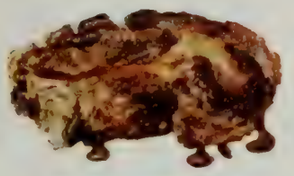
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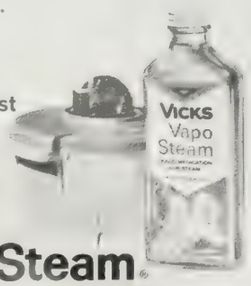
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reason may be that, with puberty, a boy becomes more active, and a girl, less so.

Recognizing the hazards is, of course, only the first step. The next is to teach the child to avoid overweight, to reach for a peach instead of a piece of candy, not because he wants to. Many doctors feel that the only way to accomplish this is to alter the diet habits of the entire family. An Iowa study indicates, for example, that a typical dinner for a teen-ager consists of meat, potatoes and dessert. This combination, which saddens nutritionists, is also traditionally the favorite of the adult American male. If the whole family learns to eat differently, the small child will grow up with healthier food habits; the fat youngster will be spared the anguish of passing up the fudge cake; and the adults, half of whom are overweight anyway, certainly won't suffer.

The diet pattern used at Camp Seascape, a medically oriented summer camp for obese girls in East Brewster, Mass., is a good one to build on. It is high in protein (lean meat, eggs, fish), moderate in fat (butter, ice cream), and low in carbohydrates (sugar, starch). "The more children eat meat, fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit, the better off they are," Dr. Mayer says. He believes that mothers exaggerate the importance of milk, and that children frequently drink too much of it. Many of the Iowa teen-agers drank enormous quantities of milk, as much as 90 glasses a week. Dr. Mayer's prescription: a minimum of a pint and a maximum of a quart a day. Some pediatricians recommend skim milk for all children, but warn that no mother should shift to it without consulting her doctor.

Pediatricians and nutritionists would also like to see American children eat less empty calories. These are the foods that are high in caloric value, but low in nutrients, and leave a youngster feeling hungry again in a few hours—potato chips, popcorn, candy, pastry, soft drinks. The experts are heartily in favor of between-meal snacks, but suggest instead an apple, a thin slice of ham, tomato juice, carrot strips.

Desserts are coming under increasingly intensive attack. "The great American dessert," declared Dr. Mayer, "is an acquired habit that is pernicious. If a child is brought up without it, he doesn't really miss it." Dr. Sidney L. Werkman, director of the Division of Adolescent Psychiatry at Children's Hospital in Washington, D.C., suggests: "Sweets should be regarded as a pleasant and unusual thing, a nice extra treat, in the same special category for a child as champagne for an adult."

Other recent dietary recommendations are still more far-reaching. For the past four years, the American Heart Association has been advising middle-aged males and other adults who are in greatest hazard from heart attacks to change their diet, in order to reduce high levels of blood fat that clog the arteries. A few months ago the association broadened its recommendation to include every American family. Its advice for the family table: eat less animal (saturated) fat; substitute vegetable oils and other polyunsaturated fats wherever possible; eat less food rich in cholesterol. In practical terms, this means increasing the consumption of fish, chicken, lean meat, and cutting down on butter, cream, beefsteak, eggs. Tips for the housewife include removing all visible fat from the meat she serves, broiling instead of frying, and cooking with liquid vegetable oil. Behind the A.H.A. advice is the increasing evidence that middle-aged arteries do not suddenly clog with fat, but that a slow, insidious process starts in childhood. Many Iowa high-school students, who typically snack on cheese, milk and ice cream, already have surprisingly high blood-cholesterol counts.

Such a new prudent diet may help prevent tomorrow's obesity, but what is a mother to do about a child who is already a butterball? The doctors' best advice is—*act early*, but not before taking the youngster to a knowledgeable pediatrician. Dr. George H. Lowrey of the University of Michigan Medical Center says: "If a child weighs thirty pounds by his first birthday, the pediatrician should certainly have a talk with his mother about his eating habits. Preschool children are ideal to treat, since their parents still have fairly complete control over their eating."

To help an overweight child of school age, a mother should show the tact of a diplomat, the slyness of a fox, and the warmth that comes naturally to her. Dr. Willard A. Krehl of the University of Iowa Hospitals says, "It is best to play it cool." She should not storm, nag, shame the child, nor compare him with a slimmer sister and make him feel like an outcast. She should not talk piously about willpower. She should reduce temptation by removing high-calorie foods from the pantry. She should not discuss food at the table. "If more than ten percent of the dinner conversation concerns food," Dr. Werkman says, "there is probably something wrong. Why not talk about Vietnam or the baseball scores instead?"

Doctors are also reminding mothers that the essence of childhood is growth, and that a child may slim down merely by holding his weight steady while he gains in height. Few youngsters should try to lose more than a pound a week (a cut of 500 calories a day), and they should do it under a doctor's supervision. The trick is to trim the menu here and there, rather than make drastic changes that leave the child hungry. He can snack on cold shrimp instead of French fries, lunch on an open-faced sandwich, sip orange juice rather than soda pop, drink skim milk and not an ice-cream soda.

Dr. I. Ronald Shenker, coordinator of the Adolescent Service at Long Island Jewish Hospital, says, "A child doesn't need an ice-cream cup every time the ice-cream man comes round. A little denial doesn't hurt anyone."

Exercise can be an even more frustrative problem. A brisk walk of an hour is the equivalent of trimming 100 calories from the diet, but perhaps the only way for a mother to encourage such workouts is to join her child in a daily walk, swim with him at the Y, patronize the local bowling alley or skating rink. Exercise is particularly important in winter when overweight is most likely to start. A mother can offer dancing lessons to a girl or help organize a neighborhood ball team. She can drop her role as chauffeur and let the child walk home from school. She can tell a boy to mow the lawn or shovel the snow. She can certainly turn off the television set, particularly in daytime.

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Wherever shoes pinch, rub or c painful friction, cushion your feet Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. This self-adh moleskin quickly removes painful pressure — you walk more comfort It's thicker, softer, provides more c ioning protection than ordinary mole yet it costs no more. Just cut to co size to cover corns, callouses, bunio tender spots — wherever your shoes rub, chafe or pinch. Kurotex, a superior moleskin.

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This substance is now availabl *suppository* or *ointment form* unde name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it a drug counters.

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The overweight teen-ager is probably
hardest problem of all. This is an age
en being different is painful, and be-
fat can be torture. It is also an age
rebellion. Mothers must remember
t many fat adolescent girls *eat no*
re, and often less, than slim class-
tes. They do, however, according to a
rkeley, Calif., study, eat the worst-
lanced meals. They are more apt to
p breakfast or lunch and skimp on
its and vegetables.

Most doctors believe that stringent
ting during these years of rapid
wth carries real dangers to health.
ey are also firmly opposed to appe-
e-depressant drugs. Reducing diets
y result in anemia, the depletion of
body's protein stores, and even the
nting of growth.

Emotional damage may be even more
ious. Nobody loves a fat girl, and she
ows it. She is often unhappy, isolated,
mes all her troubles on her weight,
l feels as inferior as does the victim of
ial prejudice. Yet some parental ef-
ts to cure the cause of this unhappi-
s only make matters worse. "To
uate obesity with gluttony and treat
adolescent with an inspirational talk
l a diet sheet," says Dr. Mayer, "not
y lays the groundwork for quick
ure, but may actually harm the
ngster by causing further withdrawal
o physical inactivity and overeating."

Dr. Felix Heald Jr., chief of the
olescent Medicine Section at Chil-
n's Hospital in Washington, believes
t, at least for some youngsters,
sing large amounts of fat may be
ysiologically or psychologically im-
sible at this particular point in his
her life."

Dr. Heald, who also is medical direc-
of Camp Seascape, encourages girls
eat moderately, to exercise, to discuss
ir feelings about overweight, and to
ke friends with campmates in order to
rcome feelings of isolation. "Our
l," he says, "is to get them to accept
mselves and develop positive feelings
ut themselves. There is no question
that some will always be obese.
don't know why."

Programs focused on exercise and self-
rovement, not on reducing diets, are
eting some success in schools and
olescent clinics in New York and
ssachusetts. The most ambitious of
se started a year ago in the junior
and senior high schools of Newton, Mass., under the guidance of nutritionists at the Harvard School of Public Health. They hope to develop a model program for schools all over the country. During the 1965–66 school year, the program is being extended to the three top elementary grades. The emphasis is on exercise, a vigorous half-hour daily workout during school hours. Several hundred girls who participated last year were given tips on the size of average food helpings, advised how to eat with the gang after the movies, and encouraged to develop skills in sports (skating, bowling) that they could continue into adulthood. Although only a few of the fattest girls were put on a reducing diet, almost all lost weight.

The school environment, the Harvard researchers discovered, seems organized to make life particularly tough for a youngster with a weight problem. P.T.A. members might do well to ponder these research observations:

1. Gym programs, especially for high-school girls, are often inadequate. A typical schedule calls for two gym periods a week, with a bare 10 minutes of each actually devoted to exercise.

2. School lunches are not much better. "There is usually a choice of two dishes, both high in calories," says Dr. Mayer, "and the fat child gets the same diet as the boy on the football team." Fruit is seldom available.

3. School dispenser-machines offer carbonated drinks, candy, cookies. There seem to be no machines selling apples.

Today, more research than ever is being devoted to childhood obesity. Is it the faulty metabolism that makes some families deposit fat instead of burning it up? How do we recognize hunger in the first place? What makes a person start eating and what makes him stop? When does a child develop the emotional attitudes that color for life his reaction to food? Are some children inactive just because they are naturally clumsy? When the answers are in, a new generation of children may grow up, unplagued by obesity.

Meanwhile, for the mother in despair over an adolescent daughter who bulges out of a size-18 dress, Dr. Sidney Werkman holds out the hope of distraction from food. He says: "The best treatment I know for the fat teen-ager is to fall in love." **END**





Island of calm in a lonely hour

[YOUR FUNERAL DIRECTOR]

There comes a time of looking back. Of being so very grateful to so many people for so many things. To relatives and friends for their warm, embracing love. To your clergyman for his quick and strengthening presence and spiritual reassurance.

And you look back with a very special kind of gratitude to your funeral director. He, too, was there. Quickly. Unobtrusively. An island of calm—with gentle, knowing answers to the multitude of sudden, insistent questions. Carrying out your wishes quietly, sympathetically. With efficiency and dignity. You sense that this is a role for which he has been trained . . . to which he is dedicated. You sense this of the cemetery people in their role, too.

And you are right. There are times in all our lives when we urgently need this island of calm. Isn't it reassuring to know it is there?



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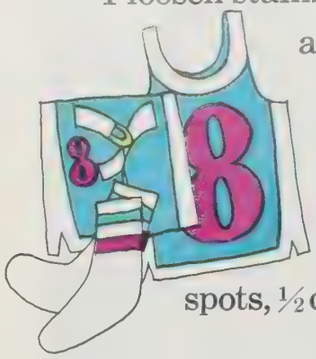
©1965

Let me introduce myself, I'm a typical washer, and I live with a family of five, so I work hard. I wash as many as 15 loads a week (others have it easier; the average is 8 loads). In fact, the dryer and I cope with two *tons* of laundry a year, what with the family's clothes, household linens and the special things that had to be done by hand before new models like us were developed. You might say

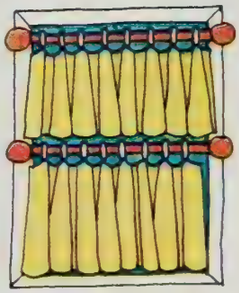


I'm creative because of the way I adapt my talents to cope with everything that's washable. I have normal and gentle speeds, regular and slow spins, add products automatically after washing starts, and deliver hot, warm or cool water as needed for loads as big as 14 pounds or as small as two pounds. The family thinks I'm great. I tell why below. **BY MARGARET DAVIDSON** HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

I Am a Washer



I loosen stains on dingy gym clothes with a warm-water soak cycle (hot water would set some stains) to which I add ½ cup bleach, half the detergent used in washing—and, for grease spots, ½ cup ammonia. Then, I wash.



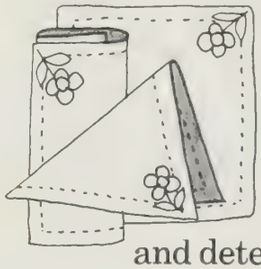
To dye curtains, tint is dissolved in hot water, and curtains (prewashed, still wet) are tossed in. My cool rinse protects the new color. Then I clean myself with a hot wash cycle which includes detergent.



A warm-water wash with cold-water detergent protects the colors of wash-and-wear materials; my cool rinse prevents wrinkles. Launder wash-and-wears before they get badly soiled. Real grime demands harsher wash methods. Result: faded, limp clothes.

I handle up to 14 pounds—but the true measure of how much I can wash at once is the bulk that loosely fills the tub. Sheers, of course, take more room than sheets or work clothes, and I'm happiest when I'm loaded accordingly.





Lipstick-stained linen napkins are sponged with undiluted liquid detergent. Then I go to work with hot water and detergent. My delayed-action dispenser adds bleach well after the wash cycle begins, thus giving fabric brighteners in the detergent a chance to work.

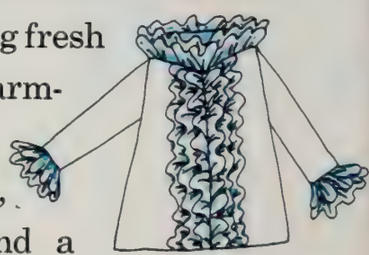
Quilted robes, though bulky, need a bit of pampering—otherwise, they're apt to come apart at the seams. But with my low-speed setting for easy agitation, I'm equipped to care for them and other garments needing gentle treatment.



The family loves velvet-soft towels—so a fabric softener is added (automatically, with my dispenser) to the last rinse. Softeners make ironing easier, reduce static electricity. Too much makes fabrics less absorbent, so be careful: follow directions.



I shine at keeping frilly blouses and other wash-and-wears looking fresh and new. First, a warm-water wash. And then, to prevent crumpling, a cool-water rinse and a gentle spin. Heat and a violent spin would only work wrinkles right into the fabric.



Illustrations by Arnold Arlon



Who made this Cherry-O Cream Cheese Pie with no cooking?



a lady with an Eagle



and a friend named Borden's

NO-COOK CHERRY-O PIE

inch) crumb crust OR
inch) baked pastry shell, cooled
oz.) package Borden's Cream Cheese
n Eagle Brand Sweetened *Condensed* Milk
up fresh or bottled lemon juice*
EASURE ACCURATELY
aspoon vanilla extract
lb. 6-oz.) can prepared Cherry Pie Filling or
erry Glaze**
cream cheese stand at room temperature
l softened; beat until fluffy. Gradually add
etened *Condensed* Milk—CONDENSED
must be used—while stirring; stir until
oughly mixed. Add lemon juice and vanilla
act; stir until well mixed; turn into prepared crust. Chill 2 to 3 hours in refrigerator (do not freeze) before garnishing top of pie with Cherry Pie Filling or Cherry Glaze.

*Do not use lemon extract. If you use frozen lemon juice, accurately follow directions for making juice of regular strength.

**CHERRY GLAZE
(Makes 1 cup)

1 cup (½ of a 1-lb. can) drained red, tart, pitted cherries
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons cornstarch
½ cup cherry juice

Blend sugar and cornstarch; stir in cherry juice. Cook till thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Stir in few drops red food coloring if desired. Add cherries. Cool; garnish top of pie.

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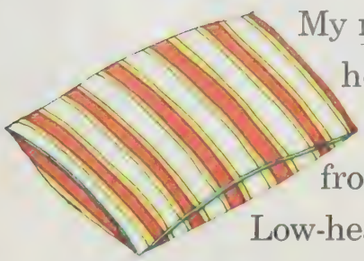
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

I am a dryer. I love my work and I'm good at it. In fact, when I dry some of the new synthetics, they come out looking better than if they'd been ironed (these fabrics have what's called a "memory"—heat plus fluffing brings back their original new look). I give best results when loads are small and clothes can move freely, when synthetics are removed while slightly moist (so new creases don't form) and hung



up immediately. Of course, the cool-down period at the end of my wash-and-wear cycle helps keep creasing to a minimum. I have two heats and two speeds and an automatic shut-off control for just the right degree of dryness. I really earn my keep—in a year's time I save my owner 40 miles of walking (she used to tote laundry out to the yard, hang it up by hand to dry). Read more about how I operate below.

I Am a Dryer



My no-heat setting tumbles heavy pillows back to fluffiness, shakes dust from curtains, small rugs. Low-heat tumbling with a moist towel (for steam) helps remove creases from clothes folded for storage or travel.



My wash-and-wear cycle is perfect for the new durable-press garments; the heat erases wear wrinkles, the automatic cool-down period saves the pressed-in creases. Result: pants go from dryer to hanger (or wearer) without ironing.

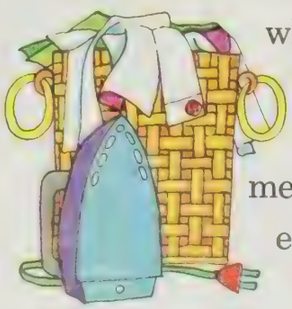
My low-heat setting is best for lingerie, sheer wash-and-wears, dainty blouses and some baby clothes (normal heat might damage them). To protect clothes, help keep the load moving freely, toss in a towel or two when drying a small load of delicate things.

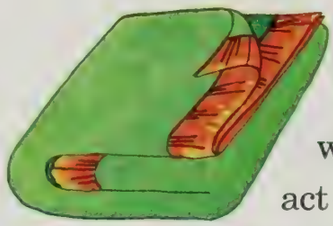


I'm big enough to cope with up to 20 shirts—but I hope I never have to. Drying is more even, with less tangling, when load is made up of different-sized items—four shirts, two sheets, pillow slips, a few towels, for example.



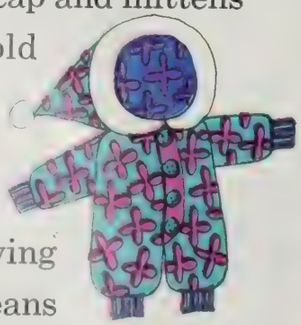
My moisture control is usually set so loads are tumbled dry. But on busy days—when clothes are to be ironed immediately—I'm set to stop sooner. Garments are moist enough for easy ironing, and there's no sprinkling necessary.



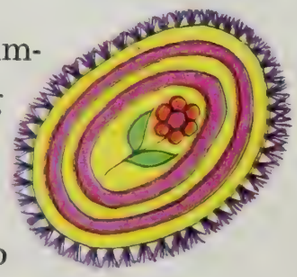


I dry a wool blanket quickly if I'm loaded with two towels (they'll act as buffers), then preheated for 5 minutes. Toss in the blanket, and tumble till hot to touch. Take it out and stretch to shape, then hang it up to dry—it should take less than an hour.

I can dry a wet snowsuit, cap and mittens in the time a 5-year-old can get out of them and eat lunch (timer is set for 15 minutes of low-heat tumbling). Quick drying saves time, money—it means children need fewer changes of clothes.



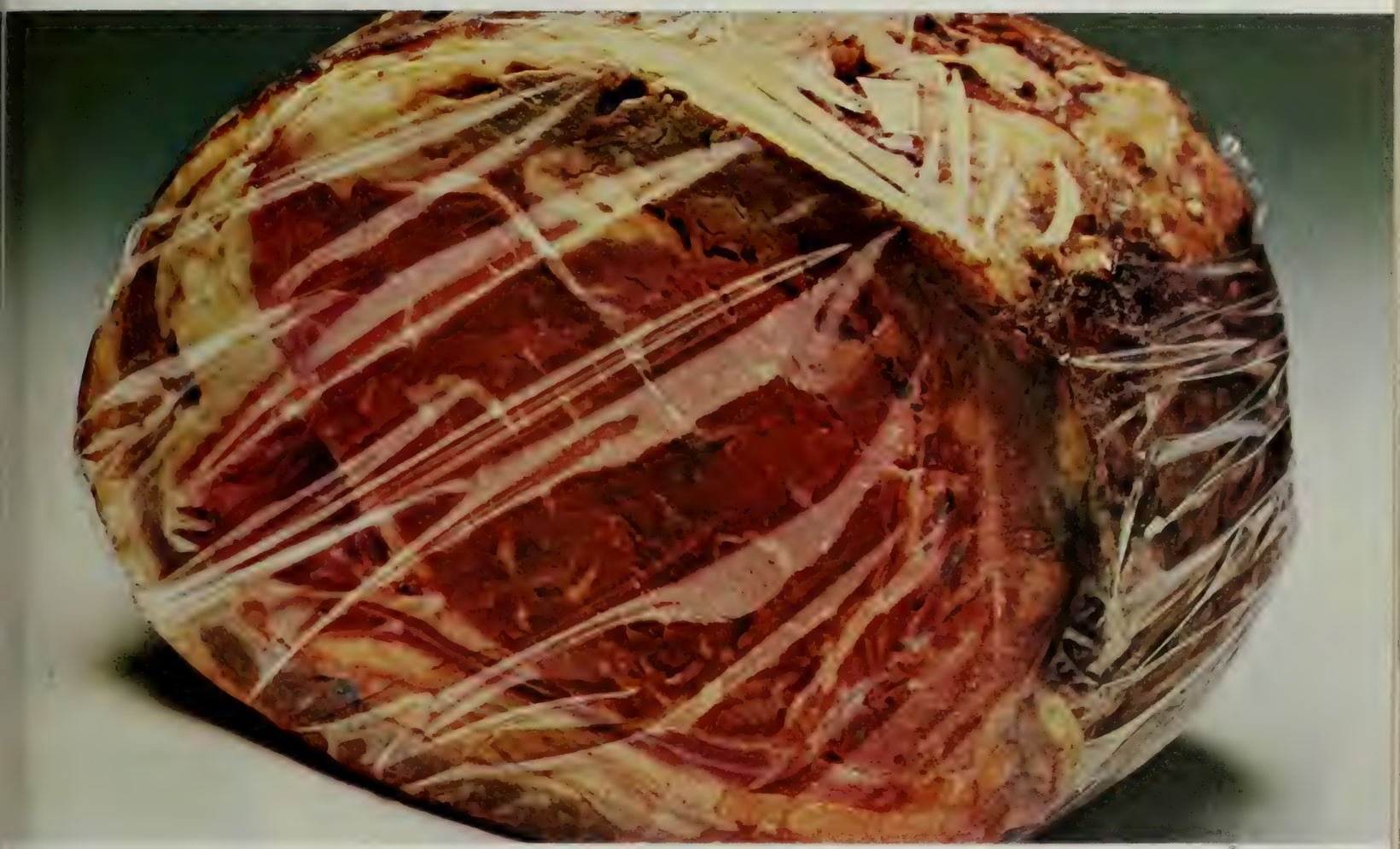
Slow speed for gentle tumbling is good for drying a small, fluffy rug (high-speed tumbling might pull it apart). Lint trap will be quite full after drying anything fuzzy, so clean it out. In fact, for fastest drying, clean the trap after each load.



For best results with your machines, do follow the instructions that come with them.

(continued on page 112)

Never put anything in your refrigerator naked.



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Surround it with Saran Wrap.

It's shocking to think how many people put food in the refrigerator nude.

You know what happens.

The flavor goes first. Then the natural moisture. Then the color and texture change. Then, the end.

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BY

MIDOL



AMY VANDERBILT

Stepdaughter's Wedding

Q: My husband's daughter, who is now living with us, will be married at the end of this month, with us handling all the wedding arrangements. My stepdaughter insists that her own mother come to the wedding. The question is, what are our respective positions—in the church, and at the reception?

A: Seat the bride's mother in the first pew on the left. You sit in the second or third pew behind her, leaving room for your husband to join you after he has escorted the bride. No matter how friendly you may feel, do not sit with your husband's former wife, as this inevitably causes quite a buzz in the church. At the reception, you should receive with your husband, if he wishes to stand in the line. The bride's mother is a guest only, and does not stand in line with you.

Correspondence

Q: My husband's sister-in-law, when writing to us, always addresses her correspondence to my husband only. I feel that she should at least include my name in the salutation of the letter, if not on the envelope. I feel slighted when she writes a thank-you note to him for a birthday card or gift I sent with both our signatures on it. She and I were friends long before she married. Am I wrong?

A: You are right. But please don't be offended when I tell you that your social signature should be "Mary Jones," not "Mrs. John H. Jones," as you signed your letter to me. This is a very common error. If necessary, the social signature may have beneath it, parenthetically, "(Mrs. John H. Jones)."

Tipping

Q: Should I tip a supermarket employee who carries groceries out to my car? What is the proper amount?

A: Carry-out boys in supermarkets depend on tips as part of their pay. The usual amount is a quarter. If you have such a load that more than one cart is required, you might give more. Some supermarket chains simplify matters by putting a delivery charge, usually a quarter, on the tape—an excellent solution, in my opinion.

Unused Guest Towels

Q: Please write something in your column about guests who persist in using regular bathroom towels instead of the paper or terry-cloth towels that have been put out especially for their use. Does this annoy anyone but me?

A: Well, it annoys me! I have trained my children *never* to use anyone else's towel, and they are careful about it. But I know many adults who wipe their hands on any handy towel instead of looking for the guest towel provided for their use. I forestall this happening in my own bathroom by having terries, and embroidered linen guest towels, plus a pile of attractive paper guest towels, which I place immediately next to the basin.

With overnight guests, I find that errors sometimes happen if I merely tell them where their towels are on the rack. It is better to fold a bath towel and a washcloth for each guest and put these on their turned-down beds. If I have a chance, I also say, "This is where you may leave your towels when you have finished."

In my children's bathroom, I carry on the battle by having towels with "guest" stitched on them. My children's towels are stitched with their own names. This saves a lot of laundry.

Ladies First

Q: Why do ladies always go first? (The question is from a teen-age boy.)

A: It is simply a matter of courtesy. You may be surprised to learn that ladies do *not* always go first, however. It is a common mistake on the part of men not to know when to go first themselves under certain circumstances. These are:

On the steps of a train in order to help the lady to alight; through the corridor of a train, so that he may open heavy doors; out of a taxi, so he may assist her in alighting; through a crowd, so that he may make a path for her; in a restaurant when there is no headwaiter to guide them to their seats; down stairs, to break her fall if she trips; into the theater, if there is no usher; into a darkened room or any other place where a lady entering alone might have difficulty or encounter danger.

Military Wedding Invitations

Q: If one is marrying a military officer, does the bride send invitations to all the officers in the groom's unit? If so, are they invited to the church only, or should they also be asked to the reception?

A: Ask your fiancé to post your invitation to the wedding alone on the bulletin board in his headquarters. Invite to the reception only those officers and their wives with whom you have close social relations.

Guests Of Honor

Q: My husband was the honor guest at a banquet for which formal invitations were sent. I was the only woman wearing a floor-length dress; my husband wore a tuxedo. Were we out of order?

A: Quite frequently for such an occasion all the men at the head table wear dinner jackets, sometimes even white tie. When white tie is worn at the head table, dinner jackets are usual at other tables. In this case, I don't find you "out of order," but it might have been more comfortable if your husband had asked someone in the organization what was the customary dress on such an evening. No one should ever feel embarrassed to say to a host or hostess, "Do you want me to dress?"

You and Your Hat

Q: When and where should one wear a hat, so as to feel dressed properly? I have moved into a new community, and seem to be out of step with the rules observed here.

A: Hat-wearing today is much less a matter of etiquette than of personal inclination. Community custom influences it—and custom differs among age groups and income groups, even within the same community.

In general, I find that fewer hats are worn in the East than in the Midwest and Far West—San Francisco especially is a hatty city. In windy Chicago it is often a matter of a hat or a babushka, and the smart women usually choose hats. We tend to wear a hat these days when there is a reason for it—extreme cold, rain, wind, beating sun—rather than because someone says hat-wearing is "correct." The Roman Catholic Church expects headcovering, but I see much blinking the fact, especially among the young. (Incidentally, priests are rightly decrying such "hats" as tissues, handkerchiefs, a single glove. The Episcopal Church requests hat or some headcovering, but dioceses of Missouri and Massachusetts have no such requirement, and I see much hatlessness in the National Cathedral in Washington. In other denominations the matter is optional.

At very formal functions, such as a reception for visiting royalty, a hat is always correct, but today a Chanel bow or a bit of veiling, or even a nicely coiffed bare head would be acceptable. Interestingly enough, the wearing of headgear of some kind among very young teen-agers seems to be momentarily "in."

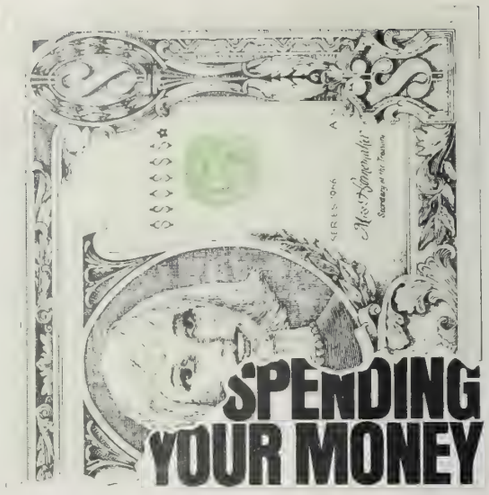


Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to Journal readers: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.



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Q: Our first baby has just arrived. We're overjoyed, of course, but older friends are already warning us about the fantastic cost of raising our new son. What's the real story on this?

A: At today's average family-income level of $6,600, the estimate is that it costs nearly $24,000 to rear a child until he's 18. Here's the breakdown on this sum:

Housing	$7,470
Food	6,460
Transportation	3,530
Clothing	2,720
Medical Care	1,675
Recreation	935
Personal Care	810
Education	235

Even this staggering total is unrealistically conservative. It does not include the cost of sending your son to college—which might very well add another $10,000 to $20,000 to your expenses 18 years from now. Neither does it include the certain rise in the cost of virtually everything in the years ahead.

The $93 a year for medical expenses obviously would not cover any unusual costs that might result from serious illness or orthodontia. The $13-a-year allotment for education would pay only for a few books—not for any private education or even for piano lessons.

All of this, of course, is why your older friends are warning you about the economics of family-hood.

Q: Our installment-plan payments for clothes, washer, car, refrigerator, encyclopedia set, new furnace and a half dozen other things now claim one third of my husband's monthly take home pay. We reassure ourselves by saying we're investing heavily in future assets. But we have no savings cushion, and one big blow would hurt our balance sheet badly. Are we over our heads financially?

A: Quite possibly you are. It's true that the big-ticket items you eventually will own will be a big asset in the future. But you're risking a present financial disaster with such a huge one third of your family paycheck committed to installment payments—and with no savings to cushion you against some unexpected financial drain. As a guideline, average monthly installment-plan payments total about 14½ cents of each after-tax dollar. To protect yourself, cut back on your installment buying as quickly as possible.

Q: We would like to consolidate our installment debts by taking out a second mortgage on our home. The bank holding our first mortgage says it is not permitted to give us a second—but we've seen an attractive newspaper ad by a second-mortgage broker offering to reduce our monthly payments by 50 percent. Is this a sound offer?

A: It might be. Most second-mortgage lenders and brokers are legitimate businessmen who charge reasonable fees. But there is an ever-increasing number of questionable second-mortgage "money finders" in our country who don't.

Unless you're careful, you could find yourself paying not only exorbitant interest rates but also a staggering sum in extra placement fees, searches, recordings and appraisals. You could actually assume a new total debt of up to double the amount you borrow to consolidate your existing loans. To protect yourself against fly-by-night middlemen, follow these rules:

1. Ask the financial institution holding your first mortgage for guidance on legitimate sources for second-mortgage money and for advice on what interest rates and fees you should expect to pay.

2. Consult your lawyer on details of the second-mortgage contract and check the reputation of the mortgage broker with your local Better Business Bureau.

3. Know precisely what fees are involved in any deal you consider. Never sign any blank papers.

In short, don't blindly double your debt.

Q: At my new job as a secretary, I am allowed a one-week vacation after six months, two weeks after a year, three weeks after ten years, and four weeks after fifteen years—plus seven paid holidays a year. How good a deal is this compared with the vacation time others get these days?

A: You are right on the national average. And if your employer is in line with the national trend today, you can expect more vacation time sooner, more paid holidays, more long weekends and more off-season or, if you prefer, split vacations.

Q: Our son, a high-school sophomore, has just taken on a lucrative part-time job. Every penny of what he's earned so far has been spent on frivolous things like records and hot-rod repairs. I feel that we should insist that he save his earnings for more important things. Am I right?

A: No, not really. The money your son earns is his, and he should be allowed to spend it on whatever he chooses—even on what you consider to be nonsense items. Making financial mistakes is a vital part of elementary financial education. Most probably he'll soon learn to spend his money more wisely.

Q: I'm thinking of joining a local ladies' investment club, which makes small, regular stock purchases. My husband insists, however, that the stock market is no place for a housewife to play with her small savings. Why should the stock market be out of bounds for women?

A: It isn't. Women shareholders outnumber men by 51 to 49 percent, and housewives are the largest single occupational group of stockholders. In fact, out of America's estimated 21 million stockholders, about 10.7 million of them are women, and, of these, around seven million are "housewives and non-employed adult females."

Q: It seems to cost more each week to feed our three teen-age sons. Is this because of an overall rise in food prices? Or do young people really eat more these days?

A: Neither. Food prices have been remarkably stable in recent years. And the average family spends a smaller percentage of its income on food than ever before. Teen-age boys, however, have always been the biggest eaters in the family, so it obviously costs more to feed them. Here are estimates by the Department of Agriculture illustrating the difference in food costs for people of various ages. The figures are based on a "moderate-cost plan" for one month's food.

Child, age 1	$21.60
Girl, age 10	$36.30
Boy, age 10	$37.00
Girl, age 15	$40.70
Boy, age 15	$50.00
Woman, age 20	$37.60
Man, age 20	$43.20
Woman, age 35	$36.00
Man, age 35	$40.10

These estimates look like underestimates to me. But they certainly do dramatize how much bigger the teen-ager's appetite is than other members of the family!

Q: I am a housewife, and I am considering investing a recent inheritance of $5,000 in the stock market.

I know nothing about when to buy and sell, what kinds of stocks to select, or how often to trade them in for new stocks. What are my chances of making a profit under these circumstances?

A: A recent study of the stock market disclosed the startling fact that the odds are better than three to one that you'll make a profit on a blind, random investment in stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—on two key conditions: First, that you hold your stocks over a long period of time, and, second, that you stick to top-grade issues, such as many of those traded on the N.Y.S.E.



Your odds on making a profit, however, collapse, if, as an amateur, you choose highly speculative stocks or if you trade in and out of the market on a short-term basis.

Happily, the enormous strength and continuing growth of the U.S. economy are likely to bail you out of your investment errors—if you hold on long enough. **END**

By SYLVIA PORTER



In some cities, Quaker Oats is called Mother's Oats.

ON A C-C-C-COLD MORNING, MAMA, A KID NEEDS A LITTLE STOVE IN HIS TUMMY.

C-c-c-consider, Mama.

It's snowing or raining or the wind's howling r it's just plain miserable out. Would you let a hild of yours face it on cold cereal?

Brrrrr. The thought of it can give you goose imples.

But a good hot bowl of Quaker Oats?

Ahhhhh. That's warmth, Mama.

Like sunshine, smiles, and warm underwear. Like a little stove.

Quaker Oats warms up a kid. Fires him up. Keeps him running and warm. And not with secret ingredients or added anythings.

Quaker Oats simply has lots of natural fuels. Fast-release nourishers that get up the steam, slow-release protein that keeps it up.

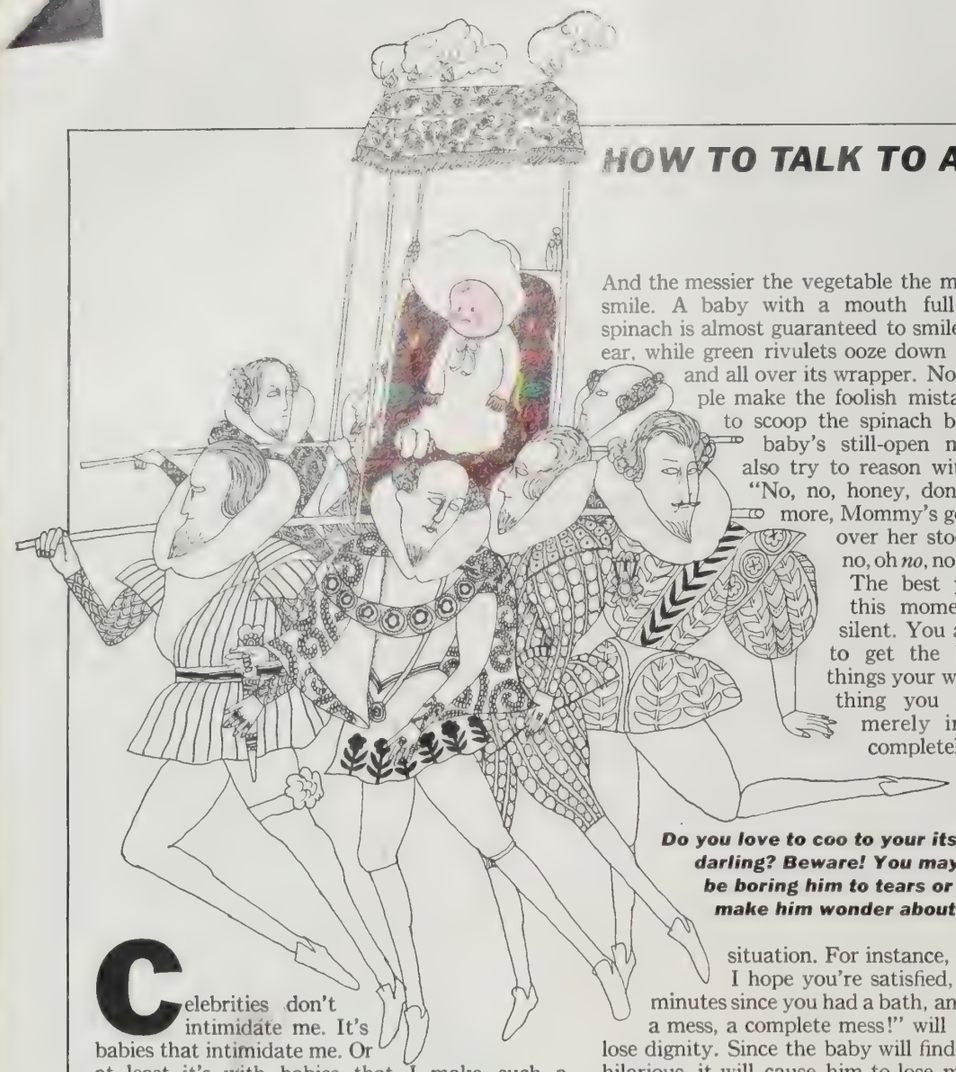
And Quaker Oats has a hearty, nutty, toasty taste that fills every bowl.

Which brings us to you, Mama.

Can't you use a little stove in your tummy? Only 2 calories more per serving than those cold cornflakes of yours.

The thought alone should keep you warmmmmm.

HOW TO TALK TO A BABY • BY JEAN KERR



Do you love to coo to your itsy-bitsy darling? Beware! You may simply be boring him to tears or even make him wonder about your sanity.

Celebrities don't intimidate me. It's babies that intimidate me. Or at least it's with babies that I make such a fool of myself. I'm so afraid I won't make a good impression on them, I'm so afraid they won't be able to place me the next time we meet, that I talk too much—and with the frenzied animation of a nervous guest on the *Tonight* show. I also rattle bracelets to get the baby's attention, and wave small objects in the air and burst into snatches of song. This is naturally very boring to the baby, who fastens me with a glance of such unblinking, such crystalline intensity that I know perfectly well what he's thinking. He's thinking, "What *is* the matter with that poor soul?"

I find that I have more success when I affect indifference, because babies, like some men, seem to like you better if you are unattainable. Some months ago I marched into Katharine Josephine's room and pretended to be surprised to discover that somebody was occupying the bassinet. "Don't tell me *you're* still here!" I exclaimed. "Listen, kid, do you know what day it is? It's the ninth, you're four months old, and you're not getting any younger, let me tell you. These are your best months, and what are you doing with them? Nothing. For your information, babies a lot smaller than you are out advertising North Star blankets, and you just lie here fluttering your fingers!"

She seemed to hang fascinated on my every word, and then broke out a battery of smiles, oh, a waterfall of smiles—crinkles, wrinkles, dimples and little gurgling sounds. Naturally, I went to pieces and said the wrong thing. "Oh, goodness!" I said. "You really are the dearest little creature, the sweetest little thing, Mommy's little lamb chop." That did it. All smiles stopped, and it was clear to me our revels now were ended. Immediately she assumed that pained and aloof expression that makes her look like Queen Elizabeth I bidding farewell to the troops. I had to snub her for an entire hour before she'd speak to me again.

It's an interesting fact that babies who won't smile for love or money will smile for vegetables. And the messier the vegetable the more they will smile. A baby with a mouth full of strained spinach is almost guaranteed to smile from ear to ear, while green rivulets ooze down into its neck and all over its wrapper. Now, most people make the foolish mistake of trying to scoop the spinach back into the baby's still-open mouth. They also try to reason with the baby: "No, no, honey, don't laugh any more, Mommy's got spinach all over her stockings and—no, oh *no*, not on the rug!" The best procedure at this moment is to be silent. You are not going to get the baby to see things your way. And anything you do say will merely indicate how completely you have lost your grip on the situation. For instance, to say, "OK, I hope you're satisfied, it's just five minutes since you had a bath, and now you're a mess, a complete mess!" will cause you to lose dignity. Since the baby will find that remark hilarious, it will cause him to lose more spinach.

Some adults who find themselves uneasy in the silence have discovered that it is helpful to intone, rhythmically, the names of the entire family: "Here's a bite for Grandma, here's a bite for Daddy, here's a bite for Christopher." If the family should be small and the dish of Pablum large, the list can be padded by adding the names of all the deliverymen. A friend of mine has worked out a variant of this. With the first bite of food she says, "Open up the garage doors, here comes the Chevy, here comes the Cadillac," and so forth. That child took the game so seriously that eventually he would only eat foreign cars.

But any method is better than the method I used on our first baby. In those days I believed in enthusiasm and the hard sell. I also believed that if a baby missed a single meal it died or something. And I tried to conceal my panic with spurious cheer. "Oooh, yummy, yummy," I would say, sounding like some manic commercial, "Oooh, what have we got *here?* Tasty, tasty cereal. Oooh, I wish *I* could have some of this delicious cereal." Then, to indicate that all was on the level, I would actually eat a spoonful, but my expression would give the whole show away. In due time that baby found out who was in charge. He was in charge.

Now, light years later, I find I get better results with total candor. I put the cards on the table with the cereal. "That's right, honey," I say, "it tastes just like library paste. But remember this—it's full of niacin, thiamin and riboflavin. Furthermore, you really don't have any taste buds yet, so what's the difference? Come on, let's get it right down the hatch!" This seems to work fine, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are building a relationship that is not based on lies.

By the way, many people make the false assumption that because a baby can't speak he can't hear. As a result, when confronted with an infant, any infant, they raise their voices and speak very distinctly, as though they were ordering a meal in a foreign language. "Oh, is this the baby?" they ask. (Who else would be sitting in the middle of that playpen—George C. Scott?) "Well, she doesn't look like any of the others, does she?"

A baby will put up with a certain amount of this, but sometimes the remarks get too personal. We had a visitor the other day who stared at Katharine Josephine (now Kitty, and now sixteen months) and, after a minute, said, "Walter, I think she's going to have your nose." Kitty was quite properly irate. She immediately stopped winding her musical egg. And she wouldn't smile. And she wouldn't say "Hi!" on her pink plastic telephone. And who could blame her?

By contrast, her godfather dropped in that same night. He noticed that she was wearing her Bavarian dress with the white ruffled blouse and all the petticoats, and he said, "Hi, didn't I see you in *The Sound of Music?*" Well, we couldn't shut her up. She let loose a volley of pear-shaped vowel sounds, with a few consonants here and there. And, while I don't pretend to understand her exactly, I'm sure she was explaining that they really *wanted* her for the part and that it was all a matter of conflicting schedules.

Another thing: since a conversation between an infant and a grown person is hardly likely to be memorable, most adults don't remember what they have said to the children. But sometimes the children remember. When Gregory was about two years old, he had the power and the velocity of a torpedo. So the simple business of taking off his clothes and putting on his pajamas turned into a chore roughly equivalent to the landing of a 200-pound marlin. It wasn't just that he wouldn't lie down or sit down or even that he always pulled his arms out of the tops of his pajamas at the precise moment you were sticking his feet into the bottoms of his pajamas. The real problem was that when you tried to put your arms around him in order to snap the various snappers, he shot into the air like a fountain, spilling the baby oil.

It wasn't to be expected that I would remain silent during this ordeal. But I honestly didn't know what I had been saying until I listened to Gregory one night after he *had* gone to bed. He was muttering something over and over to himself. What he was muttering was, "Oh, my God—your poor *mother!*" We can't have that. I mean, I guess we can't have that.

While admitting that adults frequently make unfortunate remarks to babies, it has to be said that babies, too, can make mistakes. Last week Kitty made a real whopper. Her vocabulary is, of course, limited. But she can pronounce the names of all her brothers as well as the name of the man who comes to fix the dishwasher. Also the name of the nice girl who comes on Friday to clean. "Bessie there," she says, with winning clarity. She can also say "mommy" and "daddy," of course. The only problem is that sometimes she calls me "mommy" and sometimes she calls me "daddy." And there is no excuse for this, because my husband and I don't look the least bit alike. Personally, I have never let myself get touchy about the matter because I figured that down the years it would be cleared up. But not everybody is so high-minded. My husband, for instance, reacts to being called "mommy" by making remarks like, "OK, wait'll she comes to *me* for an allowance."

As I say, I was philosophical until last Thursday. I went to pick her up after her nap. She smiled the kind of smile that would give you hope even in February. Then she held up her arms and said, very distinctly, "Hi, little fella."

Now, honestly.

END



Gas gives you the right heat for drying every fabric with this new RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas dryer!

Saves you money, too!



Blend the right heat (choice of five), the right speed (choice of two) and the right cycle (Automatic or Timed) for carefree drying of every fabric. Built-in Ultra-Violet lamp adds outdoor fragrance.



New sprinkler sphere. Just fill the sphere with water and toss into the drying drum (on *Air* setting) with clothes you want to sprinkle. New sprinkler sphere dampens clothes for ironing in a jiffy.

One big difference with Gas is its flexibility: just choose the heat, cycle and the speed that's best for the fabric you're drying—from the filmiest lingerie to the most rugged denims. Clothes are tumbled gently in air that is heated by Gas before it enters the drying drum. Your clothes are never exposed to damaging direct heat. Yet this new RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas dryer is super-economical, because it uses economical Gas. It will save you money load after load. Every woman deserves a new RCA WHIRLPOOL Gas dryer. Why not you? See your Gas company or local dealer. AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, INC.

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Funny how many Italians try to be like you.

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But you're the real Italian, Wish-Bone.

You're sassy.

With young tender garlic.

Mild peppers.

Lively oregano.

Pure golden oil.

Pungent vinegar, mellowed by beechwood chips.

Wish-Bone still makes you just like they did in the old country.

From the same recipe. Only Wish-Bone makes bigger batches.

You're for finicky, fussy people who can't be fooled by a phony.

You're the real Italian, WISH-BONE ITALIAN!



Wish-Bone Italian • DeLuxe French • Mineral French • Golden Italian • Garlic Flavored French • Russian • Cheese • Low Calorie Italian and French-Style



Mr. and Mrs. Burton star in this year's most upsetting movie about the world's unhappiest marriage. By Dorothy Cameron Disney.

The "big" movie of 1966 will, in all probability, upset a great many women. Its subject is matrimony, but its treatment of American marriage is of the kind that has never been committed to film. It is called "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" *and its stars are, of all people, two celebrated married lovers named Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Its inspection of the marriage trap is so searing that one day not long ago my editor at the Journal expressed surprise that Elizabeth Taylor, a renowned beauty five times wed, sex symbol to the entire world, an actress who can select any part she wishes, would choose to portray the blowsy, disagreeable, 52-year-old Martha, the play's leading lady. I had no ready answer. Nor could I guess why Richard Burton would care to depict Martha's beaten-about-the-ears spouse, George, a college history professor with thinning hair. Or, indeed, what was so appealing about the male guest, 30-year-old Nick, a "well put together" biology professor who claims to be 28; or Nick's wife, Honey, a "rather plain" small blonde of 26 who still sucks her thumb. Abruptly, as I mulled over this unusual quartet and pondered the mystery of the play's wide public appeal, the mystery* *(continued on page 109)*



Sometimes Sara and Hugh even had a little dawn-time picnic in Central Park, with caviar sandwiches and coffee.

Illustration by Guy Deel



THE ANNIVERSARY GIFT

Perhaps every wife dreams of running away with a handsome stranger. For Sara, the dream became an obsession.

By Margery Sharp

Sara Humbolt's second husband was very different from her first. Physically—to begin with—they were as opposite as the left- and right-hand man in the old advertisement for winter underwear: good old Hank stood no more than five feet five, and even in his thirties showed the beginnings of a paunch; Hugh McDowell, long as a beanpole, resisted every devoted effort to make him look less in need of feeding up. And how different their visages!—Hank's pink and chubby under a blond crew cut, Hugh hollow-cheeked as Don Quixote, hair raven black just speckled with gray. Their professions equally diverged: Hank sold real estate, Hugh McDowell was a famous brain surgeon. There could be no doubt as to which husband Sara preferred: What woman alive, she asked herself, could *help* preferring Hugh?

Life in their Park Avenue apartment was one long, happy dream. They knew so many famous people, went to, and gave, such interesting parties. Sara herself, with a charge account at every best *couturier*, blossomed into an elegance that made her generally admired, and often photographed, at a first night. (They always left the numbers of their seats at the box office, in case Hugh should be suddenly called away to operate.) But what she enjoyed most of all was waiting for him at night, mink-wrapped in their long, luxurious car, outside some hospital. She often waited until three or four in the morning, before they could speed home together through the silent streets.

"It's knowing you're there that gives me courage," Hugh McDowell used to say. And in the course of time Sara formed the habit of taking with her a thermos of coffee, and caviar sandwiches, to recruit his energies. Sometimes they even had a little dawn-time picnic in Central Park, listening to the birds sing under the sympathetic eye of their uniformed chauffeur.

But she was fond enough of Hank to hope that their divorce would be an amicable one. In any case, the point didn't immediately arise, since Hank still possessed over his successor (*continued on page 113*)



A girl's first party is important—ask any father. And a heart may be as broken at twelve as at twenty.
By Peter Beagle

My name is Elias Reiner, and I have a daughter named Sarah, and we live in an apartment on Batterman Street. That sounds a little like the jump-rope game the children play in the afternoons. I have seen Sarah do it, jumping up and down while two other girls turn the rope, her eyes closed with concentration, chanting, "My-name-is-Sarah-and-my-father-is-Elias-and-we-live-on-Batterman-Street." She is very fond of jumping rope, and I know that if ever I want to buy her a present and can't think of anything, a jump rope is always good. Other girls just use lengths of ordinary clothesline, but Sarah has three jump ropes with colored handles.

The street is very quiet now in the sun. Schwartz's fruit truck went by ten minutes ago. Schwartz leaned out the window and yelled, "Hoyaaaaa—peaches! Hoyaaaaa—peaches!" but no one came out to buy. The old women sit in the sun and talk about their children. A boy goes past on a bicycle, and the women's eyes follow him.

"Why isn't he in school?" they say, and "Since when do they get out so early, all of a sudden?" and "I know that boy. His mother is a *yenta*." The boy hunches over the handle bars and disappears around the corner.

It is a lovely day, so beautiful I am a little sad. I get a glass of milk out of the icebox and sit down at the window to watch for Sarah, when she comes home from school. I have just gotten home myself, from Queens College where I teach two courses in Hebrew. It is a good job, and I am happy in it. I still speak with an accent, but the students do not mind. Many of them speak Hebrew very well, and sometimes I conduct the whole class in Hebrew.

It is two-thirty now. At three o'clock the children will come home. They will run up the street, calling to each other, snatching the girls' caps and tossing them back and forth, swinging their books held together by old skate straps. They will come, beautiful and laughing, and as inexorable, in their way, as army ants. And somewhere in the middle of them will be Sarah. When I see her from the window it will be a little hard to breathe for a moment, and I will want to go down and meet her and walk the rest of the way with her.

She wouldn't like that, though. She would not like it if she knew *(continued on page 106)*

Illustration by Stan Galli

MY DAUGHTER'S NAME IS SARAH



"Then the boys pick out partners," Sarah said—she held out her hands and I took them—"and we dance together."



THE GOING FASHION

By Trudy Owett

FASHION EDITOR

You've noticed, of course, that clothes no longer fit into cozy categories. Winter, spring, summer, fall, before-five, after-five and so forth—that was yesterday's thinking. The going trend today is to collect clothes for all seasons, climates, locales and occasions. Because more of us are going to more places than ever before. And now that the quick trip on short notice to another climate is becoming a fact of everyday life, the clothes we wear here are often, also, the clothes we wear there. That's why, instead of thinking only vacation-wear in choosing the fashions for these four pages, we've thought every-where-wear. Most of these clothes can switch from hot to cold, from winter to summer. They'll give a wonderful lift to a stay-at-home winter wardrobe. And they'll put you several steps ahead of summer at a time of year when summer departments are easiest to shop in. Wearing everything here is actress-model Barbara Feldon (remember her in the "tiger girl" TV commercials?), who's literally been living a transcontinental life ever since she became Don Adams's bumbling co-secret agent in the TV series *Get Smart*. At least once a month, Barbara shuttles from Los Angeles to New York, to be with her husband, Lucien, who is in film and photography production, in their own heart-of-the-city apartment. When she's not here, he's there—every weekend from Friday until Monday.

Opposite: At home in New York, Barbara and Lucien collect abstract paintings, once owned an art gallery. Newest acquisition: Barbara's abstract lightning-print dress that takes to any climate. By Donald Brooks, in silk jersey, 4–14, $165. KJL earrings.

Above, right: At the studio in Los Angeles, Barbara and co-star Don Adams quickly run through their lines. Her two-piece coast-to-coast dress has pockets in front seams of the eased skirt. By Claret, in orange-peel and white bonded wool jersey. 6–14, $40.

Below, right: Barbara took up needlepoint soon after starting her transcontinental life. Now it goes where she goes; here even Ferndale Park in Los Angeles with Lucien. In New York, her daisy print pants and top turn into at-home wear. By Cole of California, of cotton poplin. Top, $8; pants, $13. Both, 6–16.

Photograph, left, by Neal Barr, others by Cal Bernstein.





Left: *Two tired teammates trudge home after a Sunday game of touch football. Final score? 14–0 in favor of Barbara's floppy bell-bottom pants (newer than the poured-in look) and touchdown T-shirt by White Stag. Stretch cotton pants, 8–18, $9, cotton knit top, SML, $5. B.F. Goodrich sneakers.*

Right: *In Los Angeles, where swimming pools proliferate like palm trees, a swimsuit is an essential of life. Barbara, a marvelous swimmer, likes to relax with an end-of-day swim. Her swimsuit, by Catalina, is of cableknit Du Pont nylon, 8–16, $22.*

Below, right: *Another way to get in the swim is to do The Swim or The Mannequin at one of the thumping discothèques along Sunset Strip, where the going look is casual. At The Trip, Barbara unwinds in polka-dot bare-midriff top and skirt by White Stag, of navy and white cotton poplin. Both, 8–16. Top, $4, skirt, $9.*

Far right: *Barbara and Lucien break away briefly from a nearby party, for a stroll along the beach, a rare chance to catch up on each other. Barbara's dress, by Eloise Curtis for David Styne, of acetate and rayon crepe, 3–13, $70. Shopping information on page 115.*



Memoirs of Maud Shaw,
former White House governess

Now John F. Kennedy's Children Go On Without Him

I do not cry easily, but I wept at news of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. So did his secretaries, Cabinet members, White House ushers, cooks, maids and Secret Service men. None of them would be ashamed to admit it. The sickening shock of the death of this President, this good, just, kind man, was a personal tragedy to all of us.

The shock, coming at midday of Nov. 22, 1963, brought a period of frantic confusion inside the White House. Orders went out, only to be countermanded immediately. Instructions were given and canceled. Rumors spread and were denied.

Everyone seemed to run everywhere that afternoon. It seemed that we all wanted to do something, anything, at top speed, to avoid having time to sit down and weep.

It was an incredible day, yet one that began normally. From my viewpoint, the day started when Caroline came into my bedroom that morning, followed shortly afterward by John. As always, they looked sleepy-eyed and tousled.

"Good morning, Miss Shaw," they said as usual. "May we get up now?"

It was about seven o'clock, so we all got up and went into the bathrooms to wash. Caroline dressed herself at that age—she was almost six—and John only had to be helped with his buttons and shoes before we went along to the dining room *(continued on page 124)*



Growing up rapidly, Caroline and John-John Kennedy adjusted well to their new lives away from the White House. Here they are in Boston, helping an old family friend, Richard Cardinal Cushing, celebrate his 70th birthday last August.

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Jacqueline Kennedy's New Life



Perhaps for the first time in her life, the former first lady is a stunning success all on her own.
By Virginia Tyler Stratford

For the first time since the death of her husband—perhaps, some intimates say, for the first time in all her 36 years—Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy is creating a life and an identity that is totally her own.
Of course, the legacies of past lives can be found in it. There are society friends and a certain fun-loving, gigglish gaiety from her debutante days; a housewifely concern with good food and pleasant surroundings that blossomed in the wife of a young senator; an appreciation, gained not only from her husband but from her own experience in the White House, of the forces, both artistic and political, that shape the world; the Kennedy family-consciousness that reinforces her own devotion to her children; and, perhaps most important, an awareness of tragedy as a constant unseen companion that makes the pleasures of life a little poignant and all the more precious.
But these elements from the past are being put together in a new way, and now, after more than two years of widowhood, the outlines of a new and unique identity are clear. As an old Washington friend put it, *(continued on page 116)*

The Children Are Gone

One moment, the children were at her side. Then they were gone. How could a mother lose two children in broad daylight? That was the question the police were asking, the question Callie must face, at the risk of her own sanity. Is there a mother anywhere who hasn't known this moment of terror? A frightening novel of suspense by Arthur Cavanaugh.

The horror began with Annie's visitor—seated now, in the narrow, sloping, shadow-filled kitchen—and the reason which had brought her there. Or perhaps it began months before when the two women had met in the park, or when Rosa had made the phone call to Annie for help. The actual beginning, of course, would have to thread back through all the years of Annie's life, the years which gave to her and took away, warping her nature and forming its fierce and unlovely shape. In that sense, the beginning reached far back, but the horror was set in motion that afternoon by Rosa's visit.

"*So* chilly out," she exclaimed, removing her gloves. "*Such* a bite to the air."

She was a tiny, birdlike woman, her hair dyed an outlandish fraudulent red. She unfastened the scruffy foxpiece which appeared to be feasting on her neck, and shook it out in the manner of one accustomed to costly furs. She was quite entirely exhausted from her long walk to Abigail Street. The children that morning had been perfect monsters. To have ended as a baby-sitter—the ignominy of it! She produced a breathless, girlish laugh. "I *am* glad I decided to come over," she said. "I was already in the phone booth, dime in hand, then I thought, why not pop over and *see* Annie since I was in the neighborhood."

"I wasn't gonna answer the door," Annie said. "Only when I seen it was you."

"You mean, you were looking from upstairs? Gracious! I didn't notice a curtain stir."

Annie carried a brass kettle to a solitary cup and saucer on the counter. "The shutters is closed up in the nursery," Annie said. "Precious use we have for it."

Rosa watched the steaming water being poured over the teabag. "Ah, the dear nursery—I quite fell in love with it."

Annie gave her a sharp look. "When did you see the nursery?"

"My first visit, don't you remember? Your Miss O'Connell was out, and we had the loveliest tour of the place."

Annie trooped to the refrigerator. "She's out again today—out shoppin' for the trip."

The words quivered forth, an accusation.

"Are you going away?"

"Tomorrow. Down to Florida to visit Bert. She's making me go with her." Annie's thin mouth curled in derision. The blue-cambric uniform hung from her gaunt frame as if wiring, not flesh, supported it. Beneath the starched skirt her legs were sticks inserted into black, high-button shoes. She pushed at the spectacles, which were forever sliding down; the thick, blurred lenses masked the watery eyes, but not the anger that crackled from them.

"Who's to look after the house while we're gone? I won't go!" Annie thumped the teapot down on the table. It didn't pay, Annie thought, to sit on park benches and take up with strangers. Invite them home once, and next thing you knew they were camped on your doorstep. It didn't pay—but parks were where you found children. Her gaze traveled to the ceiling and, beyond it, in her mind's eye, to the host of empty rooms above. Parlor, dining room, study, bedrooms—and the nursery, dark and shuttered, at the top. The nursery, over which she had ruled! *Bert, Agnes, Charlie, Beth, Neely.* She pronounced each name in her heart. All gone now—all except Elizabeth.

She switched her gaze to Rosa. Annie remembered their first meeting in Washington Square Park. Rosa had been in charge of a pram and had permitted Annie to hold the baby in her arms.

Rosa pushed away the tea. "Oh, dear," she said. "What shall we do? It's my fault, Annie. If I hadn't been ill and phoned you last month ——"

"What is it, woman?" Annie snapped.

"Schuyler Park," Rosa said. "The children. My dear, we're to be found out."

Annie lifted the cup from the table, whispering caution to herself. "Schuyler Park? We committed no crime." Schuyler Park . . . the little boy smiling up at her. "What do you mean, found out?"

Rosa got up from the table. "Miss Archer at the agency is sending me there tomorrow. To Mrs. Hallard's. You'll have to go in my place."

Annie switched on the water spigot. *Tell nothing, reveal nothing.* The afternoon trips across town, waiting at the supermarket for a glimpse of the darling boy. . . . "I won't be here tomorrow," Annie said. "You'll have to go."

"Mrs. Hallard will remember. It was only a month ago."

"It was no crime," Annie said. "Admit nothing. Play dumb." She held the teacup under the spigot, drowning it, and out of that moment and the moments before, the meeting in the park, the phone call for help—out of all the moments of Annie's life, the years which had given and taken away, the horror was begun.

Philip had left early for work, something about having to get ready for an editorial meeting. Callie carried his coffee cup into the kitchen.

"Didja notice," Mary Fran asked from the table, "I didn't pester Daddy? He don't *like* to talk in the morning."

"Doesn't."

"Some people, that's the *type* they are." Mary Frances Hallard was six and a half years old, skinny, with a round, inquiring face, and small for her age. Mary Fran's hair was straight and brown. She said, "That's what we have to make a speech about today. The type of person we are."

Callie packed school books into a canvas bag. "Five minutes till bus," she said, pleased that she wasn't behind schedule. Children meant schedules. Lunch schedules, nap schedules, meeting-the-bus schedules. She listened for sounds of Fip walking down the hall. When Fip slept late on Fridays she could take a bath or even get the beds made before the sitter arrived. "Come on, Mary Frances."

"How can you make a speech," Mary Frances asked, getting up from the table, "when you don't even know what person you are?"

The dining alcove, like the seven thousand others at Schuyler Park, opened off the foyer and was opposite the kitchen. The apartments at Schuyler Park were identical in layout, except for the number of bedrooms. Seven thousand living rooms, seven thousand alcoves and kitchens stacked one above another in seventy red-brick buildings. Callie held out Mary Frances's blue-flannel coat. "Make a speech about what you want to be."

"Ha! I want to be beautiful with long wavy hair I can sit on, like Jo Emily."

Downstairs, the morning parade was underway. Columns of office workers streamed from the red-brick entries and fanned out across the walks and ramps, en route to subways and bus stops. Callie guided her daughter down the flagstone walk of Number Ten, and stood with her, waiting.

A school bus trundled in from Avenue C. "Hi, Alec," Mary Fran shouted to the driver. "I'm on time!" She turned back glumly to Callie. "Oh, today's your doctor day. Baby-sitters!"

"I'll be home in time to meet you," Callie said.

"I hate baby-sitters." Mary Fran made a face.

The bus had stopped at the curb, and Mary Fran climbed aboard. She stuck her face at the window as the bus pulled away and shouted anxiously, "Look in the kitchen, Mom! A surprise."

Upstairs, Callie hurried into the bedroom, fearful that Fip would be awake. But he lay asleep in the white crib, the tattered diaper he toted everywhere wadded into a ball at his mouth.

An hour later she had made the beds, taken a bath, and was getting dressed when she spied her son regarding her from the doorway.

"You going away," he accused.

"It's Friday, Fip." She worked her feet into black-calf pumps. "Mom has to go out on Fridays. Let's start your breakfast." She scooped him up and carried him to the kitchen. As she cut an orange into wedges, she thought of the mornings last summer and herself in the bedroom lying under the sheets. Lying there, and the door chime so muffled and distant, the children calling—and



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Illustrations by Marvin Friedman

finally stumbling out in her nightgown. Opening the door—the looks on her neighbors' faces. . . .

She put the orange wedges on a plate and carried it to her son at the dining table. Last summer belonged to the past. That creature under the bedsheets—she'd taken that person to Spencer Clinic; she had found Dr. McEwan, on her own.

"Here you are, mister." She placed the orange in front of Fip. Each Friday morning since August, Callie had reported at the clinic for therapy. Last week Dr. McEwan had said the visits might be reduced soon. Progress, therefore, was a fact. Up at six, beds made, food on the shelves. . . .

"I tell you who is nice," Fip said. He pointed his spoon at her. "You is nice."

"Am I? Oh, thank you, Fip." She lifted him from the chair and swung him toward the ceiling.

"Look, I'm touching." He lay back in her arms. "Baby-sitter—her come soon?" He raised a hand and touched it to her face. "I be good," he said. "You come home?"

"Yes, I'll come home, Fip." She sat him down in the chair, and collected the dishes from the table. Which sitter was coming today? There'd been so many—Mrs. Banford, Miss King, Mrs. Giambetti—a new face almost every Friday.

As she washed the dishes, she noticed a twirl of paper in a milk bottle on the counter. She pulled it out: wobbly letters in her daughter's script; WISH A GOOD DAY, the message said. Lately Mary Fran had taken to hiding notes for her mother all over the apartment.

WISH A GOOD DAY—Callie read the crooked printing and felt a swift blur of tears. The Friday sessions at the clinic were for her children. She'd win her battle for them. As for Philip . . . she glanced down at the black pumps, which she wore because she might find the courage to meet her husband for lunch, after she finished at the clinic.

When the doorbell rang, Callie was standing before the living-room mirror, combing her hair.

"Nine-thirty, I believe you requested," the woman in the hall said when Callie opened the door. "I try to be punctual."

"Good morning," Callie gestured her to enter. "Miss Archer told me your name, but. . . ."

The woman was tiny and birdlike. Twin spots of rouge flamed on her cheeks, and she plucked at a moth-eaten furpiece twisted round her neck. "I'm Miss Watkins, Miss Rosa Watkins."

Elizabeth O'Connell laid the linen blouse atop the other clothes in the suitcase. A handsome, graying woman, she moved across the second-floor front room and into the carpeted hall. "Annie!" she scaled her voice up the long, musty flights of stairs. "Annie, are you packed? We have to be at the airport by noon."

No reply; Annie was still in a sulk. Elizabeth returned to the bedroom, determined not to be swayed by sympathy. She went to the window and inspected the lock which had been installed after the burglary attempt last year. Shunt lock on the front door, bars on the lower windows, steel doors to protect the basement—and, in the night-table drawer, her father's old revolver. Such were the appurtenances needed by occupants of the last private house on Abigail Street. In Elizabeth's girlhood, Abigail Street had been lined with Greek Revival houses, the nicest in Greenwich Village. Last year, the entire north row of houses—what was left of them—had been razed to make way for an apartment building. Only the O'Connell brownstone had withstood change. Each spring it was freshly painted; the furniture was kept polished and the crystal chandeliers sparkling—for what? It was absurd, Elizabeth thought; the life had gone out of the house. If it had not been for her promise to Annie, Elizabeth would have left long ago.

"Annie? she called. "It's after ten. If you haven't finished packing . . . Annie, do you hear me?" No reply; she hurried up the stairs. The tricks of the aged!

As she climbed the steep final flight to the top floor, the house seemed to envelop her, solid and thick-walled, yet for her it seemed a structure in danger of collapse. Empty houses were treacherous, she thought; they took away from the living. She saw that Annie's room at the front was empty. Hearing a noise, she opened the nursery door.

"Annie?" The rocker creaked. Elizabeth caught a glint of steel spectacles, a twist of white hair. "Come, Annie, we haven't time for foolishness."

"You go, miss. Let me stay here."

"I can't leave you alone, Annie."

"Why not? Why not?" Annie glanced around fearfully as though she might be robbed of her possessions: the doll's cupboard and tea table, the toy trains, the little cots. "I can't leave the old place," she said to Elizabeth. "I'm so afraid that we won't come back this time."

"Annie, haven't I promised never to sell while you're alive?" Touched by pity, Elizabeth looked at the figure in the rocker. "We've failed you, Annie. You raised five children, and we've given you none in return." To herself she ticked off the record: Neely, Annie's favorite, dead; Agnes a nun; Charlie a missionary priest; Bert married late; herself an old maid. No child for Annie. She patted the bony shoulders. "It could happen still," she said. "Bert and Louise aren't too old. Think of it, Annie. An angel like Neely."

"Angels don't belong on earth," Annie croaked, and her eyes brimmed. There was a new angel she'd found, over at Schuyler Park. She thought



The old lady wore high black shoes and a funny straw hat. She looked vaguely familiar . . .

of the day in February that she'd found him, and of the secret visits she'd made since. The supermarket on Fourteenth Street. If she stood there and waited . . .

Elizabeth consulted her wristwatch. "Annie, we must hurry. If we miss the plane . . ."

"It's been a good week," Callie said. She was seated in the black leather chair opposite the teak desk. "I didn't fall behind on housework. No going back to bed. I even managed to get through the supermarket every afternoon."

"Hideous establishments," Dr. McEwan said.

"Aceway—that's where I go—is the worst. Last year I couldn't get myself through the door. Now I grab a cart and plunge ahead. So much of last year was"—she frowned—"withdrawal?"

Dr. McEwan, his face impassive, was recalling his first meeting with Mrs. Hallard. She had been close to the edge back in August, but she'd shown a frantic determination to be helped. "A bad word," he said. "All of us withdraw to a certain degree. The point is, you no longer need to."

Callie twisted the gold wedding band on her finger. "The city still scares me sometimes—the feeling of violence, as if something's gone wrong. It's hard when you have children."

Dr. McEwan shifted the paperweight on the desk. "You haven't talked about Mr. Hallard. Any improvement?"

"I—I thought I'd meet Philip for lunch today. He hasn't asked me, but ——"

"Those are your efforts. What of his? You must understand, Mrs. Hallard, that it was largely your relationship with your husband that precipitated your withdrawal."

"I—I know."

"If he makes no effort to help you and be a husband to you ——"

"It isn't what he wanted," Callie said. "When Philip came to New York, he expected other things. The children and I, the job he has—none of it's what he wanted."

A buzzer on the desk sounded; Dr. McEwan stood up. "How are the children?"

"Fine, I think." Callie fumbled in her purse. "Mary Fran's still writing me notes." She handed him the scrap of paper. "It's nice to be wished a good day. I suspect she worries about me."

"Your children are fortunate," he said. "You care about them very much."

"Fip and Mary Fran are all I have," she said simply. To be a good wife and mother—what a wholly ordinary ambition, she thought. Yet it was all she wanted: the children and Philip.

Dr. McEwan walked with her to the door. "Mrs. Hallard," he said, "you must talk honestly with your husband, even if it angers him. Things left unsaid between people are danger signals. You're doing well, but . . ." He smiled and opened the door. "Next Friday?"

Outside, the sun shone high and bright in a clear sky, the blue fluffed with clouds. A bus trundled toward Callie, and she ran to catch it. Knapp Publishers, where Philip Hallard worked as an editor, had offices on Third Avenue, in the Forties. It was noon, and, as Callie approached, workers began to stream from glass-and-aluminum buildings up and down the street. A river of people swept Callie along. She caught sight of Philip: the trench coat, the bare head, the shoulders thrust forward. His face looked thin, and there was gray in his close-cropped black hair.

"Philip—Philip."

He swung around and frowned. "Callie!"

She moved a step toward him.

"Is something wrong?" he asked quickly.

"I—I just thought you might be free for lunch. t's such a lovely day and . . ." She brushed a lock f hair from her forehead.

The frown went away; he led her under the rcade, away from the teeming sidewalk. "I guess 'm no good at surprises. Listen, I can't buy us a ancy lunch. Old Cyrus gave me the word on the aise today. Not a dime till fall."

He propelled her along Forty-sixth Street to a elicatessen. In the moist, cave-like interior, he rdered hero sandwiches—ham, onion, green pep- er, provolone, stuffed between thick, half-loaves f French bread. "And pickles," Philip instructed. 'Dill pickles and potato chips."

They carried the brown paper bags to the broad splanade at Forty-seventh which served as an pproach to the United Nations. Philip proffered he bag of potato chips.

"Ah, Callie . . ." He leaned across the bench. 'Life gets cluttered up, doesn't it? No raise, Mary ran's tuition is due . . ."

"Maybe we should find a less expensive school."

He waved away the suggestion. "I'll dig up the oney . . . Should I tell the Doc my problems?"

"If you ever wanted to talk to Dr. McEwan ——"

"Can he explain what happened to my wife last ear? Callie Earnest, turned into Callie Ghost. When I'd get home from work she'd be in bed, ust lying there. . . ."

"That was"—the words trembled—"last year."

"But why? Why the whole mess?" He looked oward the green strip of park; tugboat whistles leated from the river, and a flock of sea gulls oared upward. "It was supposed to turn out ifferent," he said. "This used to be my golden ity. Golden promises in every doorway."

"Philip ——"

He leaned over and kissed her. "Oh, Callie," he aid. "It's been months, you know that? Hey, we're pilling potato chips." He leaped up, grinning, and rushed at his trousers. "I'm taking the afternoon ff. We'll ride up to the Cloisters, or"—he groped t his jacket pocket—"I've got twenty-five bucks ue for expenses; we can go out tonight."

"But ——"

"No buts. I'm taking you to dinner." He drew er up from the bench. "You have a sitter, right? ive her a ring, find out if she can stay." There as a phone booth halfway down the esplanade. le sprinted toward it, pulling her after him. "If ne sitter can't stay, we'll get another."

She dialed the number and heard the receiver eing lifted at the other end. "Hello, Miss Watson? his is Mrs. Hallard."

"My name is Miss Watkins, Mrs. Hallard."

"I'm sorry, Miss Watkins. Has Fip been good? . That's fine—what I'm phoning about is, are ou free tonight?"

When she came out of the booth, Philip was acing up and down. "Can she stay?" he asked.

"She has to go home to feed her dog, then she'll ome back. Phil, didn't we have another Miss Vatkins?"

"Don't ask me. The bunch of women in and ut of that apartment." He grabbed hold of her. Perfume your bath, get out your slinky black umber ——"

"I'll have to shop for dinner ——"

"We'll order wine ——"

"Even in black lace"—she touched a hand to is cheek—"I'm still Callie Earnest. Callie Plain."

"I'll take care of that," he said.

ttention. Flight 102, New York to Miami non-op is now loading at Gate Five.

Elizabeth reached down for the vanity case. That's us, Annie dear," she said.

Annie got up without comment. Clutching her uitcase, she walked with Elizabeth across the obby to the escalator. She waited until they were the corridor which tunneled out to the passenger ntries. Then the high black button shoes stopped ead. "I ain't goin'," Annie said. There, it was out.

Elizabeth's face went blank with astonishment. If this is some last-minute foolishness . . . Annie, ou know perfectly well I can't leave you alone."

"Why not?" Annie asked.

Elizabeth glanced at the entry gate. It was out of the question. But why not, after all? "Alone in that house? I'd worry constantly."

"You could phone me," Annie said, seeing the idea begin to take hold. "That way you'd know I was all right."

Elizabeth considered the possibility. "I'd want to call you every night, Annie," she said. "I'll have no nonsense about not answering."

"I promise to answer, miss."

On the ride back to the city, Annie sat perched on the taxi seat, keeping her glance alert for clocks. Drugstore clocks, clocks over jewelry shops and banks. Two-fifteen. Two-thirty. Plenty of time. The supermarket wasn't till four.

The school bus skimmed down Avenue C, close by the overhead ramp of the East River Drive. Almost home! Mary Fran knelt at the window and saw the white curlicue sign, SCHUYLER ROAD.

"Mama," she yelled, spying her mother and Fip at the curb, "Mama, I'm home!"

Next, she was racing down the walk. She took a flying leap and flung out her arms. "I'm home, Mama. Why am I so glad?"

"Ain't you say hello to me?" Fip gave his sister a shove.

"Well, come on," Callie said. "We have to shop for supper before the sitter gets here. Yes, Mary Fran, we're having a sitter tonight; there's no use making a fuss. Don't you want Daddy and me ever to go out?"

"But I don't like sitters."

"I like 'em," Fip said. "They nice."

They walked down Avenue C. Mary Fran skip-hopped on one foot. Callie held Fip's hand warm in hers, remembering last year's supermarket crowds, which had sent her fleeing. Ahead, orange-neon letters, A C E W A Y, shed a pinkish glow. Housewives jammed the sidewalk, digging into carts, sorting bundles, lunging after children. The supermarket's electric-eye doors disgorged and scooped up shoppers. A merry-go-round truck parked outside, children clamored to board the shiny-painted horses. The circle of horses spun dizzily while nursery-rhyme music asked: "*Do you know the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man? Do you know the Muffin Man, who lives in Drury Lane?*"

"Can we have a ride?" Mary Fran begged. "Just one. Please. Please."

"There isn't time," Callie said. She took their hands and crossed the sidewalk. As she approached the electric-eye doors, she felt a wave of the old panic. She looked longingly at the comparative quiet of the fruit market next door. Tubs of daffodils nodded in the entrance, and bent over them was an old lady in high black shoes and a funny, old-fashioned straw hat. Her back was toward Callie, but she seemed vaguely familiar. Callie took a deep breath and led the children up the ramp. The ENTER door went flying back.

Next door at the fruit stand, from behind the tubs of daffodils, the high-buttoned shoes stepped forward. The pie-shaped hat stood at the plate-glass windows of the supermarket. At a glimpse of the little boy in the green jacket, Annie's hand reached out.

"Neely . . . Neely, angel," she quavered.

"No running around or getting lost," Callie ordered. She had to shout to make herself heard in the roaring din of babies' cries, loudspeaker announcements, the blaring music and ringing cash registers. It was like entering a vast airdrome.

"Can we look at the toys?" Mary Fran pleaded. "Just the toys for a second?"

They were off before she could protest. "I'll be in aisle two," she called after them.

She deposited the school bag in a wire-mesh cart. *Lamb chops, milk, butter* . . . The hi-fi system was dispensing tango rhythms, loud and sinuous. She guided the cart down Aisle 2, past the candy section. Cereals were along here someplace . . . there, down at the end. She stood on tip-toe to see over the mobs of shoppers. Pudding, she remembered; that was why she'd said Aisle 2.

From behind a cut-out display, Fip and Mary Frances leaped out at her. "Surprise!" Mary Fran yelled. "Can we have pennies for bubble gum?"

"Mary Fran, how often do I ——" Callie realized she was shouting. "All right, one penny each. But come straight back." She doled out the coins. "I'll be in the meat department."

Cake mixes, baking powder, cornstarch, flour, sugar—she hunted the shelves for pudding. Over to the left, she thought, angling the cart to the side. Aceway was at its worst on Fridays. She shouldn't have attempted it; despite the boasts to Dr. McEwan, it was too much for her. She leaned against the shelves. The hi-fi system was playing a waltz. One, two, three, one, two, three. Lamb chops, hot bath, get dressed for Philip, baby-sitter waiting. *Oom*-pa-pa, *oom*-pa-pa . . . Where were Fip and Mary Fran? Bubble gum . . . meet them in the meat department . . .

At the front of the store, Fip banged at the round glass globe of the bubble-gum machine. "Nothing come out," he said. "Maybe the penny no good."

"Two pieces came out for me." Mary Frances held up a red ball of gum. "Here, Fip." She yelled, "Catch me, and it's yours." She plummeted through the aisle of paperbacks and hair sprays, chanting, "Yours if you catch me."

He plunged after her with outstretched hands. "I catch you, I catch you," he said and saw her run past the check-out counters toward the EXIT. The door hurtled open, and she raced down the ramp onto the sidewalk.

"I get you," Fip shouted. He charged out the door and down the ramp into a thicket of women, carts, bicycles and children. The diaper which he'd been clutching slipped from his grasp; he stooped to pick it up. Then he saw somebody ahead of him.

"Little angel . . . little feller . . ." A hand reached down for the diaper.

Mary Frances appeared, laughing and out of breath. She saw the diaper being held out in offering. Then she smiled—for there with Fip was someone they both knew.

It was the baby-sitter.

Philip had been trying since four-thirty to get Callie on the phone. At twenty to six he left his office and took a cab downtown, fighting panic. *Just let Callie be home,* he prayed, *just let me find her safe with the children.*

A tiny, birdlike woman was waiting outside the door of the apartment. "Mr. Hallard? I am Miss Watkins. The baby-sitter. Is Mrs. Hallard with you? I've been here since five."

Philip unlocked the door and went in. "Callie?" He went through the apartment, calling her name. In the children's room, the crib was neatly made; Mary Fran's stuffed animals sat together on the white bed. The baby-sitter hovered uneasily in the doorway. Philip hurried past her into the hall.

Downstairs the playground was locked and deserted. Philip dodged across Fourteenth Street, unmindful of the traffic, searching the crowded sidewalk. Ahead, a neon sign burned pink and orange in the darkness. He remembered that Callie shopped at Aceway.

He pushed through the clutter of carts, scanned the check-out lines. Panic welled up as he proceeded up and down the aisles. There hadn't been an accident; the police would have come looking for him. He ran out of the store and started down Avenue B, with no idea of where to search next. A police siren sounded nearby—and coming toward him was a slender figure, half-stumbling along.

"Callie," he said and knew that, for the rest of his life, he would never forget her face as it was at that moment. "Callie ——"

Her hair was rumpled, a stocking ripped; there was a smear of grease across her sweater. He stared at her, unable to speak.

She pushed back her hair, listening to the siren fade. "The children," she stammered. "Oh, God help me."

He reached out to support her. "The children," she said. "The children are gone."

They walked down Abigail Street, Annie holding Fip in her arms, Mary Fran marching in front.

"I really think," Mary Fran said, "you made us walk too far. My mother wouldn't care for it."

"Keep moving, miss," Annie said. "I don't like complainers." She shifted Fip in her arms; he was



"Keep moving," Annie said to Mary Fran. "Up them steps with you."

asleep. They'd gone the whole distance from Fourteenth and hadn't been stopped or questioned once.

"There, miss," Annie directed. "Up them steps with you." She followed Mary Fran up the brownstone stoop, keys ready in hand.

Mary Fran hung back. "Mother didn't say we were coming here. She only said you were on your way over to our place."

A hand jerked her into the dark hall; she heard the door close and a lock click shut. She rubbed her arm and said, "You hurt me."

"Up the stairs, please."

A hat tree, black prongs twisting out, shone in the darkness. The street light entered feebly through the panes of glass in the vestibule and fell upon the cabbage roses on the carpet. The roses crawled across the carpet to the stairs; beyond, darkness stretched, the house floating in it.

"Mama," Fip said drowsily.

"I want to go home," Mary Fran said.

"Up, miss." Annie gave Mary Fran another push.

"I want to go home."

"I warned yer, miss." A slap rang out, hard and stinging.

Fip pulled away. "Where's Mama?" he asked. "I want Mama."

"Hush, angel boy." Annie carried him up the stairs. "Hush, poor angel." She held him to her in a reunion she had long sought. Up, up the stairs, she carried him. "Don't cry," she said. "Hush, laddie. Your poor mama's dead."

floodlights sluiced up from the generator truck, swept over the dingy buildings and lapped at the blue uniforms on the rooftops. Philip got out of the squad car. Up on a rooftop a policeman signaled to another on the sidewalk; one more building had been gone through and searched. Philip lit a cigarette and drew in the burning, acrid smoke. Nothing; nothing so far. Twelve hours . . .

The moment last night still reverberated within him, when he'd come upon Callie and she told him of the children. He'd phoned the police from a booth on the corner. Sirens again: a patrol car, police piling out, two detectives, Maier and Evans. Lieutenant Maier, a heavy-set man in his fifties with a flat, expressionless face, had led the way into a drugstore, where they'd sat in a booth. Maier, jotting notes, questioning Callie.

"Children missing before, Mrs. Hallard?"

"I . . . they've run ahead of me in crowds." Her voice had edged on hysteria.

"But never missing before?"

"No. . . ."

"When your husband phoned, he said it was around five when you saw them last."

"It was five when I missed them."

"It's seven now. Why didn't you notify us sooner?"

"I went looking for them. There was a merry-go-round truck outside the supermarket. I thought they might have gone chasing after it. I went down Avenue B—someone said the truck had gone there. Then I went back to Aceway. *Shouldn't* I have looked for them?"

"I'm just trying to get the whole picture, Mrs. Hallard. Is there anybody they'd have gone with—neighbors, friends, other kids?"

"We don't know many people at Schuyler Park. No one they'd go with."

Outside the drugstore, the police dispersed a crowd, attracted by the patrol car. Maier sent Detective Evans and Philip back to the apartment. Equipment would be set up to monitor the phone, in the event of ransom calls. Callie was to accompany Maier to the supermarket. Lieutenant Maier's interrogation continued on the way to Aceway. The crowd from the drugstore followed behind. Inside Aceway, Aisle 2 was blocked so that Callie could indicate where she had last seen Fip and Mary Frances.

"It was here—the cookie display. They asked for pennies for the bubble-gum machine."

"Next, you went back to the meat department," Maier prodded. "What then?"

"I remembered the merry-go-round and went outside. Then I came back here, in case I'd missed them."

A fat woman with a shopping bag pressed forward from the ring of onlookers. "Was it a little fellow, green jacket, blond hair?" She insisted she'd seen Fip minutes ago in a store down the street. Maier took Callie there, but it had been another boy, older and taller.

From the apartment, Evans reported no phone calls, no ransom demands. The security police at Schuyler Park had organized a search of the housing project. A detective drove Callie up and down the streets; they inched along, scanning the sidewalks. Bus and train stations were put under surveillance. At ten o'clock, Philip joined Callie at the Eighth Precinct station house, Maier's base. In the squad room upstairs, phones ringing, police drifting in and out, Lieutenant Maier told Callie that they had located the baby-sitter.

"Miss Watson?" Callie asked.

"Her name is Watkins. Rosa Watkins."

"I'm sorry. Watkins."

"Says she went home to feed her dog, then returned at five. Your bell didn't answer, so she waited. She says Mr. Hallard showed up after six."

"Someone's taken my children," Callie said. "And we keep sitting here."

"When Mr. Hallard didn't come back—he'd gone looking for you—Miss Watkins went home."

"It was someone the children knew," Callie persisted.

Maier appraised her calmly. "Who, Mrs. Hallard?" He'd sorted through a folder of papers. "We contacted the agency you got Watkins from. Spoke to Miss Archer. The other baby-sitters you mentioned ——"

"Yes?"

"You got those names wrong, too. Miss Archer's preparing a list." A stenographer came in and took a seat near the desk "Let's review, Mrs. Hallard," Maier said. "You got to Aceway what time?"

And Callie repeated her account of what had taken place. While she was talking, the phone rang. When Maier had finished talking, he said, "That was the chief of detectives. They think at headquarters we better make a house search."

Thus had started the drama of the floodlights, the movie-like scene of crowds and rooftops, unreal and improbable, on which now the light of dawn fell. In the five hours since midnight, two teams of police had covered the area south of Fourteenth Street between the river and Second Avenue, down to Fifth Street.

Twelve hours. Nothing. Lieutenant Maier used the phone in the squad car. "You can go home," he said to Philip. He glanced at the row of tenements, over which daylight spread, shrouded and mistlike. "Your children aren't here. Nowhere around here. I'd go home, Mr. Hallard."

the school bus was painted red in the dream, and the driver wasn't Alec. It was the baby-sitter, the white-haired lady from Aceway, and her face was angry. The lady was hitting her. Mary Fran woke up, twisted up in a corner of the cot, the scream frozen in her mouth. Slowly, her eyes adjusted to the darkness, and it began to be worse than the dream. Over there was the dolls' cupboard and the dolls' table set for tea, little cups and saucers, and there was the rocking chair, where Annie had sat last night, watching until they had fallen asleep. Mary Fran remembered what Annie had said: Mama was dead, and Annie was keeping them here till after the funeral.

"Mary Fran." Fip was staring at her from the other cot. He lay enveloped in a long white nightgown, knees drawn up, as if he was cold. The diaper was wadded against his face. "Mary Fran . . . I don't know where we are."

"We're here," she said. "This house."

"We not home?" He sniffed at the diaper.

"That old dirty thing. Always dragging that old thing around." Mary Fran used a mean, angry tone, so that he wouldn't notice how scared she was. She pushed herself up and sat tailor-fashion on the cot. She had to stop Fip from being scared, then she wouldn't be, either. "Well," she said, smiling. "Having a nice sleep?"

"Mary Fran—is our mama dead?"

There the question was, the question she'd been dreading. She stepped down from the cot, her feet cold on the bare floor.

"Listen, you'd better get up, Fip. That baby-sitter won't want you lying there. She'll be back."

"Her hit you. Her slap your face."

"Well, we're not staying with her forever. Just till after the funeral. Then we'll go home."

Fip didn't move. "Are Mama dead?" he asked. He lay on the cot, whimpering, the diaper jammed against his face. There were footsteps in the hall.

"Who comin'?" Fip asked.

"I guess it's her—the baby-sitter."

Fip pressed the diaper to his face. "Tell 'a truth, Mary Fran. Will her be nice today?"

The phone was shrill and insistent. Callie lifted the receiver. "Yes?"

"Mrs. Hallard? Detective Evans."

She caught her breath. "Is there news?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Hallard, but we're not discouraged, and we don't want you to be," Detective Evans said. "Hope you got some sleep."

She tried to recollect if she'd slept at all. A policeman had driven her home. After he'd left, she remembered going into the bedroom and taking off her suit to lie down. . . .

"I'd like to check over the list of baby-sitters," Evans said. "We've been working on the list we got from Miss Archer at the agency. You weren't too sure of the names."

"There were so many."

"Eleven, since last August. That sound right?"

She saw the parade of different women ringing the bell each Friday. "Most of them came only once or twice," she said. "Mrs. Giambetti—do you have her on your list?"

"Josephine Giambetti."

"She was here in September. Twice, I think."

"Three times."

"Was it three?" She closed her eyes, sorting out the names and faces. It was important; the children had never been with anyone but the baby-sitters. *Miss Reece, Mrs. Walsh, Miss King.* . . .

"Is Mrs. Gruener on the list?"

"Let me read it to you," Detective Evans said. There was a pause and some papers being shuffled. "Josephine Giambetti, three times in September. In October, Alice Reece and Loretta King, two times each."

"I remember a Mrs. Alvarado," Callie said. Her body was trembling. "There was a retired school-

teacher, too. I'm not sure what her name was."

"Veronica Watson," Evans supplied. "That's the name you mixed up with Rosa Watkins."

"The one yesterday was Miss Watkins," Callie said. "Is that it?"

"Little fidgety woman, dyed red hair. We talked to her last night."

"Yes, I did get it mixed up."

"According to Miss Archer, Rosa Watkins worked for you yesterday and once before, in February."

"I—I guess that's right," Callie said.

"Anyway, we talked to eleven," Evans reported. "All of them were working yesterday, except Miss King, who was at the dentist. Are you positive nobody else took care of your children, Mrs. Hallard?"

"I didn't use sitters till August," she said. Her hands were trembling. "The few times we did before, it was always from Miss Archer."

"Your children didn't play by themselves where someone might have befriended them?"

"I always went downstairs with them myself," Callie said. "Last month in the building across the road, a little boy was . . . harmed ——"

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Hallard. We got the call at the precinct."

"The person who did it, was he ever found?" Callie asked, "It happened on a Saturday. The playground was crowded. People everywhere."

"Mrs. Hallard ——"

"I tried to be careful, but it wasn't enough, was it?"

"Mrs. Hallard," Evans interrupted. "If you're taking the blame for this ——"

"Shouldn't I? Lieutenant Maier thinks . . ." She remembered the precinct last night, and Maier's bland acceptance of her disjointed replies.

"He wants to find your children," Evans said. "All of us want that. You and me, Mrs. Hallard, we're talking on the phone, but up at your daughter's school there's a man checking out possibilities. We'll have men at Aceway this morning; they'll spread through the area. Wherever your children were taken, there's somebody who saw them. People will read the newspapers today. . . ."

After she'd hung up, she stood in the kitchen doorway, listening to the silence that seeped through the apartment. She didn't hear the door open. There was a movement behind her. Philip stood across the room, gaunt and hollow-cheeked. He moved toward her, but she shrank back.

"You must be cold," he said. "The heat isn't up yet."

"Isn't it?"

"I'll get you a sweater."

"Will you?" Her voice was tight and unsteady. "Will you get me my children as well?"

"Callie ——"

"Mary Frances wanted to go to the zoo today. Would you have taken her?"

He reached out his hand. "Callie, stop it."

"Don't touch me." She pressed back against the wall. "Would you have taken her?"

He half turned away. "They've wound up the house search—nothing." He took a newspaper from the trench-coat pocket. "It's on the front page."

Callie stared up at him. "Things went wrong between us—is that why it's happened?" she asked. "We needed to get things right, and we didn't." She looked at him. "You're not a gentle person, Philip. You're filled with anger—at me, at everything."

"Callie, to pick this time ——"

"Was I your enemy, Philip? What made me your enemy?"

"Last summer," he reminded her. "Why don't we talk about that? Months when you never dressed or got out of bed, and I'd come home to this mess of an apartment. I'd try to clean it up, but you'd stay there in that bed."

"And you'd never come in to me."

"Why would I want to?"

She looked at him. "Because I was your wife, and I wasn't well." She moved across the room. "I'm not what you wanted. You should have married a girl you could show off and take to parties. All those parties, remember? But there were never enough, never enough drinks or bars or weekends—and when Mary Fran was born and the parties weren't as often, and you didn't get your books published and had to go to work at Knapp's . . ." Her hands, like a blind person's, traced over her face. "You haven't wanted to be with me, Philip. That's been it."

"I shouldn't have married anyone," he said.

She swayed unsteadily. "When you'd come home at night, it would be on your face. You didn't want to come home to us, the children or me. I knew all the things you wanted—the success and books and money—and it was on your face every night, so I started not wanting to get up anymore. I tried to leave you," she told him, "by pulling up the covers over me, by closing my eyes and going away inside myself. But then I tried to come back. I went to Dr. McEwan and fought so hard. We weren't a family, but we could become one, I thought. We had two children and maybe . . ." She started to cry and caught at his sleeve. "Philip, they were all we had. If it had been different, would we have them now?"

"There's nothing now, is there?" he said.

"I don't know." She gazed down the hall toward the bedrooms. "Last night I thought . . . Oh, Philip, they were good children!"

"We'll get them back," Philip said. "We will."

She went to the window and gazed at the playground below. She kept thinking about the baby-sitters, the names seesawing through her mind, as though that were the key to the kidnapping. *Mrs. Gruener, Mrs. Walsh . . . Miss Watson, Miss Watkins.* Something didn't fit together, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

There were voices outside in the hall, the doorbell chimed, and all at once the apartment swarmed with reporters and photographers. A flashbulb momentarily blinded Callie.

"Are you the mother, Mrs. Hallard?"

"If you'll tell us in your own words."

"We need pictures of the children."

The reporters jostled around her; some had cornered Philip in the alcove.

"Tell us in your own words, Mrs. Hallard."

"When you first missed them, did you get alarmed? Where did you look for them?"

Mrs. Alvarado, gold-toothed and smiling. Mrs. Walsh . . . Callie couldn't summon a picture of Mrs. Walsh. "I looked in the supermarket first," she answered. From the alcove, a flash of light exploded. *Mrs. Giambetti, red sweater buttoned tight. Miss Fraser, sniffing at paper tissues.* Fip and Mary Fran wouldn't have gone with strangers. . . .

"Almost through, Mrs. Hallard," one of the photographers said. "If we could get a shot in the bedroom, you at the crib, maybe holding a toy." He steered Callie down the hall.

"No," Callie said, shrinking back. "I can't go in." She remembered taking Miss Watkins into the room yesterday to show her where Fip would take his nap. *Dyed-red hair, rouge on her cheeks, shabby furpiece . . .* Then she . . . remembered.

Turning, she pushed through the throng of reporters in the hall. "Philip!" She had to shout to make herself heard. "Philip, call the police!"

"Callie, what's the matter?"

"That baby-sitter—the one who was here yesterday—she said she was the one who came in February. But she wasn't. Philip, I know she wasn't. I've never seen her before."

The building where Rosa Watkins lived was a five-floor walkup in the East Eighties, off York Avenue. The interior was as Lieutenant Maier could have predicted: cooking smells and disinfectant, outmoded gas rings on the landings. Rosa Watkins' apartment was in the front. Maier knocked on the door. "Miss Watkins. Police, Miss Watkins."

The door opened a crack. "What do you want? I spoke to the police last night." Rosa's dyed-red hair had been hastily combed. A woolly, dirty-white poodle yapped in her arms.

"Something's come up," Maier said.

Rosa stroked the dirty poodle. "Hush, Tommy."

The door opened into a kitchen, hardly more than a recess, crammed with an old refrigerator, a two-burner stove, a sink. The room to the left was like a grotto, hung with heavy draperies, the walls covered with mementos: a Swiss cuckoo clock, a lace fan, china plates, floral prints.

"Miss Watkins," Lieutenant Maier said, "you worked for Mrs. Hallard yesterday—that made how many times you worked at the Hallards'?"

She batted her eyes. "Twice. Miss Archer's record, I believe, will bear me out."

"When was the first time?"

"I—the middle of February, a Friday. If you require the exact date . . ." She shifted the poodle in her arms, went to her desk, and found a black ledger. "Here you are, a complete record. My bookings for the last two years."

Maier combed pages written in a spidery script. The entry for Friday, February 11, read, *Mrs. P. K. Hallard, 10 Schuyler Rd., 9:30–1:15.*

He put down the ledger. "Mrs. Hallard says yesterday was the first time you worked for her. Says you weren't there in February. What'd you do, send someone in your place?"

"Certainly not," Rosa protested. *Annie is out of this,* she told herself. *Annie's in Florida.*

"Why are you lying, Miss Watkins?"

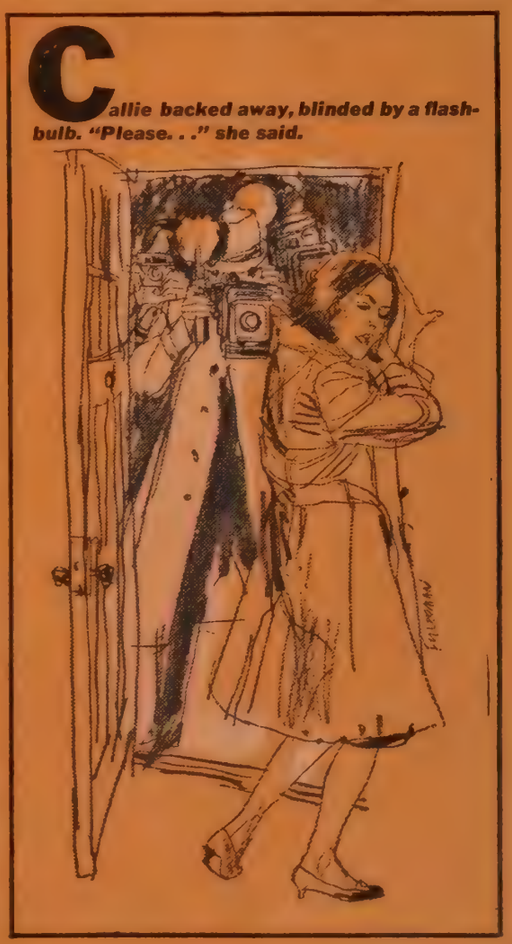
"Why would I send another person?"

"Maybe you know someone who wants to have children."

"What are you accusing me of?" She stared at him, panic seeping onto her face. Last night after the police had left, she had phoned the brownstone on Abigail Street. There'd been no answer; that meant that Annie was in Florida, it couldn't be her. She drew herself up. "Why would I lie?"

"Who accused you?" Maier asked. He went to the door. "Call the precinct sometime today, Miss Watkins. We'll tell you when to come. We're getting the other sitters, all of you, to come in."

For long minutes after Maier left, Rosa hovered in the tiny kitchen expecting another knock. Such an innocent secret! The night last February when she had the dreadful stomach cramps, her fear of telling Miss Archer that she was sick, and couldn't make the appointment—the phone call to a friend.



Callie backed away, blinded by a flashbulb. "Please. . ." she said.

It couldn't be Annie who'd taken the children—Rosa tried to push away the awful thought. Why she suspected Annie she couldn't explain, unless it was the memory of the day she'd first met her in Washington Square. The solitary, black figure poised at the edge of the playground, looking at the children on the swings. How eager Annie had been to talk about babies! Yet, to imagine that she would abduct two little children. . . . Except for the secret the two women shared: the fact of where Annie had been on the eleventh of February.

Inside one of the rooms of the station house, under a dangling light bulb, Callie held onto a table; she was very tired.

"It rained most of the morning," Rosa Watkins was saying. She sat very straight, hands on her lap. "The little girl wasn't at school. She'd been sick, and, since it was Friday, Mrs. Hallard kept her home. How often am I to repeat this account?"

At the window Lieutenant Maier sipped at a container of coffee; he seemed remote. He had dismissed the other women, the ludicrous lineup of baby-sitters. With murmurs of sympathy, they had filed past Callie, exiting as from a place of bereavement. Then, the two of them alone at the oak table, Rosa Watkins had begun her recital. After it was finished, Maier asked her to repeat it.

"How often?" Rosa protested. "I'm quite entirely wrung out."

Callie leaned forward. "You didn't come to my house in February. You were never in my place until yesterday."

"I quite realize the strain Mrs. Hallard is under."

"You weren't there! Would I forget? Would I imagine that some other ——" Callie broke off, aware that no dent was being made. She glanced around the hideous green room. Philip's trench coat was on the next chair. He'd gone down the hall to talk to the reporters.

"I remember the woman who came in February—elderly, white hair. She spoke with an Irish brogue," Callie said. "So old and still having to work—I felt sorry for her."

Rosa tightened her mouth. "This woman's name. You haven't said her name."

"She used your name."

There was a silence; Rosa began the recital again. "February eleventh. I reported at Mrs. Hallard's at nine-thirty."

Callie turned to Lieutenant Maier. "She's lying, can't you tell? Stop her!"

He appeared absorbed in the window cord. Rosa Watkins adjusted the veiling on her little felt hat. "If you've finished with me," she said.

Maier looked at her without expression. "Mrs. Hallard still thinks your story's a fake." He took out a pack of cigarettes. "Wouldn't get myself in such a hurry to leave."

"Miss Watkins—please." Callie knelt down and put her hand on Rosa's. "Tell the truth, you weren't there that day."

"I've told the truth," Rosa said. "I *was* there. February eleventh. It—it rained on and off that morning." She clasped at the purse and remembered lying in bed, the stomach cramps, and vowing not to call the doctor, it'd cost ten dollars. "I had my umbrella, my pink plastic umbrella."

"Black," Callie said. "An old black umbrella. A black coat and high-button shoes, and it wasn't you, Miss Watkins." She turned to Maier. "I opened the door, and she left the umbrella in the hall, it was dripping. She wore a black coat and her glasses kept slipping down."

"Mrs. Hallard is mistaken," Rosa said. "It was a pink umbrella. The children watched TV."

Maier sighed, "OK, Miss Watkins. Let's not go over it again."

The door clicked shut behind her. Callie folded Philip's coat over her arm.

"Don't tell us you're in a hurry, too," Maier said. He went to the file cabinet and took out a folder of papers. "Was it her that day?" he asked.

"I've said it wasn't."

"The other one, the one with white hair and glasses, would you recognize her if you saw her?"

"I think so."



Mary Fran plunged down the steps. "Bad girl!" Annie shrilled.

"And the other ones before—Giambetti, Walsh, Miss Reece. You recognized them. No confusion about them?"

"None," Callie said. "If you're finished ——"

"Recognized Miss Reece OK?"

She opened the door, started to go out. "That wasn't Miss Reece," Maier said. "You identified the wrong lady."

She took her hand from the knob. "What?"

"That tall one, that was a policewoman. You made such a point about the baby-sitters, we wanted to see." He came toward her and closed the door.

"I want my husband," Callie said. "You frighten me."

"Suppose you and me talk first," Maier said. "Just you and me. Clear up a couple points." He picked up the papers from the table, gestured at a chair. "I'd like to go over a few details. About your children and how it happened they disappeared. Sit down, Mrs. Hallard."

Mary Frances watched the door open. When Annie entered, and propped a tray on the bookcase, Mary Fran bolted for the doorway.

"Come back!" Annie quavered. "What are you doing?"

With her eyes closed tight, Mary Fran plunged into the hall. Down, down the stairs, it was like the playground swing, everything spinning and dizzy. On the last step she tripped and fell sprawling. Annie was swooping toward her.

"Bad child!" Annie shrilled.

Mary Fran scrambled up and streaked away. The hall was dark, her ankle hurt, she couldn't see. She stumbled running through the hall. She hit against a table, spun around, thudded into the wall. Annie was behind her. So many stairs, so dark, when would she reach the door?

She was on another landing. Another hall loomed in the darkness, and down it she glimpsed a door. Behind her, Annie's shoes thrashed on the stairs. Mary Fran fled headlong down the carpet. The door was open; she ran in, but it wasn't the door to the street. She was in a bedroom. A big bed in the center, and windows on the other side.

"I'll get you, miss. I'll learn you."

Next to a frilly-skirted table was a curtain with flowers on it. Mary Fran rushed to the curtain and crouched behind it. She heard Annie's skirt rustle. "Come out, miss, and ask forgiveness."

Mary Fran covered her mouth so that she wouldn't scream. From behind the curtain she watched the room being searched. Annie opened a closet, looked under the bed. She looked behind the draperies.

"I'll find you. I'll find you."

Mary Fran heard Annie mutter and turn away; then there was silence. She listened in the darkness and heard steps in the hall, then on the stairs. When the steps had gone away, she crept to the door and peered into the hall. Below was faint, shadowy light, stairs, one more flight.

She ran down to the bottom step and leaned trembling against the banister. The front door had a brass handle. It wouldn't be hard; turn the handle, that was all. To the left, the coat tree grew, vinelike, up the wall, a mirror glinting above the bench. So many stairs, so many mirrors! She saw her face reflected in the mirror, and the parlor doors behind her. Then in the mirror she saw the parlor doors slide open and Annie step out.

The dim, phosphorescent green of the station-house walls made it seem like a room under the sea. Callie sat half-slumped in the chair. Surely there was a limit—another minute of listening to Maier...

"Mrs. Hallard," he said, "try to give me your attention. I'm trying to refresh your memory. You tend to have a shaky memory." He tilted his chair back against the file cabinet. "Old ladies come to your house nobody's seen or heard of. You identify Miss Reece, but it isn't Miss Reece; it's a policewoman. What does it mean?"

Quickly he got up as she moved from the table. "Mrs. Hallard." She had gone to the door. She fumbled with the knob. "I want my husband."

"We haven't finished. Sit down," Maier ordered.

She turned away from the door. "Is it often you frighten people? Or is it because I'm at a—a breaking point?" She crossed slowly back to the table. "I was right to be frightened of you," she said.

"Five o'clock when you missed your children," Maier continued. "Five, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Six-thirty when your husband found you."

"I'd gone looking for them."

"For an hour and a half? Didn't notify the police, ask for help? Went looking, all by yourself. Where'd you look for the children?"

"The merry-go-round truck," Callie said. "Then back to the store—up and down the aisles. I've told you over and over."

"What next?"

"I went along Fourteenth Street. They'd gone into the five-and-ten without me once, and I thought ——"

"You'd lost them before?"

"Not *lost* them. I was in the fruit market. They went next door." She could not bear much more. "Lieutenant Maier, I—I haven't had much sleep. You asked me to come here about the baby-sitters."

"You raised the issue, lady."

"I—I grant I was inaccurate, but I did my best to identify them. As for Miss Watkins . . ." She shook her head helplessly. "I don't know anymore if there *was* another woman."

There was a silence. Maier was suddenly solicitous. "Cigarette?"

"No, thank you."

"It's like I said. A problem of memory." He stuffed the pack into his shirt pocket. "I was up to Scarsdale this afternoon." He paused. "Dr. McEwan speaks highly of you."

Callie looked at him blankly.

"He says your recovery's been excellent. What's the term for it—schizophrenia?"

Callie said, "He never used that term with me."

Maier waved his arm indulgently. Dr. McEwan had, in fact, been opposed to any use of the term, but Maier had been undeterred. He paced up and down in front of Callie. "Schizo means split. You,

for example. One part feeds the kids, does the housework. The other part goes far off somewhere. Like when you spent most of your time in bed last summer."

There wasn't a limit, Callie thought—or perhaps you simply passed it and went on. "Yes, I was in bed quite a lot last summer," she said.

"Lying around, dreaming. Soon, the dreamy part takes over. Is that why you have a problem remembering, Mrs. Hallard? Periods when you blank out—like with Miss Watkins—and make up stories to cover it?"

Callie's voice had a dangerous edge. "Perhaps you can answer for me."

"Listen, lady," Maier said, sensing her anger. "Two kids are missing and don't turn up. Police procedure is to investigate possibilities. Every nutty call that comes in, we check it out. We do a house search. You start screaming about Rosa Watkins, we look into that. Are we going to ignore you been under psychiatric treatment for nearly a year?"

The lineup of baby-sitters, the substitute for Miss Reece, keeping Philip away, the attempts to break her down—she understood now.

"Maybe you don't remember what happened to your kids," Maier said.

"Tell me what you think happened."

He went to the phone, dialed an extension. After a few muttered sentences, he hung up.

"That was Harbor Patrol," he told her. "Been on them all day."

"Are they searching the river?" Callie asked. "We live near the East River. I often take the children for walks along there."

"So I learned," Maier said. "You take your kids out on that old pier on Eighteenth Street."

Callie's voice shook. "Did I yesterday? Did I leave the supermarket and take them to the pier?" She got up from the chair. "Let me tell you about myself," Callie said. "I'm nothing much, a kind of zero. When I was little, my father died. I thought it was because he didn't want to be with me. I suppose that started it—fear of rejection, Dr. McEwan would call it. Well, I never got over being afraid. Last summer, when it seemed as if my marriage were ending, I lay down in bed. I wanted to give up, but outside the door were two children who treated me with kindness." She stopped for a moment. "My son would come to the side of the bed to comfort me," she went on. "His sister tried to tidy the apartment."

Maier regarded her without expression.

She struggled to control her voice. "Do you know about children?" she asked. "It isn't difficult to love them. You do it by instinct. But what tears your heart is when you discover that they love you back."

She wiped at her cheeks, which were streaked and damp. "I'm nothing much," she said. "I can't take care of a house very well. I have a poor memory and forget to buy jelly for sandwiches, but my children loved me. They *loved* me."

Maier's face showed no change.

"They saved my life," Callie cried. "Whatever could make you think I'd take theirs? Drown them, you thought?" She had reached an end. She flung open the door. "Philip! Philip!"

She staggered, fleeing, down the hall. It was a labyrinth leading nowhere, as the day had done. "Philip!" she called in terror. "I want to go home! Philip! Philip!"

Her cry brought Philip running. "What is it? What happened?" He held her against him.

"Take me home. *Please.*"

When they got home, Callie made a move toward the kitchen. "I can fix eggs. Philip, what are we going to do?"

He turned her around. "Callie, Callie, listen. I'd give my life to get them back. Fip and Mary Fran—I'd give my life."

She put a hand to his face, and felt the wetness on his cheeks. "I know you would," she said.

"You're like them." He tightened his arms around her. "A child like them—I'd give my life, Callie."

She burrowed against him. "They were my gifts to you," she told him. "I had nothing to give, except them." She clung to him, her body shaking. "I *loved* them, Philip. All today, I kept sending my love to them. 'I love you, Fip. I love you, Mary Fran,' I kept saying, as if, wherever they are, they'd hear me and not be afraid. God will take care of them, won't He? He won't let them be harmed. They were my gifts, Philip, so you'd love me."

His hands stroked her hair, her face, her throat. "Callie, I haven't known how . . . not anything . . . nothing. Callie, I love you." He kissed her. "I love you, Callie. I love you."

"Yes . . ." She raised her lips to him.

"Callie, Callie. . . ."

The bed was an iron trap which held her there. Callie looked up at the ceiling and tried not to hear Maier's voice.

Dr. McEwan speaks highly of you, Mrs. Hallard. Says your recovery's been excellent. . . .

Morning glimmered in through the window shade. Philip was asleep next to her, face down on the pillow. Sleep had softened the hard lines of his face. The thin, bony shoulders reminded her of Fip.

She slipped off her nightgown and rummaged on the chair for her clothes, trying to remember Friday afternoon. The school bus, and Mary Fran leaping along the walk. Fip hiding the diaper under his jacket. *Or the river, the pier jutting out*—which had it been?

She got her coat from the front closet, rode down in the elevator, and went out the brick entryway to the corner of Avenue B, and, like music suddenly turned on, it was Friday again. Horns honking, and the sidewalk in front of the shops packed with shoppers; housewives and shopping carts, children, dogs, baby carriages. It was Friday again, and she remembered all of it. The merry-go-round truck, hurdy-gurdy music, *"Do you know the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man, the Muffin Man . . ."*

As in a dream, but real, Callie walked past the shops, the Friday throngs of shoppers jostled past her. The babble of sidewalk voices blended with the traffic noises, and the children were holding her hand. The neon sign flashed ahead in gaudy lettering A C E W A Y. . . .

She looked toward the shuttered fruit market and saw again the tubs of daffodils in the entrance. Daffodils and what else had she noticed? Stalls of oranges and melons and. . . .

"Just one ride, Mama. Please, please."

"We've got to hurry. A sitter's coming."

She remembered! She remembered each moment of Friday! The children jumping out from behind the cookie display: *Can we have a penny for the bubble-gum machine?* Pushing down the aisle in search of the pudding.

But it seemed to her that she had forgotten some part of the memory, some minor detail. She stared at the fruit store. Stalls of oranges and melons—and an old woman in a black coat. Knot of white hair under a pie-shaped hat—and black high-button shoes. Her back toward her, but something familiar about her. Something, something . . . the shoes!

"A black umbrella," she had said to Rosa Watkins. "A black coat and high-button shoes, and it wasn't you, Miss Watkins. I remember all of it. The black coat, the glasses she wore, slipping down over her nose . . ."

Callie ran to the curb. "Taxi!" What was the address? York Avenue; Maier had mentioned it. She remembered, she remembered!

The cab scudded under the Queensborough Bridge and up past the blocks of apartments. Callie gripped the hand strap. "I know it's near York," she told the driver. She saw a drugstore ahead. "If you'll stop here, I can look up the exact address."

She hurried into the drugstore. At the phone booth, she paged through the Manhattan directory. She found: WATKINS, R.B., *502E85.*

In the vestibule of Rosa Watkins' building, she found the nameplate, and pressed the bell. When there was no answer, Callie went to a luncheonette across the street. A clock on the white tile wall read 6:35. Callie took a stool near the window and ordered coffee. It tasted bitter in her throat, and her fingers holding the thick white mug trembled.

A taxi turned into Eighty-fifth and stopped at Rosa Watkins' building. Callie hurried to the street, and ran down the block. "Miss Watkins!"

Rosa Watkins made a beeline for the stoop. Callie was after her.

"It was a lie," she said in the vestibule. "I know it was now. I know where my children are."

Rosa fished out a key ring.

"The other woman," Callie said, "she took your place, and no one knew."

Rosa turned the key in the lock. Callie pursued her into the hall. "I *saw* her Friday," Callie said. "At the store where my children were taken." She seized Rosa and shook the flimsy shoulders. "Did you plan it? Tell me the truth." The jacket ripped at the shoulder. "She has my children," Callie said, and her fingers moved to Rosa's throat. "She has my children—doesn't she?"

Rosa's eyes bulged; she tried to claw loose.

"*Does she have my children?*"

"She can't," Rosa screamed. "Annie's away."

"Who? *Who?*"

With a gasp, Rosa broke free. Her throat was stained with red marks. This was to be the ending, she thought. The effort, the lies—all along, it was to end like this.

"It's all right," Rosa said. "Mrs. Hallard, if you will come upstairs."

The poodle was at the door to greet her. She scooped him up and held him to her cheek. "We have a visitor, Tommy," she said. "Give her a smile." Then, in the living room beyond, she talked.

Pacing, fondling the dog, she told of meeting Annie in Washington Square Park and the friendship of sorts which had resulted. She told of the assignment from Miss Archer, instructing her to report at 10 Schuyler Road, Friday morning, February eleventh, at nine-thirty. Coming home the night before, ill with stomach cramps. Lying in bed, the cramps worsening, and knowing she'd be unable to work the next day. So she had phoned Annie and asked that she substitute for her. Annie was to announce herself as Rosa Watkins, and thus the deception would escape notice.

"A lie," Rosa said, "will out, Mrs. Hallard. Or is it that the truth will? Oh, there are other lies. I'm seventy-one, but I give my age as sixty. I dye my hair so the white won't show, and I lie about my age, so Miss Archer will give me work. Once I was sick. Fifty dollars for the doctor and medicine, and Miss Archer stopped calling."

"The woman," Callie said frantically. "Annie, the woman who came, where is she?"

"The children aren't with her. She's in Florida."

"But I *saw* her Friday," Callie said. "She was at the fruit market."

Rosa's eyes batted in a renewal of panic. "But I *know* she's in Florida. After the police questioned me, I thought of Annie, and, just to make sure, I phoned. There was no answer."

Callie stared at her. "Then you thought it was *possible* that she'd taken my children."

"I—I thought . . ." Rosa plucked at her neck. "Annie was lonely for children. She used to talk about your son a lot."

"Where does she live? Please—just tell me that."

"Abigail Street," Rosa faltered. "Really, Mrs. Hallard, I'm quite entirely certain ——"

"Oh, God," Callie said. She swayed across the cluttered room. "May I use your phone? May I call my husband?"

Her taxi jerked to a halt again. The driver poked his head out the window. Callie leaned forward and repeated the address. "If you could hurry."

"It's somewheres along here," he told her. "Only runs a couple blocks."

"Please, you must hurry."

At the next corner, she saw a man on the sidewalk—tall, unshaven. A trench coat. She reached for the door handle.

"Hey," the driver yelled and braked to a halt.

But Callie was already out, running toward Philip on the sidewalk. "It's true—there was someone." Her heel caught in the grating; Philip caught her as she pitched forward. "It's true," she kept saying, and over his shoulder she saw the

street sign the cabbie had been looking for. Philip went to pay him.

"There's Number Sixteen," Philip said, rejoining her. "I already tried the bell. Nobody answers."

A sense of withdrawal emanated from the brownstone, as though it had retired within itself long ago. Callie went to the stoop. Her glance flicked past the white-linen shades to the top floor, where the windows were tightly shuttered. "I know she's here, Philip," Callie said. "I know."

"Let's try again." Philip climbed the stoop and rang the polished brass bell. Callie unlatched the gate and crossed to the basement windows. Bars shielded them, and no light was evident behind the checked curtains.

Philip called to her from the balustrade above, "No one's home, Callie. Or they're not answering."

Callie came out of the yard, the gate swinging behind her, and mounted the stoop. "The woman who came to the house that day—I saw her Friday, in the fruit market next to Aceway. She was there. She could have taken the children."

She pressed the bell and listened to it ring within. "I saw her. I know I saw her. Do you believe me?"

Yes, I believe you," he answered. He went down the steps and ran toward a police call box on the corner. She turned back to the door. "Fip," she shouted, beating at the door. "Mary Fran! We've come for you. Fip—Mary Fran . . ." Her finger jammed the bell. "Fip, Mary Fran!" she shouted.

Philip ran up the stoop to her. He was panting. "Anything yet? They're sending a patrol car."

She called the names of her children over and over. Her hands were raw and aching; the skin at the knuckles was ripped and beginning to bleed.

"Mary Fran," Philip shouted, cupping his mouth. "Fip." He pressed at the bell in fury.

"She's taken them someplace else," Callie said. Another thought seized hold of her. "Philip—they're still alive, aren't they?"

Philip vaulted onto the railing and tried to reach the parlor floor windows. He pressed himself flat against the brick and inched his hand out. Then, dizzily, they heard the high, piercing keen of a police siren. A patrol car, red light revolving, scudded around the corner.

There were two policemen in the car; one of them mounted the stoop. "What's the trouble here?"

"Our children . . ." Callie began.

He listened to her account, prepared to deal benevolently with it. A knot of people had gathered across the street. "We know about your children, Mrs. Hallard, a terrible thing, but you won't find them here. This is the O'Connell house." He waved his stick at the door. "Old neighborhood family. Miss O'Connell's away in Florida. She always notifies us, and we keep a lookout on the property."

"No, there's someone here. An old woman," Callie interrupted. "White hair tied in a knot ——"

"You mean Annie?" The policeman sucked his lip in surprise.

"She might have our children," Philip said.

The policeman smiled indulgently. "Not much chance of that, sir. She left Friday with ——"

"She didn't!" Callie screamed, turning back to the door. "I *saw* her Friday. She's here in this house." She began pounding the door again. "Fip. Mary Fran!" Callie cried.

Another siren shrilled, a second patrol car rounded the corner. Lieutenant Maier was in the front with another detective. He got out and crossed to the stoop. "Mrs. Hallard," he called.

"Fip . . . Mary Fran . . ." Her voice was hoarse and shredded. She turned and saw Maier. "My children . . . I—I think ——" She gestured with the blood-specked hands.

"I spoke to Rosa Watkins," Maier said. "Bringing her down to the station. I made an error there."

Callie leaned tiredly against the door.

"I apologize," Maier said. He climbed the stoop of the brownstone. "You think they're in here?"

"There's no answer . . . I'm afraid . . ."

Maier gave brisk instructions to the patrolmen on the sidewalk. "Dronsky, get the emergency truck. Collins and Everett, try the basement."

Then Callie noticed Philip backing onto the street. "Callie," Philip said. "The shutters." He was pointing up at the top floor.

The crowd across the way was increasing. Looking upward to the brownstone's top floor, she saw one of the shutters opening.

"Sleep," Annie said, holding onto Fip. "Hospitals is places of death. Don't cry, Neely."

Mary Fran listened to the confusion of sounds, a bell ringing, shouts from the street. "He isn't Neely," she said. She heard a police siren.

"Stay there," Annie cautioned. "You know what happens when you misbehave."

"We don't belong to you," Mary Fran said. She sat up on the cot, listening. The siren had stopped, but there were voices, people talking.

"We're not your children," Mary Fran said. She wasn't brave, she was just a little girl, she thought, but she could try one more time. She felt for the floor with her legs.

Annie rushed toward her. "Stay in bed, I said!"

Mary Fran fled, stumbling through the bars of light. "Our mother isn't dead. You told a lie." She staggered to the door; it was locked. "She isn't dead. You lied." She ran to the window.

"Stop it. Come back." Annie held onto Fip and swooped toward the rocker. She flung the afghan aside and saw the gun, where she'd hidden it. "I warn you . . ."

The hooks on the shutters were too high for Mary Fran to reach. She wove back across the floor and dragged a chair from the table.

"Mary Fran!" Fip cried.

Annie snatched up the gun. She heard the commotion below and hugged Fip to her. Fip was hitting at her. "What is it?" she asked, seeing the terror of his eyes. Neely, frightened of her? "No," she cried, as he struck at her.

Mary Frances dragged the chair to one of the windows, and climbed onto it, and onto the windowsill. Sobbing, she unhooked the shutters, and folded them back. She looked down at the police uniforms and patrol cars and saw her mother reach out her arms. She began to cry.

"Neely," Annie begged. He had twisted from her and scrambled to the floor. "Neely, you don't want to leave me . . ."

The gun clattered to the floor, skidding away. She scooped up the afghan and carried her angel child to the door.

"Mary Fran!" he screamed.

The crew from the emergency truck swarmed up the stoop.

"She's gone," Callie said, looking up at the window.

"It's all right. She's alive, you don't need to be afraid anymore," Philip tried to calm her.

"What about Fip?"

"They're breaking the door down," Philip said. There was the crash of axes on wood. He held her against him. "I love you," he told her. "I'll be someone for you."

The axes lunged into the door, splintering it. Locks ripped from the frame like jagged teeth. The door lurched back drunkenly, and glass shattered as the vestibule door was broken through.

Lieutenant Maier stepped over the wreckage and went inside. He came back out in a moment. "Mrs. Hallard." He beckoned toward Callie.

Callie gripped the banister, and gazed up into the shadowy dimness above the stairs. Philip took her arm, and they started up behind Maier and the others, their guns drawn.

Up into the house Callie and Philip climbed, up the flights of dark stairs and along the faded halls, past doors that opened into silent, dead rooms. Light shafted down from a dusty skylight.

"Mama? Mama?"

Maier and another detective kicked at a door, until the lock was torn loose. Looking in, Callie saw what was evidently a nursery. A rocking horse, a train set, a doll's cupboard. And there stood Mary Fran. She looked at her mother unsteadily, but made no move to come forward. Callie went and knelt before her. "Mary Fran?"

Mary Fran stared at her. "It took you so long," she said. "You didn't come for so long."



Flashlights shone through the darkness on a woman holding a child.

"I tried to hurry," Callie told her. "We had to find the house."

Mary Fran lifted her hands and struck at her. "Why didn't you come? You should have come." Her face crumpled and her arms crept around Callie's shoulders. She pressed against her, shaking. "Didn't you know the address?"

"It's all right," Callie said. "It's over."

Lieutenant Maier spoke from across the room. "Boy's not here," he said. "Or the woman."

"Find him!" Mary Fran screamed.

The police combed through each floor, hurtling tables and chairs, pulling beds out, rifling through closets. A scuttle ladder to the roof was located; men went up through the hatch and spread across the tarring. Then, in the basement, an afghan was discovered lying in the passage behind the kitchen. Flashlights played over the walls, revealing a storeroom door. The flashlights shone on a woman holding a child. She was squatted on her haunches, huddled up against some shelves. They brought Callie downstairs, and she ran into the storeroom.

The woman smiled in the beams of the flashlights. "Is it the doctors come?" she asked, rocking the child in her lap. "My poor angel's sick; don't let the doctors have him," she said to Callie. She rocked back and forth, white hair flowing in disarray. "Little angel, little Neely." She looked up, her jaw quavering, at Callie. "If I give him to you, will you see he comes to no harm?"

Fip did not speak, as Callie took him in her arms. His eyes stared, blank and unseeing.

"I'll look after him," Callie said.

Police were helping the old woman from the storeroom. Callie looked at her, shaken by a fierce and unexpected kinship. "I know what it was. It was because you loved him," she said.

For all of it, the horror and its ending, had begun from this. From love and an absence of love; love withheld, taken away, or never given. The city in which it had happened was the world, and a famine roamed the world, setting fire to it, building a conflagration which endangered even its children, who could not be spared—for without them, there could be no beginning.

With Philip, Callie walked from the house, holding Fip and Mary Fran, and made their way through the small crowd that had gathered on Abigail Street. END

By Nora O'Leary
Patterns Editor

JR. JOURNAL

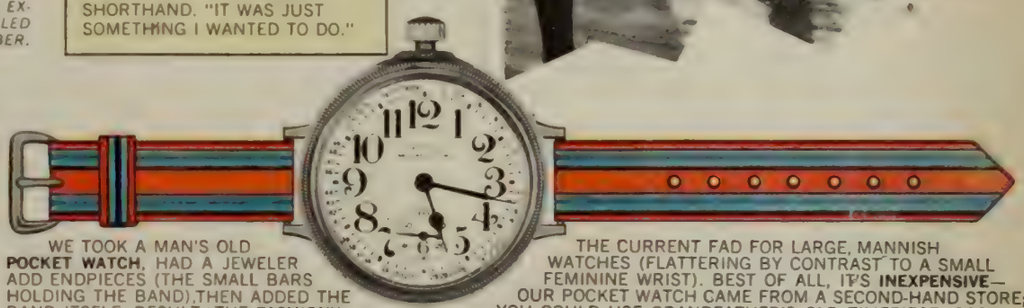
FR... JOUR... BY MA...



ABOVE: SOFT-SPOKEN, BEATLE-HAIRED PATRICK—FIRST PENSIVE, LISTENING TO THE MUSIC, THEN **EXPLODING INTO ACTION**—AT A REHEARSAL FOR THE HULLABALOO SHOW (MONDAY EVENINGS, ON N.B.C.-TV). RIGHT: EX-HULLABALOO REGULAR MABEL ROBINSON, PIG-TAILED SHEILA FORBES AND PATRICK LEARN A NEW NUMBER.

MEET PATRICK, THE HULLABALOO DANCER EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT THESE DAYS. HIS CAREER BEGAN A FEW YEARS AGO WITH FEATURE ROLES ON BROADWAY AND IN SEVERAL MOVIES. HIS FIRST RECORD WAS RELEASED LAST FALL. ON DANCING: "I WAS A HALF-HEARTED STUDENT TILL THE AGE OF FOURTEEN OR SO—THEN I DECIDED DANCING WASN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL."
HIS BIG AMBITION IS TO BE AN ALL-AROUND ENTERTAINER. "THEN AGAIN," HE MUSES, "IT WOULD BE FUN TO BE A **RACE CAR DRIVER**. OR AN **ENGINEER**."
HE LIKES TO READ ("I GO THROUGH PHASES—RUSSIAN AUTHORS ONE MONTH, POETRY THE NEXT").
HE ONCE SPENT THREE WEEKS TEACHING HIMSELF SHORTHAND. "IT WAS JUST SOMETHING I WANTED TO DO."





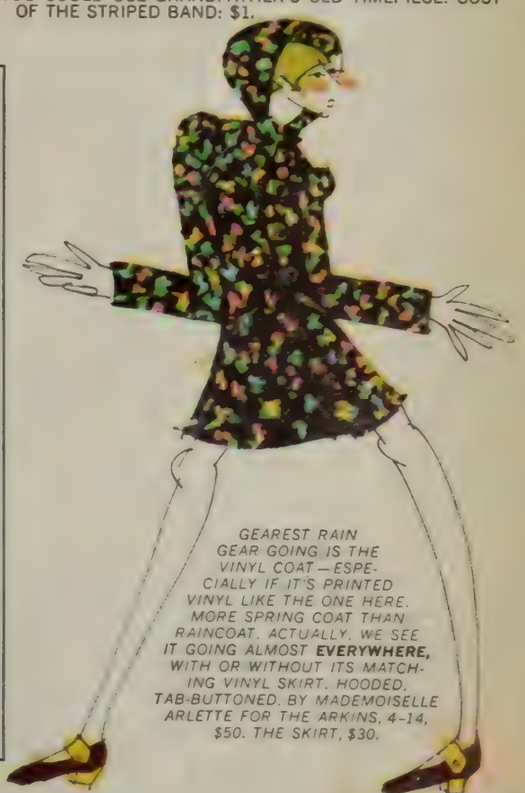
WE TOOK A MAN'S OLD **POCKET WATCH**, HAD A JEWELER ADD ENDPIECES (THE SMALL BARS HOLDING THE BAND), THEN ADDED THE BAND ITSELF. RESULT: THE **FASHIONY** WRISTWATCH HERE. IT'S RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE CURRENT FAD FOR LARGE, MANNISH WATCHES (FLATTERING BY CONTRAST TO A SMALL FEMININE WRIST). BEST OF ALL, IT'S **INEXPENSIVE**—OUR POCKET WATCH CAME FROM A SECOND-HAND STORE; YOU COULD USE GRANDFATHER'S OLD TIMEPIECE. COST OF THE STRIPED BAND: $1.



*THE GRANNY LOOK STARTED IN CALIFORNIA AS A REACTION TO SHORT-SHORT SKIRTS. OR MAYBE IT WAS LONDON. ANYWAY, **GRANNY'S HERE**—AND WE CHOSE THIS ANKLE-LENGTH COTTON PRINT GOWN WITH LEG-O'-MUTTON SLEEVES, HIGH, RIBBON-SASHED WAIST, AS THE GRANNIEST DRESS OF ALL. (BY PLACE 1, 3–13, ABOUT $12.) TO WEAR WITH IT: STEEL-RIMMED SPECS (WHETHER YOU NEED THEM OR NOT), PLACED WELL DOWN ON THE NOSE; A LACY SHAWL TO PROTECT YOU FROM DRAFTS. MORE GRANNY DRESSES, TO MAKE FROM BUTTERICK PATTERNS, ON PAGE 80.*



SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD **MARJORIE MEADS** (LEFT), OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, LOVES TO SEW. IN FACT, SHE SEWS SO WELL, SHE WAS SELECTED FIRST-PRIZE WINNER IN THE DEB DIVISION OF THE SINGER COMPANY'S 13TH ANNUAL YOUNG STYLEMAKERS CONTEST. MARJORIE'S WINNING ENTRY WAS A COAT AND DRESS ENSEMBLE MADE FROM VOGUE PATTERN 1443 (THE PATTERN ITSELF, BY THE WAY, WAS INTRODUCED IN THE JANUARY, 1965, ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL). MARJORIE AND THE OTHER FINALISTS WERE FLOWN TO **ROME** FOR THE JUDGING, STAYED THERE A WEEK AND MET WITH ITALIAN TEEN-AGERS AT A PRESS SYMPOSIUM. MARJORIE'S PRIZES: A WEEK IN PARIS, A $1,000 SCHOLARSHIP FUND. IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, YOU CAN **ENTER—AND MAYBE WIN**—THE 1966 CONTEST BY ENROLLING IN SINGER'S DRESSMAKING COURSE—EIGHT 2½-HOUR LESSONS FOR $10. (COMPLETE CONTEST DETAILS AT YOUR LOCAL SINGER CENTER.)



*GEAREST RAIN GEAR GOING IS THE VINYL COAT—ESPECIALLY IF IT'S PRINTED VINYL LIKE THE ONE HERE. MORE SPRING COAT THAN RAINCOAT, ACTUALLY. WE SEE IT GOING ALMOST **EVERYWHERE,** WITH OR WITHOUT ITS MATCHING VINYL SKIRT. HOODED, TAB-BUTTONED. BY MADEMOISELLE ARLETTE FOR THE ARKINS, 4–14, $50. THE SKIRT, $30.*

street sign the cabbie h
went to pay him
"There's
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By Nora O'Leary
Patterns Editor



FASHION FINDS A NEW HEROINE

She's the girl of the golden, turn-of-the-century West, as played to the hilt by Brigitte Bardot in the movie *Viva Maria!* The Western look is fashion's new love—men love it, too, because it's feminine and romantic (lace and ribbon detail, tiny waistlines, leg-o'-mutton sleeves). The heroine wardrobe here is made with mix-and-match rayon and linen fabrics by Amity. All blouses and skirts from Butterick Pattern 3951. More Western fashions on the next two pages.

From left: Rayon-linen blouse has a lace-edged collar, cuffs. Short A-line skirt. Satin-ribbon bow, cummerbund. Daniela laced boot. Carpetbags, by Koret.

Lavender blouse, plaid-tied to match a quilted (by us) argyle skirt. Colony *Viva Maria!* belt.

Challis print blouse and long skirt; pink satin buttons and belt. Janice lace edging. Adlib shoes. All parasols are by Uncle Sam.

Pin-striped, tucked blouse with leg-o'-mutton sleeves tops wildly paisleyed ankle-length skirt. Colony belt. Shoes by Capezio.

Photographs by Francesco Scavullo



The shirt and matching hipster pants (near right) are Butterick 3944. Surprise color: sky blue. Shirt in flock-dotted voile; pants, Avril-and-cotton flocked dot; both fabrics by Valtex. Boots by Sandler, Madcaps hat, Calderon belt.

Next, white-collared shirt in a dandified flower-garden cotton print, matching hipster pants in patent vinyl. Both Tiger fabrics. Shirt, Butterick 3685; pants, 3507. Hat and Western string tie by H. Kauffman. Boots by Golo.

Third: A long (as in "granny") dress, gussied up with lace at neckline, sleeves, hem. Make head scarf to match. Butterick 3909. Mulberry-and-marigold cotton voile by Tiger. Janice lace. Buckled shoes by Capezio.

Far right: The granny dress again, same Butterick pattern (3909)—this time with modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves, a wide ruffled lace yoke. Flower-print Avril-and-cotton fabric is by Lowenstein. Shoes by Adlib.

Backviews on page 108

Cowboys' clothes and accessories by H. Kauffman and Sons Saddlery. Photographed at Haverstraw Quarry, New York.



QUITTING THE BIG-CITY RAT RACE: IT CAN BE DONE

All it takes is endless courage, patience and a sense of humor. Ask the Greens.

On a little ranch to the north of Denver, a strange incident took place one evening not too long ago.

Mrs. Louise Green, ranch wife, was expecting guests for supper. Only since 1961, it is important to note, has Mrs. Green called it "supper." Before that, she lived in New York's Westchester County, one of the more fashionable and sophisticated places in the world, where the evening meal is always dinner. As she waited for her guests on this summer day, her Westchester background was still very much in evidence. She wore a chic flowered cocktail dress and a pair of Italian sandals. She did not wear makeup; but this did not detract from the picture, for Louise Green is the kind of woman who does not



"We'd never quite got to be millionaires, but out here we've got all the things people would like to buy with a million dollars."

need makeup. She looked ready for any catered dinner party, or the most exclusive of New York City restaurants.

But a few minutes before the guests arrived, Louise Green remembered something. The five pigs that were being trained for showing at the county fair had not yet been given their daily lesson. They had to be driven, by occasional gentle proddings with a long stick, from the end of their field to the feed trough, to teach them to go where ordered.

Louise Green did what she had to do. She called her 12-year-old daughter Cecily to lend a hand, then picked up a stick and went after the pigs—cocktail dress, Italian sandals and all. As she drove the pigs past a mud puddle, one of the ranch dogs raced to her side to help—sending up a spray of mud that splashed ugly stains all over Louise Green's bare legs, her feet and her Italian sandals.

Mrs. Green did not scream, gasp, or turn a hair. When the pigs' lesson was over, she calmly picked up a garden hose and washed the mud away, not even removing her sandals. Then, dripping a little but totally unruffled, she went to the driveway to greet her guests, as if nothing in the world had happened.

To Louise Green, transplanted New Yorker and Colorado ranch wife, pigs and mud are now all in the day's work.

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

Louise Green, 48, and her husband Bill, 50, are two of the thousands of big-city Americans who have decided to get away from it all. They represent a fascinating kind of cross-migration, concealed by our population statistics and unnoticed by many of the experts who like to talk about the changes in the American scene.

As all census figures show, America is rapidly becoming a nation of big cities and big-city suburbs. For the first time in history, more than half of us now live in cities of over 25,000. Yet, as the old saying goes, it is easier to take the boy out of the country than to take the country out of the boy. Nobody knows how many Americans, harassed by big-city traffic and gas fumes, cramped by apartment walls or bored by the suburbs, long in their hearts for a simpler, quieter and more spacious life in the country. Nobody knows how many of them actually do make the break and move back, against the general trend. But the case of Louise and Bill Green proves that it happens—often with odd, funny, unpredictable and wonderful results.

To the Greens it happened with dramatic suddenness. For 18 years Bill Green had been a part of what New Yorkers like to call the "rat race"—the fierce pace and competition of the corporate business world. For 18 years he had been commuting from Westchester County to an office in Manhattan. In the morning he walked to the railroad station, rode for 44 minutes, then walked to the headquarters of the big advertising agency where he was a vice president. At night, after a hard day's work, he took the train back home.

One morning he left as usual to catch the 8:15. Less than a half hour later, Louise Green saw him walking back. He had gone to the station, had watched the train pull in, and had come to an abrupt decision. He had had it. He was through getting on the train. He was through with New York and with the world of advertising.

Nobody, not even Bill Green himself nor the wife who knows him so well, can say exactly why.

New York had given Bill Green a great deal—a good salary, stock in his company, an 18-room, six-bath home overlooking the Hudson River, many close friends.

But 18 years of commuting can be frustrating. "I figure that I spent one entire year of my life on that train," Bill Green says. "In the time I spent traveling to and from the office I could have made a leisurely trip around the world or earned a Ph. D." And 18 years at the same job can get to be a drag. "I was doing the same thing over and over; I was tired of it." Corporate structures can be aggravating even to a vice president; a man's best ideas can be overruled in committee or quietly knifed by an ambitious colleague.

Moreover, New York had never quite taken the country out of Bill Green. He had grown up in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when it was a much smaller city than now. He had spent many idyllic summer vacations in Colorado, riding a horse over the mountain trails. Perhaps it was the thought of those majestic mountains, that morning at the drab railroad station, that tipped the scales.

Within two months he had bought a little radio station in Loveland, Colo. (pop. 13,000), where he could look west and see snow atop the mountains all summer. He was Bill Green of Loveland, transplanted New Yorker, fugitive from the rat race. He breathed the clean mountain air and thought—for all of one glorious week—that he did not have a care in the world.

How does a Westchester matron, used to the luxury of an 18-room

house and a well-manicured lawn, react to the news that her suburban life is over? It all depends on what kind of woman she is. Louise Green, being what she is, can firmly and honestly say, "People have often asked me, 'Didn't you sit right down and cry?' I answer, 'Certainly not.' I sat down and said, 'All right, what do we do now?' It was simply a case of whither thou goest, I go, because a wife has to follow where her husband leads."

It was not easy. Louise Green had brought up five children in that Westchester house. Three of them—Julie, 15; Debbie, 12, and Cecily, eight—still lived at home. Two others had gone off to college. The home was full of ping-pong tables, boating equipment, playrooms and big spare bedrooms that could be used as dormitories for the children's friends. As many as 15 college friends of the older children had been simultaneous house guests at vacationtime. One New Year's Eve, the Greens had had three different parties going in various parts of the house for children of various ages.

But Louise Green is not an ordinary woman. Consider, for example, her account of what happened to her eight years ago: "Our oldest child went off to college. Our youngest started school. And I turned forty. That was some year! But I decided I wasn't content to grow old as an idle housewife, or as a committeewoman or bridge player. For one thing, I had got married before finishing college; I'd never had a job, and I felt as if I'd been a parasite all my life. Besides, I wanted to prove that I could do something, that I was *capable* of earning some money."



"We still make mistakes. We get tired. We get homesick. But people pay psychiatrists thousands of dollars to get our peace of mind."

So Louise Green, at 40, became a businesswoman; she began manufacturing ceramic Christmas-tree ornaments, in the shape of cookies cut out by an old-fashioned cookie cutter. The business, which she calls Greentree House, prospered from the start. Today, besides helping run the ranch, she still makes about 60,000 little Santa Clauses, camels, elephants, dolls, stars and Christmas trees a year—at a handsome profit.

Louise Green took the move from Westchester to Loveland in stride. She drove one of the family cars, while her husband drove the other. They divided up the three girls and their dog. Her only bad moment came when their yard man, Henry, who had worked for them many years as part-time gardener and tray passer at parties, waved good-bye. "Good old Henry," she explains, "had seen us through thick and thin." For one brief moment she broke down and wept. Then she wiped the tears away and headed the car west.

Ah, Colorado! The air is crisp; it sparkles. In the early morning it is rich with the scent of pine trees. The city of Loveland is itself about a mile high, and to the west the mountain peaks rise clear above the clouds. The mountain trails beckon. The ski runs are near at hand.

The Greens bought riding clothes and ski equipment. They were ready for the leisurely life of the small city, and the joys of long weekends in the wide-open spaces. No more commuting. No more corporate committee meetings. Nobody to push the panic button. Just a nice, quiet, cozy pace, without rush or pressure. Easy does it, up in that lazy-daisy air of the mountain country.



"America we wonder has ever managed to bring up children anywhere but on a ranch. Today all of us are living pleased."

They bought the ranch so that Louise Green would have room to make her Greentree House ornaments, and also as a place to keep the children's horses. Their plan was to find an elderly couple to run the ranch; Louise would simply conduct her business there, and go riding through the fields with her daughters when they got home from school. Life in Loveland seemed so much more relaxed than keeping up with an 18-room house and the social swim of Westchester that Mrs. Green cheerfully took on the responsibility for a woman's hour every afternoon, as her contribution to radio station KLOV. What fun, to be on the air every day—a radio star, no less.

Alas, they never did find anybody to run the ranch for them. Among the millions who have migrated from country to metropolis, it seems, are all the elderly couples and hired hands who used to work on other people's farms. So the Greens moved onto the ranch themselves, rank but determined amateurs, and set about trying to make it pay. As the box on page 124 shows, this was no easy task.

The small family farm that used to grow vegetables for sale, they realized, is a thing of the past; the profitable production of row crops like beans and beets takes more machinery than any small farmer can afford. What the Greens had to do was turn their fields into pastures and grow animals—horses for sale, and cattle and sheep to provide meat for their table.

To a city couple, and especially to a city woman, animals can be strange and frightening creatures. The Greens first discovered this when daughter Julie, for her birthday, picked out a saddle mare without checking into the mare's habits.

The first time the Greens tried to put a bridle on the mare, she bucked, reared and backed off. Baffled, they called in a neighbor, an expert with horses. After two hours of hard work, and with the help of a blindfold and hobbles on front and hind legs, he finally managed to get a bit in the mare's mouth. (*continued on page 122*)



Nothing could be more uninspiring than a plain old can of vegetables or soup. That's what you think! We say these cans are just seconds away from being Greek Avgolemono, Spinach Florentine, Crab Bisque, Gazpacho, Beets à l'Orange and dozens of other family-pleasing recipes. And we don't mean you have to be a graduate of a gourmet cooking school to make these dishes. Our article starts right at the beginning with how to select a can. Then on to how to heat up what's inside (and that's an art!). Add a few dashes of this and that, and even though you think you can't boil water, you'll find you can whip up a meal worthy of any special occasion. Now for the first lesson . . .

Photographs by Bernard Gray


Once upon a time you were told that you had to drain the vegetable, boil down the liquid, then heat the vegetable. Unnecessary fuss! Put the entire contents (with a little of the liquid poured off if you like) into a flameproof dish preferably one attractive enough to go to the table. Do not cover—it ruins the color. Do not simmer—it ruins the texture. Bring to a full rolling boil. Remove at once from heat and serve. Now on to bigger cooking triumphs
Confusion! Don't know which can to buy? Read the label for a wealth of essential information. For example, it tells style of the product—such as diced, sliced, whole, or julienne (shoestring) beets. Then there's the can weight. Some soups are ready to serve, others require adding a liquid. Can opened? Read on . . .



A late breakfast is the absolute last word in chic entertaining without a great deal of fuss. To begin the most elegant of late breakfasts —Tiny Croustades of hollowed bread filled with devilish eggs. Well-chilled champagne is served throughout the meal.

CHAMPAGNE BREAKFAST FOR 8
TINY CROUSTADES
SUPERB CHICKEN HASH
CHIPOLATAS • ASPARAGUS
TOASTED BRIOCHE
DAMSON PRESERVES



This Lentil Salad, part of the menu for the indoor-outdoor buffet, can be prepared hours before the guests arrive. A simple relish of sliced tomatoes and red Italian onions makes it Op-arty and very party.

AN INDOOR-OUTDOOR BUFFET FOR 20
CHUCK WAGON STEAK
LENTIL SALAD • GARLIC BREAD
TOMATOES, ITALIAN ONIONS
CANTALOUPE WITH
RASPBERRIES AND ICE CREAM

© 1965 by James Beard. From the book, "James Beard's Menus for Entertaining," published by Delacorte Press.

One of the most respected names in the food world is that of James Beard. Director of the best-known cooking school in America, he's a much-sought lecturer, consultant to some of our finest restaurants, and author of more than a dozen cookbooks.

His latest book, *James Beard's Menus for Entertaining* ($8, Delacorte Press), is designed to solve a widespread problem: many cooks who can prepare a fine dish lack the specialized ability to assemble a memorable menu—one that is balanced, tasty, practical, yet has that all-important flash of originality.

So: this invaluable cookbook, filled with more than 100 menus for every entertaining occasion, complete with instructions from cocktails to dessert. All can be managed gracefully, leaving the hostess free to be herself—utterly charming, we trust. (For years and years, Jim Beard dished out the most elegant victuals for as many as 20 guests from a kitchen not much bigger than a broom closet. His famous conviviality never wavered.)

Our cookbook condensation includes four complete menus from the book. To prove that each dish is as much a delight to the eye as to the palate, we've photographed the hors d'oeuvres from his stylish breakfast, the salad from the indoor-outdoor buffet, the entrée from an informal dinner and the dessert from the ladies' luncheon.

In a pithy introduction, Mr. Beard sets forth his philosophy of entertaining. Recipes begin on page 95.

"Entertaining is my main pleasure, my forte; and, beyond that, it is essential to my livelihood. I do it frequently with little help and often with none at all. It is not unusual for me to arrive home at 5:30 after a full day's work, with eight guests due for cocktails and dinner two hours later.

"Whether you are entertaining at breakfast, luncheon, cocktails or dinner, you must plan carefully and make sure that most elementary chores are done in advance. Shop for food and liquor as far ahead as possible; check your linens or place mats, your silver and dishes a day or so before; get out any cooking equipment and serving dishes you will need. If you are lucky enough to have several hours before guests arrive, clean vegetables, set the table and arrange the centerpiece. If it is difficult, for one reason or another, to set the table in advance, try a serving method I often use. Simply put place mats and napkins on the dining table, and at the last minute put out plates and silver on a work area in the kitchen. Then invite your guests to come to the kitchen and dish up for themselves. Into a dirty kitchen, you say? You can keep it clear as you work if you stack all used utensils in the dishwasher or, as does one hostess I know, hide them in the cupboard

Excerpts from a new cookbook classic

JAMES BEARD'S MENUS FOR ENTERTAINING

under the sink. If you cook in handsome, decorative pots and pans, the food can be served right from the stove. One of the most popular restaurants near Wall Street in New York serves in just this manner. Patrons are ushered into the restaurant kitchen, where they select their meals from the array of delectable dishes on the stove. The men love it.

"I find that American hostesses try to serve too many dishes at dinner. There is no need, for example, to have four or five complicated hors d'oeuvres with drinks. Such lavishness takes the edge off appetites. One or two items, not too rich, are enough—perhaps just olives, or radishes with sweet butter. The first course can sometimes be served in the living room with a chilled white wine in place of cocktails.

"A first course isn't absolutely necessary, but if you have planned a grilled main course, it can prove a help. Most grilled meats cook quickly, and you should start them as guests sit down to their fish or soup, or whatever you have chosen. If there is a short wait between courses, no one will mind, particularly if you serve a pleasant wine that the guests can sip as they talk.

"If you worry about timing and keeping foods hot, invest in an electric hot tray. With one of these you can hold a roast and vegetables for quite a few minutes at the right temperature. Also, there are many tasty dishes that can be prepared at the table in an electric skillet or chafing dish.

"A sensible way to save yourself headaches in planning your menu is to take advantage of fine prepared foods available. If you live in a city of any size, investigate caterers and specialty shops that can supply you with first courses, such as pâtés, aspics, fish mousses and *vol-au-vents* with cream fillings, or desserts such as *torten*, pastries, and frozen sweets.

"Entertaining is expensive, make no mistake, and this book is not dedicated to economy in the kitchen, although many menus presented here are relatively inexpensive to produce. It is dedicated to hosts and hostesses who want to provide the best for their guests, to achieve the finest in pleasures of the table effortlessly, graciously, and with flair. To entertain successfully, one must create with the imagination of a playwright, plan with the skill of a director, and perform with the instincts of an actor. And, as any showman will tell you, there is no greater reward than pleasing your audience."

JAMES A. BEARD



Zratys Nelson is the name of this conversation-piece entrée—an arrangement of medallions of beef on sautéed potatoes, topped with a cucumber-mushroom-tomato mixture, and French-fried onions. Crabmeat Charentais flamed with cognac to begin.

AN EASY BUT IMPRESSIVE INFORMAL DINNER FOR 4

CRABMEAT CHARENTAIS
ZRATYS NELSON WITH FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS • BEAN SALAD
PEARS CONDÉ



Star of the ladies' luncheon for six is a molded Nesselrode Pudding, aglow with the flavor of sherry, dappled with currants and raisins; garnished with marrons glacés and whipped cream. Red Snapper can be fixed a day in advance.

A LADIES' LUNCHEON FOR 6

CANAPÉ PROVENÇALE • COLD RED SNAPPER WITH SHRIMP AND MUSTARD • MAYONNAISE • CUCUMBER AND CHERRY-TOMATO GARNISH
NESSELRODE PUDDING

Photographs by Bernard Gray



dowdies & dumplings

. . . are now in full glory. Cold weather is the time to serve forth a staunch Roly Poly like the one at the top left. This is the month for Cobblers, Grunts and Slumps, Crisps and Flummery, cockney Cockaignes, fruity Charlottes, Viennese Nobles, Brown Betties and even a startling young modern that we named Bettina, evolved from two cans of cherry pie filling topped with a package of butter-pecan cake mix to which no liquid is added—just gobs of butter or margarine.

Photograph by Bernard Gray



An olden "receipt" for Apple Pan Dowdy called for a dribble of treacle over the apples and saleratus to make the dough. But our Apple Pan Dowdy (top center) uses limpid-amber dark corn syrup and a couple of cups of prepared biscuit mix, stirred up with egg yolks and fluffed with stiff whites. We make our Dowdies in different sizes—the one top center is an individual serving; second row, right, shows the edge of a Dowdy ample enough to satisfy a hungry family of 6.

Full of surprises are Baked Apricot Dumplings, top right. Whole canned apricots, pitted and drained, hold almonds in their hearts and are covered with—sheer amazement!—refrigerated crescent rolls. These are the desserts that our great-grandmothers always served in a soup plate or bowl, sometimes with a sauce, more often with thick cream, plain or whipped. Ice cream is good, too, softened with a fork. Recipes for all these and more on page 98. **By Poppy Cannon**

LINE A DAY

By Poppy Cannon

1 Sweetest and best and most human of women was St. Bridget of Ireland, where even today on many a table there will be a Bridget Basket of apples and fragrant homemade bread.

2 Groundhog Day and Candlemas and also the day when Persephone, daughter of the goddess Demeter, swallowed the six seeds of the pomegranate. This reminds, that grenadine syrup is really the juice of the pomegranate—a joy and delight over lemon sherbet.

3 In the Basque country, now is the moment for eating the peppery sausages called loukinkas, followed by a cool, fresh oyster.

4 Custom decrees in Japan that people must scatter as many beans through their houses as there are years in their lives, to drive out evil spirits. Good evening for serving a Japanese-y soup: blend a can of red kidney beans, mashed, 1 quart chicken broth, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons beer. Heat, top with lemon slices.

5 A chuck-wagon dessert of the old Southwest is a Spotted Pup—a rice pudding sweetened with dark brown sugar, topped with raisins.

6 Appropriate Sunday-night supper to mark the day Babe Ruth, King of Swat, was born: hot dogs, halved long-ways, dipped into batter and crisply fried. At our house we call them home-run dogs.

7 Call it a cookie, call it a candy, these Cookless Wonder Balls: melt in top of a double boiler over hot water a cup each of semi-sweet chocolate pieces and butterscotch pieces. Remove from heat, stir in ¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, ½ cup sour cream, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, ¼ teaspoon salt. Blend in 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs. Chill until firm; shape by spoonfuls into balls. Roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes about 7 dozen.

8 Karen Lengyel, formerly of West Hartford, now of Paris, says that her French friends are mad for American "deeps" such as one made from a packet of garlic-cheese salad-dressing mix. Stir into 2 cups sour cream. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ cup crumbled Roquefort, 2 tablespoons freeze-dried chives. Chill one hour.

9 The Weather Bureau was founded on this day in 1870. Prediction: hot-soup weather. Like tomato in a mug with a cinnamon stick.

10 Transform chicken fricassee into Belgian Waterzooi. Use lots of onions, a bay leaf, a flick of nutmeg, a bit of tarragon. Make gravy by beating 4 egg yolks with ½ cup cream for every 6 cups of broth. Add hot chicken broth slowly to eggs, turn them into the stew.

11 For a pennywise Waterzooi, make gravy with 2 egg yolks, ¼ cup cream, and 2 tablespoons flour.

12 Lincoln loved a pecan pie. Wonder would he have liked the one that now comes frozen? Luscious topped with peach ice cream.

13 This is the time before Lent when in Bulgaria they tie a piece of Turkish Delight candy to the end of the string hung from the chandelier. As the string swings back and forth, the children, with their hands behind their backs, try to get a bite.

14 Most appealing of all Valentines are home-baked hearts. Roll out refrigerated cookie dough. Cut into hearts, bake, decorate with colored sugar and frostings pushed from a tube.

15 Arch-feminist Susan B. Anthony's birthday makes us think of Shakespeare's Kate, "like a hazel twig," and the delight of finding a hazelnut in a fruit-juice cocktail or a Manhattan.

16 Love that roast as you arrange the parsley round it. Greek lovers exchanged parsley as an expression of undying devotion.

17 Drunkard's Thursday, they used to call it in Syria when reveling reached its height just before Lent. If you can't wear vine leaves in your hair, how about rice-filled grape leaves bought in a jar? Served cold as an appetizer or hot as a garnish for meats.

18 In Ponti, Italy, this day is celebrated with an enormous dish of Polenta (corn-meal mush) weighing over a thousand pounds!

19 Weekend of Dreams in Portugal. These Dreams are fritters made of cream-puff dough from a mix or standard recipe. Drop by spoonfuls into deep oil and fry at 375° about 3 minutes, until the golden puffs rise. Drain; powder with sugar.

20 "Give buns!" shout the young in Denmark right about now as they invade Mummy and Daddy's bedroom in the morning armed with Lenten birches. The little lambs are calmed by *Fasten-lavensboller*. Improvise them by adding ½ teaspoon cardamom seeds, ½ cup raisins, 2 tablespoons sugar and an egg to a batch of drop biscuits made from a mix.

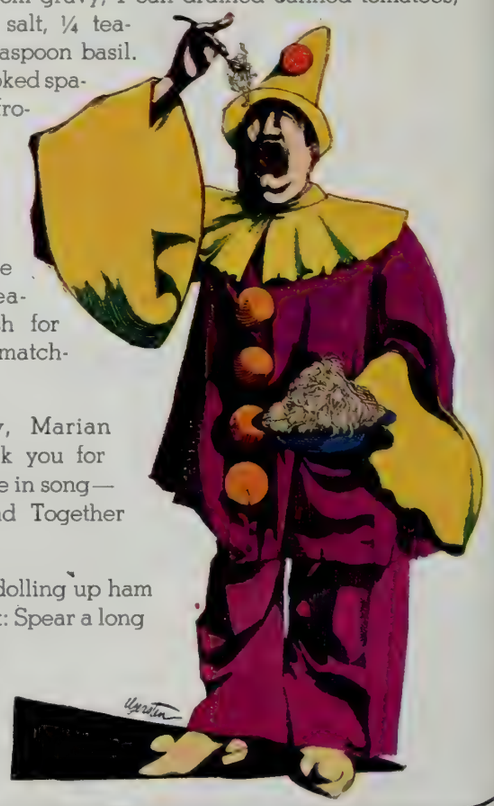
21 Collop Monday, when in Merrie Olde Europe fresh meat was cut into collops, or strips, for salting and hanging till Lent was over. It is customary to serve eggs and meat together today.

22 Shrove Tuesday—Day of the Pancake. Crowdy (that's porridge) in Scotland, Boxty in Ireland, and Pretzels in Austria.

23 To symbolize the burial of worldly joys during Lent, beginning today, it is the custom in Seville and Madrid to bury a strip of pork or a sausage. Then, off to eat sardines and radishes.

24 Two days past Washington's birthday. Nevertheless, must note Martha's receipt for "Brockeley and Eggs": "Cover a plate of buttered toasts with scrambled eggs. Place brockeley in the center."

25 Birthday of Enrico Caruso. Spaghetti Caruso was invented for him by Escoffier. A quick version: brown two chopped onions in 2 tablespoons butter, add ½ pound chopped chicken livers; brown. Add one can mushroom gravy, 1 can drained canned tomatoes, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon oregano, ¼ teaspoon basil. Garnish ½ pound cooked spaghetti with 1 package frozen artichoke hearts, cooked. Pour sauce over all and toss. Serves 4.



26 Snitched from the glamorous Four Seasons . . . a garnish for chilled vichyssoise—matchsticks of apple.

27 Happy Birthday, Marian Anderson! And thank you for the most moving grace in song—"Let Us Break Bread Together on Our Knees."

28 Mad thought for dolling up ham or a hunk of cold meat: Spear a long skewer through a small tomato, then a hard-cooked egg and half a lemon (cut into points).

 Illustration by Gerry Gersten



Hearty! Noodles & Ground Beef Soup



Home-style! Old Fashioned Vegetable Soup

Campbell's 2 Farm-Country Soups: the best eating in town!

NOODLES & GROUND BEEF SOUP

Hungry for some hearty good eating? Then help yourself to three different kinds of noodles, lean ground beef, and juicy vegetables in beef broth. This is the kind of soup that used to simmer for hours on the back of a farm-country kitchen stove. Now all its delicious flavor is yours to enjoy!



OLD FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP

Enjoy old fashioned goodness from an old fashioned recipe. That's what you get in this delicious country-style soup. Ten kitchen-cut garden vegetables and tender pearls of macaroni are simmered ever so slowly in a sturdy vegetable-beef broth. Have it soon. The whole family will love it!

They always eat better when you remember the soup

A is for Apple.



Adam took the first bite . . . with far-reaching results . . . Venus won a golden one in the original beauty contest, and that led to the Trojan wars . . . William Tell used an apple for target practice . . . A big, juicy one splonked Isaac Newton on the head. *Voilà!* the law of gravity . . . Johnny Appleseed carried apples across the American frontier, and into American folk legend . . . And an unsung housewife (some say it was Martha Washington) once put them between pie crusts, thus creating the All-American dessert . . .



Not all apples are red, of course. Some are green, some yellow, some are blush pink or speckled with gold. Some are for baking, and others for eating out of hand. Throughout history, most apples were in season for only a few of the winter months.

But, thanks to a new technology called Controlled Atmosphere Storage, the season for most favorite apples has been extended almost through the year. C.A. Storage keeps the apples [illegible] and "breathing" just as they were still on the tree, but in low temperatures. In the spring, when the regular supply is running out, the C.A. Storage apples are unsealed and fresh supplies are rushed to the markets.

Of the more than 7,000 kinds of apples we've picked out five of our favorites. Here's how to recognize and use them.

The pungent, dark-red Winesap is truly the prince of apples, for its delicious winy taste and unexcelled versatility. Most available from late fall until July, it is a good keeper under normal cold-storage conditions. You'll recognize it by its deep-red, very glossy skin indistinctly striped with darker purplish red. The flesh is tinged with yellow and is lushly juicy, slightly tart in taste. Use the Winesap for everything—cooked in puddings and pies, cut up in salads, or just for between-meal munching.

Finest of all the so-called cooking



apples is the firm, juicy Rome Beauty. It holds its shape beautifully in pies, and the skin won't shrivel when baked. The Rome Beauty is red mottled with yellow. The mildly acid flesh is nearly white with a slight yellow or greenish tinge. Its marketing season is November to April, but C.A. Storage extends it through June. Use it for sauces, baking, and apple pie, of course. We love it raw, too.

Sure as little green apples, the Rhode Island Greening is the best. Oddly enough, it got its name not from its bright green color but from Green's Inn in Newport, R.I., where the original tree grew over 250 years ago. The Greening is sold in great-



[illegible] abundance in the northeastern and [illegible] central states from October [illegible] February. Its crisp, yellowish flesh [illegible] rich, tart, slightly acid taste. Although the Greening does not hold its shape when cooked, many prefer it for pies, and it's especially good for applesauce.

The lively red Jonathan, called the "Halloween Apple," is the first of the harvest. It's available from September to February, but C.A. Storage extends it through April. The Jonathan is small to medium in size and quite round. Its skin is yellow heavily overlaid with a light, clear red and lightly striped with a darker carmine. It makes wonderful eating—pleasantly tart, crisp and fragrant and bursting with juice. It also holds its shape well when cooked. Use it in baking, in salads, or for dessert with a selection of cheeses.

The Golden Delicious, with its warm, sunny color (often blushed with pink) is glorious in salads or for dessert. And, unlike most apples, it won't turn brown when sliced. You'll recognize it by its characteristic, broad-shouldered figure, tender skin and a very slightly tart taste. Its season is October through March (C.A. Storage March–July).



Like the egg, the apple is one of nature's most convenient packages. But you can enjoy apples in some even handier forms, thanks to the many kinds of processed apples now available. For instance, on a cold wintry morning, you can serve delicious cinnamon-flavored baked apples just by opening a can or jar. Serve them with cream, raisins or currants, cold or heated.

Apple juice and apple cider (apple juice that has been allowed to ferment) are almost synonymous with autumn. Now there's frozen, concentrated apple juice as well for you to keep in the freezer all year 'round.

To add glamour and color to a meat main dish—ham, pork or beef roast, or even cold cuts—open a chilled jar of spiced apple rings, either the red or green ones.

If you're planning to treat the family to a homemade apple pie, you can use canned, pie-sliced apples in your favorite recipe, or you can buy apple fruit filling—ready to pour into the pie shell.

Applesauce is an all-time child-pleaser. It is available smooth-style or with chunks of apple, just like homemade. For the younger



set, try stirring in red sugar sprinkles or tiny red cinnamon candies. (And, for the older set, there's dietetic applesauce.)

Apples, like wine, are *alive*. A good firm, ripe apple "talks back" with a squeak when you rub the skin with your thumb. This is a test that experienced apple men use. Also, keep in mind when buying apples that the biggest and most photogenic of them are seldom the best eating. One apple expert calls the big beauties "red sponges," and they often are just that in both taste and texture.

A bowl of apples kept all day on the coffee table may look welcoming, but it's death to good apples. They should always be kept and



served cold—cold as they might be if you picked them off a tree on a nippy morning. The refrigerator is the place for apples—in the crisper or in a plastic bag that keeps the perfume of apples from getting into your butter and eggs, and the bacon and onions from flavoring your apples.

Illustrations by Paul Davis

JAMES BEARD

Continued from page 89

CHAMPAGNE BREAKFAST FOR 8

Serve well-chilled champagne before and throughout the meal.

TINY CROUSTADES
SUPERB CHICKEN HASH
CHIPOLATAS
(small sausages)
ASPARAGUS
TOASTED BRIOCHE
DAMSON PRESERVES

TINY CROUSTADES

1 loaf unsliced bread
Olive oil
Melted butter
6 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped
Freshly ground pepper
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
4 anchovy fillets, chopped
12 to 16 anchovy fillets rolled with capers

Cut bread ½ inch thick. Remove crusts, and cut each slice in halves or thirds. With a sharp paring knife and a spoon, remove piece from center of one side, leaving a base and a frame of bread. Brush with olive oil and butter, and toast both sides to a delicate brown.

Combine eggs, a grind of pepper, parsley, chopped anchovies and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Spread into the small croustades. Dot with butter, and add a rolled anchovy to each. Heat for 3 to 4 minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

SUPERB CHICKEN HASH

1 large onion, finely chopped
2 green peppers, diced
5 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons oil
3 cups or more cold chicken or turkey cut in wide dice
Salt and pepper
Hot-pepper sauce
1½ teaspoons tarragon
½ cup chopped parsley
½ cup blanched almonds or ½ cup broken walnut meats
3 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Sauté the onion and green pepper in the butter and oil until just wilted. Add the chicken and mix well. Add seasonings and almonds and toss. Press the chicken down well in the skillet. Cover for just 2 or 3 minutes. When the chicken is thoroughly heated through, pour in the beaten eggs, mixed with the grated cheese, and cook over low heat until set. If practicable, run the skillet under the broiler for just 2 or 3 minutes to brown the egg and cheese.

NOTE: If you are using turkey that has been stuffed, a little of the cold stuffing mixed with the turkey adds a pleasant flavor.

ASPARAGUS

Wash and trim 4 pounds of asparagus. Cook quickly, in boiling salted water to cover, until tender but still crisp. Serve with melted butter.

NOTE: If asparagus is out of season, serve a platter of radishes, celery and scallions instead.



When you bring out the coffee, bring out coffee's true, rich flavor with Coffee-mate™.

New non-dairy coffee creamer.

Needs no refrigeration.

Only 11 calories per level teaspoon.



from Carnation

AN INDOOR-OUTDOOR BUFFET FOR 20

Serve summer drinks before the meal—collinses, mint juleps, vodka and tonic, gin and tonic, and the like—and beer with the meal. With the drinks, provide bowls of unshelled peanuts, pretzels, scallions, radishes, olives, pickles, and a board of various sausages with pumpernickel bread and several mustards.

CHUCK WAGON STEAK
LENTIL SALAD
CRISP GARLIC BUTTERED FRENCH BREAD
SLICED TOMATOES AND RED ITALIAN ONIONS
CANTALOUPE WITH RASPBERRIES AND ICE CREAM

CHUCK WAGON STEAK

1 cup salad oil
2 cups beer or ale
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1½ teaspoons salt
2 bay leaves
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon basil
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon thyme
1 10-pound chuck steak*

Combine oil, beer, lemon juice and seasonings; pour over chuck steak. Refrigerate several hours or (*continued*)

overnight. Place steak in roasting pan; brush with marinade. Roast in hot oven (425°) 2½ hours for rare steak.

*You may tenderize the steak if you wish. Follow directions on the bottle of tenderizer.

LENTIL SALAD

- 2 to 3 pounds lentils
- Water
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 onion, stuck with cloves
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 whole cloves garlic
- 1 cup olive oil
- ¾ cup finely chopped onion
- 2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 1 cup crumbled crisp bacon
- Wine vinegar to taste
- ¼ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- Additional olive oil, if needed

Soak lentils overnight. Drain, and cover with fresh water. Add salt, onion stuck with cloves, bay leaf and whole cloves garlic. Bring to a boil, and simmer till just tender. Drain, and, while still hot, add olive oil. Cool, then add remaining ingredients. Toss well, and correct the seasoning. This salad improves if it is allowed to stand for several hours. Garnish with chopped parsley and thinly sliced scallions before serving.

AN EASY BUT IMPRESSIVE INFORMAL DINNER FOR 4

Some preparation may be done ahead. You might serve a Sancerre with the crab and a good Volnay with the meat course. Cognac would be pleasant after dinner.

CRABMEAT CHARENTAIS
ZRATYS NELSON WITH
FRENCH FRIED ONIONS
BEAN SALAD
PEARS CONDÉ

CRABMEAT CHARENTAIS

- 6 tablespoons butter (approximately)
- 4 thin slices French bread
- 3 or 4 scallions, finely sliced
- 1 green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon grated carrot
- ⅓ cup white wine
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon chopped tarragon leaves or ½ teaspoon dried tarragon
- 1 pound crabmeat
- ⅓ cup cognac
- Lemon wedges
- Chopped parsley

In skillet or chafing dish, melt butter; brown the slices of bread very quickly. Remove them to a hot platter. Add more butter if desired, and cook scallions, pepper and carrot briskly for 2 minutes. Add white wine, crab and seasonings. Toss lightly to heat crabmeat thoroughly. Heat cognac and ignite and pour flaming over the crabmeat. Blend. Spoon over toast. Garnish with lemon wedges and chopped parsley.

ZRATYS NELSON

- 4 or 5 boiled potatoes
- Butter
- Salt and pepper
- 2 small cucumbers
- 8 mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup cream
- 1 tablespoon tomato paste
- 8 medallions of beef, fillet or sirloin
- French fried onions (see recipe below)

Peel and cut the potatoes in even rounds, and sauté in 3 to 4 tablespoons butter until nicely browned and crisp on the edges. Salt and pepper them. Arrange on a serving platter and keep hot.

Cut the cucumber and mushroom in thick slices and sauté in butter until the cucumbers are soft and the mushrooms slightly browned. Add the flour and mix well. Gradually add the cream, stirring constantly until thickened. Then add the tomato paste. Season to taste, and put aside to keep warm while preparing the beef. Sauté the medallions quickly in butter on both sides. Salt lightly. Arrange over the potatoes, and cover with cucumber-mushroom sauce. Top with Cecily Brownstone's superb French Fried Onions.

For the French Fried Onions:

- 3 or 4 large Spanish onions
- Ice water
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 cup flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- Fat for deep frying

Slice the onions about ¼ inch thick, separate them into rings, and soak in ice water for a couple of hours. Drain, dry thoroughly, and dip in a batter made by mixing the egg with the buttermilk and adding the flour, sifted with salt and baking soda. Fry in deep fat at 375° until brown. Drain well on paper.

BEAN SALAD

- 1½ pounds young snap beans
- Salted water
- 6 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- Salt and pepper
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cut ends from beans, but leave them whole. Boil in salted water until tender but still crisp. Drain. Remove to a flat dish. Add oil and vinegar, and season to taste. Cool. Serve with a garnish of the onion and parsley. Add more oil and vinegar if needed.

PEARS CONDÉ

- 6 to 8 medium pears, peeled and halved
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Sweet Rice (see below)
- Candied fruit
- Chopped pistachio nuts
- Whipped cream

Poach the pears until just tender in a syrup made by boiling together the water, sugar and vanilla. Serve warm on a border of sweet rice, and garnish with the candied fruit, nuts and whipped cream.

For the Sweet Rice:

- ¾ cup uncooked rice
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 2 cups scalded milk
- ½ cup sugar
- Pinch salt
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Cover rice with the boiling water, and let stand for 10 minutes. Drain. Combine scalded milk with the sugar, salt, butter and vanilla. Add to the rice, and then place in a shallow baking dish. Bake 30 minutes at 325°. Remove and stir in the beaten egg yolks.

A LADIES' LUNCHEON FOR 6

This meal is composed of a rather pleasant first course, a cold main course, and a light dessert. It is simple to prepare, and the main course can be done a day in advance. Precede the lunch with a good dry sherry, and drink a light white wine with the lunch if you wish.

CANAPÉ PROVENÇALE
COLD RED SNAPPER WITH
SHRIMP AND MUSTARD
MAYONNAISE
CUCUMBER AND CHERRY
TOMATO GARNISH
NESSELRODE PUDDING

CANAPÉ PROVENÇALE

- 6 slices white bread
- Butter
- Garlic
- 10 eggs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce
- 3 tablespoons water
- 18 anchovy fillets
- 6 black olives
- Chopped parsley

Cut the bread into rounds about 3 inches in diameter. Fry in garlic-flavored butter until crisp and brown. This may be kept



How to make ham play a supporting role

Easy with Betty Crocker Scalloped Potatoes. They'll never curdle—always rich and creamy. Ready for the oven in 3 minutes. They'll be the star attraction at dinner tonight.





How to make hamburger a "rare" treat

Try Betty Crocker Au Gratin Potatoes. Ready for the o in 3 minutes. There's rich, aged Cheddar cheese ir the sauce. Makes even well-d hamburger really "rare."



arm in a napkin or foil for an ur or two. Just before serv- g, combine eggs with the lt, hot-pepper sauce, and ater, and scramble carefully. o not over-cook. Spoon the g onto the fried toast, and rnish with anchovy fillets, ack olives and chopped rsley.

OLD RED SNAPPER TH SHRIMP AND USTARD MAYONNAISE

or 2 red snappers—about 5 pounds in all
pounds small shrimp
onion
sprig parsley
cup wine vinegar
tablespoon salt
ater to cover
emon, thinly sliced
hard-boiled eggs, sliced
ustard Mayonnaise (see below)

rim the fish, which is hand- mer if it has its head. Clean d devein the shrimp. Com- ne the onion, parsley, vine- r, and salt with enough ater to cover the fish, and our into a long fish boiler. rap the fish in cheesecloth, aving ends long enough to e as handles. Bring the liquid a boil and cook for five inutes. Taste for salt. Lower h into liquid and reduce heat simmer. Allow 6 minutes r pound, or cook until fish kes easily when tested with rk or toothpick. Remove om the bouillon and cool; en chill in refrigerator. Mean- hile, cook shrimp in the same uillon for 3 or 4 minutes. emove, cool, and chill.

To serve: Remove skin from e snapper and arrange on a atter. Garnish with cooked rimp, thinly sliced lemon d sliced hard-boiled eggs. atercress is also a decorative uch with this. Serve with ustard Mayonnaise.

USTARD MAYONNAISE

whole egg
teaspoons wine vinegar
teaspoon salt
teaspoons dry mustard
tablespoon Dijon mustard
cup oil

ace egg, wine vinegar, salt d mustards in blender con- iner. Turn blender to high d dribble oil through the p till mixture emulsifies and ickens. Takes about 1 minute.

UCUMBER AND CHERRY MATO GARNISH

inly sliced cucumbers and erry tomatoes may be used the fish platter as an addi- nal garnish or served sep- ately as a salad. No dressing needed.

ESSELRODE PUDDING

pint light cream
egg yolks
cup sugar
can (8¾ ounces) pureed chestnuts
cup Malaga or sherry
cup currants
cup seedless raisins
cup sugar
cup water
cup heavy cream

eat light cream in a saucepan ntil a film shines on top. Beat g yolks until light and thick, en gradually beat in ½ cup sugar. Add heated cream gradually and pour back into the saucepan. Cook over a very low heat, stirring constantly, until custard thickens slightly and coats a spoon. Remove from heat, stir in chestnut puree and Malaga or sherry. Freeze, preferably in the traditional way, in an ice-cream freezer, since the fruits are added later and should be all through the pudding when it is presented.

Cook currants, raisins, sugar and water together over a moderate heat until the fruit plumps up and the syrup thickens. Beat heavy cream until it holds a soft shape. Stir the fruit and the whipped cream into the frozen custard. Pack mixture into a melon or charlotte mold and freeze until firm, either in a freezer or in a container of ice and salt (4 to 6 parts ice to 1 part rock salt). Unmold on a handsome, chilled platter, and garnish with marrons glacés and whipped cream.

NOTE: To prepare fresh chestnuts, remove shell and inner brown skin of 20 plump chestnuts. Cook in a mixture of 1½ cups water, ½ cup sugar and about an inch of vanilla bean. When tender, drain off most of the syrup and either blend chestnuts in a blender or work through a sieve to make a smooth puree. **END**



New twist on an old favorite from Betty Crocker and Comstock

Sweet-tart Pie: It's orange tart. It's cherry sweet . . . that's the new twist! Betty Crocker's premeasured pie crust sticks are easy to mix and roll. And they're so rich in shortening they're packaged like butter. The Comstock Cherry Filling needs no cooking, no sweetening. The plump, juicy cherries are ready to pour into the pie shell. Add the tang of orange. You've got it made. Tonight?

Recipe: Heat oven to 425°. Prepare pastry for 8" Two-crust Pie as directed on inside wrapper of Betty Crocker Pie Crust Sticks except—add 1 tbsp. finely shredded orange peel to crumbled mix. Fill pastry-lined pie pan with 1 can (1 lb. 5 oz.) Comstock Cherry Pie Filling. Cut second half of pastry into ten ½" strips. Weave strips across filling to make a lattice (see package for directions). Fold lower crust over pastry strips; seal and flute. BAKE 35 TO 40 MIN. Spoon Orange Glaze (below) over center of pie. If desired, garnish with twist of orange.

Orange Glaze: Blend ½ cup confectioners' sugar, 2 tsp. finely shredded orange peel and 1 tbsp. orange juice. Spoon over pie after baking.



DOWDIES AND DUMPLINGS

continued from page 91

These sturdy desserts will transform a supper of soup or a light sandwich-and-salad lunch into a staunch, sustaining meal. Marvelous on a blustery Sunday whether for brunch or at suppertime.

We like them best with the fragrant, warm glow of the oven still upon them. But they may be served at room temperature or even cooler. But hard-stone cold? Never!

BAKED APRICOT DUMPLINGS

If you have difficulty finding whole canned apricots, don't forget two halves make a whole! Sneak an almond into the center.

16 whole, canned apricots, pitted and drained (2 [1-lb.] cans)
20 almonds (approximately ¼ cup)
2 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated crescent rolls
2 Tb. brown sugar
¼ tsp. cinnamon
2 Tb. melted butter or margarine

Place 1 whole almond in center of each of the 16 pitted canned apricots. Sliver the remaining 4 almonds and reserve. Separate 2 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated crescent rolls and press into triangle shapes. Brush each with melted butter to within ¼ inch of edge. Combine 2 tablespoons brown sugar and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, and spoon a little of the mixture into center of each triangle. Set stuffed apricot on sugar; brush edges of rolls lightly with water and fold up over apricots, pressing dampened edges together well to seal. Brush tops with remaining melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with slivered almonds. Bake in a 375° oven 15 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 16 dumplings.

COCKNEY COCKAIGNE

Cockaigne was the imaginary country of the cake-eaters, a land of nothing to do and much to eat. It was the subject of a famous fable in the early 14th century and gave its name to the Cockaigne of London, where this stalwart pudding dessert seems to have originated.

1 (1-lb.) pkg. dried prunes
2 cups prepared biscuit mix
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup milk

Topping:
1 cup sugar
½ cup flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted

Cook 1 pound dried prunes according to package directions. Drain and pit them and allow to cool. Grease a 9x9x2-inch baking pan. Preheat oven to 325°. In a large bowl combine 2 cups prepared biscuit mix with ¼ cup sugar. Using finger tips (or pastry blender), work in ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add ½ cup milk to form a stiff dough. Pat evenly bottom of greased pan. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from oven and cover the dough with cooked cooled prunes and the topping made by combining 1 cup sugar, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Return to oven and cook 30 minutes longer or until top is golden brown. Serve with cream. Makes 6 servings.

VIENNESE NOBLE

From Old Vienna comes a dessert known as an *Adel*, which means a noble. In Austria they would use hazelnuts or filberts. We substitute walnuts.

8 trimmed white bread slices, cubed
1 cup light cream
3 eggs, separated
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup walnuts, ground or finely chopped
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
1 (1-lb.) can crushed pineapple, drained
½ tsp. cinnamon

In a large bowl soak 8 trimmed white bread slices, cubed, in 1 cup light cream. Beat until smooth. Beat in 3 egg yolks and ⅓ cup sugar. Stir in 1 cup finely chopped walnuts and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. In a separate bowl beat 3 egg whites until very stiff. Beat in remaining ⅓ cup sugar. Fold into first mixture. Combine 1 (1-lb.) can crushed pineapple, drained, with ½ teaspoon cinnamon and spread over base of buttered 1-quart soufflé dish around which has been placed a buttered foil cuff. Top with nut-egg-white mixture. Bake in 400° for 40 to 50 minutes until deep brown and a cake tester comes out clean. Serve warm with cream. Makes 6 servings.

CHARLOTTE OF PEARS

Historically there are two kinds of Charlotte. One is grand and dressy made of Bavarian cream and ladyfingers—the other cozy, more ancient type is basically bread and fruit.

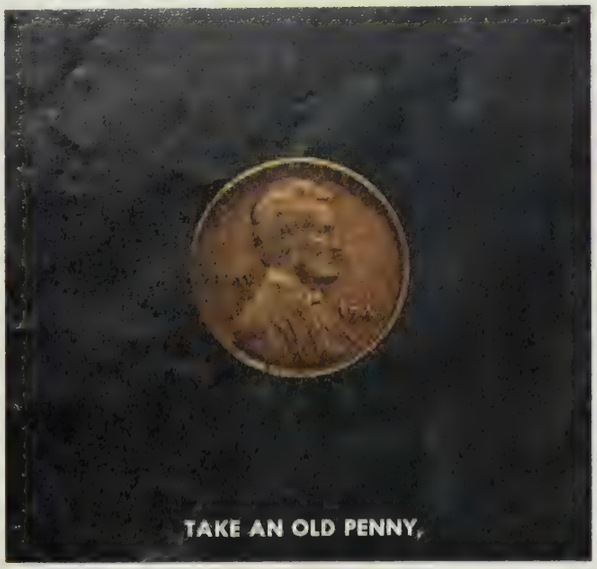
Pears and dates here, and a loaf of firm old-fashioned bread, coarsely crumbled—crust and inners.

1 (14-oz.) can pear halves, drained
1 cup chopped dates
½ tsp. ground ginger
3 cups fresh coarse bread crumbs
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Slice 1 (14-oz.) can of pear halves into a medium bowl and toss with 1 cup chopped dates, and ½ teaspoon ground ginger. In a large bowl, toss 3 cups fresh

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bread crumbs, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Gently stir in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Line the base of a well-buttered 1½-quart casserole with ⅓ of the bread-crumb mixture. Add half of pear mixture. Top with another third of the bread-crumb mixture. Then add the rest of the pears, and top with the last of the bread crumbs. Bake at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm or cool, plain or with custard sauce. Makes 6 servings.

CHERRY ROLY POLY

Need we suggest the special day that would be highly appropriate for this very special Roly Poly?

3 cups prepared biscuit mix
2 Tb. sugar
1 cup milk
1 (1-lb.5-oz.) can cherry pie filling
¼ cup water
1 tsp. grated orange rind
½ tsp. cinnamon

In a large bowl, combine 3 cups prepared biscuit mix and 2 tablespoons sugar. Quickly stir in 1 cup milk. Knead dough on a lightly floured board 15 times. Roll out into 12x14-inch rectangle. Spread half of cherry pie filling to within 1 inch of edges. Dampen edges with water. Roll up jelly-roll fashion and seal edges firmly. Place seam-side down on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 425° for 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot with sauce made of remaining pie filling heated with ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Makes 6 servings.

STRAWBERRY FLUMMERY

A Flummery was once a kind of sweet porridge. Then it came to denote a mixture of lightly stewed fruits or berries companioned by thin slices of white bread. In warm weather the bread was allowed to sit with the fruits all night in the spring house. But in wintertime the Flummery was most often baked. The bread can be cut into circles, squares or diamonds.

8 slices bread, crusts removed
½ cup soft butter or margarine
1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can strawberry pie filling

Butter 8 slices of bread on both sides and fit into a 9-inch pie plate. Add 1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can strawberry pie filling. Top with eighteen 2-inch bread circles or squares, buttered on both sides. Bake at 425° for 20 minutes or until bread is golden brown. Serve with whipped cream if desired. Makes 6 servings.

BLUEBERRY SLUMP

A Slump is a Grunt is a Flummery. The names are often interchangeable. To make a Blueberry Slump, substitute blueberry pie filling for strawberry in the Flummery above. Add a tablespoon of white vinegar "to cut the sweetness."

RUM AND RAISIN CRISP

If you like, you may shift the emphasis by using a can of raisin pie filling and 1 cup thinly sliced tart raw apples.

1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can apple pie filling
18 ladyfingers
¾ cup dark raisins
⅓ cup dark rum
½ cup apricot preserves

In a well-buttered 8x8x2-inch baking dish combine 1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can apple pie filling, ¾ cup dark raisins with ¼ cup dark rum. Split ladyfingers and sandwich together, using some apricot preserves. Place evenly over surface of apple-raisin mixture. Dilute remaining apricot preserves with remaining rum. Brush apricot-rum mixture evenly over top of ladyfingers. Bake at 350° for 25 to 30 minutes or until crisp and brown. Makes 6 servings.

BETTINA

No one is quite sure who first dreamed up this extraordinary invention, using a cake mix that has not been stirred up into a batter. Variations on this theme are sweeping across the country, mostly by word of mouth.

1 (13½-oz.) pkg. butter-pecan cake mix
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
2 (1-lb. 5-oz.) cans cherry pie filling
1 cup broken pecans

In a large bowl, toss 1 (13½-oz.) pkg. butter-pecan cake mix with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. In a buttered 9x9x2-inch baking dish, combine 2 (1-lb. 5-oz.) cans cherry pie filling with 1 cup broken pecans. Top with butter-pecan cake mix. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes or until deep gold-brown. Serve with ice cream or whipped heavy cream. Makes 8 servings.

APPLE PAN DOWDY

Dowdies are different wherever you look. Practically every New England family has its own way. This is one of the easiest.

6 cups (2 lbs.) thinly sliced pared apples
⅔ cup dark corn syrup
¼ cup butter or margarine
Topping:
2 cups prepared biscuit mix
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
2 eggs, separated
¼ cup milk

In large saucepan, combine 6 cups sliced pared apples, ⅔ cup dark corn syrup, and ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add ¼ cup water. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Pour into 2-quart well-buttered casserole. Prepare topping by combining 2 cups prepared biscuit mix, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg, and mixing with 2 egg yolks and ¼ cup milk. Beat 2 egg whites until very stiff; fold into topping mixture. Place in heaping tablespoons on top of apples. Bake at 375° for 20 to 25 minutes or until golden and firm. Makes 6 servings.

CRANBERRY BROWN BETTY

1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 (1-lb.) can whole-berry cranberry sauce
1 Tb. dark corn syrup
½ tsp. cinnamon
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
⅛ tsp. cloves

Combine 1½ cups graham cracker crumbs with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Lightly grease an 8x8x1½-inch baking pan. Then line the base with two thirds of the graham-cracker mixture. Toss 1 (1-lb.) can whole-berry cranberry sauce with 1 tablespoon dark corn syrup, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅛ teaspoon cloves. Pour evenly over graham cracker crumb base. Top with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake at 425° for 20 minutes or until bubbly and lightly browned. Serve with heavy cream. Makes 6 servings.

INSTANT PEACH COBBLER

1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can peach pie filling
2 Tb. dark corn syrup
1 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. lemon juice
Topping:
1 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated biscuits
2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted
2 Tb. sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon

In a well-greased 9-inch pie plate, combine 1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can peach pie filling with 2 tablespoons dark corn syrup, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Place in 350° oven for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, separate 1 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated biscuits, and place them on an ungreased cookie sheet. Brush with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with a mixture of 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake 10–14 minutes or until golden brown. Place biscuits in individual bowls, pour filling over. Serve warm with cream. Makes 6 servings. **END**

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CONTAC



BEGIN WITH A CAN OF . . .

continued from page 87

Start your own creations from cans by adding about ¼ teaspoon of spices or herbs—taste—then maybe add another pinch—taste again. Let your imagination scurry across the spice shelf. You'll be surprised at the delicious results. Here are some simple ideas to help you get started. Later you can advance confidently to more elaborate ones. For your convenience, the recipes are divided into two sections—vegetables and soups.

All of our instant-success recipes will serve 4. To serve only 2, you can easily cut them in half. If you are wondering whether it is safe to refrigerate food in an opened can, it is, though the flavor may alter a bit after a couple of days. Be sure to cover the top with foil or clear plastic wrap to keep the contents from drying out. Now, give some of these pleasing dishes a try!

BEGIN WITH A CAN OF . . .

• *sweet potatoes*, add cinnamon and ground cardamom.

• *Mexican-style corn*, add chili powder.

• *green beans*, add dry mustard or oregano or onion flakes.

• *tomatoes*, add dried basil, chili powder, thyme, oregano or curry powder.

Now, for even bigger accomplishments, try the following:

• *Sauerkraut* (1-lb. can, drained): Combine with ½ (8-oz.) can applesauce. Heat and serve. You now have made **Applekraut.**

• *Potatoes* (8-oz. can, drained). Toss in ⅓ cup chopped onions and an 8-oz. can drained green beans. Stir in ⅓ cup mayonnaise seasoned with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¾ teaspoon dry mustard. Sprinkle top with cooked, sieved egg yolk. You now have made **Winter Salad.**

• *Green beans* (1-lb. can, drained). Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a frying pan. Add beans and toss until glistening. You have now made **Parisian Green Bean Sauté.**

• *Julienne beets* (1-lb. can). Add 1½ tablespoons grated orange peel, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons cornstarch. Stir gently until cornstarch is dissolved. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly. You now have made **Beets à l'Orange.**

• *Whole baby carrots* (1-lb. can, drained). Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in skillet. Add ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, and the carrots. Heat over low flame until well glazed, stirring constantly. You now have made **Carottes au Caramel.**

• *Whole-kernel corn* (12-oz. can, drained). Add ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup light cream, 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 clove crushed garlic. Heat. Just before serving sprinkle top with ½ teaspoon paprika. You now have made **Deviled Corn.**

• *Tiny peas* (1-lb. can). Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir in ¼ teaspoon dried crushed mint. Heat. You now have made **Minted Peas.**

• *Spinach* (15-oz. can, drained). Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1½ tablespoons horseradish, ¼ cup light cream. Heat and top with hard-cooked egg sliced. You now have made **Spinach Florentine.**

• *Asparagus spears* (15-oz. can). While asparagus is heating in its juice, prepare a (6-oz.) pkg. hollandaise sauce, following pkg. directions. Drain asparagus and place on 4 pieces of buttered toast that are topped with sliced cooked ham or chicken. Pour hollandaise sauce over all. You have now made **Asparagus Divan.**

• *Potatoes* (1-lb. can, rinsed and drained). Roll in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine mixed with ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Then roll in prepared seasoned bread crumbs. Bake at 400° for 10–15 minutes. You now have made **Franconia Potatoes.**

• *Artichoke hearts* (1-lb. can). Drain and marinate in prepared oil-vinegar French dressing at room temperature for at least 1 hour. Chill. Drain. Serve on lettuce as appetizer or add to tossed salad. You have now made **Artichoke Hearts Vinaigrette.**

• *Tomatoes* (1-lb. can, drained). Chop tomatoes and add 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup finely chopped onions, 1 teaspoon sugar. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; mix with 1½ cup dry bread crumbs. Spread ¼ cup of the buttery crumbs in a buttered (1½-qt.) casserole. Cover with seasoned tomatoes. Sprinkle with remaining ¼ cup crumbs. Bake at 400° until crumbs are browned. (15 to 20 minutes.) You now have made **Scalloped Tomatoes.**

• *Kidney beans* (1-lb. can, drained) and 1 (1 lb. 1 oz.) can Italian tomatoes with basil drained and chopped. Add ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ⅛ teaspoon cumin, ½ teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup chopped onion. Put in 1½-qt. buttered casserole. Top with ¼ cup cooked, crumbled bacon. Bake at 350° for about 45 minutes. Now you have made **California Bean Casserole.**

• *Frenched green beans* (15-oz. can, drained). Add ¼ cup chopped cooked ham or prosciutto. Mix in 1 clove crushed garlic sautéed in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cook mixture on low heat until hot. You now have made **Green Beans Italienne.**

• *Whole-kernel corn* (1-lb. can, drained). Add a 3-oz. can drained sliced mushrooms, ¼ cup sliced water chestnuts, ⅓ cup chopped onions, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Put in skillet with 2 tablespoons sizzling butter or margarine. Stir and fry quickly (about 3 minutes). You now have made ???—Who knows? But we guarantee that it tastes *great!*

• *Sliced beets* (1-lb. can, drained). Put in shallow dish. Cover with thin onion rings from one small onion. Marinate in oil-vinegar French dressing for 1 hour. Chill. Just before serving, top with ⅓ cup sour cream. You now have made **Russian (Vegetable) Roulette.**

• *Sweet potatoes* (18-oz. can, drained). Slice about ¼ inch thick. Have ready a 12-oz. pkg. thawed frozen rhubarb. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine, mix in ¼ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Put half of potatoes in a deep 1½-qt. casserole. Sprinkle with ½ of butter mixture. Drain rhubarb and cover potatoes with it. Top with remaining potatoes, sprinkle with remaining butter mixture. Bake at 400° for about 15 minutes. You have now made **Rhubarb in Hiding.**

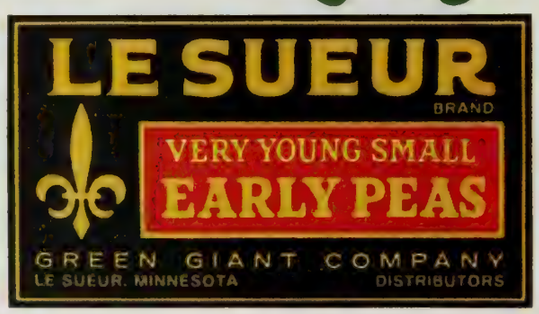
• *Lima beans* (1-lb. can, drained). Stir in an 8-oz. can tomato sauce, 1 clove crushed garlic, ½ teaspoon oregano, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat gently in saucepan; garnish with crisp, crumbled bacon. Serve with grilled cheese on toast. You have now made **Cassoulet Provençale.**

BEGIN WITH A CAN OF SOUP

• *Vegetable bean soup* (10¾-oz. can). Add 1 soup can water, ½ cup shredded cabbage, and ¼ teaspoon garlic salt. Simmer about 7 minutes until cabbage is tender. You have now made **Homestead Soup.**

• *Cream of potato soup* (10½-oz. can). Add 1½ cups milk, 1 (10-oz.) pkg.

Springing up from the dinner table as his napkin fell to the floor, Walter cried, "I love you." "You are crushing my corsage," Eileen murmured, secretly planning to serve him LeSueur Very Young Small Early Peas in the can with the silver foil label more often. Suddenly there was a bellow from outside the door as Harold forced his way past the servants and into the room. "I'm taking back my piano," he cried, his face wild with rage. Sweeping the candles to the floor he began tugging at the piano. Eileen and Walter paid him no heed.



© GGCO. LE SUEUR Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

rozen cauliflower, cooked, drained and nashed. Simmer for 4 minutes. Add ¼ easpoon paprika. You have now made **?otage Chou-fleur.**

• *Tomato soup* (10½-oz. can). Combine vith it 1 soup can milk, 1 tablespoon outter or margarine, ⅓ teaspoon oreg-ano, and ⅛ teaspoon basil. Simmer for ? minutes. You have now made **Olde Winter Cup.**

• *Cream of celery soup* (10½-oz. can) Stir n ½ cup light cream, 1 cup diced cooked hicken, 1 (6-oz.) can sliced, drained nushrooms, and 1 tablespoon diced pi-nientoes. Simmer for 2 minutes. You have now made **Crème Boston.**

• *Cheddar cheese soup* (10½-oz. can). Stir in ½ soup can beer, ½ soup can ight cream, 1 cup grated Cheddar heese, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder or 1 love garlic, crushed, 2 teaspoons dry nustard, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire auce, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon epper. Heat gently, over low heat, un-il the grated cheese melts completely. You have now made **Welsh Cheese Soup.**

• *Green pea soup* (11¼-oz. can). Whisk n 1 cup sour cream. Stir in 6 frank-urters sliced crosswise into ¼-inch ieces, 1 tablespoon chopped dill, ¼ cup vater, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon epper. Heat mixture gently and sim-ner 2 minutes. You have now made **Bergen Soup.**

• *Chili beef soup* (11-oz. can). Add it to ½ lb. ground beef browned in 2 table-spoons butter or margarine. Stir in 1 8-oz.) can tomato sauce, 2–3 teaspoons hili powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ tea-spoon pepper, 2 tablespoons finely hopped onion, and ½ cup water. Sim-ner 10 minutes. You have now made **Mexican Soup.**

• *Tomato soup* (10¾-oz. can). Stir in 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup olive oil, 1 cup beef bouillon, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ¼ teaspoon hot-pepper sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 finely chopped tomato, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 cup chopped cucumber. Chill. You have now made **Gazpacho.**

• *Chicken with rice soup* (10½-oz. can). Heat. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Remove from heat. Pour mixture over 2 egg yolks. Serve immediately. (Do not reheat—lemon juice will curdle.) You have now made **Greek Avgolemono Soup.**

• *Cream of asparagus soup* (10½-oz. can) plus 1 cup light cream and 1 (15-oz. can asparagus drained and chopped. Chill. Sprinkle nutmeg lightly on top and serve. You have now made **Crème Argenteuil.**

• *Bean with bacon soup* (11½-oz. can) diluted with 1 (10½-oz.) can consommé. Add 1 cup cooked small-shell macaroni, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Heat. You have now made **Zuppa di Pasta Fagioli.**

• *Chicken with rice soup* (10½-oz. can). Add 4 drops soy sauce and 1 (1-lb.) can bean sprouts, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. You now have made **Chickenese.**

• *Tomato soup* (10¾-oz. can). Dilute with 1 soup can light cream. Then add 1 (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, ½ cup or 1 (7½-oz.) can crab meat, ¼ cup chopped celery, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. You have now made **Quick Crab Bisque.**

• *Cream of chicken soup* (10-½ oz. can). Add 1 soup can light cream. Combine with 2 tablespoons chopped black walnuts. Simmer about 10 minutes. Add a tablespoon of sherry (optional). Serve with lightly salted whipped cream. You have now made **Early American Black Walnut Soup.**

• *Chicken broth* (10-½ oz. can) plus ¼ cup mushroom slices and ⅓ cup scallions, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Simmer mixture until piping hot. You have now made **Peking Broth.**

• *Green turtle soup* (1 lb. can). Add 1–2 tablespoons of pale dry cocktail sherry. You have now made **Snappy Turtle Soup.**

• *Chicken soup* (10½-oz. can). Add 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup cooked noodles, and 1 cup sour cream. Simmer 2 minutes, stirring occasionally. You have now made **Potage Stroganoff.**

• *Noodle and ground beef soup* (10¾-oz. can) plus 1 (15½-oz.) can meatballs. Heat. Then add ¼ cup red wine and heat again. Top each serving with a portion of 4 tablespoons sour cream and 2 teaspoons drained horseradish combined. You have now made **Soupe Raifort.**

• *Clam chowder* (15-oz.) can plus 1 (7-oz.) can clam or crab meat. Then add 1 (8-oz.) can kidney beans, drained, and ½ cup water. Heat. You have now made **Acapulco Soup.**

• *Cream of potato soup* (10½-oz. can). Add 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken broth, 2 (4¾-oz.) jars junior food beets, ½ cup cream, and ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon cider vinegar, 2–3 drops red food coloring. Beat with rotary beater. Chill. Blot top of soup with paper towel to remove grease. Serve topped with chives. You have now made **Beets Vichyssoise.**

• *Cheese soup* (11-oz. can). Dilute with ¼ soup can beer and ¾ soup can milk. Heat mixture and simmer for 2 minutes. Garnish with ⅓ cup crushed pretzels. You now have made **Brauhaus Brew.**

• *Condensed consommé* (10½-oz. can). Add ½ soup can water and ½ soup can claret wine. Slowly add a few drops of red vegetable coloring to get a deep glowing red soup. Simmer a few minutes to blend flavors. Garnish with thin slices of lemon. You now have made **Claret Consommè.**

Think you are ready to try an ultra-dramatic dish? Sure you are.

Begin with a can of minestrone (10¾-oz.). Add 1 (1-lb.-4-oz.) can chick peas, 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen leaf spinach, defrosted and cut up, 1 (12-oz.) can tomato juice and (10¾-oz.) can noodle and ground beef soup. Bring to a boil. Simmer mixture for about 15 minutes. You have now made **Minestrone Genovese.**

To garnish this exciting one-dish meal, place into a blender ¼ cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons softened butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese, ½ teaspoon dried basil leaves and 4 cloves garlic, crushed. Blend 1 or 2 minutes. (If you do not have a blender, you can use a rotary beater.) You now have made **Pesto.** At the table stir a dab (about a teaspoon) into each bowlful of Minestrone Genovese.

Now that you are fully introduced to the amazing results of opening a can, adding a few extras—and *voilà!*—it is your turn to let your imagination run, skip and scurry along to delightful discoveries for your family. **END**

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TABLE FOR TWO

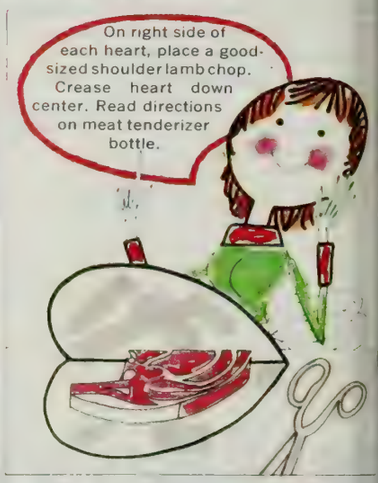
Entice him on Valentine's Day with lamb chops baked in paper hearts.

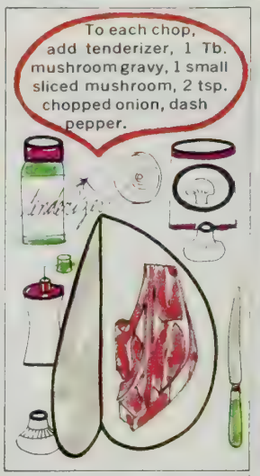
MENU

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP WITH ALMONDS
SHOULDER LAMB CHOPS
"EN PAPILLOTE" (PAPER HEARTS)
BAKED POTATOES
ENDIVE SALAD WITH BEETS
RASPBERRY SHERBET
WITH FROZEN RASPBERRIES
ANGEL CAKE















SHOPPING LIST

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP
SLIVERED TOASTED ALMONDS
2 LARGE SHOULDER LAMB CHOPS
CANNED MUSHROOM GRAVY
MUSHROOMS
ENDIVE
BABY BEETS
RASPBERRY SHERBET
FROZEN RASPBERRIES
ANGEL-FOOD CAKE MIX

ON HAND

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MEAT TENDERIZER
ONION
PEPPER
BAKING POTATOES
BUTTER OR MARGARINE
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Good deal, Dial.
Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!
dial
(don't you wish everybody did?)

MY DAUGHTER'S NAME IS SARAH

continued from page 62

that I sit at the window every day to watch her come home. She would look patient and say, "Papa, *nobody* does that anymore. Not in the sixth grade." And she would be right, of course. The children come home by themselves now.

When I see her coming, I will go to the icebox again and get a glass of milk for her, and some cookies. She likes one kind of cookie very much; it is all marshmallow and chocolate. Moise down on Tremont always saves a box or two for her. She will come flying down the hall, drop her books on a chair, call, "Papa, I'm home," and sit down immediately at the table. I will come out of the living room—I always go there just before she comes, and look busy—and say, "Hello, Sarah."

"Hello, Papa," she will say, with her mouth full of cookies.

"Have a good day?" I will ask casually.

"It was all right." She will look up. "Harry Spector got in trouble again."

This is not news to me. I have never met Harry Spector, but, according to Sarah, if he does not get into trouble in class, it is because he is not feeling well.

"His mother has to come to class," Sarah will say.

"She must live there."

Sarah will giggle. "I got eighty-seven on that geography test."

"Wonderful. Did you remember about Australia?"

"Uh-huh. Can I have another cookie?"

I will give her one, and she will dip it in the milk. "Marilyn said the funniest thing today," and she will tell me what Marilyn Fine, her best friend, said. Then she will go out to play, and I will watch her in the street until she turns the corner. I will start to make supper.

No, I had forgotten. Today will be different. I slap my forehead. How can one man be so stupid? Today is the last day of school, and Sarah's class is having a party to celebrate and say good-bye. How could I have forgotten, with Sarah talking about nothing else for two weeks? It's a good thing I remembered before she came home.

I bought her a dress for the party. Children can be cruel to a poorly dressed child. Sarah does not know that. She is not cruel herself, and no one has ever been cruel to her. It's a nice dress, dark blue with a sort of white trimming to set off Sarah's dark hair. I bought it at Klein's to surprise her. I was afraid she would want to wear it every day and spoil it for the party, but she put it away in the closet until today. "I want Eddie to see me in a brand-new dress," she explained. "I want him to know that I wore it specially for him."

There is a boy named Eddie Liebowitz in Sarah's class, and she loves him. I do not question this for a moment. As much as a twelve-year-old girl can love, my daughter Sarah loves Eddie Liebowitz. I do not think he knows she loves him. I saw them walking home together once. Eddie looked straight ahead, talking to Sarah without turning his head. He is a good-looking boy, dark-ha and slim, with an easy way of walk Sarah walked with her eyes on ground, kicking a pebble in front of occasionally looking at Eddie and l ing away again very quickly. On the ner of Batterman some friends c Eddie, and he ran off to join them. S stood on the corner and looked him. The children pressed around and jostled her, but she would not n until he was out of sight.

She has talked a great deal a Eddie all year. "He's not like any o boy in the class, Papa," she said o "They're all creeps except Eddie."

"Creep?" I said. "What is a cre

I know what *creep* means, and S knows I know. I tease her sometir about her friends and their customs fads and slang. When I see her them, going to the movies or sittin a stoop in the spring afternoons, I o feel very far away from her. So I m a joke out of it and make her laugh

That particular time, she talked much about Eddie that I finally s "You must like him very much." looked down at her cereal, said "Uh-h in a small voice, and began to eat fast. I did not tease her about E anymore, and I never bring him up less she wants to talk about him.

I look out the window and think a the party in Sarah's class. It must b most over now. "We all chipped quarter," Sarah said this morning, " Mrs. Glazer bought a lot of jelly b and Tootsie Rolls and potato chips stuff. And some Coca-Cola," she ad "because potato chips make you thirs

"Will you do anything at this par I asked, "besides eat?"

Sarah brushed some bread cru into her left hand with the edge of right hand and swallowed them. " huh. We're going to have a dance."

I pretended to be shocked. "So? S when do you dance in school, w you're supposed to get an educatio

"Oh, *Papa!*" Sarah has a wond laugh. It is wholehearted and wit fear. "It's not a *real* dance. I mean, but—look, I'll show you." She pus her chair back and got up. "Come I'll show you. Mrs. Glazer taught

"In your bathrobe?" I was iro her party dress.

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Good Housekeeping



"You took the car keys when I dropped you off this morning."

"Come on, *Papa*." She stamped her foot lightly.

I unplugged the iron. "All right. So show your poor father where his taxes are going. What do I do?"

"The girls stand against the wall," Sarah said, "and Mrs. Glazer puts on a record that goes *dee-dum-dum, dee-dum-dum, dum-dee-dee-dum-dee-dum-dee-dum*. Then the boys pick out partners"—she held out her hands and I took them—"and we dance." We waltzed around in a circle at arm's length. Sarah's eyes were half-shut, and she was *dum-dee-dumming* happily, until I stepped on her foot. She yelped and broke away.

I dropped to one knee. "Are you all right? Let me see."

"I'm all right. You have big feet."

We laughed together, and I got up. "Well, you won't be dancing with me. Whom will you dance with, Sarala?"

"Eddie," said Sarah, softly but clearly. "I'll dance with Eddie."

"What Eddie?" I teased her. "Eddie who?"

"*Papa!* Eddie Liebowitz!"

"Oh, *that* Eddie. Will he pick you out?"

"Of course he will." Oh, she was so calm and so sure.

I began to iron her dress again. "Finish your breakfast. You'll be late." Sarah looked at the clock and began to gulp her milk. "Slow, slow! You will burp right in the middle of the dance, and wouldn't that be lovely?"

Sarah began to laugh, and she choked over her milk. I handed her a napkin, and she wiped her face and got up. I finished ironing and gave her the dress. She went into her bedroom, and I heard her singing as she dressed. I put the dishes in the sink and cleaned off the table.

I went into the hall and called into Sarah's bedroom. "You know, Sarala, this dance your Mrs. Glazer taught you would be very popular in Samoa."

"Where?" Sarah's voice was muffled.

"Samoa. It is like a tribal dance the boys and girls do there. There is a picture of it in the college—I'll bring it home."

Sarah appeared in the bedroom doorway suddenly. She was wearing the new dress and her best shoes. She had brushed her hair without my reminding her, and she was wearing a necklace of little white beads that I bought her one afternoon, coming home from the college.

"Do I look nice?" she asked.

"Mmmmm." I squinted my eyes and tilted my head to the side. "Passable, passable." And then I held her close and told her how beautiful she was, until she twisted away and said, "Papa, you'll wrinkle my dress."

"God forbid," I said. I took her by the shoulders and looked down at her. "Sarah, Sarala—if anything goes wrong, don't be disappointed." It sounded foolish immediately.

"What do you mean, Papa?"

"Well, I mean—if Eddie does not dance with you ——"

Sarah began to laugh. "Papa, who else would he dance with?" she said.

You can never protect the unhurt. You cannot tell them that everyone must be a little afraid, to be safe.

"No one, Sarah. I was being silly." I turned back to the kitchen. "Go to school now."

She pattered after me and caught my arm. "There is a girl in the class who'd like Eddie to dance with her. Her name is Tilly Hofberg, and she's a *nebbish*."

Nebbish is a favorite word of ours. We use it to describe a mousy, colorless sort of person. We even have degrees of *nebbishes*. "What kind of a *nebbish* is this Tilly Hofberg?"

"A first-class, A-number-one, triple-distilled *nebbish*," said Sarah.

"Triple-distilled?"

"Triple-distilled. She looks at Eddie all day and tries to get close to him in fire drill. Once she even followed him home."

And she laughed with a sort of cheerful contempt.

"Does he like her?"

"He used to, but he doesn't anymore. Eleanor Frankle told Marilyn, and Marilyn told me. Do you think Eddie'll like the necklace?"

"He will love it," I said. "Go now, or you will be late." Sarah kissed me and ran down the hall.

"Your books," I called after her. "You left your books."

"I don't need them," she called over her shoulder as she ran out the door. "I don't need them."

I went to the window and saw her as she crossed the street with Marilyn Fine. They had their arms around each other and they were talking. Sarah's blue dress shone in the sun.

It is almost three o'clock now. In a few minutes the children will be coming home. The old women talk to each other and move their wooden folding chairs to keep in the shade. Engel the junkman goes by, his cart pulled by his old white horse. The children love that horse and call him "Silver." I rest my elbow on the windowsill and wait for my daughter to come home.

Suddenly the street is full of children. They run up the long street singing and shouting, because this is the last day of school. There are so many children. I know some of them by sight now, particularly one fat boy who keeps bumping into the other children. I do not think he means to, but he is clumsy and cannot help himself. I asked Sarah about him once, and she said that he was a fifth-grader and once cried at recess when the children teased him.

I see Sarah. She is walking with Marilyn still. They are talking, and I see Sarah laugh. My stomach seems to relax—I did not realize that I had been so worried about her. The party has gone well, and now it is over, and Sarah is coming home. I turn away from the window to get Sarah's milk and cookies. I set them out on the table.

I will not ask her about the party. This is something private, and if she wants to tell me, she may. This belongs to her. I go into the living room and take a book from the shelf. I do not open it, although it is poetry. The door opens. I hear Sarah's footsteps in the hall.

She looks into the kitchen and then turns to the living room. She stands in the doorway, smiling. "Hello, Papa."

"Hello, Sarah."

Silence. She is still smiling. "Papa?"

I look at my beautiful daughter. "So?"

Suddenly the smile is gone, and it is like watching the winter come. Sarah's face is pale, and her mouth is trembling. "Papa," she says, and her voice breaks. "Oy, Papa—he went to Tilly!"

Then she is in my arms and crying as I have never heard her cry. Her whole body is shaking as if a wind had passed over her, and her face and hands are so cold. Over and over, "Tilly—he went to Tilly!"

What do you do, what do you do? What am I to tell her, after all? I hold her very tight and say, "Sarah, Sarah, Sarala—this is not the end. Sarah, darling, this is not the end." I know that it is not the end, because I am grown, and therefore wise. But my daughter Sarah cries as though it were. END



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Pattern Backviews

see pages 80–83



3951



3944 3507 3685 3909

NOTE: All yardages for fabric without nap, misses size 14.

BUTTERICK 3951 Misses coordinates, 10–18, 65c; in Canada, 75c. Pink short skirt requires 1¾ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Short quilted skirt requires 1¾ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Lace at hem of short skirt requires 3 yds. Green floral print long skirt requires 2½ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Long paisley print skirt requires 2½ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Lace at hem of long skirts requires 2 yds. White blouse requires 2⅝ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Eyelet and ribbon trim require 2¾ yds. Lavender dot blouse requires 2⅝ yds. of 36-in. fabric. Contrast collar, tab and cuffs require ¾ yd. of 36-in. fabric. Green floral print blouse requires 3 yds. of 36-in. fabric. Lace trim on neck and sleeves requires 1¼ yds. Yellow stripe blouse requires 3 yds. of 36-in. fabric. Lace trim at neck and cuffs requires ¾ yd.

BUTTERICK 3944 Misses blouse and pants, 10–16, 65c; Canada, 75c. Long-sleeved shirt requires 2 yds. of 45-in. fabric. Pants require 2⅝ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

BUTTERICK 3507 Misses pants, 10–18, 65c; in Canada, 75c. Pants require 1¾ yds. of 45-in. fabric. **BUTTERICK 3685** Misses blouse, 10–18, 50c; in Canada, 60c. Blouse requires 1⅞ yds. of 45-in. fabric.

BUTTERICK 3909 Misses dresses, 10–16, 65c; in Canada, 75c. Long dress with our own 8-in. ruffle requires 3⅜ yds. of 45-in. fabric. Contrast lace at elbow-length sleeve and around neckline requires 2 yds. trim, 2½-in. wide. Lace trim on ruffle requires 3¾ yds. Dress with long puffed sleeves requires 3⅞ yds. of 45-in. fabric. We applied the sleeve puff to the regular long sleeve. Lace trim around bodice and on sleeves requires 4 yds. (*Fabric shopping information on page 115.*)

Buy Butterick Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

continued from page 59

dissolved. I had been misled by the surface oddities of the characters. Confused by their quirks, I had failed to identify four old acquaintances of mine.

Many times, as a professional observer of sick and chaotic marriages, I have interviewed wives like Martha and Honey, husbands reminiscent of George and Nick.

Basically Martha and George, Honey and Nick are familiar American types. Martha is a Daddy's Girl. George is a Cry-baby. Honey is an Emotional Infant. Nick is a Counterfeit Wolf, or as some psychologists flossily put it, a victim of the Casanova-Don Juan syndrome. All four are the sort of restless, wretched men and women who often show up in counseling offices, wind up in divorce courts.

For some 15 years I have reported on the subject of marriage for the *Ladies' Home Journal* in a series of articles entitled CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? With the cooperation of psychologists, psychiatrists, clergymen and marriage counselors, I have interviewed hundreds of husbands and wives, young and old, happy and unhappy, hopeful and hopeless. I have listened to their living-room and bedchamber confessions, to the boasts of adulterers, to the hysteria of the betrayed. I have talked to deadbeats, to drunkards, to wives who gambled away the grocery money, to husbands who beat them. I have talked with men who were impotent, women who were frigid, with couples who dealt each other seemingly mortal blows again and again, but again and again kissed and made up.

I believe the magic, the almost universal acceptance and acclaim by the public of Edward Albee's thought-provoking, remarkable play rests upon the shock of recognition. Each of us in his private life might be described as a kind of patchwork quilt of good and bad qualities. At some dim, subliminal level, I think it very likely that many of us who were spellbound by the Albee entertainment have uneasily sensed in ourselves specks of a Martha or a Nick, a George or a Honey. If this isn't so, then it must certainly be true that at some time and place in our lives we Albee admirers have met and taken careful notice of at least one of his four characters.

The setting of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is prosaic—the living room of a house owned by Martha and long-suffering George, which is located on the campus of a small college apparently owned lock, stock and library by Martha's dictatorial father, the president. When the play opens, Martha and George, who have come home at 2 A.M. from a bibulous party given by her father, sit on the stage reviling each other. Shortly they are joined by the other couple, invited earlier, who drop in and complete the small cast of the drama.

Martha and George, Nick and Honey drink steadily from the rise of the curtain to its final fall. They pelt each other with insults and innuendos, threats and smutty proposals. All four characters are contemptible people, sourly contemptuous of one another and loaded with self-contempt. Indeed, at one point in the third act Martha exclaims of herself with loathing: "I disgust me. . . ."

In the circumstances, this sentiment is hardly surprising. By then, in the presence of their guests, Martha has denounced her husband as a pig and a weakling who is vastly her father's inferior; has heard George in return rant of her infidelities and promiscuity. In front of George and Honey, she has repeatedly propositioned Nick, a generation younger than herself, tried her best but failed to seduce him.

In some ways, the play is oddly sterile and sexless. Although adultery is much discussed, it is not committed. There is hardly a word of tenderness in the bitter, brilliant dialogue, no altruism whatever. All four characters are so stuffed with self-love, so wholeheartedly devoted to themselves that there is no emotional room in their natures to contain a particle of genuine love for anybody else.

Neither Martha and George, nor Honey and Nick are parents. Yet George and Nick, as they chat together on an intimate, man-to-man basis, talk about children, the creative end result of the sexual act, almost as much as they talk about infidelity, the bedroom possibilities and physical attributes of their wives. Martha and Honey are equally concerned with the topic. Two strange reasons account for the interest of all four in holding lengthy discussions about children.

Honey has experienced a premarital psychic pregnancy (a comparatively rare phenomenon) which hastened Nick to the altar. The second reason for the preoccupation of the four childless adults with the subject of children is even more bizarre. Long before the play begins, Martha and George spawned an imaginary infant, now a strapping, imaginary youth of 21. On several occasions, while touring a sanitarium, I have glimpsed a barren, psychotic female patient singing to, rocking and cradling in empty arms, the baby she never had. Neither inside nor outside a sanitarium have I ever known or heard of a couple who jointly claimed the parenthood of a fully grown, voting-age, imaginary son.

Now, what are these four unlovable people *really* all about?

Martha—Daddy's Girl

Nearly everybody knows a Martha or two or three. Daddy's girls come in all sizes, shapes and varieties. Martha's shortcomings and miseries as a wife, her emotional makeup and appalling behavior at the presumably mature age of 52, can be inferred from the history (spoken and unspoken) of her past.

In childhood, Martha fell head over heels in love with her domineering daddy, whose high debatable virtues she still cherishes and constantly trumpets at the hapless George. As a small girl, Martha yearned to grow up and capture a husband of her daddy's strength, stripe and caliber, while simultaneously she yearned to grow up and *be* her daddy. These two antipathetic wishes are virtually impossible of attainment. Women like Martha almost inevitably are disappointed in their marriages. Strong, successful men are seldom (if ever) attracted to daddy-daughters—young women who push through doors ahead of them, snatch menus from under their noses, instruct chefs how to mix the Caesar salad, tell taxi drivers the quickest and cheapest route to get anywhere.

Not all daddy-daughters, grown women obsessed with the male parent in their childish past, admire and love those fathers. Not all are bossy and strident. I am reminded of Ida, as I shall call her, a pale, frail-looking professional violinist of 28 when I knew her. Ida was married to a George-like but prosperous husband, who had inherited a flourishing family business. Ida professed to love her husband deeply although she had invited to their bed the ignorant, unmannerly elevator operator in their apartment (*continued*)



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building. Ida didn't understand the why of her unsatisfying affair—the elevator operator was a poor sexual partner, a whiner and much more of a Milquetoast than her husband—nor did she know how to conquer the inexplicable infatuation. In spite of herself, said Ida in despair and bewilderment, she was behaving like her despicable father, whose flagrant adulteries had broken the heart of her mother and spoiled her own youth. After considerable psychological counseling, Ida awoke to the fact that in her girlhood she had adored and sided with her mother, but subconsciously decided that when she grew up she would avoid the mother's dreary fate, follow in the footsteps of the father she despised, and become a daddy-daughter.

As I studied the Albee play, I wondered whether Martha, too, might be baffled as well as disgusted by her own conduct, might misunderstand the true motive for her hot pursuit of Nick. Martha bears small resemblance to any of the scant handful of nymphomaniacs I have been able to locate and interview. Frankly, I wondered whether Martha really felt an amorous interest in Nick or whether she desired to torment husband George and repay in kind the torments she had suffered from him.

In a particularly vituperative attack on George, as she furiously outlines his failures in their marriage, Martha utters one of the few sad lines in the play: "It isn't want I wanted." Perhaps not. But what else could she expect? In this life a domineering daddy-daughter like Martha, unless she is blessed with near-miraculous luck, is presented with only two choices. Either she must accept spinsterhood or settle for a crybaby husband like George—and frustration.

George—the Crybaby

Crybaby George is a punishment seeker and punishment absorber, as Martha is piercingly and vocally aware. When Martha calls him a "pig," his reply is an automatic, self-deprecatory, hoglike "oink, oink." George is introduced to us as an intelligent, even intellectual, history professor. In one morose moment of self-pity, for example, he reads aloud from a book about the decline of the West while inwardly brooding upon the moral and chronological decline of George.

At the time George married Martha, who is six years his senior—a fact he never allows her or us to forget—her personality must already have been in full bloom, her potential clear. In my opinion, George was intelligent enough to know what was in store for him whe he took Martha as a wife. In embracin this particular mate, George may hav been instinctively guided, but he shrewdl embraced a dandy excuse to cry for th balance of his life.

Both George and Martha are evasive at times almost eerily vague about eac other's kinfolk. In one burst of confi dence, or hallucination, George tell Nick that Martha had a stepmother described as a well-heeled, elderly "witc with warts," but only a moment late admits he may be mistaken. In a cy clonic fury of invective and abuse tha seems designed to torture her husban and amuse the guests rather than to en lighten them or us, Martha accuse George of murdering his father an mother. He denies it.

After a great deal of thought, muc of it revolving around the couple's imag inary son, I came to the conclusion tha George's firm disclaimer—incidentally he had drunk considerably less tha Martha—had more merit than h venom-laden charges. In short, I b lieved him.

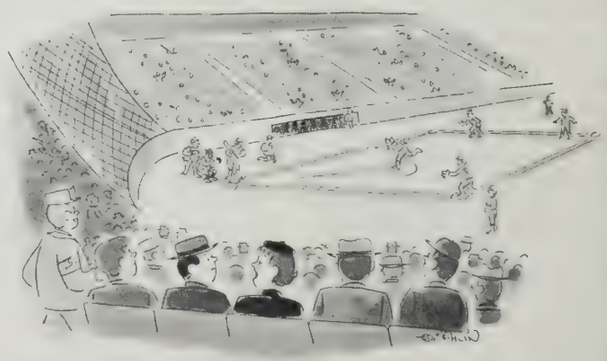
Then what *was* George's background To a professional marriage watcher lik myself, confronted with the task speculating on the emotional insid story of a George, a childhood bac ground is an indispensable ingredien

Consequently, I conceived a couple theories to get at the nub of George tha seem as plausible to me as veiled hin that he killed his parents years earli and thenceforth was plagued by a guilt conscience. My first theory is sketchil based on personal knowledge.

There happens to be quite a lot adoption in my family. My father w an adopted child; I have three adopte cousins; my youngest brother has nin adopted sons and daughters. As a r sult, I am aware that adoption, pa ticularly during adolescence, can add few extra problems to the usual one One of my relatives, troubled at 14 b the enigma of his birth, ran away fro devoted adoptive parents and for mar weeks almost starved while he conducte a Whitmanesque search for his father the face of every strange passerby the street.

George's mulish determination to l kicked around and miserable must ce tainly have originated in very ear childhood. It struck me that George lachrymose, flagellant nature might explained by the fact he was an adopt son haunted by a sharp, never-to-b realized wish to discover and be coddl by his real male parent.

But maybe not. George's urge towa self-destruction is so extreme—notab



"I think I'll go shopping for a couple of innings."



Hot water is murder on hands!

Look what hot dishwater does to her hands.
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from the Kentucky hill country over a period of 10 or 12 years. Two of the daughters stuttered, the third turned to prostitution at the age of 12, one son was an arsonist, the other a juvenile delinquent. All five young people, as my friend expressed it, had been "bothered" on numerous occasions in their pre-kindergarten years by their father.

If Honey experienced similar difficulties in childhood, many puzzling aspects of her character as an adult of 26 could be readily explained: her admitted taste for violence; her thumb-sucking; her fondness for sleeping on the bathroom floor cuddling a bottle of brandy.

Honey's drinking habits, which strongly suggest she is headed toward alcoholism, might well be the result of childhood trauma.

But, on the other hand, we shouldn't underestimate Nick. Any wife, stable or unstable, sensible or senseless, tied to a husband like Nick, would quite likely be driven to drink.

Nick—the Counterfeit Wolf

To me, Nick is a more clear-cut, less puzzling character than Honey. Therefore I dispensed with speculations about his family, except for mildly wondering if his mother happened to be a tax accountant or an engineer.

In my judgment, Martha's acid evaluation of Nick as a bedroom companion is correct. He talks a good game, but he doesn't deliver.

Moreover, I feel reasonably sure that drunkenness is only one of the many excuses Nick has handed to a long line of would-be adulterous women he left as disappointed as Martha.

Nick is too bitingly, cruelly at odds with himself, too waspish and brutal as he assaults his own ego and claims amorous triumphs, to be a genuine wolf. He just isn't easy in the role. I imagine Nick suspects his virility and feels pressured to prove to himself he is a lusty, lustful male by chasing women when, in fact, he would much rather not.

His marriage to Honey is telling evidence. I can't for a moment accept that Nick was taken in by Honey's psychic pregnancy.

Although Nick is introduced to us more in terms of his body than his mind, he is employed at a small New England college. The standards of small New England colleges are high. But the real clincher is Nick's field. It is biology.

Surely when Honey broke her news to him, biology professor Nick would have had the knowledge and the wit to escort her to a gynecologist. There are sure-shot tests for pregnancy that would have informed the couple their hopes for the future were without foundation.

But Nick didn't see fit to consult a gynecologist. Why? The reason seems obvious. Nick wanted to get married, despite his pose to the contrary while talking with George. Why did Nick want to marry Honey? Again the reason would seem to be obvious. The counterfeit wolf needed a wife to help him fence off the hordes of sex-hungry ladies he was tired of having chase him.

It isn't often that a movie that tells an unsavory story also manages to make us look within ourselves. I think *Virginia Woolf* will be such a movie. Frankly, I'm eager to see how Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton coped with it. **END**

in his conversations with Nick that m- second and more clinical theory may hi- loser to the mark. Perhaps George ha- a mother to blame for his woes. M- be she deprived him of love. Maybe sh- didn't want him.

- my professional capacity, I once in- viewed a mathematical wizard and in- ntor—let's call him Nat—who co- dn't forgive his engaging, nice-type wi- for the sins of his long dead, un- mother. When she was 6½ months - nant, the mother had flung herself - n a flight of stairs in an effort to be - of the unwelcome child. She suc- ed in miscarrying, but the pre- urely born infant survived, badly - dicapped. Defective kidneys and an - mplete swallowing apparatus were - a curse to Nat—and to his soft- en, eager-to-please wife—when the - of us met.

- ne night, some years after our meet- - in a fit of anger at his wife, Nat - her off. He snatched up a hammer - a brick, attacked himself and, be- the eyes of his wife, destroyed his - hood. He fainted from shock, and - from loss of blood before the ambu- - arrived. Moreover, he died un- ed and perhaps with the somber - faction that he had both beggared - widowed the woman.

- r a while I found George's linger- slow death as a man at his own - Martha's hands more painful to - mplate than the quick death of - mathematician and inventor. But - I recalled that George had his - to cry on—and the world's shoul- - too.

Marriage frequently isn't what it - s, as any couple who have cele- brated a first anniversary can tell you, and in a number of respects the same is true of *Virginia Woolf*. Take Honey.

When Honey makes the second-act statement, "I don't want to know anything," at first blush she appears to sum herself up for us as a simple case of arrested development. But at another point Honey says happily, "Violence! Violence!" At that point I suddenly sat up and asked myself if this thumb-sucking young woman weren't considerably more complex than I had originally fancied.

Had I overlooked the true, underlying meaning of Honey's plaintive wish for total ignorance? Was she actually trying to say, "I don't want to *remember* anything"? There is no mother on Honey's family tree, but she had a colorful father, a man of the cloth. Honey never once mentions this father—a significant fact in itself. Has she completely forgotten him?

From Nick's cheerfully blasphemous comments about his father-in-law I gathered that the old gentleman had made a good thing out of religion, but I didn't gather his denominational affiliation. However, judging from the size of his fortune and other evidence, I think it is safe to assume that Honey's father founded and achieved his temporal success with one of those primitive, tub-thumping sects that flourish in cities like Los Angeles.

The founders of these offbeat religions are sometimes possessed by what psychologists call a Jehovah complex and may possess some very informal notions about the rearing of children. A friend of mine, now dead, treated the entire family of a Jehovah-spooked evangelist



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Winter Hints For Complexion Beauty



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Winter time usually brings a challenge to every complexion, but today you can actually achieve a lovely, sparkling winter skin that has a smoothness and radiance you never thought possible before. Here are some beauty suggestions to help you maintain the soft, dewy bloom of a perfect complexion.

COMPLEXION LOVELINESS

To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream loveliness, smooth a protective film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck to ease away roughness and tiny lines, and to beautify and guard the skin against the drying effects of winter weather. Oil of Olay is recommended because of its special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin. This unique beauty fluid is also ideal for use as a beautifying base beneath make-up, insuring that your complexion will look matt and flawless.

SUMMER COMPLEXION IN WINTER

To clear away the dull, winter-dry look and to enliven the complexion, try this simple beauty hint. Wring out a face-cloth in warm water, press it gently on and off your face until it begins to cool. This will bring fresh blood cells to the surface and stimulate the circulation to give your skin a healthy glow. Now to complete the good of this warm complexion-beautifying stimulant, smooth on your oil of Olay to ease away all traces of wrinkle-dryness and to hold the ray of healthful beauty in your complexion.

PRETTY ELBOWS

Lovely smooth elbows are truly a feminine asset and to keep them youthfully soft use this simple beauty pack. Combine a teaspoon each of granulated sugar, lemon Jelvyn freshener and oil of Olay, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove the pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a generous film of Olay oil to promote a silky smooth surface.

CREAM FOR SMOOTHNESS

Cherish the youthful smoothness of your complexion by massaging the skin at bedtime with rich vitalizing night cream. Apply Olay cream to the cheeks, forehead and throat, sweep it into the skin with light upward moulding strokes and pat a little more round your eyes with feathery, fingertip movements. The isotonic qualities of this vitalizing cream will help to smooth away the early development of skin dryness and tiny lines, while beautifying the soft supple qualities of your complexion.

Advertisement

I Am a Washer





I Am a Dryer

continued from page 50

Here, just a few of the features that make the new washers and dryers more versatile and efficient than ever before.

Combination washer-dryers save the bother of having to transfer wet clothes from one machine to another, are great when space is at a premium. The newest models are far more versatile and reliable (service problems have been reduced) than their prototypes of 15 years ago. The Sears Combination Washer-Dryer, for example, accommodates "special" loads with its choice of several wash and dry settings.

The wringer washer is probably the best buy of all for camps, cottages or wherever hot-water cost and supply must be considered. The Speed Queen wringer washer agitates at two speeds—regular, for ordinary loads; slow, for delicate things—and has an automatic timer that stops agitation after from one to eight minutes.

One of General Electric's new features is the "Mini-Basket"—a small tub that fits on the washer's agitator shaft. Small loads (two pounds or less) of socks, hose, lingerie can be laundered in the basket with proportionately small amounts of detergent and water.

Westinghouse planned one of their matching washer-dryer teams for flexibility. To save horizontal space, the dryer can be fitted, piggy-back style, on top of the front-loading washer. Or, because controls of both machines are located in the front, washer and dryer can be fitted side by side underneath a counter.

Hotpoint's transistor controls supply "infinite variable agitator and spin speeds"—from the slow, gentle motion of hand laundering to the vigorous agitation needed to clean grimy work clothes, and any speed between. This new flexibility makes it possible to machine launder anything washable.

Many of the new washers have dispenser systems. Bleach, fabric softener, or dye put into the bins of the Frigidaire model, for example, are automatically dispensed into wash or rinse water at the proper time. The Frigidaire also has a high-speed spin—wash and rinse water are extracted quickly and clothes dry faster (especially important when laundering woolens).

The new Whirlpool washer allows you to regulate water level in the washtub according to the size of the load being laundered—a money- and water-saving feature since small loads need less detergent, less water. Another Whirlpool convenience: a lint filter that cleans itself automatically during each drain cycle.

One of the Norge dryer's new features is a hair-drying attachment (it snaps on the front of the machine and utilizes the clean, warmed air from within). The Norge dryer also has accessory racks to fit the tub. Fluffy toys, rain-soaked newspapers, nylons, can be placed on the racks for gentle heat drying without tumbling.

For convenience, the lint screen of the regular Frigidaire dryer is installed on the front door where it's easy to reach. (Remember, a dryer works best when the lint screen is cleaned after each load.) A special Frigidaire model has no lint screen at all—this model uses cold water to condense moisture removed from wet clothes, and lint is flushed away, automatically, with the water.

The Easy dryer (and others, too) has operating instructions baked, for permanence, inside the front door. This way, anyone—the man of the house, temporary help, even children old enough to read—can use this easy-reference guide for good results.

The Whirlpool dryer has an accessory device called a "sprinkle sphere." It moistens a load of dry clothes quickly and evenly for easy ironing, thus saves time spent sprinkling by hand.

The barrel of Philco's new dryer is designed to rotate to the right, then reverses itself and rotates to the left. This back-and-forth rotation agitates the load to freer movement, and clothes dry more evenly.

A special device inside the Maytag dryer measures the degree of moisture in the clothes, and can be set to stop the machine when the load is dry—or just damp enough for ironing.

ANNIVERSARY GIFT

continued from page 61

one incontestable advantage. He was there—sitting opposite Sara across the breakfast, the supper table; lying beside her in bed—whereas Hugh McDowell, that lanky, black-haired, celebrated brain surgeon, existed only in Sara's dreams.

Such dreams, or infidelities, are less uncommon than may be supposed among childless wives wedded to cheerful, crew-cut, paunchy husbands. Sara's had, in fact, a more substantial basis than most: Hugh McDowell, the man himself, existed—and could be read about in the papers. Sara had actually spoken to him; actually—and no one could have felt worse about this than Sara—on her honeymoon.

It was a nice honeymoon, as it had been a nice wedding. Hank was a little clumsy, but he was also sweet, and his very clumsiness showed what a pure, single heart he brought her. He'd never played about, as some of the boys did. Nor, for that matter, had Sara ever played about, as some girls did; her wider experience came simply from wider reading. Perhaps it made her overcritical. Perhaps they knew each other too well—having grown up together in the same smallish Midwestern community to which they were to return after their honeymoon. Also, if there is one piece of advice that should be given all brides—never leave sharp-heeled slippers in the path of a husband's bare foot—there is another that should be given all grooms: never do tricks in a barroom.

Hank was fond of doing tricks, and possessed a large repertoire; moreover, so obvious was his innocent expectation of giving pleasure that even hardened barflies amiably applauded. Those at the Sweetbriar Hotel proved no exception: with the result that, barely a week after arriving, there sat Sara in a trousseau gown of *broderie anglaise*, under a moon, on a swing seat on the terrace, alone and increasingly impatient. Hank had promised to be with her in two minutes. She began to count—up to twenty, up to thirty. If Hank hadn't come by the time she reached sixty, Sara was determined to—she didn't quite know what, but something to make him feel thoroughly ashamed and at least as unhappy as she was.

Fifty-five, fifty-six . . . counted Sara.

At which moment there appeared, not from the hotel, but walking up through the garden, the tall, thin, black-topped figure of a new guest. He trod so quietly that Sara was first aware of him only as a sudden dark shadow in the moonlight. She jumped.

"I'm sorry, I startled you," apologized the stranger.

"No, not a bit," said Sara.

And that was all they ever did say to each other. But how searching, how *understanding*, the momentary glance of those dark, deep-socketed eyes above those hollow cheeks! Sara felt her whole soul laid bare—also appreciated, as no common sort of soul; and wasn't in the least surprised to learn, subsequently, that she had thus encountered a famous brain surgeon briefly resting after a lecture tour in Europe.

He was the celebrity of the hotel. His nearest rival, a skinny blond actress recuperating from a triumph as Ophelia, so overacted her nervous breakdown that the general opinion, which Sara thoroughly shared, accorded her less sympathy than derision. ("If she wants to be alone, why come to a hotel?" fellow guests asked each other reasonably.)

Hugh McDowell's aloofness was very differently regarded. He spoke to no one, but no one resented his reserve. The mystique of the modern medicine man protected him against all criticism. The Sweetbriar felt honored by his presence, management and guests alike.

Hugh McDowell spoke to no one; no one resented it. But he'd spoken (however briefly) to Sara. She didn't tell Hank. She hugged the memory like a precious secret. It was undoubtedly an unfortunate thing to happen, especially on a honeymoon. Of course, if there'd been children, or even if she'd had more housework to occupy her, Dr. McDowell would have died, so to speak, a natural death; as it was, for the whole eight years of her first marriage, Sara was practically living in sin.

She still made Hank a good, careful wife: She saw their home was always immaculate, attempted to keep his weight down by a high-protein diet, and never contradicted him in public. They passed among their friends for an attached and happy couple.

So do many marriages pass for happy in which one spouse or the other dreams perpetually of a second mating.

It was perhaps symptomatic that, though Sara always commemorated Hank's birthday with a new tie, and he hers with a trinket and a bunch of flowers, neither ever remembered to commemorate their wedding anniversary. In fact, the seventh of these falling on a Sunday, when Hank felt free to enjoy his once-a-week griddle cakes, Sara's chief thought was that after their divorce, when he married again (as she hoped he would), an electric griddle iron might make a very nice wedding present.

Or didn't one give wedding presents, in the circumstance?

As it was to be such a thoroughly amicable divorce, Sara really felt she might. She decided that it would be the best griddle iron procurable—with just the discreetest possible card: *All good wishes, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh McDowell.*

"Thank the Lord for my day of rest!" said Hank, gratefully stretching out his still-pajamaed legs.

It was what Hank always said on Sundays, and Sara had taught herself not to let it irritate her; but she couldn't help reflecting that Sunday was no day of rest for poor Hugh, if there was an ambassador to be operated on.

Seven days a week is a famous brain surgeon on call—and when they were to take their long-promised holiday in Bermuda she really couldn't imagine. . . .

"I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't shave," added Hank.

Sara controlled a touch of impatience. Did *Hugh* ever omit to shave, even on the morning after the trickiest midnight operation? In this instance, moreover, her impatience was rationally justified.

"You'll have to shave this evening," she reminded. "We're going to Kathy's party."

Kathy was her oldest friend—it was actually she who had recommended the Sweetbriar for their honeymoon; now by marriage in the money, and hostess of all the best parties so small a town could afford. Sara had bought her new floor-length midnight-blue dinner gown strictly to wear at Kathy's—if she couldn't wear it in Washington on the arm of her second husband.

"Only gigolos," pronounced Hank, "shave twice in twenty-four hours."

Sara controlled her impatience. (Was Hugh McDowell a gigolo? For heaven's sake!) And, for heaven's sake, she added mentally, was this all she and Hank could find to discuss (*continued*)



A jeweler's ring shows doctors:

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"I'm still asking you to sl[illegible] night," said Sara, "unless you make both of us look like hayseeds. You surely owe *something* to your wife!"

If [illegible] say "first wife," she didn't recognize it. Not at least, did [illegible]



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Good Housekeeping

[illegible] he usually did at such times.

"OK, OK," said Hank. "Blue suit?"

"Black tie," corrected Sara. "It seems [illegible] yes. I saw her myself," she added (to Hank quite incomprehensibly), "going [illegible] the stage door after the concert [illegible]

A special party it undoubtedly was; so much was evident from the moment the Humbolts entered. Fresh pot plants bloomed in all directions; upon the buffet gleamed every single item of Kathy's glassware and silverware—each [illegible] by every female guest, and by many identified as a personal wedding gift. Kathy was far too experienced a lion hunter ever to promise her friends the treat of meeting some specially distinguished guest; nothing makes a hostess look more foolish than putting *"To meet . . ."* on her invitation cards and then having the meetee, or lion, let her down; on this occasion, however, so happily confident was her bearing that every woman present made a simultaneous guess that the conductor of the symphony orchestra was actually [illegible] men's cloakroom. Not Sara alone had observed Kathy entering that stage-door; as not Sara alone began to practice the word *"Maestro"* under her breath. . . .

The husbands (by comparison social innocents) just expected an unusually good dinner; and had far less reorientating to do as Kathy, in her usual bland way, smoothly introduced not *le maestro* but the celebrated brain surgeon, Hugh McDowell.

It was the triumph of her hostess career; and she deserved it. During the swift, murmured inquisition that naturally followed, it transpired that she had been keeping this ace of aces up her sleeve for years. "You know we go most summers to the Sweetbriar," explained Kathy modestly. "Well, so does Dr. McDowell; and, though he's the most reserved man alive, I can only say he got *used* to us; and always promised to pay a visit if he was in the neighborhood . . ."

If only the Humbolts had gone most summers to the Sweetbriar!—but after their honeymoon they'd never thought of it. Meantime, immediately, there stood Sara and there, facing her, at last—again—in flesh and blood, her second husband.

"Dr. McDowell, Mrs. Humbolt," introduced Kathy benignly.

Sara started so violently, her stiletto heels almost buckled. Instantly Dr. McDowell's hand shot out to steady her. Did he remember her, or didn't he? Sara could hardly imagine it possible; yet how almost intimate that swift protective reaction! How almost . . . *tender!* Her heart began to beat like a hummingbird's wings.

"Why don't we sit down?" suggested Hugh McDowell.

One thing Kathy's guests particularly appreciated was that she always provided someplace to sit not on the floor. Sara needed to guide, or be guided, only two paces toward a familiar settee. She sat; so did Dr. McDowell. They sat side by side, whilst around them the rumor and curiosity of the party increased, Kathy looked daggers, and the [illegible] from [illegible]

[illegible]ve I happened on some sort of celebration?" asked Dr. McDowell interestedly.

He was actually the only man not wearing a dinner jacket. In a burst of protective love Sara realized the depths of Kathy's treachery: he'd been lured there—overworked as he was!—by the prospect of a quiet domestic evening (perhaps supper by the fire?) only to be thrown to Kathy's lions like a mackerel to catch sprats. (It will be seen that Sara's thoughts, though loving, were incoherent; to take but one point, the month was June, there weren't any fires.) Only because the issue, their reencounter, was so precious did Sara restrain herself from answering, Yes, Kathy's fiftieth birthday. . . .

In fact, she needed to count up to twenty, thirty, forty, before saying anything at all; the hummingbird wings now beating in her throat. As fast fluttered her thoughts, one might almost say her memories, before she at last found a small, fairly steady voice.

"It must seem terribly dull after Washington," said Sara.

If Dr. McDowell looked surprised, it was but briefly. The next moment his attention was distracted. Sara followed his glance, and, with horror, saw that Hank had already, even at one of Kathy's very best parties, started doing tricks. This one consisted of throwing back his head, placing a full wine glass on his brow, and performing whatever simple action demanded, such as opening a door or switching off a lamp, without spilling a drop. There was distinctly more male applause than female; Sara could scarcely blame Kathy for getting her own back by gliding over to remark that the performer was Mrs. Humbolt's husband.

"Extraordinary coordination!" murmured Dr. McDowell politely.

Of course, he had to be polite, but Sara could feel he was suffering with her. She could feel him feeling how sensitive she was. "Just a boy still!" she murmured in turn. "Do go on telling me about Washington!"

She turned a firm shoulder on her hostess, forgivably regardless of manners. It is a very delicate situation for a woman to be accepting the attentions of a second husband while her first is doing tricks.

"Washington?" repeated Dr. McDowell. "Actually I'm not there much. What I'm chiefly involved in now seems to be teaching. V.I.P.'s," he added wryly, "as a rule prefer to be operated on in privacy."

Sara understood at once (they were in such communion) that he was giving up enormous fees for the sake of passing on his skill. In eight years she'd never loved him more—even if it meant doing without a chauffeur.

"I think that's wonderful!" breathed Sara.

"You do? It's more than my secretary does," said Dr. McDowell.

Such was her thankfulness he hadn't had to say *wife* that Sara hardly noticed Hank was now doing his door trick. This consisted of standing with his back to an open door, hands clasped above him on its top, and hauling himself up and over until he perched triumphantly aloft.

"Anyway, she's leaving to get married," said Dr. McDowell, suddenly looking harassed. "They do, you know. My colleagues tell me I ought to marry one of 'em myself and acquire a permanency." He smiled. "But I suppose *I'm* still boy enough," said Hugh McDowell, "to want a bride with . . . well, a touch of moonlight about her."

Sara's heart turned over. So, at that moment, did Hank. For once, for the first time, at the final, crucial jerk, his muscles failed him. A hand—both hands—suddenly slipped; and down he crashed like a ton of bricks.

Instantly all was confusion. The hired butler added to it by dropping a pile of plates. Women cried out, Kathy swooped and stooped like a tragedy queen. Sara, down on her knees before she knew it, attempted to raise Hank's head. "Leave him," ordered Dr. McDowell sharply—also stooping, kneeling. There was a moment of peculiar stillness while his long, clever fingers gently touched and explored the base of Hank's skull. Then he stood up again and, in front of them all, put his arm around Sara.

"Don't panic," said Hugh McDowell gently. "There's nothing to worry about, he hasn't broken his neck. Don't panic; show me how brave you can be."

It was remarkable how rapidly things happened, with Dr. McDowell in charge. Only moments seemed to elapse between his call to the local hospital and the arrival of an ambulance. With equal speed and smoothness, Hank was lifted, blanketed, stretcher-borne forth. Hugh and Sara accompanied him—Sara somehow wrapped in Kathy's mink. She was indeed trembling, though less with cold, or apprehension, than with excitement.



"Hold it! Doctor Brown gave you the wrong diet."

emotions, to say the least, were ex-dinarily mixed.

the ambulance they became more d still. It was a splendid, modern ulance; opposite the *couchette* for patient was a comfortable double at long last, Sara's dream of speed-through the night, mink-wrapped, le her second husband, was so ac-tely realized that even the presence r first husband lying alongside them thing heavily hardly mattered—he so easily have been an ambassador d up in a road accident; and, in an additional element in Sara's ions was simply regret that she'd tten the caviar sandwiches.

t was always the best black caviar," gized Sara.

What *you* need is coffee," said Dr. owell. "I was a fool not to think

always brought coffee as well," ded Sara, "in a thermos."

Don't try to talk," said Dr. Mc-ell; and again put his arm around Sara let her head fall on his shoul-and so held, supported, in that dear, d-husbandly embrace, found the ey to the hospital all too brief.

me dreams, sometimes, come true.

course, at the hospital she had to alone. She expected it, as Hank, Hugh with him, vanished into re-closed to the laity. But the waiting was almost cozy, and she could Hugh still thinking of her. (*"It's ing you're there gives me courage,"* Dr. McDowell.) This alone would sufficed to keep up Sara's spirits, without the cup of coffee that d him thinking of her more prac-. "Dr. McDowell wants you to this at once," said the aide carry-the tray, "and I'm just going to u a sandwich. . . ."

a drank; in due course ate. The wich certainly wasn't caviar, it was , the butter only scraped on, but ad never eaten with more enjoy-It must be remarked that Sara for a moment expect her first nd to die; she knew her second n't let him. Hadn't Hugh told her worry? The worst she expected prolonged convalescence; and as offee cleared her head, as the min-then half an hour, then an hour passed, brought herself quite cheerfully to envisage that amicable divorce post-poned for six months, while she nursed Hank back to health. What was six months, after eight years? *Now that we've found each other again!* thought Sara—the reference, of course, to Hugh; and when the waiting-room door at last reopened, looked up blinking from the sweetest dream of all.

It wasn't, this time, the aide; it was the matron: like all her sisterhood, cool-eyed, low-voiced, radiating competence and authority. Recent contact with one of the celebrities of her profession having heightened all these qualities, given a lamp she'd have looked like Florence Nightingale.

"Mrs. Humbolt?" began the matron. She hesitated. Suddenly, that cool, experienced, competent glance, resting on Sara, admitted a point of doubt. "I suppose you *are* Mrs. Humbolt?" asked the matron.

For a moment Sara could only stare back. Then she exclaimed indignantly, "Of course I am! Didn't Dr. McDowell tell you?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed the matron, the respect in her voice like a genuflection; she nonetheless continued with (for a matron) unusual rapidity, even a touch of nervousness. "And Dr. McDowell's very pleased with Mr. Humbolt indeed, he thinks it at the worst no more than a slight concussion. Of course, we'll keep Mr. Humbolt a day or two longer, just to make sure, but he's come round quite beautifully! So there (*continued*)

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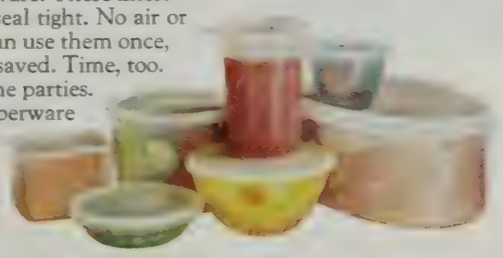
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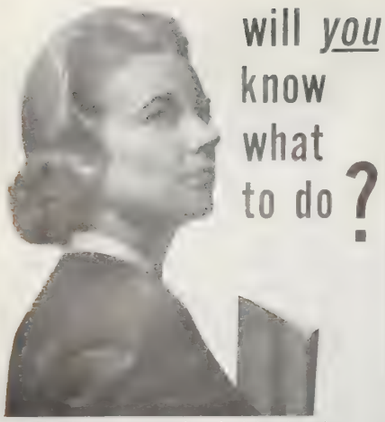


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isn't a thing to worry about, Mrs.—Humbolt. In fact, if you'd rather go home without seeing him," suggested the matron, "there's no reason in the world why not."

But Sara was already on her feet, making for the door into the wards.

"If you're telling the truth, of course I want to see him!" cried Sara. "Why don't you want me to see him—if you're telling the truth?" Then her heart jumped into her throat. "Or if you're lying, and it's *too late* ——"

"Nonsense," said the matron firmly. She still hesitated again. "It's just," she explained (and again directing upon Sara that curious glance), "that he seems to be expecting . . . someone else. Why, of course!" exclaimed the matron, suddenly illumined. "*You* must be the *first* Mrs. Humbolt!"

The stiff-cuffed hand under her elbow—and she needed it—Sara entered a high, narrow cubicle; stood beside a high, narrow bed. Against whiter-than-white pillows Hank's chubby countenance appeared almost rosy. He looked far better than Sara could have hoped; if anything, rather exhilarated; above all—surprised.

"Oh, it's you," said Hank, disappointedly.

For the second time that evening, Sara tottered. Now it was the matron who swiftly propelled her to a seat, a small, hard chair beside the bed. "Just a few minutes!" murmured the matron, and tactfully withdrew.

Sara tried to think of something to say. But that phrase, *the first Mrs. Humbolt*, still echoing in her ears and buzzing in her brain, made any words difficult to find and set in order. It was actually Hank, the casualty, who spoke again first.

"I must say I think it's pretty big of you to come," said Hank politely, "after our divorce. I suppose Deidre can't make it?"

Oh, God, thought Sara, *what dream is this?* "Deidre?" she repeated blankly.

Hank looked at once impatient and proud. "She's just opened as Juliet. You remember how her Ophelia sent the critics off their nuts?"

Dimly, then with increasing clearness, there emerged from Sara's memory the image of a skinny little blond actress overplaying a nervous breakdown. Had her name been Deidre? That or something like it—something affected?

"At the Sweetbriar?"

Hank nodded, with a touch of apology. "I always felt a bit badly about it. I mean, meeting her on our honeymoon."

"So did I," said Sara. She hadn't intended the words; they spoke themselves, but in fact produced a wonderful sense of release because at last, and even if in such unlikely circumstances, she and Hank could share their innermost thoughts with each other. They were still, not unnaturally, somewhat at cross purposes.

"I never thought you noticed," said Hank, surprised again. "But I did," he added anxiously, "make you a fairly good husband? I mean, *until* our divorce?"

"I hope I made you a fairly good wife," said Sara.

"No doubt of that," reassured Hank, warmly. "When I remember how you helped keep my weight down, I can't be too grateful. Deidre hates men to be fat. And I bet you're making your second husband a fine wife, too," added Hank. "I can't tell you how glad I was, Sara, when you married again. D'you know—as it was such a *friendly* divorce—I damn' nearly sent you a wedding present?"

"So did I," said Sara.

"What was it?" asked Hank, quite interestedly.

"An electric griddle iron."

"Deidre suggested an Audubon birdbook," recalled Hank, slightly smug, "with just a card of best wishes. But in the end we thought perhaps you'd rather not."

"*I* thought perhaps *you'd* rather not, too," lied Sara.

It was like a conversation in a dream; on the surface rational (lies and all), but essentially cloud-based. The one thing real about it was the sudden ability to communicate after eight years of wedded silence. Evidently Hank felt the same way, as now unhesitatingly he claimed Sara's sympathy.

"I ought to be with her," grieved Hank. "The poor kid's nervous without me. She says I . . . give her courage."

"Do you take her home after the show?" prompted Sara gently.

"Of course. It's one of the times we enjoy most," agreed Hank.

"With caviar sandwiches and coffee?"

"Well, no; mostly we drop in at Sardi's. But that's a very nice thought; I'll remember it," said Hank.

"Sometimes in Central Park, so late that it's early, you can hear the birds sing," offered Sara. "Not Audubon birds; just birds."

There swam into her mind the dream image of a double picnic: Hank and Deidre, herself and Hugh; a Watteauesque *fête champêtre*, followed by a minuet to the music of two uniformed chauffeurs. "One day maybe we'll meet there," said Sara. "One day, maybe, even change partners again."

Then, she couldn't help it, she put her head down on the coverlet, her cheek brushing Hank's hand, and began to cry. Good old Hank didn't notice. Good old Hank had, suddenly, gone to sleep; and the matron's delicate touch on Sara's arm warned that he should on no account be re-aroused.

On the other side of the door the two women looked at each other. The matron's glance at least was now perfectly assured—as though she'd employed the interval, thought Sara, to check up and get her facts straight. It was also oddly compassionate.

"Patients have their fantasies," offered the matron. "Especially in cases of concussion. I do hope, Mrs. Humbolt, you understand."

"As it happens," said Sara, "I understand perfectly." She paused. "All I want to know is whether my husband's going to remember, not his fantasy, but that he's told me about it."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," said the matron. "In fact, after he's been given a little something to make him sleep—if he needs it!—I'm sure not. As I said before, Mrs. Humbolt, you haven't a thing to worry about."

Sara looked down the empty corridor; she moved to open the door into the waiting room—empty, too.

"Where's Dr. McDowell?" asked Sara.

The answer was the one she already anticipated; could even welcome.

"Gone," said the matron. **END**

JACQUELINE KENNEDY'S NEW LIFE

continued from page 70

"Jackie has less of an official role to play than at any time in her adult life. And so, very gradually and beautifully, her private personality is blossoming and shoving aside the old public one."

The first outward evidence of the change is her appearance. As First Lady, her youth and beauty were so startling that few people realized the effort she was making to fit the part. (Friends say that, after the furor she caused by being photographed in pink Capri pants with the President-elect, she determined not to appear "without a purse and little gloves." And, as a nearly constant smoker, it took some discipline on her part to see that she never held a cigarette within range of a camera.)

In the year since the end of her deep mourning, however, her natural flair and femininity have been slowly reborn. Gone are the hats, the neat *bouffant* hairdos, the ubiquitous well-cut suit or cloth coat, and the unadorned look of her White House years. Her hair is quite long and sometimes flows in Botticelli tendrils. Her coats include an occasional black broadtail or a black or white mink. She is seen in sleeveless Audrey Hepburn-style sheaths more often than suits (and even the suits have changed from solid colors to elegant patterns or bold checks). Hats are almost nonexistent, and her jewelry runs from Indian slave bracelets to a full set of diamonds and emeralds.

Though she still takes care not to be photographed smoking, a long gold holder and a gold mesh cigarette case are nearly always with her in private, and her love of color—restrained by the elegant black or white she still prefers for public appearances—now bursts forth in citron yellow or warm pink when she is among friends. Even the few becoming pounds, gained during those sad sedentary months in Georgetown, have melted away and left her with a still more becoming slenderness. If anything, she appears more svelte and fashionable than her 120 or so pounds of White House days.

Crowds are still a great trial. When the curious streamed down the center aisle to peer at her during a recent theater intermission, she said sadly, "I suppose I shall always be a freak." But, whether the cause is a new confidence or resignation, she seems able now to move among stares and popping flashbulbs with obliviousness and ease.

She resorts less often to the slow, simplistic, breathy way of speaking that used to mask her nervousness when talking to strangers or on television. Her own speech is soft and confidential—which lends so much intimacy and import to anything she says that certain New York hostesses are imitating it as the "In" way to talk, especially to men, for the recipient must lean close to listen—but it is much faster, more naturally inflected, and wittier than her old official manner. Her smile is now warm and frequent, her manner animated, and, though stunning waves of sadness may still engulf her at the sound of a familiar song or phrase, "she has," as artist and longtime friend William Walton said, "her old pizzazz back. The change has worked awfully well."

This fall, as chairman of the Golden Trumpet Ball—a benefit for the Boston Symphony Orchestra and her first "official" social appearance since the late President's funeral—she appeared with

ong hair touching shoulders bared by an ff-white strapless gown, more radiant nd glamorous than a movie star. As hotographs of the gala were wired round the world, her loyal, loving pub- c breathed an almost audible sigh of elief. The new life was shining there in er smile. She was going to be all right.

Day to day, that life centers around er new home, a spacious 15-room du- lex high above Fifth Avenue, with a ne view of Central Park. It is within alking distance of the children's chools—John, five, attends St. David's, nd eight-year-old Caroline goes to he Convent of the Sacred Heart—and Mrs. Kennedy often rises arly enough to walk ith them and their Se- ret Service escorts. She lso entertains at home equently, though her nly publicly announced inner party was one hat preceded "a teeny, iny dance for less than 00" given in Mrs. Ken- edy's honor by her sis- er and brother-in-law, rince and Princess Rad- iwill, this spring.

Other at-home dinner arties have included uch notables as Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein, ohn Kenneth Gal- raith, *Paris Review* ed- or George Plimpton, rlene Francis, socialite Piedy" Gimbel, Secre- ary of Defense and Mrs. Robert McNamara, rmer Secretary of the reasury and Mrs. Douglas Dillon, Sybil urton, Truman Ca- ote, Mr. and Mrs. Wil- am Styron, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward, embers of the Kennedy amily, and those mem- ers of the Kennedy eam who are also per- onal friends.

A recent unpublicized arty was in honor of talian director Fede- ico Fellini, and his ac- ress wife, Giulietta Ma- ina. Among the other 6 guests were play- rights Lillian Hellman nd Peter Shaffer, artist ean Hannon, the Leon- rd Bernsteins, Jean and tephen Smith, and law- er Alexander Aldrich. ater, the company saw private screening of ellini's new film, *Juliet f the Spirits*, in the legant Fifth Avenue ooms of the Rizzoli ookshop.

The decoration of her ew home has taken a great deal of Mrs. Kennedy's time, and, though she insists eprecatingly that "the children run all ver it—*very* undignified—and it will ust *never* be really finished," it is already place of which any woman would be nvious.

The living room, for instance, is done n delicate pastel brocades, with the ominant warmth of apricot. With the elp of decorator William Baldwin, she as arranged groupings of fragile French furniture, replaced the ordinary door- knobs with gold ones, and hung her 17th- and 18th-century drawings and paintings. Though she smiles and calls it "very casual" compared with her sister's apartment, which is done more classi- cally in mirrors and marble, it obviously reflects her impeccable taste, from the foyer, where guests arrive by private ele- vator, to the powder room, to which ladies retire for after-dinner freshening while the men are left with traditional cigars and brandy.

Still, she treats the accomplishment lightly. She once reportedly said mis- chievously that she just tried to think what Bunny Mellon would have done, and did the same. (Mrs. Paul Mellon is famous for the tasteful design of her homes, right down to the way the cab- bages are planted in the garden.) And, referring to the room or two not yet finished, she says, "I'm afraid there're still some old browns to cope with."

The frankness and humor of Mrs. Kennedy's conversation comes as a sur- prise to those who have had nothing but her public image to prepare them. She tells long and amusing anecdotes about setting up cots in her apartment for all her Kennedy nieces and nephews who came from out of town to see the Pope at Yankee Stadium, about a particularly long and tedious dinner during her In- dian trip, about trying to learn the Frug ("All my nieces and nephews can do it so well; I wish *I* could"), about touch foot- ball ("I never know which way you're supposed to *run*"), about her son's ram- bunctiousness during their summer trip to England ("There was no telling *what* he would do next"), even about the lighter, happier moments—the making of a home movie at Hyannis Port, for instance, a mystery complete with cos- tumes and plot—when her husband was alive.

In fact, she speaks of what "Jack used to say," or "Remember that time during the campaign when . . ." with more free- dom and ease than do his sisters or Rob- ert Kennedy, who seem shy and reserved in comparison. Perhaps only Ted Ken- nedy, who shares the humor and gift for story-telling of his late brother, can bridge the gap of tragedy and put his listeners at ease in the Jacqueline Ken- nedy way.

New Yorkers are proud to have Jackie Kennedy living in their midst, and most of them, from cab drivers to dinner guests, try to respect her wish for privacy by not staring and not repeating conver- sation that may have been privileged. But her fascination and the affection she inspires are so strong that many treasure small vignettes, and pass them on as a kind of loving tribute.

The shoe repairman, for instance, who tells of her walking into his shop, sit- ting "just like anyone else" while he re- placed a heel lift on her walking shoes, and looking "so beautiful . . . those pictures really don't do her justice."

Or the motorcycle po- liceman near Central Park who was startled by her request to give John a brief ride.

Or the matron at a performance of the Broadway musical, *Fid- dler on the Roof*, who heard a very audible re- quest for the meaning of "Mazeltov," a common Yiddish expression used in the play—in a city with as many Jewish residents as New York, almost everyone knows it means good luck, good fortune—and turned around to discover ac- tress Kitty Carlisle whis- pering an explanation to her friend, Mrs. Ken- nedy.

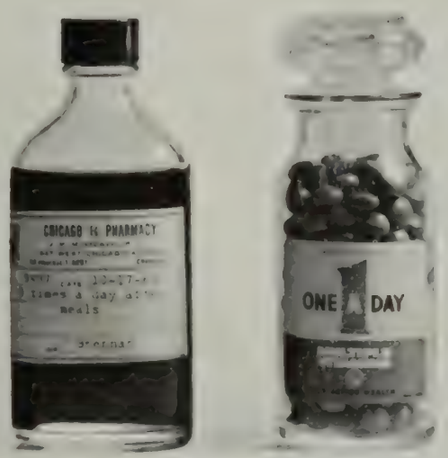
Or the newspaperman who still treasures the sight of her walking along upper Fifth Ave- nue, in rumpled slacks, a raincoat, and no makeup, laughing and smiling at the remarks of Richard Goodwin, formerly a member of her husband's White House staff.

Or any of the hostesses who have received her graceful, personally writ- ten notes of thanks.

In fact, Mrs. Ken- nedy—usually chauf- feured by a Secret Ser- vice man, but sometimes traveling briskly and cheerfully on foot—is now a frequent sight around upper and mid- Manhattan. She may lunch at La Caravelle, Le Mistral, or the Co!- ony; then go to a private showing of *couturier* fashions with Kitty Car- lisle or Mrs. James Fos- burgh or Lee Radziwill. (One day, at the Colony, there was much excitement be- cause Mrs. Kennedy was lunching in one room, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor in another, but the three didn't meet.) She has been to the best of the *discothèques*—Arthur, Ondine, Le Club, even a neighborhood bar and Italian restaurant called Elaine's—where she performed a ladylike Swim. In Septem- ber, she commandeered an entire East- side restaurant to give *(continued)*

You take medicine to help get well.

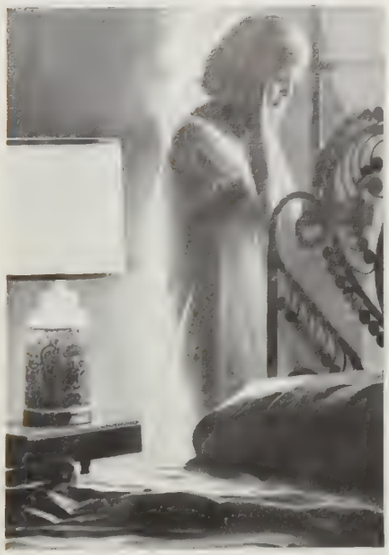
You take ONE-A-DAY® (BRAND) to help stay well.



Vitamins play an essential part in maintaining normal good health. Of course you should get them from well-balanced meals. But if you don't eat as you should, or you are not sure you are getting all your vitamin needs, take ONE-A-DAY® (Brand) Multiple Vitamins. Each ONE-A-DAY tablet contains all the vitamins you normally need to take. Double-Sealed . . . so you know they're potent.

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Why women have a special sleep problem...



and what you can do about it!

It's a medical fact that, as a woman, you may suffer more from sleeplessness than a man. That's because a woman's natural sensitivity and anxiety and simple "nerves" and tensions often keep you from falling asleep at night. Perhaps you have found that some nights you sleep . . . other nights you're unable to get the sleep you need. The more sleepless nights you go through the more acute the problem often becomes.

Now a gentle and effective sleeping aid has been developed that eases away tensions, relaxes you and lets you drift off into restful sleep. It is called Sominex and it works without bromides, barbiturates or habit-forming drugs.

Helps Restore Your Normal Sleep Pattern

Simply take two Sominex tablets before preparing for bed. Sominex is 100% safe, taken as directed. And it is absolutely not habit-forming. Sominex simply breaks the pattern of sleeplessness, starting with that one vital good night's sleep.

What's more, during the night, you'll be alert to any emergency. You'll wake up if the children need you. And in the morning, you'll get up thoroughly refreshed, without a dull, drugged feeling. Sominex is available at all drug counters without a prescription.

Hospital Tested, Hospital Proved

Sominex was tested in three leading hospitals and among hundreds of private patients and proved wonderfully effective in aiding sleep.

a party, called "Galbraith à Go-Go," in honor of the former Ambassador to India, and the dancing did not stop until 4 A.M. In October, she organized a dinner for 10 at Le Pavillon (where a modest meal for two can cost $100), and took the whole party dancing at Le Club afterward.

As the anniversary of her husband's death approached, she retired into seclusion, but not as completely as the previous year, when television, radio, and all newspapers and magazines were banned for a week. Last year, she spent the preceding weekend with the children at her newly bought farm in the fox-hunting country near Somerset Hills, New Jersey, and even left her apartment one evening to see the visiting Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.

She looks forward, she says, to the day when her husband will be remembered on the happy date of his birthday, rather than the tragic one of his death. For she does have definite likes and dislikes, especially in regard to the way her husband's memory is kept, and few qualms about making her wishes clear.

Once each week, she spends a day at her office on Park Avenue, where three staff members and five volunteers help her answer mail and perform various duties in connection with the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library in Cambridge (she is requesting hundreds, from heads of state to White House employees, to tape-record their reminiscences about the late President) and the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. Reportedly, she worries that her husband will be remembered more for the "Kennedy style" than for the great changes that he accomplished, and that she will be regarded as "too frivolous." (She reads few of the many articles written about her, and has not liked the few she has read.) Sometimes, she will gently remind a friend that her husband should be spoken of as "*President* Kennedy," not "Jack," and she still remembers those who criticized his policies when he was alive and, as she puts it, "trying so hard."

Because of this deep loyalty and love, there are some who fear she is overzealous in her role as keeper of the flame. Even when the President was alive, she once told him that she thought he should keep the office not just for two terms but for life. She recalls that he then tried to temper her loyalty by reminding her that "eight years in the Presidency are enough for any man." Now, she relies on the judgment and advice of Robert Kennedy. Since she possesses enough self-vision to know that her turn of mind is not political, she takes no action that might have political consequence without first consulting him.

But she has a will of her own. When actor Basil Rathbone sold a letter from her about his performance in the White House, she made her displeasure very clear. A cocktail pianist—who sought to please her by asking, "Would you mind if I played some music from *Camelot?*"—received an icy, "Yes I would." She sometimes startles friends by complaining about her role as a kind of living monument, and about the stodginess and age of the company she must keep. She fights hard for the privacy of her children, and worries about the day when she can no longer protect them from all that is written and said of them.

Following a practice established in the White House, she sometimes invites husbands without wives. Other hostesses are envious of this technique, but perhaps only Mrs. Kennedy could get husbands to risk wifely anger for a dinner party. She has refused all invitations from President and Mrs. Johnson because of the memories such a visit would stir: "The three years we spent in the White House were really the happiest time for us, the closest, and now it's all gone. . . ." She turns down dozens of invitations to charity benefits each month, and staunchly maintains her right to be "a private person." A dull or oafish conversationalist may find that he has inspired Mrs. Kennedy's amusement; politely suppressed, but amusement just the same. And anyone who offends her sense of right conduct may find that she has frankly said as much to others.

Yet no one is more loyal as a friend than Mrs. Kennedy, and she seeks and values the advice of those she admires. Her sister is her closest confidante, but there are others whom she calls frequently. Truman Capote, the writer, for instance; or Leonard Bernstein, the conductor: both are asked for advice on plays or concerts to attend, or books to read. Felicia Bernstein often serves as adviser on questions to do with entertaining, or activities for the children. Kitty Carlisle, widow of playwright Moss Hart, is valued as good company at lunches and plays. Jean Smith is said to be the closest of the Kennedy sisters, and Ted Kennedy is prized for his vitality and sense of fun. Richard Goodwin, who recently resigned as a speech writer and special assistant to President Johnson, often undertakes to introduce Mrs. Kennedy to members of New York's theatrical or literary groups: Norman Podhoretz, the editor; Lillian Hellman, the playwright; and Mike Nichols, the actor-producer, for instance. And, when Mrs. Kennedy wants to meet someone, she has only to send out a neatly written invitation to one of her small dinners. No one except dancer Rudolf Nureyev has ever been known to refuse, and he did so regretfully, under pressure of a performance.

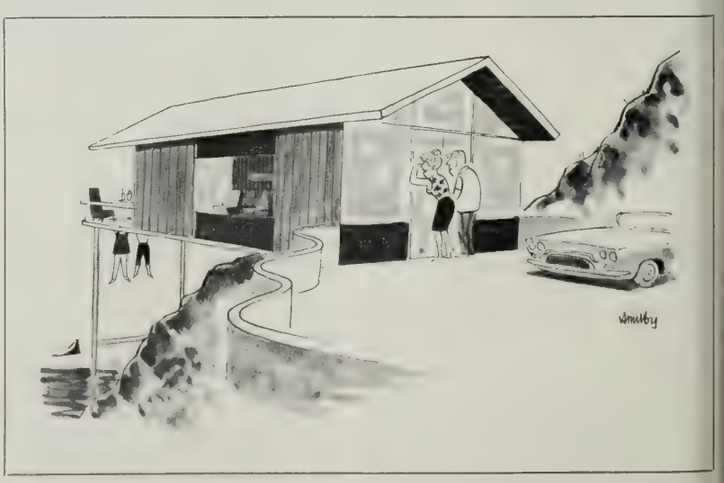
The question of Mrs. Kennedy's remarriage comes up inevitably, the more so now that she is secure in her new life. Her friends seem evenly divided between those who believe her thoughts are already turning in that direction, though still with no one man in mind, and those who think she is enjoying her own identity and freedom too much to give it up for a while. (With some, Mrs. Kennedy has openly discussed the idea, always coming back to the hopelessness of finding another man like John Kennedy.) Both groups seem to believe she *will* marry; the difference is only one of time.

And so her loyal public and friends scan the list of men on whose arm Jackie has appeared in public, looking for a possible clue. But the list is long, and few on it are eligible as more than respectful escorts: Franklin Roosevelt Jr., novelist Irwin Shaw, Richard Goodwin, Averell Harriman, Leonard Bernstein, theater critic Harold Clurman, producer Leland Hayward, investment broker John Barry Ryan III, Truman Capote, Fiat magnate Gianni Agnelli, Columbia Record head Goddard Lieberson, William Walton, novelist William Styron, John Kenneth Galbraith, George Plimpton, cartoonist Charles Addams, Mike Nichols, architect John Warnecke, Marlon Brando, French Ambassador Hervé Alphand, Paul Mellon, poet Robert Lowell, composer Alan Jay Lerner, John Hay Whitney, and Charles Wrightsman, to name a few.

George Plimpton and William Walton, both longtime friends, are considered the most eligible, yet the very fact that they are old friends makes them seem less romantic to the matchmakers. Gianni Agnelli, the automobile tycoon, an intelligent, cultured man in his 40's and by far the most handsome and dashing of the lot, would certainly be the favorite were he not married to a beautiful Italian wife. Charles Addams and Mike Nichols were greeted with flurries of excitement as new faces on the list, but the former is considerably older and the latter is younger, neither seems to be in a sufficiently dignified occupation, and both have been divorced more than once. Marlon Brando has never appeared in her life again since the one, much-publicized lunch in Washington.

Furthermore, friends say Mrs. Kennedy is well aware that she may be pursued as a symbol rather than a woman, that some men may wish to escort her only so that they may equate themselves with John Kennedy. Even if their ambitions do not run so high, they may wish to be seen with her for their own status: a reputation as "someone who has taken out Mrs. Kennedy"; even a photograph taken by her side is enough to ensure a social future in some circles. And perhaps it is for this reason that she prefers old friends, men who had earned the respect of President Kennedy.

In any case, she is now free to choose, and there is no one who would begrudge her that freedom. Her love and loyalty for the past will always be with her, but her new life has begun. **END**





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New bordered ScotTowels® don't cost a penny more!

Blue, pink or gold borders
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SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

Chameleon in the Kitchen

By Joan Paulson

In Spain an avocado can talk—often a lot—for an avocado (spelled "abogado") is a lawyer. But in this country it might well ask, "What am I? Fruit? Vegetable? Appetizer? Dip? Salad? Spread? Or dessert?"

Avocados have been called the chameleons of the kitchen. They are all things to all meals at all hours from breakfast or brunch to midnight. Once they were a wintertime treat. Now they have become a fruit of all seasons.

You can find them in most parts of the country all year round. The winter avocados are sold from late September into May. They are nudged off the stalls by the summer avocados—from May to October.

Avocados are as different as girls, with different complexions and different shapes. Mostly they (meaning the avocados) are green on the outside, sometimes bright, sometimes dark, sometimes black-green or mauve-brown, thick-skinned or thin-skinned, rough or smooth, pear-shaped, oval, or round and plump.

The inside is always the same in winter or summer fruit. When it reaches luscious perfection, an avocado has a light yellow-jade green color and a texture that some call "butter," others, "velvet."

An avocado may be served solo, on its own, on the half shell, with a dash of lime juice or rum or French dressing. Or it may be sliced, diced, or in circles, new moons or crescents, or mashed and included in a hundred tasty orchestrations.

AVOCADO VELVET SOUP

With a blender, or even just a rotary beater, this height-of-elegance company soup goes together in a flash.

2 fully ripe California avocados
1 cup chicken broth
1 cup light cream
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. onion salt
Dash white pepper
1 tsp. lemon or lime juice

Peel 2 avocados and remove seeds. Blend avocados with 1 cup chicken broth in an electric blender or with a rotary beater until smooth. Combine with 1 cup light cream and 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon onion salt and a dash of white pepper. Chill thoroughly. Stir in 1 teaspoon lemon or lime juice. Garnish with grated lemon peel, lemon slices, watercress, sour cream, or salted whipped cream, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Note: Avocado balls and slices or diced avocados may be used to garnish any hot or chilled soup. Especially good with creamed soups and bisques.

CALIFORNIA WALDORF SALAD

The California touch that gives a new dimension to a Waldorf salad—you've guessed it . . . avocado.

½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup dairy sour cream
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. ground mace
2 fully ripe California avocados
4 medium red apples, unpared and diced
2 Tb. lemon juice
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup broken walnuts
½ cup dark seedless raisins
Watercress

Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup dairy sour cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon ground mace. Chill. Peel 2 avocados; remove seeds. Dice and combine with 4 diced, unpeeled red apples, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup broken walnuts and ½ cup dark seedless raisins. Toss gently with half of dressing and serve on crisp lettuce. Serve remaining dressing in separate dish. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Other avocado salad ideas: Avocados mix happily with citrus fruits and French or cream dressing. Toss avocados with papaya, mango and/or pineapple for a tropical fruit salad. Mix them with raw marinated cauliflower, snipped parsley, and more marinade for dressing. Try avocado with melon balls, cottage cheese and a lemony, minty dressing.

BAKED FISH WITH AVOCADO SAUCE

Happy, happy fate for a package of frozen fish fillets!

1 fully ripe California avocado
Lemon sauce
1 Tb. finely chopped onion
1 tsp. butter or margarine
1 (2-oz.) pkg. white sauce mix
½ cup dairy sour cream
1 tsp. prepared horseradish
3 (12-oz.) pkg. frozen fish fillets

Halve 1 fully ripe avocado and remove seed. Dice the avocado and brush with lemon juice. In a saucepan, sauté 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion in 1 teaspoon butter or margarine until crisp-tender. Mix 1 (2-oz.) pkg. white sauce mix with 1 cup water; boil 1 minute. Stir in sautéed onion, ½ cup dairy sour cream, 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish and the avocado. Heat gently. Serve with 3 (12-oz.) pkg. frozen flounder, halibut, sole or haddock baked according to pkg. directions. Serves 6.

LUAU APPETIZER

Toasting the coconut, using a new kind of South Sea Island dressing—these are the little things that give a real luau look and flavor.

1 cup pineapple chunks, fresh or canned, drained
1 (3¾-oz.) can mandarin oranges, drained
2 Tb. Tahitian-style salad dressing
1 fully ripe California avocado
Toasted coconut
1 (3-oz.) pkg. cream cheese (optional)

Place 1 cup drained pineapple chunks, fresh or canned, and 1 (3¾-oz.) can drained mandarin oranges in a mixing bowl. Pour 2 tablespoons Tahitian-style salad dressing over the fruit and marinate in the refrigerator for several hours. Just before serving, cut the avocado lengthwise into halves; remove seed and skin. Cut into chunks and add to the marinated fruit. Garnish with toasted coconut and serve as a fruit appetizer or as a luncheon salad accompanied by cream cheese balls rolled in toasted coconut. Makes 6 servings.

IMPROMPTU AVOCADO ICE CREAM

Buy the best vanilla ice cream. Transfigure it in a whisk-whisk into a tropical *spécialité.*

1 fully ripe California avocado
1 qt. French vanilla ice cream, softened
¼ cup apricot nectar
1 tsp. grated orange rind

Peel 1 fully ripe avocado; remove seed. Force the avocado through a sieve or purée in an electric blender. Combine 1 quart softened French vanilla ice cream, the avocado purée, ¼ cup apricot nectar and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and blend well. Freeze in refrigerator trays until firm. END



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"BUTTERFLY" GELATIN SALAD

This is no place for "second best"... bring out the best with Best Foods Real Mayonnaise

eve it or not, just an ordinary layer pan is all it takes to make this inter- g salad shape. A cool, colorful, gayer- -springtime butterfly... gelatin ped to a fluffy smoothness (easy with Foods), flavored with a flourish of celery, radish and shredded carrot luted with the light, delicate touch st Foods Real Mayonnaise.

week, spread your salad wings! g out a gelatin salad (plain or erfly")...and bring out its best with Foods!

"BUTTERFLY" GELATIN SALAD

- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 (3 ounce) packages lime gelatin
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 3/4 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup each shredded carrot, finely chopped radish, celery and green pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion



Pour boiling water over gelatin; stir until completely dissolved. Add cold water, vinegar, salt and pepper. Pour 1 cup of the mixture into 9-inch layer cake pan. Set aside. • Add Real Mayonnaise to remaining gelatin; blend with rotary beater. Pour into freezer tray. Chill in freezer until firm at edge, still soft in center, 30 minutes. • Meanwhile, chill clear gelatin 10 minutes or until thickened. Turn mayonnaise mixture into bowl; whip with rotary beater until fluffy. Fold in vegetables. Spoon on top of clear gelatin. • Place in refrigerator until set, 1 hour. Unmold onto moist cookie sheet. Cut in half. Using wide spatulas, lift to large plate; place rounded edges to center to form butterfly. Garnish as desired. 8 servings.

Housewife: Acting Fire Chief

BY DICK MILLER

As a homemaker, you are also an acting fire chief eight to 10 hours a day. Of the 1,500 home fires in the nation *each day*, more than a third of them start between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M., a time when you are likely to be the only adult around. You'll never know when and where a fire will break out, but you can plan how you may be able to control it. Such planning is vitally important to your family's safety, for every year 6,500 people die in home fires, nearly a third of them children. Basic training for acting fire chiefs is to learn the three classes of home fires—the ABC's—as defined by the National Fire Protection Association.

Class A—ordinary combustibles. These include flaming wastebaskets, smoldering sofas, burning draperies; anything made of wood, paper or cloth. Plain, ordinary water, which cools the fire, is a good extinguisher, and there are many extinguishers using water-based materials on the market. It would be very smart, says the N.F.P.A., to have hose connections fitted under the kitchen sink and in the bathroom area. An important variation of this class of fire is burning clothing. Teach your children to roll on the floor or ground if their clothes catch fire, and remind everyone to act fast and wrap victims in rugs blankets to smother flames.

Class B—flammable liquids. Gasoli paint and oil come in this group. home the most common form is blazi fat in a frying pan or oven. When f flames in the kitchen, immediately tu off gas or electricity and cover the p or shut the oven door to smother flam The carbon dioxide (CO_2) or dr chemical extinguishers are very effecti against this type of fire. Keep one in near the kitchen.

A "home remedy," less effective, course, but useful, is plain baking so Keep a pound box handy near the sto and if it's needed, throw, don't sprink on the flames. Salt is too coarse to shut c the air and smother the flames, and flo or baking powder can be dangerous i cause they may explode like dust—a this may spread the fire. Importa don't use water or water-based ext guishers on this kind of blaze; it spl ters the flames.

Class C—electrical fires. Smolderi cords, burning motors of applianc wires smoking in walls—these fires ha special hazards because of the danger electrical shock. Unplug the applian or shut off the electricity at the m switch near the fuse box if you c safely, without getting burned. If y are absolutely certain the power is o you can use water; if the electricity still connected, then a dry-chemical CO_2 extinguisher must be used.

Dry-chemical extinguishers have m fire-fighting capacity per pound, but t CO_2 ones are effective; prices of b vary widely, depending on capacity a materials. Dry-chemical extinguish usually have a 2½-5-pound capac and cost between $10 and $25; C extinguishers come in 2–5-pound siz and cost up to $45. There is also a mu purpose dry-chemical extinguish good for all classes of fires, costing fr $20 to $40.

The National Fire Protection As ciation gives this advice on choosing a handling all extinguishers:

1. Make certain any fire extinguis you purchase carries at least one of following approvals: Underwriters L oratories, Underwriters Laboratories Canada, Factory Mutual.

2. Too-small devices give a feeling false safety. For instance, "beer-size" extinguishers are much too sm to be effective. (A good extinguisher, the way, costs at least $10.) Too-la extinguishers can also be a snare if th are too heavy to lift and awkward handle. Lift them before you buy.

3. Have all extinguishers checked least once a year.

4. Read instructions and have a " run" with a new extinguisher so yo know how to use it in an emerger This is important because the ex guisher's total operating time may b short as eight to 10 seconds (for sm dry-chemical devices) or a minute 2½-gallon water pumps).

As an acting fire chief, it's import to plan the fire-emergency routine thoroughly it becomes nearly automa Make certain that in every room th is an unobstructed access to at least exits (doors and windows).

Work out and discuss with all m bers of your family the best esc routes and methods.

If there should be a fire, remem first to see that everybody is safe; ond, phone the fire department, *then* fight the fire.



New Gala may be the prettiest paper towel ever made.

At least, it's the newest, and it makes its bow with a full wardrobe of color borders.
(Blush pink, ice blue, and a so-right yellow.)

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*The pretty paper towel that's 2 layers thick.

Three New Love Poems

by one of the greatest poets of our time,

ROBERT GRAVES

ONG: THE FAR SIDE F YOUR MOON

he far side of your moon
is black,
And glorious grows the
vine;
sk anything of me you
lack,
But only what is mine.

ours is the great wheel of
the sun,
And yours the unclouded
sky;
hen take my stars, take
every one,
But wear them openly.

alking in splendour through
the plain
For all the world to see,
nce none alive shall view
again,
The match of you and me.

ELIVERANCE

ing disembodied under the
trees
heir slender trunks
converged above us
ke rays of a five-fold star)
we heard
sudden whinnying from
the dark hill.

ur implacable demon, foaled
by love,
ever knew rein or saddle;
though he drank
om a stream winding by,
his blue pastures
anged far out beyond the
stellar mill.

e had seared us two so
close together
at death itself might not
disjoin us;
was impossible you could
love me less,
was impossible I could
love you more.

e were no calculating lovers
t gasped in awe at our
deliverance
om a too-familiar prison,
d vainly puzzled how it
was that now
e should never need to
build another,
each, time after time,
had done before.



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Ortho

WILD CYCLAMEN

"What can I do for you?" she asked
gently.
I reached for pen and paper: "Draw
me flowers!"
She pursed her lips—o, the smooth
brown forehead,
The smooth lids drooped, intent on
their task!—
And drew me wild Majorcan
cyclamen
(Not yet in season) extravagantly
petalled,
Then laughed and tossed me back
the picture.
"It is nothing," she said; yet that
cyclamen odour
Hung heavy in the room for a long while;
And when she was gone, I caught myself
smiling
In her own crooked way, trying to make
my eyes
Sparkle like hers, though ineffectually,
Till I fell asleep; for this was my sick-bed
And her visits brief, by order.

It's In Your Mind

Useful News of Psychology and Psychiatry

By BARBARA SEAMAN

Female Strategy: Women are more mistrustful than men, but women do trust men more than they do other women. So says Dr. Anatol Rapoport, mathematician-psychologist at the University of Michigan. He has been experimenting with a laboratory game where players can win money. They are allowed six seconds to push either of two buttons, one marked C for cooperation, the other marked D for defection. If both players push C, then both win money. If both push D, they both lose money. But there is a catch: If one pushes C while the other pushes D, the cooperator loses and the defector wins a bonus. It is like cold-war strategy—if two countries disarm, all is well. If both stockpile bombs, nobody wins. And if one disarms and the other does not, disaster is in the making.

In the Ann Arbor strategy games, cooperation between men is about twice as high as cooperation between women. Most games begin politely, but within a few rounds defections start. After that it takes two men about 30 plays to recover trust in each other and finish the game to mutual advantage. But women get locked in a D-button cold war, and it takes 150 rounds before they will move back to cooperation.

When mixed couples play, they start with a higher level of cooperation than if they were playing with their own sex. But the attraction of the sexes does not prevent war from starting eventually. Recovery of trust between the mixed couples comes faster than it does with two women playing, but not as fast as with two males.

Blue Bachelors: Single men are the most unhappy and neurotic group in the population, according to Dr. Genevieve Knupfer of the California State Department of Public Health. She conducted a study comparing four groups: single men, single women, married men, and married women. The bachelors are the unhappiest, and the married women rank next, followed by single women. Married men are the happiest.

All women are more troubled by anxiety and fears than men, according to this study, but single men are more anxious than married men, even though they have less responsibility. Dr. Knupfer found more severe neurotic symptoms in men than in women, but again the unmarried men were worse off than the husbands. These findings are "contrary to the popular view of marriage as a triumph for women and a defeat for men," Dr. Knupfer says.



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AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

Tight Little Wagon: The traditional idea of Alcoholics Anonymous is that the problem drinker is never cured; his only salvation is total abstinence. But an increasing number of psychiatrists are beginning to question this theory. Some rehabilitated alcoholics can—and do—resume social drinking, say researchers at the University of Cincinnati's Alcoholism Clinic. They checked up on 32 problem drinkers who had been treated four years previously. Ten had slipped back into alcoholism, 11 were on the wagon, and, surprisingly, 11 others had become normal drinkers. The normal drinkers were doing as well as the abstainers in their jobs, family lives, and overall health.

In fact, they were doing better than some of the abstainers, who had withdrawn from normal social contacts and suffered anxiety attacks and psychosomatic symptoms.

Bid for Attention: An interfering mother-in-law may deliberately provoke arguments in her son's or daughter's family—just because she feels that she is being ignored.

She will be critical of the young people's household management or child rearing, because attention, even if hostile, is preferable to a silent and lonely peace. Researchers at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, who reached this conclusion, find that American culture denies grandmothers the importance and satisfactions that they enjoy in most other countries. Even the self-sufficient, modern grandmother who lets her grown children "live their own lives" misses them more than she openly admits. The interfering mother-in-law is likely to be a woman who married young, is a widow, and never had many interests outside her home and family. She becomes less of a problem when she is shown why she picks quarrels and when her grown children learn to include her in the family circle.

Normal Nonentities: Is our definition of mental health too limited? Some researchers are beginning to suggest that our present standards of good adjustment are too bland. Perhaps what we have been calling normal is actually a too-passive and unquestioning adaptation to our environment.

For instance, Dr. Henry L. Rossett and his colleagues at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital have evaluated 100 scientists and engineers. A majority of them would be rated "compulsive personalities" by current mental-health standards: overconscientious, exacting, precise. But perhaps that makes them good at their jobs.

The Survivor Syndrome: Sidney Lumet's gripping movie, *The Pawnbroker*, does not exaggerate the turmoil of concentration-camp survivors. Psychiatrists Henry Krystal of Detroit and William Niederland of New York studied 149 such victims. Many who appeared to adjust well initially have grown increasingly tormented over the years. All but a handful have chronic anxiety reactions, particularly to policemen and soldiers. They live with a constant expectation of disaster. They have severe headaches and the same kind of confusional states portrayed by Rod Steiger in his dramatic performance.

The pitiable condition of the concentration-camp survivor 20 years later is one more argument for "working through" tragic experiences.

Many psychiatrists feel that there is really no such thing as putting your past behind you.

When loss and grief occur, a person should feel free to mourn as long as necessary. The person who tries to be too brave or to pick up the pieces too quickly is risking a rebound. **END**



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CTURE

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!

Dear Betty Crocker,

My mother-in-law is coming to dinner for the first time. She's an excellent cook.

I'm scared stiff.



Dear Scared Stiff, Here's a way to shine without outshining your mother-in-law. She'd never forgive you.

When you invite your in-laws, *tell* your ther-in-law you're nervous. Go ahead—ll be flattered.

ow here's the battle plan:

Mock Tenderloin
Mushroom Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Chive Buttered Carrots
Tomatoes Vinaigrette
Cherry Top-over Cake
Coffee

his is a fine meal, but not a showy one. purpose.

Mock Tenderloin

lock Tenderloin will impress her with smart way you handle money. Her son's ey. Real tenderloin costs a fortune, so use a clever substitute.

uy a less expensive 3-lb. eye-of-the-nd roast. There will be enough left over another meal. Ask the butcher to trim lard it. (You don't have to know what means—but pretend to.) Rub with sea-d, instant meat tenderizer. It tells you on the tenderizer label. Place roast ed side up on a rack in a foil-lined pan. st at 425° for 50 to 55 minutes if you t it rare, 60 to 65 minutes for medium . (If you use a meat thermometer, you possibly make a mistake.) Remove t from oven and serve at once—it will rusty-brown on the outside, juicy-pink he inside. While your husband carves, th for a proud "what-did-I-tell-you" ce at his mother.

Mushroom Gravy

on't frantically try to make it at the last te from the meat drippings. (Save drip-s for tomorrow's gravy—you'll have e time.) Today, before the guests come, bine 1 can (10½ oz.) beef bouillon, 2 of my Gold Medal Wondra Flour, ¼ sp. salt, and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Add 2 tbsp. butter and heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute, add bottled brown bouquet sauce until you get the color you like. Stir in 1 can (3 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained. Now turn off the heat and forget it. Just heat it up 5 minutes before the meat is done.

Mashed Potatoes

Use 1 package of ready-mashed Potato Buds, following directions. She'll think you boiled and mashed the potatoes from scratch.

Chive Buttered Carrots

Melt ½ cup butter in skillet. Add 2 cans (1 lb. each) whole carrots, drained. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. seasoned salt and 1 tbsp. chopped chives. Heat slowly, about 15 minutes, over very low heat. Turn several times to make sure carrots are nicely glazed.

Tomatoes Vinaigrette

A very French sort of salad. 3 hours before dinner, arrange 4 very thick tomato slices in a pie pan. Pour on ⅔ cup bottled oil and vinegar dressing, sprinkle with instant minced onion and parsley flakes, and cover with plastic wrap. During the next 3 hours, baste the tomatoes once or twice with the dressing.

To serve, arrange lettuce on individual salad plates and top each with a tomato slice and a little dressing.

Cherry Top-over Cake

Relax. If you could manage Toll House Cookies in Home Ec, you can manage this Cherry Top-over Cake.

Make it in the morning and warm it in the oven while you're eating.

Early in the day, spread a 1-lb. 5-oz. can of cherry pie filling in a 9x9x2″ square cake pan. Bake about 5 minutes at 350° to heat the filling.

Meanwhile, make the cake batter. You will need a package of my new Betty Crocker Almond Crème Cake Mix. Follow directions on the package. Pour 2½ cups of the batter over the heated pie filling, bake 40 to 45 minutes. Cool. Cover with aluminum foil.

(While you're at it, you might use the leftover batter to make an extra little cake for tomorrow. Bake in 9 x 1½″ greased layer pan for 30 to 35 minutes.)

At serving time, remove the roast from the oven, turn off the heat, and place cherry cake in the still-warm oven for 30 minutes. Cut cake into squares and serve upside down with toasted almond ice cream.

Just one more hint. Don't let your mother-in-law help in the kitchen. You'll feel you're being watched and you'll get jittery. Say very sweetly, "Mother, this is your day off. Let me spoil you just this once." She'll melt.

Still Scared Stiff? I thought not! You'll do beautifully, I promise you. For more company dinner ideas, write to me for a free booklet I've called "George, Your Wife's a Marvelous Cook!" My address is Betty Crocker, Box 97D, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55460. I'd love to help.



Shimmering Salads

Gelatin salads are always appropriate, whether you're planning an elegant holiday feast or a simple everyday meal—refreshing to the eye as well as to the palate. With a package or two of gelatin, some fresh, canned or frozen fruits or vegetables and a pretty mold, you can create a salad that is not merely a side dish but the center of attention. New flavors, such as Spiced Pear and Pink Grapefruit, add more variety and scope to the old favorites, without adding more work. And besides being nourishing and economical, gelatin salads are a boon to busy housewives. They can be prepared quickly in advance, then kept for days in the refrigerator until you're ready to serve them.

SECRETS OF UNMOLDING: Rinse chilled serving plate in cold water. This will make it easy to center the mold without breaking it. For a ring or other shallow mold, dip quickly into warm, not hot, water. Run tip of small metal spatula or knife around edge of gelatin. Place serving plate on top of mold, hold tightly and invert quickly. Shake once or twice, holding plate and mold firmly, then lift mold. Molded gelatin should slip out easily. If it doesn't, repeat process. For a deeper mold, place a warm, damp towel over the inverted mold for a few minutes, then proceed as above. Garnish; chill 5 to 10 minutes and serve.

BLACK-AND-WHITE TOWER: Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water; dissolve over hot water in double boiler. Stir in 1 Tb. sugar and 1 pkg. (3 oz.) softened cream cheese; remove from heat. Beat ½ cup heavy cream until it forms soft peaks; fold into gelatin-and-cheese mixture. Pour into deep 1½-qt. mold; chill until firm but still sticky on top. (This will prevent top and bottom layers from separating when unmolded.) Meanwhile, dissolve 1 pkg. black-cherry-flavor gelatin in 1 c up boiling water; add 1 cup chilled orange juice. Chill until partially set; add 1½ cups drained, canned, pitted black Bing cherries (reserve a few cherries for garnish), 1 jar (10 oz.) drained mandarin orange sections (reserve a few orange sections for garnish), ½ cup chopped walnuts. Pour over cream-cheese layer; chill a few hours or until firm; unmold. Garnish with greens, the reserved cherries and orange sections. Serves 6–8.

VEGETABLE-CHEESE WHIRL: Dissolve 1 pkg. mixed-vegetable-flavor gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¼ cup vinegar, ¾ cup cold water. While gelatin thickens slightly in the refrigerator, cook 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables, following pkg. directions; cool. Combine cooked vegetables with gelatin, ½ cup finely cubed Cheddar cheese, ¼ cup finely diced, drained canned pimiento, ¼ tsp. salt. Pour into 1-qt. mold. Chill a few hours or until firm. Unmold on bed of chicory; top with mayonnaise. Serves 4–6.

HERBED CELERY SALAD: Dissolve 1 pkg. celery-flavor gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 2 Tb. vinegar, 1 cup cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Combine gelatin with ½ cup each chopped green pepper and unpeeled, thinly sliced cucumber, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, 2 tsp. each freeze-dried (or fresh) minced chives, chopped fresh parsley, ¼ tsp. each dried tarragon and dill. Pour into 1-qt. ring mold. Chill a few hours or until firm. Unmold; fill center of mold with cottage cheese; garnish with parsley sprigs. Serves 4–6.

CHERRY CREAM: Dissolve 1 pkg. cherry-flavor gelatin in 1 cup grape juice, heated to boiling point. Chill a few hours or until firm. Thoroughly whip with rotary beater, electric mixer, or blender. Combine with 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream, 1 can (1 lb., 4½ oz.) drained crushed pineapple. Pour into 1-qt. mold. Chill a few hours or until firm. Unmold; garnish with greens. Serves 4.

JELLIED CABBAGE SLAW: Dissolve 1 pkg. lime-flavor gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; cool. Combine with 1 c mayonnaise, 1½ cups finely shredded r cabbage, ½ cup diced green pepper, cup shredded raw carrot, ¼ cup chopp pecans, ⅛ tsp. salt. Pour into 6-c ring mold. Chill a few hours or u firm. Unmold; garnish with carrot cu and green-pepper rings. Serves 4–6.

FESTIVE ORANGE DELIGHT: Disso 1 pkg. orange-flavor gelatin in 1 c boiling water; add 1 cup cold wat Chill until slightly thickened. Comb with 1 can (1lb., 4½ oz.) drained crush pineapple and 2 cups shredded raw c rots. Pour into 1½-qt. ring mold. C until firm. Unmold on bed of greens; t with mixture of ½ cup mayonnaise a 2 Tb. orange juice. Serves 4–6.

QUICK TOMATO ASPIC: Dissolve 1 p celery-flavor gelatin in 1 cup tom juice, heated to boiling point; cool. Co bine with ¾ cup chilled tomato juice Tb. each vinegar and lemon juice, tsp. paprika. Chill until slightly thi ened. Blend in ½ cup each finely di celery, green pepper, minced oni Pour into 1-qt. ring mold. Chill a f hours or until firm. Unmold; garn with ripe olives and greens; top w Sour Cream-Lemon Dressing. *For S Cream-Lemon Dressing:* Combine 1 cups dairy-fresh sour cream, 2 T lemon juice, 1½ tsp. salad oil, 1 sm crushed clove garlic, ½ tsp. salt, ⅛ t white pepper. Serves 4–6.

STRAWBERRY-APRICOT MOLD: D solve 1 pkg. strawberry-flavor gela in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup c apricot nectar. Chill until partially s Combine with 1 pkg. (10 oz.) thaw frozen strawberries, 1 can (1 lb.) drain peeled and quartered apricots. P into 1-qt. mold. Chill a few hours until firm. Unmold; garnish with gree Serves 4.

LAYERED APPLE-PEAR SALAD: D solve 2 pkg. spiced-pear-flavor gela in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1½ c cold water to dissolved gelatin. Slice 1 (1 lb., 14 oz.) drained pear halves i long strips; arrange in rows in shall 7½x11-inch pan. Pour gelatin over t Peel and slice 1 large eating apple; range slices on top of gelatin. (Ap slices will float, pear slices will rem on the bottom.) Chill a few hours or u firm. Cut into 6 squares and serve w mixture of ½ cup mayonnaise and Tb. canned-pear liquor. Serves 6.

CHERRY-CHEESE SALAD: Dissolve pkgs. lemon-flavor gelatin in 2 c boiling water. Drain 1 can (1 lb., 4½ o pitted Royal Ann cherries; reserve syr Add enough cold water to the syrup make 2 cups; add to dissolved gela with 1 Tb. lemon juice. Chill u slightly thickened. Cut ½ pkg. (3 o cream cheese into small cubes; stuff cherries with the cream-cheese cub Fill 8 individual molds with stuf cherries and gelatin. Chill a few hours until firm. Unmold; serve in lettuce c with fruit-salad dressing. Serves 8.

SHERRIED GRAPEFRUIT: Dissolve pkg. pink-grapefruit-flavor gelatin i cup boiling water; add ½ cup cold wat ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup dry she and ⅛ tsp. salt. (Or, use ¾ cup wa and ¼ cup lemon juice.) Stir; c until partially set. Add 1 pkg. (12 o thawed frozen melon balls. Pour int individual salad molds. Chill a few ho or until firm. Unmold; garnish each w a spoonful of softened cream chee Serves 4. —PAULA STON



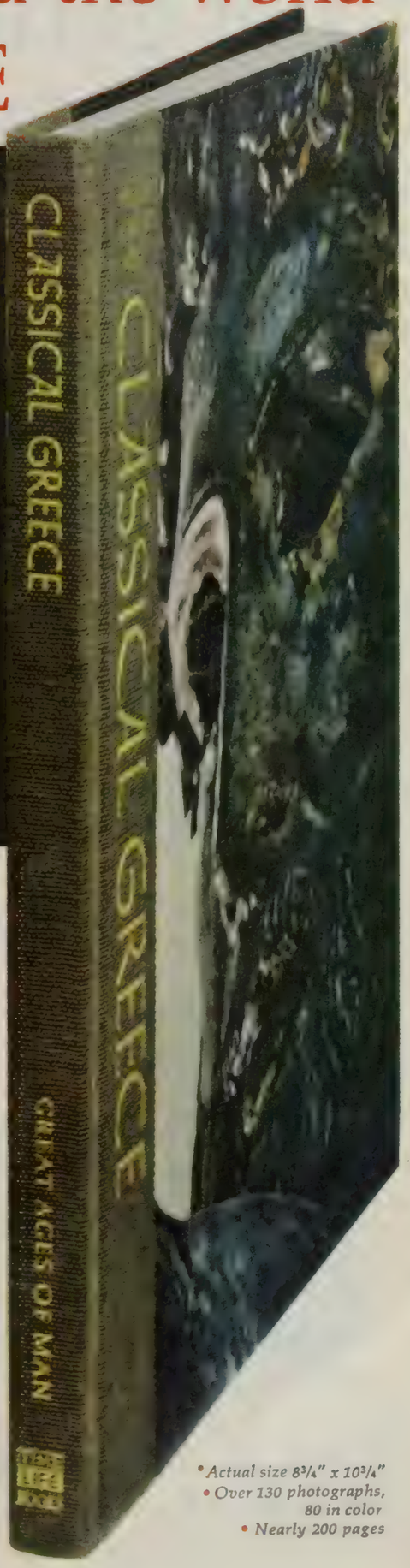
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conceived the first real democracy, yet they kept ves in it... they preached moderation, yet their ness for frenzy" shocked even the barbarians... they he world's greatest warriors, yet their battle plans often based on eclipses and the entrails of birds... hanged the whole course of civilization, yet they 't change themselves in order to survive... they across Western history like a comet, and burned e one.

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n by Sir Maurice Bowra, one of today's foremost ans, CLASSICAL GREECE is the first in a new series of ant intellectual adventures brought to you by the of TIME-LIFE Books. Under the heading, GREAT OF MAN, each volume presents one of the high one of the most inspired periods in human history. rfect marriage of text and pictures, they capture for you the great forward leaps of man's imagination in every field of his endeavor.

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Get all you want out of your dishwasher... put fortified Electrasol into it!

HOW AMERICA LIVES

continued from page 85

Ashamed to ask for any further help, the Greens were thenceforth on their own with this stubborn and immensely powerful mare. Once they managed to get her tied to a fence post, but she reared back, broke the rope and sat down in her oat bucket. The Greens felt that this humiliation would chasten her, but it did not. She absolutely refused even to be led. "One day I pulled and hauled at her until she followed me for two steps," says Louise Green. "I felt as if I had conquered the world."

They bought three steers, and Mrs. Green and her daughters undertook to drive them from the pasture to the barnyard, to be fed grain for fattening. Obviously, thought Mrs. Green, the steers would be afraid to cross the shallow but wide irrigation ditch that lay in between. So she used psychology; she and her daughters spent two hectic hours on horseback driving the steers the roundabout way out into the road, up the road to their driveway and over the driveway into the barnyard. The steers, wanting no part of confinement, promptly took off for the fields again—taking a shortcut, with total contempt for Mrs. Green's animal psychology, right through the irrigation ditch. She knew when she was defeated. After that, instead of trying to bring the steers to the grain, she meekly walked out into the fields and delivered a grain bucket to the steers.

As a 4-H Club project, daughter Cecily decided to raise pigs; and the Greens bought a pregnant mamma pig, 400 pounds of unbeautiful menace. As Louise Green recalls it, "A truck pulled up and this great big ugly thing got out—with that snout and all those terrible teeth. The horses took one look and ran to hide in the farthest corner of the pasture. I was even more scared than the horses, but I couldn't hide."

Before the first litter was born, all the neighbors warned them that they would have to be around to pull each baby away from the mother, lest it be crushed to death. "They also kept telling us," Louise Green remembers vividly, "about all the people they had known who got killed trying to do this." The pigs started arriving one midnight. Bill Green gritted his teeth, tried to forget everything he had heard about what a dangerous animal his 400-pound obstetrical patient could be, and manfully lifted each pig into a box as it was born. Twelve pigs later, the Greens got to bed at 3 A.M.—dead tired, but feeling lucky to be unscarred.

Even the vegetables that Louise Green tried to grow for their own table seemed determined to thwart her. She planted watermelons, and got a strange-looking crop of greenish little swellings vaguely resembling zucchini. "We think maybe the watermelons cross-pollinated with our squash and we had some kind of mongrel," she says. "But we were determined to be just as stubborn as Mother Nature, so we ate it anyway." Their prize vegetable that year was a beet that was slightly bigger than a cantaloupe—a dubious triumph because even an amateur gardener is supposed to know that beets taste best when harvested small. Besides, none of the Greens had ever cared for beets.

The ranch needed new fences. They had the posts put in by a professional, but Louise Green sawed and nailed on the cross boards. The house needed e larging, and when the additions we finished, Mrs. Green did the painti "I painted the inside of our house Westchester, and now I've painted t outside of this one," she says with so pride. "I guess I'm getting strong as I get older."

Then there was the matter of irrig tion. Six months a year, the Greens ha to water their land, or watch the pa tures dry up. Their tractor runs a pur that pulls water out of the irrigati ditch and sends it through 30 lengt of 30-foot pipe, to sprinklers out in t pastures. The pipes can water an ac at a time, and the pastures total usable acres. So every morning t Greens have to haul the 30 heavy pip to a new location, and every eveni they have to move them again, to a other spot where the sprinklers run night. After the 25th day, the job complete—except that they have start all over.

Louise Green, former Westchest matron, has escaped the hectic suburb life to a life in which all she has to do haul pipes twice a day, saw fence boar drive the pigs, keep the weeds out of h vegetable garden and make sure t horses, sheep and cattle stay out trouble—and work 40 hours a week her Christmas-tree ornaments.

As for Bill Green, fugitive from t frantic pace of the big city, things ha worked out like this:

On a recent summer day he got up 6 A.M. Reason: the water pump w broken, and no water was flowing in the moisture-hungry pastures. He to

CHRYSALIS

By Muriel Spark

We found it on a bunch of grapes an
put it
In cotton wool, in a matchbox partly
open,
In a room in London in wintertime,
and in
A safe place, and then forgot it.

Early in the cold spring we said, "See
this!
Where on earth did the butterfly com
from?"
It looked so unnatural whisking abou
the curtain:
Then we remembered the chrysalis.
There was the broken shell with wha
was once
The head askew; and what was once
the worm
Was away out of the window, out of
the warm,
Out of the scene of the small violence

Not strange, that the pretty creature
formalised
The virtue of its dark unconscious w
For pincers of light to come and pick
it out.
But it was a bad business, our being
surprised.

© 1966 by Muriel Spark

the pump apart, cleaned it, greased it, put it back together—and was simultaneously pleased to see that the water was flowing again and alarmed to note that he was late for work. A corporation vice president can arrive late or leave early and still know that the payroll is being met. The man who owns his own business, as Bill Green has discovered, cannot.

At the office, he quickly wrote some business letters, on his own typewriter for lack of secretarial help. "It's been a long time," he observed nostalgically, "since anybody typed a letter for me." Then he dashed to the KLOV microphones to conduct an hour-long interview with a professor from Colorado State University, a job that many big-city radio announcers would consider a day's work in itself. Afterward, not stopping even for a cup of coffee, he dashed out to try to sell some advertising. In late afternoon, he dashed back to wrestle with problems of programming, news coverage and the purchase of some new broadcasting equipment.

As he struggled to catch up with the work on his desk, a friend dropped in to say goodbye before leaving on vacation. "I used to get a full month every summer at the advertising agency," Bill Green said. "Here I haven't had a month in all the four years I've owned the station." He might have added that he has not taken all his Sundays off, and very few Saturdays.

It was after 6 P.M. when Bill Green got home. He immediately changed into work clothes and helped move the irrigation pipes, then had a quick supper. It was daughter Cecily's night to practice formation riding with her 4-H horsemanship club; so he had to hurry to get her horse Cyclone into the family's two-horse trailer. He hauled the horse to the fairgrounds, watched the two-hour riding practice, then persuaded Cyclone back into the trailer and drove home. It was now 10 P.M.; he had been on the go for 16 hours, and he looked forward to a good night's sleep—but his wife had bad news for him. The tractor had blown up. The water had stopped again.

Even one night's failure of the irrigation system can result in tragedy; so Bill Green took a flashlight and walked down to the irrigation ditch. The tractor had boiled over, fouling the spark plugs with rust; the engine refused to start. He worked on the plugs until 11 P.M., then, too tired to keep going, gave up.

As he dropped into bed, he made sure the alarm was still set for 6 A.M., so that he could get the tractor started before he left for the office. He had a dream in which he was told that the tractor engine had been ruined by overheating—a dream that, as things turned out, proved to be absolutely prophetic.

It was a routine day in the leisurely life of a small-town businessman and gentleman rancher, far from the hurly-burly of Manhattan.

The frying-pan-and-fire aspects of the Greens' working schedules have their funny side; some other problems the Greens have faced do not. East is East and West is West, and they do not always talk the same language. That matter of dinner or supper, for example. When the Greens first arrived in Loveland a friendly couple invited them for dinner—and they would have committed the unpardonable sin of failing to show up had they not thought to check on the possibility that dinner might be served at noon.

Louise Green also has one new friend who candidly states that she does not ordinarily care for anyone who lives even east of Lincoln Avenue—that being the main street running north and south through Loveland.

In the Westchester suburbs and the New York business world, Louise and Bill Green knew instinctively whom to call by first names. In Loveland they have made—or suspect they have made—some embarrassing mistakes. In the place they had lived for so many years, they knew by experience and hearsay whom to trust and whom to keep an eye on. In Loveland they have made some mistakes that cost them money.

They get homesick. One of Mrs. Green's happiest times recently came when her eldest daughter, now married and living near the old family home in Westchester, visited Loveland—and they could sit down and talk about old times and old friends. Another time, a visitor from New York dropped in at the radio station, and Bill Green spent a full hour reminiscing about the New York restaurants where he and his old friends had so many pleasant luncheons.

And they do get weary. As Louise Green puts it, "Bill gets home from the radio station dead tired and just doesn't feel like going out and fixing the pump. Then the pump gets working again, and the tractor goes out. If it isn't one thing, it's another."

The move—perhaps like all family moves—has been especially difficult for the children. Adolescent social life in Loveland seems, at least to Louise Green as a mother, to be considerably more high-keyed, hectic and, indeed, snobbish than in Westchester. More boys have their own cars and big allowances. The Green children, since their father was a respected businessman, started with the in-group. Being mavericks in Loveland society, they have drifted away to the out-group—and, as Mrs. Green puts it, "There isn't enough population here to provide a sufficient number of congenial friends for the outs." How are parents to help their children adjust to a society which they themselves still do not quite understand? "I knew how to rear children in the East," says Louise Green, "but I don't know how to rear them out here."

"I work a lot harder here for a lot less money," says Bill Green—and when he says a *lot* less money, he means it. He has been plowing most of the station's earnings back into improvements and a larger staff, and has been taking home less pay, as boss and owner, than his assistant manager.

But KLOV is not what it once was. Bill Green has increased the staff from three to 10; he offers Loveland more than three hours a day of concentrated local news coverage; on his interview programs he has presented lively discussions of Vietnam, the Congo and the philosophy of Albert Schweitzer. His radio editorials helped get Loveland a better hospital administration and probation system. He takes a special pride in giving Loveland good music and keeping rock 'n' roll off the air. ("One of the big companies recently sent us a record called *Let's Go All the Way,*" he points out. "I played it and found it meant exactly what it sounded like, and I took a great delight in turning it over to one of the local ministers instead of putting it on the air.")

Bill Green likes dealing with small businessmen who make their own decisions right on the spot, instead of with corporate subcommittees that sometimes never reach a conclusion. He likes the fact that, as he puts it, "I know at nine o'clock every morning exactly how much income we had the previous day up to eight P.M. when we *(continued)*



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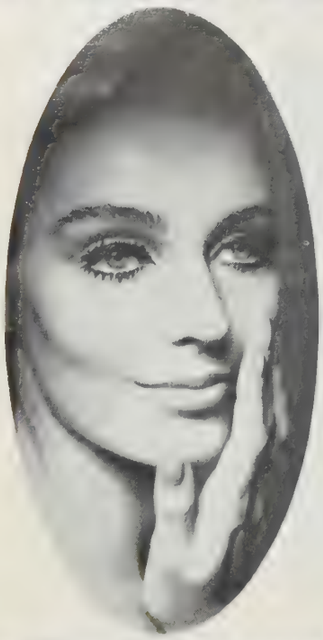
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went off the air." He is proud that he has doubled KLOV's gross receipts.

He gets his joys as well as headaches at the ranch: "You know what happened while I was fixing that pump? The little filly that was foaled last spring came up and pulled out my shirttail. She's going to be a prize, that filly."

Louise Green concedes, "If we had known everything we were going to face, we might have pulled back."

But she also adds, "Sometimes I wonder how I ever managed to bring up children anywhere but on a ranch. The things the children help us do here are *important*—they give us a bond of pride and accomplishment and mutual joy that mowing the lawn in Westchester never could give us. We're never going to be millionaires, but we've got all the things that people would like to buy with a million dollars."

Her husband, she says, "is an entirely different man now; he's happy, and I would never have said that before. In fact, all of us, even when we're not laughing out loud, are living pleased."

To be sure, Louise Green had to give up her radio show. Her skis lie unused. "But this is partly my own fault," she says. "Every time I see five hours of leisure ahead, I plan ten hours of wonderful and useful things to do. I've always been one to build a cathedral, not just lay a brick.

"Yes, it's maddening, when I'm in the midst of making my ornaments, to see the water go off, and have to drop everything and rush down to the irrigation ditch to try to fix the tractor or the pump. But sometimes, after I've done that, I jump into the ditch, just as I am—this wonderful air dries your clothes out in a hurry—and float with the current back to the house. I look at the banks of the ditch and all the wild flowers and the insects, and I tell myself, people pay thousands of dollars to psychiatrists to get this kind of peace of mind."

Can a big-city family successfully battle the tide of population and be happy with a small-city job and a ranch?

The story of the Greens proves that the answer is *of course*—especially if the big-city family happens to have remarkable courage, endless patience and an indomitable sense of humor. **END**

The High Cost of Ranching

These are the expenditures of the Green family (four persons living at home) during the past year just on those items that are related to running their ranch of 50 usable pasture acres and a small garden:

Seed and fertilizer for pastures	$1,000
Purchase of animal	400
Feed for animals	800
Veterinarian services	400
Stud fees	100
Horseshoeing	48
Insect sprays	100
Bridles and other equipment	30
Training of horses for show	50
Garden seed and plants	8
Tractor and pump repairs	100
City water (including water for animals in winter)	300
Electricity (including power for garden pump)	200
Property taxes (including fee for irrigation water)	375
Gasoline for pumping irrigation water	895
Gas for heating ranch house	400
Telephone	72
Insurance on property and animals (accidental death only)	150
	$5,428

KENNEDY CHILDREN

continued from page 68

for breakfast. There was no hurry; Caroline did not have to go to school in the solarium on the third floor until nine, and on this day she would not be paying her usual visit to her father's office on the ground floor. Every day she had just 10 minutes with President Kennedy before joining her school friends. But now her parents were in Texas; so Caroline went off to school after breakfast, while John and I went for a walk.

Our conversation revolved around upcoming birthdays. John would be three years old in three more days and two days later, Caroline would be six. Lunchtime was a bit of an occasion, because we had guests—Senator Edward Kennedy's two children, Teddy and Kara, plus their nurse, Miss O'Dowd. We all ate together in the dining room.

Miss O'Dowd left with her two charges at about 1:15 P.M. I was just thinking of putting John and Caroline down for their afternoon rest when the telephone rang in my room. It was an internal call, from Miss Nancy Tuckerman, Mrs. Kennedy's secretary.

"Miss Shaw?" Miss Tuckerman hesitated. "I have some bad news for you. I'm afraid the President has been shot."

I had to ask her to repeat the message—the President shot? Impossible! But yes, Miss Tuckerman was saying, the President has been shot while driving through Dallas, Texas—no details available. I remember saying something about hoping it was not serious, not thinking that he might be dead.

"That's all we know right now," Miss Tuckerman said. "I'll call you back as soon as I hear how he is."

In a worried mood, I went back to John and Caroline, who were in the sitting room of the family suite. Caroline was hunched up in an easy chair reading a book. John was lying on his stomach crayoning in a coloring book. It seemed the best thing to put them down for their rest right away. There was no point in saying anything about their father's being shot.

"Come along, children," I said, as brightly as possible. "It's time for your rest now." They went to their rooms without protests. John fell asleep, while Caroline lay on her bed reading her book. I went into my room for about 20 minutes, half expecting a call from Miss Tuckerman; but nothing happened. It never crossed my mind to switch on the TV set. About two o'clock I walked down the corridor toward the dining room and saw one of the children's Secret Service detail, Bob Foster, leaning against a doorpost. He looked quite ghastly.

I asked: "What's the matter? Are you all right?" It didn't occur to me that his appearance could be linked with the phone call from Miss Tuckerman. His eyes were full of tears.

"The President's dead," he said.

A hot-and-cold feeling swept over me as the shock of it hit. Mr. Foster's voice seemed to come from miles away. "Sit down." He took my arm and sat me in one of the corridor chairs. Then he put a hand over his face. The President was dead and there could be no mistake. The tragedy was written all over Bob Foster's face. I got up and walked in a daze to my room.

There I wept for the death of this good, kindly, able man; and for his wife, to whom this loss would be almost beyond bearing; and for the two little children. I loved them both, and it broke my heart to think of the shock that now lay in store for them.

To think that he would no longer call for them, his "John-John" and "Buttons," in those drawn-out Boston tones, to realize that they would no longer see his face light up at the sight of them . . . my black thoughts were not interrupted until about 4 o'clock, when Bob Foster reappeared.

"Miss Shaw," he said. "We have to get out of the White House by six o'clock. Mrs. Kennedy is flying back from Dallas and doesn't want the children around when she gets back. Hurry now, we haven't much time."

He helped to get the three suitcases always kept ready in my room for sudden moves. I began to throw some of my own things into my case—and then stopped to think.

"Where are we going?" I asked. But before Mr. Foster could answer, the telephone rang.

Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, wife of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, was on the line. "I think you'd better take the children to meet their mother," she said. "She's coming into Andrews Air Force Base at six."

It did not seem right to argue, but surely Mrs. Kennedy would not want to be met at the airfield by the children, who as yet knew nothing about their father's death.

"Oh, no," I said. "Surely not. Mrs. John Kennedy wouldn't want to see the children just now. Please don't ask that."

"All right, bring the children here," she said. "I can't think of anything else, can you? Anyway, I'll leave it to you. You know best what to do. . . ." She rang off.

Mr. Foster, still in the room, was very agitated. His orders from somewhere above were to get the children out of the White House. I racked my brain to think of the best place to take the children away from the turmoil. Then it came to me—the home of the children's grandmother, Mrs. Janet Auchincloss, a naturally sympathetic woman. I rang her number, and she answered immediately. We spoke for a long time, our conversation interrupted because neither of us could help crying. Mrs. Auchincloss was surprised that the children were to be moved from the White House.

"Bring them over here," Mrs. Auchincloss said. "This is the place for you all. Come and stay here. . . ."

It must have been after five by now, and we had to hurry. With Mr. Foster's help, I began throwing children's clothes into suitcases.

"We're going to grand-mère's," I told Caroline. "Fetch John—hurry now, we're going to dinner and maybe we'll stay there to sleep."

The children changed into their street clothes, and wrapped up well against the cold November wind. Two big Secret Service limousines were waiting at the back door. People were running and calling to each other, but I hurried the children along, talking to them about nothing, anything, just anxious to get them into the car and away. We drove across Washington to Georgetown. At the door of 3044 O Street, Mrs. Auchincloss was waiting. She had obviously been crying, but she received the children cheerfully, and kissed them. It was almost dinnertime by now, so the children went into the dining room and sat down.

We had finished dinner, and I was

king of getting the children up-
s, when a Secret Service car drew up
ide the house. A minute later, Mr.
er was in the hall, talking to Mrs.
incloss. He looked more harassed
ever.

Miss Shaw, I'm sorry, but we have
back to the White House immedi-
," he said. "Mrs. Kennedy is com-
ack tonight and wants the children
e house with her."

But I thought ——"

r. Foster interrupted me wearily.
sorry. Everything else has been
led. We have to go back."

ckily, our cases had not been un-
ed. Mrs. Auchincloss had them
ght while I got the children's coats.
roline and John were still in the
g room. I stepped outside the door
ke a deep breath to compose myself.

Children," I called, going into the room.
r me, what a night! We have to go
home now. Mummy wants us.
alline, be my bestest friend and help
on with his coat." Caroline clapped
and across her mouth to smother
ggle. It was all a big game just
. . .

Come on, John-John," she said in
most motherly tone. "Put your coat
We're going home again."

said hurried good-byes to Mrs.
incloss and climbed back into the
t drove quickly across the city and
gh the gates of the White House on
sylvania Avenue. Outside there
hundreds of people. Flashbulbs
ed as we drove in.

"What are all those people there for?"
ine asked.

"To see you," I said. She asked no
questions.

drew up at the back door of the
e House and hurried in. The place
blaze with lights. An usher took my
nd helped me through the door. He
nothing, just shook his head and
ed, squeezed my arm and hurried
. Inside all was confusion, a blur of
hurrying in all directions. I caught
of Mr. West, the chief usher, sit-
n a chair in the hall, looking utterly
A woman secretary ran along the
or crying. There was a shout, and
ble of voices came from somewhere
sight.

children hurried to the elevator,
ed by a Secret Service man with
ggage. As soon as we reached our
the telephone rang. It was an
saying that Mrs. Kennedy would
e coming straight back; she was
oing to the Bethesda Naval Hos-
with the President's body.

ore I got the children into bed the
rang another half dozen times.
time it brought news from the
and Secret Service, often contra-
y, about Mrs. Kennedy's move-
. The confusion was incredible.

ting the children off to bed was a
ful business. How could I conceal
elings? Once I left them in the bath
ent into my room just to be alone.
ed out of the window overlooking
lvania Avenue. The crowd had
ned now, spilling over the road
Lafayette Square. Thousands of
e stayed there all night.

ssages were still coming by phone,
didn't care much; I felt drained.
le in the corridors feet were scuf-
long while I toweled the children
ot them into nightclothes. By the
hey were ready for bed, I could
ger smile or join in their talk.



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I put John in his bed, said his prayers with him, tucked him down and went in to Caroline.

I started reading to her from one of her books—she loved this moment of the day—but after a few paragraphs I could no longer see the words. Caroline looked up, frowning with concern.

"Miss Shaw—why are you crying?"

So I told her, as gently as I could; it was my duty to do so. Caroline sobbed on my shoulder, and I comforted her; until, at last, she fell asleep. Then, from my own room next door, I telephoned her grandmother, Mrs. Auchincloss, and told her that Caroline now knew.

I rang the Secret Service afterward and asked if Mrs. Kennedy had returned to the White House. It appeared that she had gone to the Naval Hospital with the President's body, and would return to the White House late.

The next morning Caroline came into my room early, looking pale. John still did not know, and Caroline had the wisdom to say nothing while he was about. (Later, it was decided that Mr. Robert Kennedy could best tell John what had happened to his father.) Both the children, of course, wanted to go in and see their mother, but I told them it would be better if she were left to sleep.

Somehow the day dragged through. Mrs. Kennedy came into the nursery about 4 P.M. with her mother. She hugged her children, tears running down her cheeks. I managed to say that I would do anything for her that I could; and she replied that it (*continued*)

would be a great help if I could keep the children happy.

John was too young, of course, to grasp what was happening. The day before the President's funeral, when Mrs. Kennedy went to the Capitol to kneel by his casket, she took Caroline in with her, while I went with John and Bob Foster, the Secret Service man, for a walk around the building. One of the Capitol officials led us into a big office to wait until Mrs. Kennedy was ready to leave. In the office, John's attention was attracted to a large board, laid out with miniature flags of all nations. Our guide asked John if he would like one of the flags.

"Yes, please," he said. "And one for my sister, please." He was always good about remembering his sister. The official let him choose two flags; John hesitated.

"Please, may I have one for Daddy?"

His choice was a flag resembling his father's personal standard. He must have remembered what the President's standard was like.

Later that night, I told Mrs. Kennedy about this incident and asked her, "Would you like the flag?"

"Yes, please," she said. "I'd like that."

That little memento was later buried with the President. It seemed to me so poignant and fitting; for President Kennedy was buried on his son's third birthday.

For a week after President Kennedy's burial, Mrs. Kennedy saw visitors as needed, attended to her affairs, came to play with the children; but it was clear she was doing these things almost automatically.

All around us, changes were taking place. Within a day of the assassination, President Kennedy's secretary, Mrs. Lincoln, had begun removing his personal papers from his office. Lyndon Johnson, sworn in as President, was moving in. New faces appeared in the White House corridors, old faces disappeared.

Up on the second floor, I was doing everything possible to keep the children happy—all I *could* do to help Mrs. Kennedy. The children had missed having their birthday parties, so we held a combined party for them some days later. Mrs. Kennedy came to that noisy little affair, wearing a simple black dress without jewelry. She still looked pale and drawn, but smiled for the first time since the funeral.

John and Caroline each had eight little friends. We sat them at separate tables with a birthday cake each. We sang "Happy Birthday" to them, and waited on the tables, joining in their games after they had all eaten.

"I'm glad they are happy," Mrs. Kennedy said quietly when I stood next to her watching the children opening their presents. "Thank you for all you have done."

I took the opportunity to ask when we would be moving from the White House. She took a long look round the room, with its wallpaper depicting the War of Independence, and suddenly seemed to make up her mind.

"I want to go as quickly as possible," she said.

From the moment she made up her mind, Mrs. Kennedy worked swiftly to pack up and get away. Every porter, maid and hired hand in the White House was set to stripping the rooms of her china, porcelain, pictures, linen, carpets and the million and one things she had moved into the Presidential home during her three-year occupation. Trucks began drawing up at the doors of the White House and files of men moved in and out with packing cases. I saw the President's rocking chair for a moment on the lawn, before being lifted into a van—one of the sadder details which emphasized that we were preparing to leave the White House for good.

Up in the nursery, I had started sorting out the children's clothes and toys. It was a difficult task, for we would need some of them right away in the Georgetown house being lent us by Averell Harriman, and other stuff later, when we went down to Palm Beach for Christmas. The children's closets appeared to be packed with thousands of items not seen for months. In the end, toys and children's things filled some 40 packing cases.

The children were reluctant to pack anything of their own, and things had to be put into boxes when they weren't looking. As it was, three boxes had to be undone when Caroline missed her favorite doll, Raggedy Ann. It was found under her bed!—after I had spread the contents of three boxes all over the nursery floor.

The day we left was gray and overcast. Snow was in the air and the last of the leaves had been blown off the trees around the lawns. Mrs. Kennedy met us as we walked toward the elevator.

"All set?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. There was a lump in my throat as I walked down the corridor.

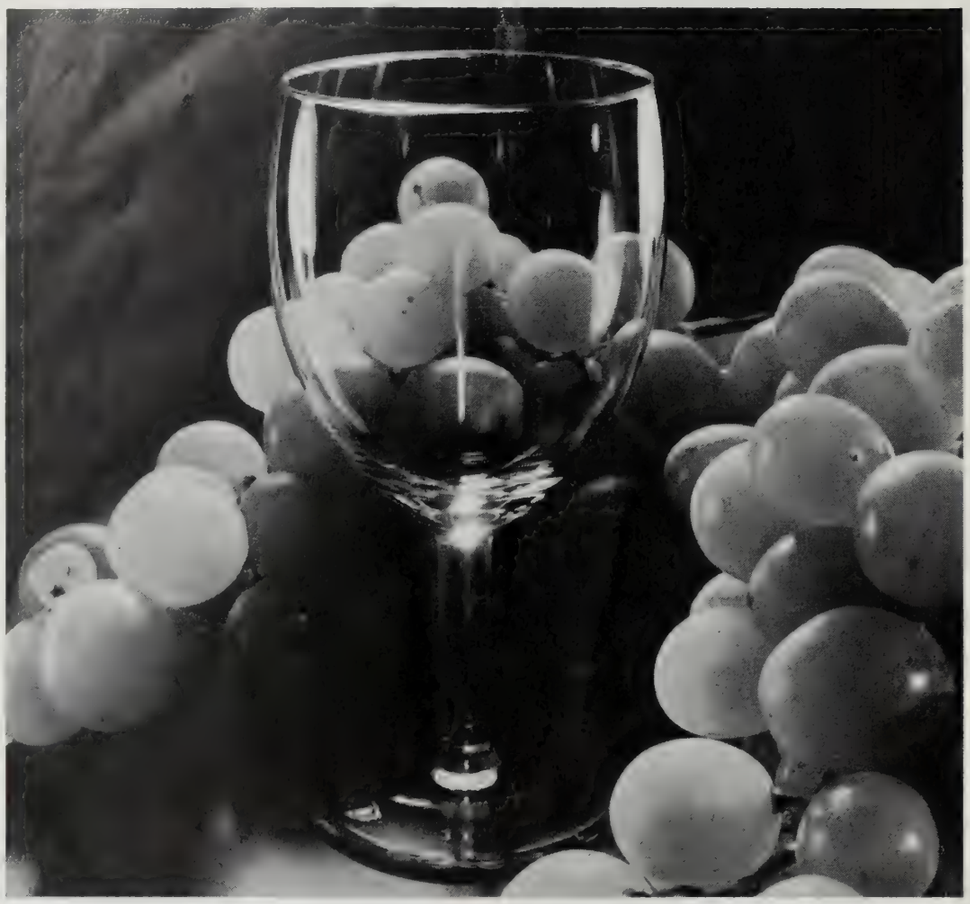
"Come along." Mrs. Kennedy touched my arm and motioned me into the elevator. We rode down in silence. Even the children said nothing until we got into the car and drove off, followed by our Secret Service car. Mr. Harriman's house on N Street was a lovely place. He had left some of the servants there to help us move in and take care of Mrs. Kennedy. Two White House maids had also come over to help unpack. I went with Caroline and John straight up to our rooms on the top floor. I remember John being put out at having to walk upstairs. He'd become used to the White House elevator.

In our rooms, we unpacked our suitcases. Caroline had brought her favorite toys—her doll's pram, her best dressing-up doll called Mary, her ever-faithful Raggedy Ann, and a toy poodle called Tinker Bell. John had brought his usual armory of guns and swords, and a few mechanical toys. He had been given a Marine uniform for his birthday a few days before and wore it almost constantly.

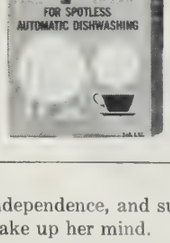
I went to bed that night, wondering what Christmas would be like this year at Palm Beach. Mrs. Kennedy had rented the usual house on the beach, near the President's father's home. Her sister, Princess Radziwill, and her husband and two children were to stay with us, as they always did. I decided to do all I could to help make it a happy time for the children.

Caroline was still attending school at the White House each day, escorted back and forth by the Secret Service men, who still shadowed the children everywhere. Mrs. Kennedy spent a lot of time going to Arlington Cemetery to visit the President's grave, and in praying alone at the church in Washington. John and I carried on our lives more or less normally. He played and scampered and chatted as much as ever, but his bright little face clouded over sometimes as he struggled to understand what had happened. He often asked why we were not living in the "other house," and it was with some relief that we eventually left Washington for Palm Beach.

It was in Palm Beach, during Christmas week, that Caroline asked me so many questions about her father. Was he happy in Heaven? Would God give him something to do? I reassured her



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and later I told Mrs. Kennedy about these talks. She was firmly of the opinion that the children, having had such a wonderful father, should grow up knowing all about him. It was her aim to make her children proud of their father so that they were always aware of what he was, and who he was. And I think she has succeeded well in now having substituted pride in his achievements and his memory for lingering sorrow at his death.

We returned to Washington in January, 1964. By then Mrs. Kennedy had completed negotiations to buy a house of her own, just across N Street, at number 3017. The house had been standing empty for some time. Because it had to be redecorated, Mrs. Kennedy had an opportunity to busy herself with color schemes, furniture arrangement, wallpapers and the like. I was glad to see her so absorbed—back and forth across the street a dozen times a day to supervise the work. Once again, she was determined to make the move as quickly as possible. She had the decorators working two shifts a day, so as not to waste a moment.

The children and I had problems of our own. As soon as we got back from Palm Beach, Caroline fell sick with chicken pox, and within a couple of days John went down with it, too. This was the first time either of them had been actually ill enough to be confined to bed.

Caroline was a good patient. She read books, did puzzles, made colored pictures and kept herself well wrapped up in her bed. But John was quite impossible. Nothing I said, no amount of lecturing, would keep him between the sheets. Every time I went out of the room, he'd hop out of bed. I used to go out of the room and wait outside his door, knowing what he was going to do. I would hear his little feet padding across the bedroom carpet; then the door would open slowly, and he would peek out, his face bright with mischief.

"John!" I'd say reproachfully.

"All right, Miss Shaw," he'd say. "I'm going back."

I'd tuck him in again, but I knew it was a waste of time; the moment I left the room he'd be out of bed, hunting for his toys or looking out of the window.

The first day the children had out of the house after their illness was the day we moved across N Street to No. 3017, early in February. It was a lovely three-story house, not quite typical of the narrow-fronted houses of Georgetown, for here the rooms were larger than usual. Mrs. Kennedy had decorated the place, and with exquisite taste. When the children and I hurried across the street to our new home, Mrs. Kennedy was in the hallway, dressed in a kind of smock and wearing flat-heeled shoes, directing the furniture movers. For the first time in weeks, she looked flushed with happiness.

"Welcome home," she said.

"Oh, this is a lovely house, Mrs. Kennedy," I said. "I am sure you and the children are going to be happy here."

"Yes," she said. "I hope so, anyway."

But it didn't work out, because people would not let her settle down. Crowds gathered outside, taking photographs and trying to peep into the windows.

When we first moved in, of course, everyone was delighted. John was relieved to find an elevator. The children and I lived in a self-contained suite, with a room each, bathrooms and a big playroom for Caroline and John. When all the packing cases arrived from the warehouse, the children had a gala day. There were great squeals of delight when they rediscovered old treasures—long-forgotten dolls, playsuits, old hats, clockwork motorcars, books, cuddly toys and a hundred and one exciting things. John found an old toy machine gun and went around the room firing the thing off. Caroline became absorbed in dressing up an old favorite dolly; John played "armies" with a model fort; Caroline went for a walk across the room with a battery-driven dog and somewhere under all the debris an electric train set lay half-assembled. The pandemonium was indescribable, but I have rarely seen the children so excited and happy.

We had come full circle in a way, having first lived on N Street, then moved to the White House, and now we were back on N Street again. It seemed fitting that we should come back here. I felt more close to Mrs. Kennedy than ever before. I admired her tremendously for the way in which she tried to keep up a brave face.

Thousands of letters of condolence were still pouring in from all over the world, and she tried to reply to them all. Flowers came almost daily, but I noticed that yellow roses—symbol of Texas—were weeded out before the bouquets came up to the living rooms. I think this was done by the Secret Service men. They had an office in the basement, where they inspected all the parcels addressed to Mrs. Kennedy. The children still had the same trio of agents to care for them—Lynn Meredith, Bob Foster and Tom Wells. They really loved the children.

One poignant memory I have of those men was of the day when we rode in the procession from the White House for the President's funeral service. John and Caroline and I rode in a car going at walking pace, followed by heads of state from all over the world. Walking on each side of the car there was a Secret Service man. From the first, Caroline reached out of the car window and clung to the hand of Bob Foster. Foster told me later he had a very hard job not to weep.

I am sure Mrs. Kennedy was reluctant to leave Washington, where her mother and relatives and many friends lived, but the continual stares of the people who gathered day after day outside No. 3017 upset her.

It got on the children's nerves, too, I'm afraid.

"What are these silly people taking my picture for?" John used to ask, when sightseers fired flashbulbs at us going in and out of the house. I suppose you could not blame people for wanting to see Mrs. Kennedy and the children, but they made a nuisance of themselves. They used to try peeping into the dining-room window on the ground floor. There were net curtains, but Mrs. Kennedy used to complain that she felt overlooked every time she sat down for a meal.

Even so, I was surprised at the suddenness of our leaving Washington. I had been back on a holiday to England; on my return to Washington, I rang Mrs. Kennedy, who had gone to Hyannis Port with the children, to ask her when I should join her in Massachusetts.

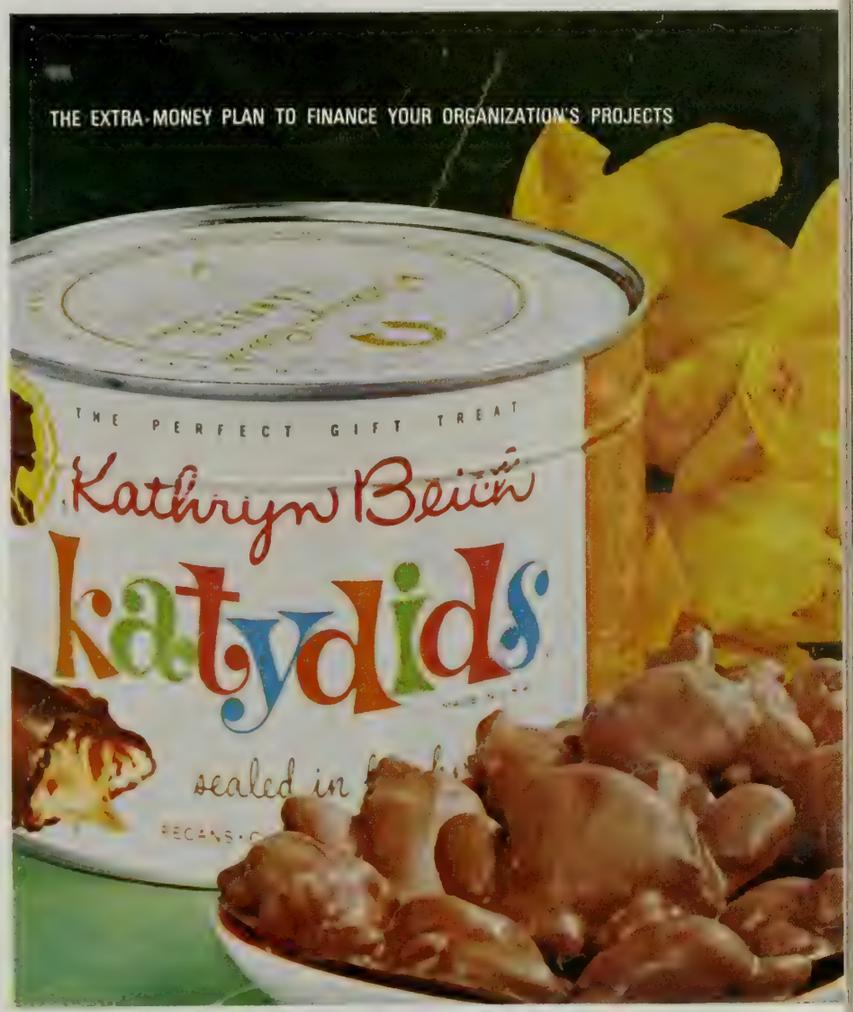
"Come up right away if you can," she said. "And pack up your things. We're not going back to Washington. I've taken an apartment in New York."

Hyannis Port saw the usual glorious gathering of the Kennedy clan, the whole family of brothers and sisters and their many children taking over the little place for their summer vacation. All the Kennedys made a little extra fuss over John and Caroline, and Mr. Robert Kennedy particularly devoted himself to them. There is no doubt that it is he upon whom Caroline and John now look as the father figure in their lives.

An incident that brought this home happened shortly after moving to New York, when Caroline and I, having left the apartment, met Robert Kennedy walking along Fifth Avenue.

"There's Bob," cried Caroline.

She ran and jumped up into his arms, as she had always run to her father, jumping up in full confidence that he would catch her. (*continued*)



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By the time we were in Hyannis Port, in July of 1964, Caroline was beginning to get over the shock of her father's death. She could talk about him now without too much emotion. I remember, for example, how she responded when I suggested that she join some other children for a sail in the bay. I said, "Daddy would be very pleased if you had a try at it. You know how proud of you he was when you started swimming, because he was a good swimmer himself. Now, he was very good at sailing. He'd be proud if you did well at that, too."

I'm glad to say that she thoroughly enjoyed herself, and has since turned out to be very adept at sailing.

What was hard for John to accept was that he no longer lived in the "big white house" in Washington. Whenever he saw a photograph of it, he would frown and ask me, "That's where we live, isn't it, Miss Shaw?"

"No, John, we don't live there anymore, do we? Don't you remember, we moved into another house with Caroline and Mummy?" He'd nod and say he remembered it, but it was some time before I heard him telling Caroline, when they were looking at a picture of the White House: "That's where we *used* to live, Caroline."

We moved to New York in September, into an apartment in the Carlyle Hotel on Madison and 76th. We only stayed there for six weeks, while the decorators were busy preparing our new permanent home on Fifth Avenue, where Mrs. Kennedy still lives. The big event at that time was Caroline going to her first real school, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Fifth Avenue at 91st Street, late in September. Caroline had already tried on her school uniform—a gray gym slip, white blouse, gray jacket, with a red beret and a camel's-hair topcoat. That first school morning she was up early to put on her uniform—which meant that we all got up early to see her off. Mrs. Kennedy took Caroline to school that first day, but Caroline insisted that John and I go downstairs and wave her off.

She is a very bright student. When she brought home her first school report at Christmas, there was terrific excitement in the apartment when we saw how well she had done. She got "A-plus" in English and writing and was exceptionally good in French, which delighted Mrs. Kennedy, who speaks French fluently. I was extremely proud of Caroline, especially since I had a hand in getting her started in writing and reading. She was always quick on the uptake in all sorts of ways, and it was not surprising that she took to school readily.

One afternoon she came home with a prize. "Look, Miss Shaw," she said. "I have a gold medal."

"Oh, Caroline, we are all so proud of you. What did you get it for?" I asked.

"Deportment," she replied.

"Deportment? Oh, well, of course you got a medal for that," I said. "You could have got that without even going to school. But do you think you could get a medal for something harder?"

"I bet I can," she said confidently.

Sure enough, she came home a little later with a gold medal for French.

"There you are," she said pertly. "I said I would, didn't I?"

Both Mrs. Kennedy and I used to help her out when she got stuck with her homework, and it became a great joke with Caroline that I always got stuck with spelling, while her mother used to get tied up in knots over arithmetic.

"Oh, it's no use asking you to spell," Caroline would say. "I'd better ask Mummy."

When she took an arithmetic problem to her mother, Mrs. Kennedy would chew on her pencil for a bit, then pull a face of despair, whereupon Caroline would sigh and take the paper from her and trot over to me.

"Mummy's hopeless at mathematics, Miss Shaw. Can you help me, please?"

But it was never surprising to anyone who knew her that Caroline proved to be good at her schoolwork. She is naturally bright and attentive and studious.

John is equally intelligent, but I don't think he will be as studious as his sister. While Caroline tends to be a little shy and reserved, John is outgoing and full of confidence. When strangers asked him his name, he never said just "John." He always thrust out his hand and said proudly: "I'm John Fitzgerald Kennedy Junior."

Always quick-witted, John was 100 percent boy, even at four-and-a-bit, much more interested in cowboys and Indians, guns, swords, soldiers, space rockets and helicopters than anything else. On the other side of this manly little fellow was a thoughtful, kind personality. You had to let him know who was boss, but you never had to urge him to be kind to his sister, for instance. He shared his belongings with her and remembered her when he was given anything. If he did happen to hurt anyone's feelings, and realized it, he was quick to make up for it.

New York proved to be a happy move for everyone. I could see, almost daily, how much Mrs. Kennedy improved in health and vitality. She smiled more often now and, like the children, was able to talk about her husband quite normally. Work was her best tonic. She had an office on Park Avenue, from which she continued to answer the thousands of letters still coming in, and attended to the John F. Kennedy Library that was to be built in her husband's memory.

There was also much more for the children to do in New York. Our apartment faced Central Park, and we spent many happy hours there on the swings and seesaws, or sailing boats on the lake. I knew a lot of other nurses in the city, and we used to meet regularly in the park in the mornings, each bringing our charges, of course. So John made many new friends.

Quite often, we invited the other children we met home to the apartment for dinner. Mrs. Kennedy never worried about who the children were, or what their pedigree was.

"Certainly they can come," she would say. "I leave it to you. I like the children to have new friends. It's good for them."

Once a pastry cook and his assistant came to the apartment, asking if they could have their photograph taken with the children. This would normally be an absurd request, but it happened that the man had for years sent the children a huge gingerbread house at Christmastime. It was always most beautifully decorated, and the children looked forward to its arrival.

However, the man and his assistant were turned away by the Secret Service men. As a matter of routine, they called up to the 15th floor, where I happened to take the call. I went in to see Mrs. Kennedy.

"Oh, those kind and generous people," she said. "I have always wanted to know who sent that beautiful gingerbread house. Send them up at once. I'm sure the children will be delighted."

We caught the people just as they were rather sadly leaving the front door, and brought them back up to the apartment, where they took pictures with the children. Caroline and John were thrilled at meeting the men who made their lovely gingerbread house.

By far the best thing about New York was that Mrs. Kennedy and her children were left in peace. Here, they were able to live without being under the constant scrutiny of strangers and their ever-clicking cameras, or being pointed out to busloads of tourists, as happened in Washington. In New York, people accepted the presence of the Kennedy children without staring at them, or doing anything so ridiculous as asking for their autographs.

I was naturally very glad to see Mrs. Kennedy looking more her old sparkling self, to see the children happily settled at their schools and a new pattern of life emerging for them all. I knew that before long I would have to leave them, to return home to my family in England;

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"Stop that! You'll ruin your candy with that fur."

ny sister Hettie and brother Jack were
o in ill health. I know that neither
vi nind me saying that the decision to
ay ood-bye to Mrs. Kennedy and her
hi ren—children I had come to love
o luch—was extremely difficult for
ne The very idea of leaving Caroline
nd John made me so sad that I wept
at ny pillow. I found myself thinking
nd over seven years of warm, intimate
me ories of my life with the Kennedys.
t s going to hurt me to say good-bye.

The beginning of the end came in New
Yo when Mrs. Kennedy accepted the
in itation for her and the children to
vi England for the Kennedy Memorial
ed ation at Runnymede. She thought
t st that she could take care of the
hi en by herself, without my having
to avel with them. Accordingly, she
su gested that I might like to take the
su mer off and have a holiday in
Am ica.

It the whole plan was changed a
co e of weeks later. Mrs. Kennedy
ad been having a long talk with the
Ir sh Ambassador, and it appeared
al nearly everyone in Britain wanted
to et her, and her list of engagements
wa becoming longer and longer.

"I think I have underestimated this
ho trip, Miss Shaw," she began. "It
se s that we are going to need you
on with us. Would you mind?"

"Of course not," I said. "I'd be de-
gh ed." Then, at that moment, I re-
al z that this would be the perfect
op tunity to say good-bye to Mrs.
Ke edy and the children. Sooner or
la I would have to go home, and it
mi as well be sooner. I broached the
su ct to Mrs. Kennedy. She talked
me f into realizing that she would
no ed me so much now that both the
ch en were at school—and I talked
my f out of a job.

"The children are going to be ter-
ri upset," Mrs. Kennedy said. "How
ar ou going to tell them?"

"I don't think I will tell them yet," I
re ied. "Let them think I am taking the
su mer off, and then, when you leave
Hy nis Port in the fall, I'll write and
ex n it to Caroline."

That was how we agreed to do it.

Pr parations for the visit to England
we made amid great excitement. The
ch important event was going to be
me ing the Queen. Mrs. Kennedy de-
ci ed it would be a good idea for the
ch en to practice how they should
cu' and bow, and what they should
sa hen presented.

"Miss Shaw will know what we have
to " Mrs. Kennedy told the children.
"Yo just listen to her."

So together we rehearsed the meeting
wi Her Majesty. At first, I played the
pa of the Queen; Mrs. Kennedy
wa ked up to me, curtsied and said:
"Go afternoon, Your Majesty." Then
Ca ine did the same thing. But poor
Jo couldn't get the hang of it.

He marched up to me right enough,
ma a beautiful bow, and said: "Good
af oon, my Majesty."

"No, John," I said. "That's not quite
ri We have to call the Queen 'Your
Ma sty.' Try it again."

He looked a little puzzled, but he
we back to the other end of the room,
wa d up to me again, bowed and re-
pe ed: "Good afternoon, my Majesty."

But this time, Caroline was in fits of
gi s, and Mrs. Kennedy was trying
in to hide her amusement. John de-
cl ed himself indignantly. "You said



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she was my Majesty. That's what I said."

"Yes, I know that's what it sounds as if you ought to say," I explained, "but it is all a bit peculiar, and we have to say 'Your Majesty' when we meet the Queen." He got it right, finally.

Just before we left for England, I was asked to record my impressions of the late President as a father. This 20-minute tape is now to be put in the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library at Cambridge, Mass., along with other tributes for the enjoyment and education of future generations. I was thrilled to be given this opportunity to record what a fine man John F. Kennedy really was.

Flying over to England a week or two later was a nostalgic time for us all, for we traveled in the Presidential jet—the same aircraft on which we had flown so many times before.

It brought back memories of holiday trips to Palm Beach and Hyannis Port with the President and his family during those wonderful White House days. The Air Force sergeant who had always looked after us was still in the crew, and the children recognized him as an old friend.

We came over with the President's brothers, Robert and Edward, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and a whole retinue of important people. The atmosphere on board the plane was that of a holiday trip; even Mrs. Kennedy caught the spirit of lightheartedness. Once she remarked quite happily: "This brings back some wonderful (*continued*)

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memories doesn't it?" And then quietly: "There is only one person missing. . . ."

Once we landed in England, we were met by crowds of other dignitaries, and poor Mrs. Kennedy must have been quite worn out by the time we drove in convoy to London and the home of Prince Radziwill in Buckingham Place. Caroline and John were excited at being in England and seeing some of the sights I had often described. The day after we arrived, we began a wonderful series of outings. We fed the ducks in Green Park, saw the Changing of the Guard, went to the zoo in Regent's Park, walked down Piccadilly, toured the Tower of London; and Caroline went riding in Rotten Row several times.

During our visits to the stables in Hyde Park she showed just what she could get away with by being her charming little self. After two or three rides on borrowed horses, Caroline looked wistfully at the horse owned by the woman in charge of the stables. "I wish I could ride your horse," she said.

"Oh dear," said the woman, "I'm afraid I never let anyone else ride him." Caroline just smiled and said no more. But a couple of days later she was riding the animal. She had won the day with her own brand of charm, plus her obvious expertise as a rider.

Before we really got under way with our Grand Tour, came the most important item on the agenda—the ceremony at Runnymede, where Her Majesty the Queen dedicated a memorial stone and a small plot of English soil to the memory of President Kennedy.

I had not expected to attend the ceremony, but Mrs. Kennedy decided that it would be a good idea for me to be close at hand to keep an eye on John. I found myself assigned to a seat in the grandstand adjacent to the row in which Mrs. Kennedy and Her Majesty were seated.

There was only one moment during that afternoon when the smooth arrangement left me a bit high and dry, and that was when I joined the Royal Party to return to Windsor Castle for tea. I found myself standing in the courtyard not knowing whether I ought to go up with the children, or wait and rejoin them after they had taken tea. Having decided to take the second course, since I did not want to embarrass anyone by appearing to gate-crash the tea party, I was chatting with a footman when a young girl came out looking for me—Prince Andrew's nurse.

"Come up and have a cup of tea with me," she said. "We'll have it upstairs on our own—unless you'd rather take tea with the official party. You can if you like."

"No, I'd rather not," I said.

"Good," she replied. "If you went, I'd have to go, and it's all a bit starchy."

As I followed her up the stairs, we met the Queen coming down.

"Excuse me, Your Majesty," said the young nurse. "I am just taking Miss Shaw upstairs for a cup of tea."

"Certainly, that's all right," the Queen replied.

After tea, and a chat about our respective charges, I came downstairs again to meet Mrs. Kennedy, Caroline and John. They were in the hallway when I came down. Mrs. Kennedy was talking to the Queen as Caroline came over to me. The next moment Mrs. Kennedy was calling me quietly to joi her. I walked across, thinking sh wanted to give me some instruction o other, and was completely taken aba when she spoke.

"Your Majesty," she said to th Queen, "I would like to introduce Mis Shaw, who looks after my children."

I was so overwhelmed I cannot fo the life of me remember anything He Majesty said to me or what I said, but know I felt tremendously touched a Mrs. Kennedy's thoughtfulness.

For John, the big moment of the Lon don fortnight came when we went t see the Changing of the Guard and t visit the Tower of London. At Hors Guards Parade, he was quite entrance by the sight of the magnificent cavalry men with their shining breastplate swords and plumed helmets. For while at any rate, the Life Guards r placed the U.S. Marines and the astr nauts as favorites in his mind.

When the ceremony was over, Car line was in raptures. "Weren't the wonderful *horses,* Miss Shaw?" she sai

"Huh!" John snorted. "I liked th *soldiers.*"

When we had been in London for week, Mrs. Kennedy asked me if I wa not going home to Sheerness during th trip. I said I would like to do that.

"Well, why don't you take the chi dren with you?" she said. "I know the would like to see your brother and siste after all you have said about them."

"Oh, I'd love to take them," I sai "May they stay the weekend and slee at the house?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Kennedy sai "They'd like that."

So we packed our weekend cases an went down to Sheerness in a big En bassy car, complete with two Speci Branch men from Scotland Yard an one of our own Secret Service agent And that was quite a trip for us all. T begin with, we were chased all over th place by pressmen, which meant whi zing up and down the streets of Shee ness pursued by carloads of photo raphers. John thought this was tr mendous fun, and kept urging the driv to go faster and faster—a cry which, am glad to say, went unheeded. Car line, too, took it all as a great gam Once, when we had to run the gantl of the photographers, she pulled her ha down over her face as she ran and wh she got indoors, she grinned breat lessly: "I fooled them, Miss Sha They'll only have a picture of my ha won't they, Stan?" Stan was one of t Special Branch men to whom Caroli took a big liking. Every time we we out, she wanted to know: "Is St coming with us?" and was only t happy to trot along holding his hand.

John was quite satisfied with our litt terraced house on James Street. Wh we went in to meet Hettie and Jack, took one quick look around and pr nounced:

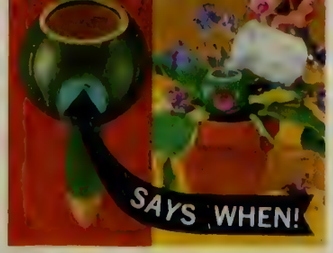
"I like this dumpy little house, Mi Shaw. I'm glad you have only one flig of stairs. I'm tired of stairs." (At t Radziwills he had to go up four fligh to his bedroom.)

"You're Hettie and you're Jack," said when he met my sister and broth "How do you do, I'm John F. Kenne Junior." He nosed about for a lit while, and then asked Hettie: "Where the cook and the butler?"

"I'm the cook and butler arou here," replied Hettie. *(continue*



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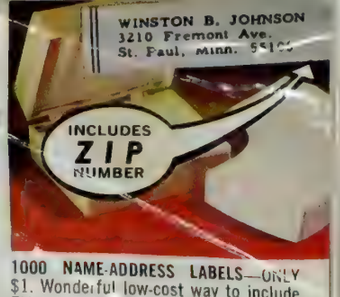
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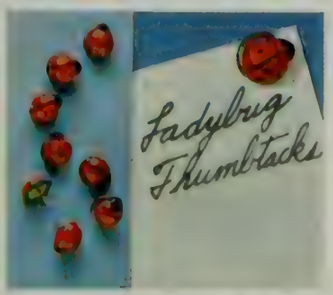
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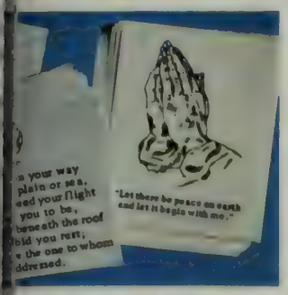
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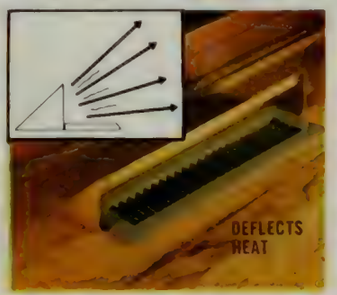
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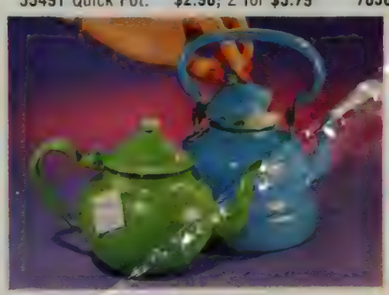
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"You can't be the butler, too," he said. "You're not a man."

"Well, I do all the work," replied Hettie.

"Good, that means Miss Shaw won't have to do any work," he said, highly satisfied at the state of affairs in the household.

We had a happy couple of days in my little home. We played games, went down to the beach to look for cockles, chased through the crowds of sightseers, slept in makeshift beds, and laughed a lot. But, throughout, I was painfully aware that my days with these two lovely children were running out fast. They knew nothing about that, of course, thinking only that I was staying on in England for a holiday. I couldn't tell them, even then. These two, the children of one of the greatest men in the world, tucked down to sleep in their beds in the tiny house I called home, and as I watched them, I could do nothing but weep.

I said my farewells to them a couple of days later in Prince Radziwill's house, shortly before they were due to return to America.

Caroline, I am sure, suspected something was amiss. She followed me around the whole morning with her arm around me, quieter than usual.

John wanted to know: "Won't you just come back as far as New York with us?"

"I'll come a little later," I said. "I'm going back to see Hettie and Jack for a while."

I said good-bye to Caroline and John in the living room. John looked at me with big eyes when I gave him his good-bye kiss, still asking if I couldn't go back with him. Caroline hugged me tightly, and I held her in my arms, telling her to be a good girl and look after John for me.

"Will I still be your bestest friend when you get back?" she asked.

"Of course you will. You'll always be my bestest friend," I said.

When I came to say good-bye to Mrs. Kennedy, we were both upset. After seven years, parting was not easy for either of us.

"Caroline is so upset," Mrs. Kennedy said. "Can't you come with us, even now?" Terribly torn, even at the 11th hour, between my own family and the children I loved, I could only shake my head sadly.

"You will promise to come back and visit us every year?" Mrs. Kennedy asked.

"Yes, I will," I said.

"Then this is not good-bye—you are not to go out of our lives . . . *au revoir*."

I don't remember saying anything else. I don't think I was capable of speaking, feeling so unutterably miserable as I did. I couldn't bear to see the children again, and was well out of the way when they went to the airport.

I went back home then. It took me a week to unpack my things, because every time I walked up the stairs to my room and stood alone, surrounded by my treasured photographs of the Kennedy family, I simply burst into tears. But no words can ever really tell how closely bound I felt toward these children and their parents.

For over seven years I was part of them. And they will always be part of me.

END

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The Secret Drama Behind the Pope's Momentous Decision on Birth Control

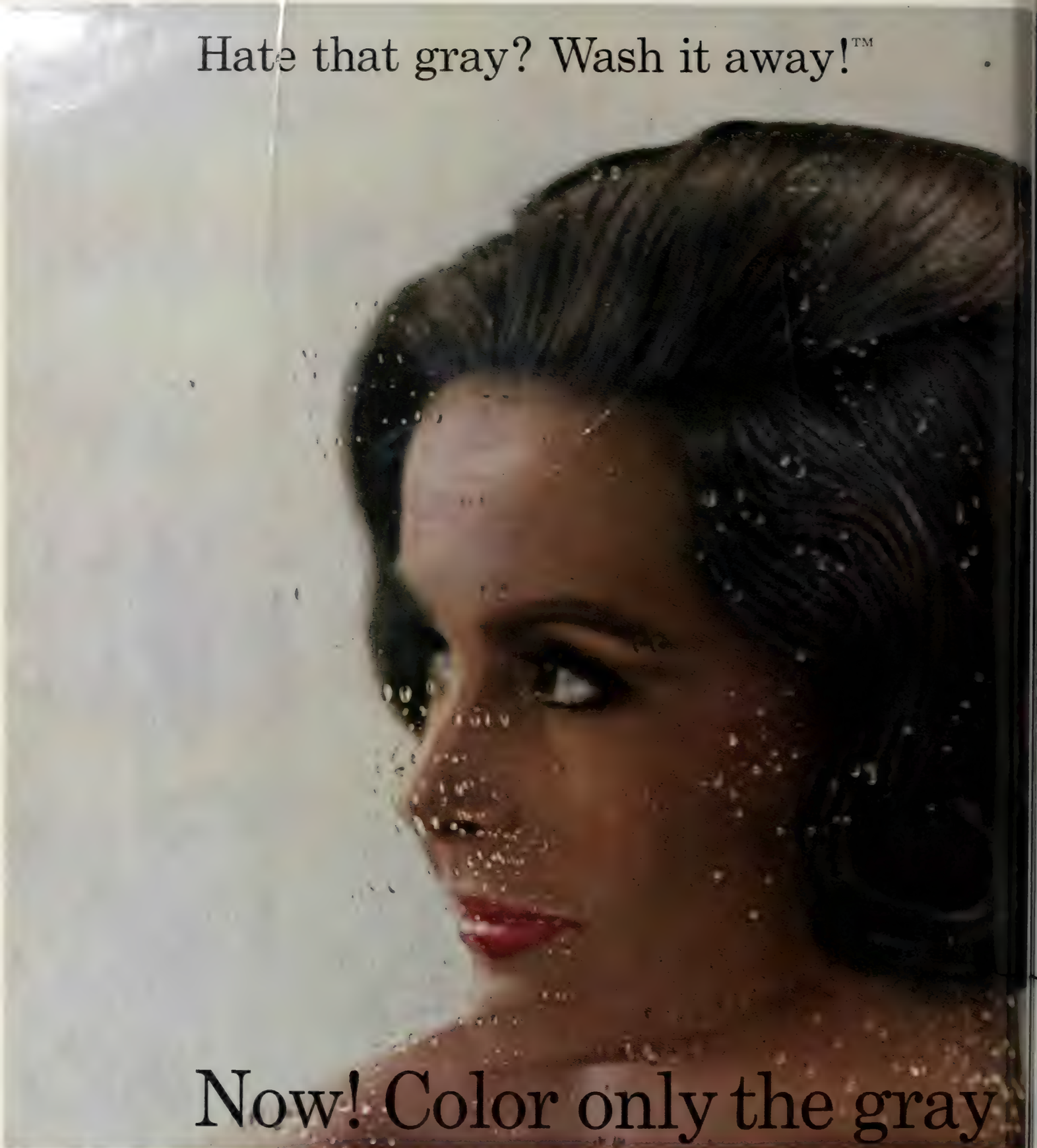
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TUNA PUFF SANDWICHES



TUNA MACARONI SALAD



TUNA SPINACH AU GRATIN

a new world of tastes for tuna



TUNA WALDORF SALAD



TUNA DEVILS

TUNA PUFF SANDWICHES

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1-1/2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1-1/2 teaspoons grated onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 hamburger buns, split
6 tomato slices
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup finely shredded American cheese

Blend first six ingredients. Pile onto bun halves. Top each with tomato slice. Blend 1/2 cup Real Mayonnaise with cheese; spread on tomato slices. Broil 4 inches from heat until topping puffs and browns. Makes 6.

TUNA MACARONI SALAD

1 (8 ounce) package shell macaroni
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/3 cup chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1-1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/4 cup chopped green pepper

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Drain, rinse with cold water, drain again. Mix with Real Mayonnaise and onion. Cool. Add remaining ingredients. Chill. 6 servings.

TUNA SPINACH AU GRATIN

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 (10 ounce) package frozen chopped spinach, cooked and drained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
Grated Parmesan cheese

Blend first seven ingredients, and fold in Real Mayonnaise. Spoon into individual shells or 9-inch pie plate. Sprinkle with additional cheese. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 20 minutes. 6 servings.

TUNA WALDORF SALAD

1 red apple, chopped
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1 cup cooked peas
1 tablespoon chopped pickle
1/2 cup chopped cooked carrot
1/8 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Sprinkle apple with lemon juice; combine with remaining ingredients. Chill. Serves 4 to 6.

TUNA DEVILS

1 (7 ounce) can tuna, drained and flaked
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1/8 teaspoon Tabasco
3 tablespoons chopped scallions
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 cup fine soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Combine first five ingredients. Spoon into individual shells or 8-inch pie plate. Toss bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons Real Mayonnaise. Sprinkle over tuna mixture. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven 20 minutes. 4 servings.

This is no place for "second best"...
bring out the best
with Best Foods Real Mayonnaise



Aren't you too young to feel so tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel.

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman and wife you could be?

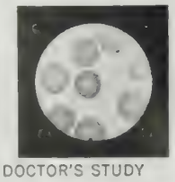
Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, take Geritol every day. Feel stronger fast... in seven days, or money back from the makers.



Pale, Iron-Poor Blood When you're tired and worn-out, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.



Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

MICRO PHOTOS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY



Special Medical Section

Dear Editors: I would like to thank and congratulate the editor responsible for the special bonus section, MAKING MODERN MEDICINE WORK BETTER FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, in the January issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

My husband and I want to offer special thanks, too, to Victor Cohn, for his realistic and tremendously informative article, HOW TO PICK A DOCTOR. My husband is being transferred, so we're moving soon. One of the thoughts preying almost constantly on my mind nowadays is "how will we go about finding a good doctor in our new city?" Mr. Cohn's article has at least partially answered the question, and makes moving a good deal less frightening.

VERONICA COLE
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editors: Thanks so much for the wonderful January issue, and for Robert Menninger's article, WHEN SHOULD YOU SEE A PSYCHIATRIST?

The article, along with gentle prodding from family and friends, has encouraged a much-troubled relative to seek psychiatric counseling. None of us expects miracles, of course. But thank you for providing the understanding nudge.

NAME WITHHELD

Dear Editors: Bravo! Your special bonus medical section was a masterpiece of planning.

In order to preserve forever the words of wisdom therein, my husband took the January issue to work with him and had photostatic copies made of several of the articles.

My friends and I are hoping that we can look forward to more special medical issues in the future. Thank you again.

JANET STEVENS
Akron, Ohio

L.P.N. Speaks Out

Dear Editors: In the article entitled HOW TO GET THE BEST TREATMENT FROM YOUR HOSPITAL, by Robert M. Cunningham Jr. (January, 1966, *Ladies' Home Journal*), Practical Nurses are referred to as "P.N.'s"—"L.P.N.," for "Licensed Practical Nurse," is correct.

Furthermore, we L.P.N.'s *do* wear white uniforms and caps with our insignia on them. We *do* administer narcotics, and do not necessarily need to have an R.N. or doctor standing over us to do so. We also change dressings and give shots. In fact, in most hospitals nowadays, we are allowed to perform almost every duty that the R.N. performs. I have made rounds with doctors and on occasion been nurse in charge on my station.

The training period for an L.P.N. may not be as lengthy as that of an R.N. But it is rigorous and thorough nevertheless, and our presence in t hospitals is valued.

JUDY WENELL, L.P.
Minneapolis, Min

Life With the Quints

Dear Editors: The January issue was real treat—especially the article on t Fischer family. Thank you for letti us spend some time with them and t quints.

I can but shake my head in wond and admiration over Mary Ann Fisch and her sensible, matter-of-fact, n nonsense way of coping with 11 ch dren—while I (yes, I must confess sometimes feel put upon by my ov small brood of four.

PATRICIA COAT
Hartford, Con

The Kennedy Family

Dear Editors: I just wanted to tell y how very much I am enjoying the ar cles about the Kennedy children [M LIFE WITH CAROLINE AND JOHN-JOH by Maud Shaw].

The family love and devotion, described by Maud Shaw, is an inspi tion to everyone, both young and o

MRS. R.E. BURMEIST
Fort Worth, T

Dear Editors: I have heard and read great deal of criticism of late, concerni the publication of articles about t Kennedy family.

In many instances, I feel the criticis is justified—much of what has be written is tasteless, badly executed, a just plain boring or irrelevant.

The *Journal* excerpts from Kenne governess Maud Shaw's book, on t other hand, are tasteful, well writt and paint an enchanting picture of t family as it was. I treasure them—a thank you for publishing them.

MRS. J.B. WALLA
Minneapolis, Mi

Dear Editors: I admired the late Pre dent Kennedy more than any other pu lic figure in the last 20 years.

But I am weary of reading t memoirs of just about everyone who w ever in any way connected with h and his family. This includes Ma Shaw.

The *Journal*, of course, is not the o publication guilty of overdoing it. B please; I beg of you, after Maud Sha let's have no more about the K nedys—at least not until Caroline a nounces her engagement or John-Jo runs for President.

SUE ELLEN CA
Louisville, K

Pets?

Dear Editors: How facetious can o get! How many people do you kn who would choose a snake as a pet their child?

I'm referring, of course, to Mar Perkins' "hearty recommendation" the PET NEWS column of your Janu issue, that people keep such "pets" bull snakes, king snakes or boas arou the house.

The very idea makes my skin crawl

IDA MCINT
Chicago,

(continued on page



How far should a brunette go when it comes to making up?

All the way.

How would *you* like to have the ideal brunette complexion? You know the one. You've seen it (rarely). It's a flawless pink-warmed beige. It's the one a girl could *perish* for.

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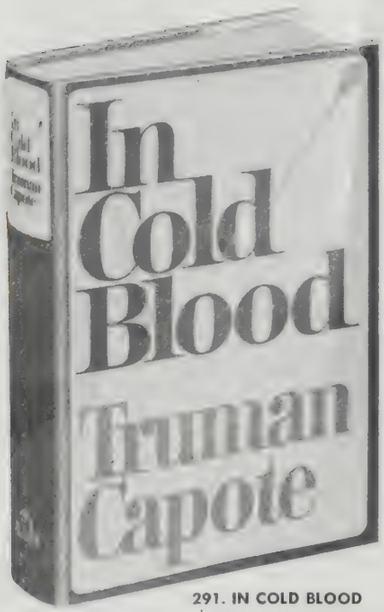
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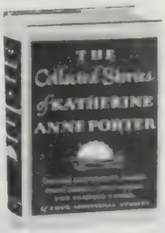
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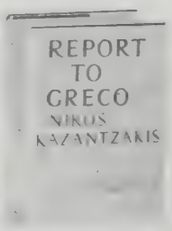
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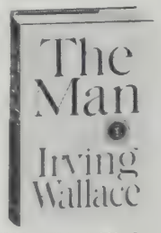
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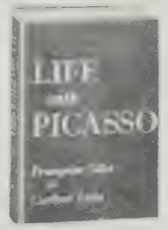
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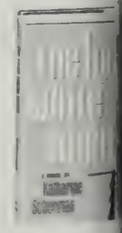
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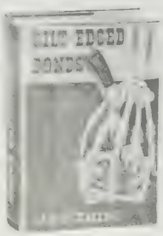
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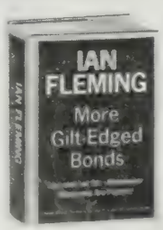
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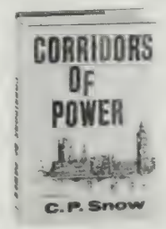
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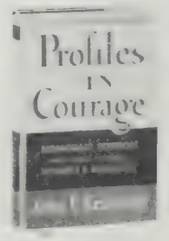
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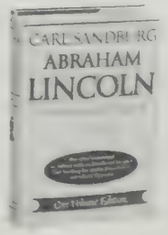
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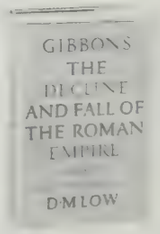
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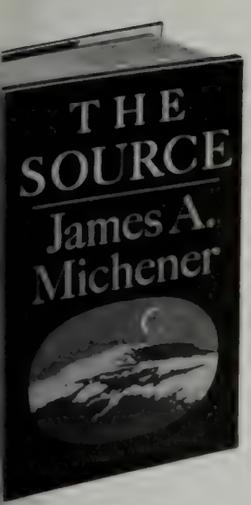
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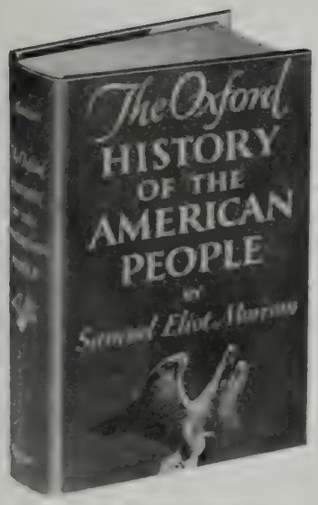
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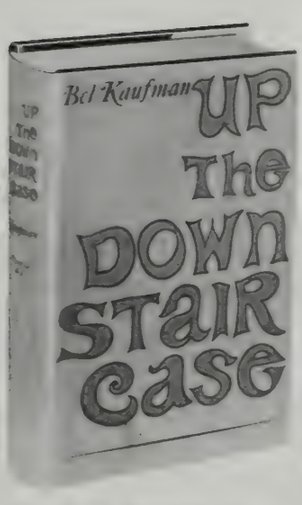
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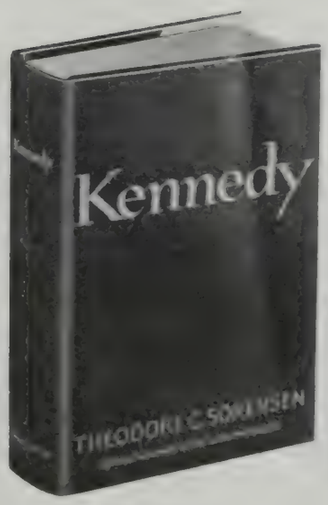
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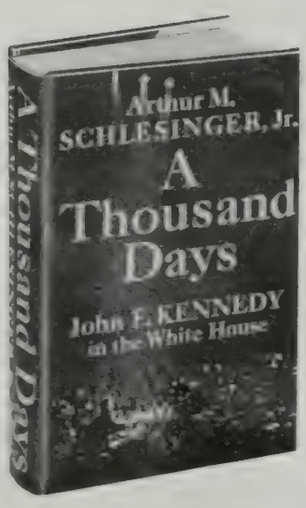
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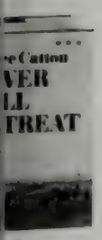
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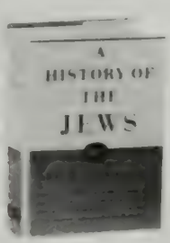
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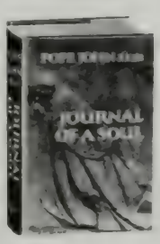
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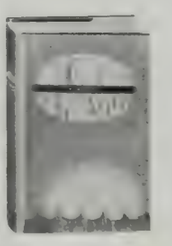
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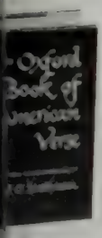
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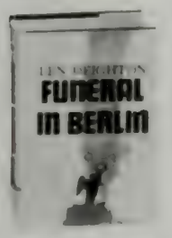
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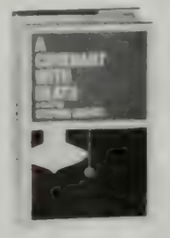
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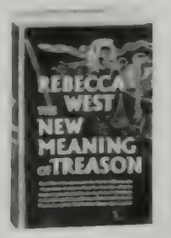
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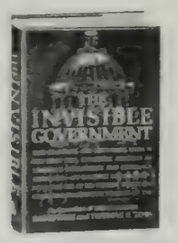
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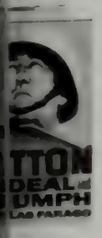
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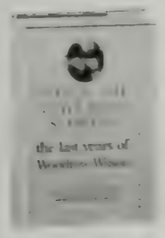
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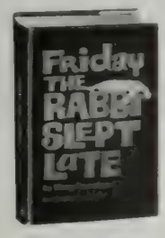
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UR READERS WRITE US

ntinued from page 10

e Opener

ar Editors: Your eyeglass story (EASY THE EYES, January, 1966, *Ladies' me Journal*) was a real eye opener r me.

I've worn glasses all my life, and al-ys considered them a liability. Sud-nly, after reading the article, they ok awfully good to me. Now, for the st time, I feel superior to all my friends th 20-20 vision.

I only hope that I'll be able to get me of the fashionable frames pic-red with the article. Somehow I doubt at I'll find anything like them in my all town. Do you know how I can der them by mail?

MRS. ANNE RIBOSO
No Address

might be a good idea to clip the beauty icle you refer to, then take it to your tometrist or optician. Quite probably ll be able to order similar frames from manufacturer.—ED.

ty Living

ar Editors: I was tremendously in-ested in the article OLD HOUSE—NEW AN FOR CITY LIVING (January, 1966, *dies' Home Journal*). In many ways parallels my own experience, and read-it was almost like reading about my sband and myself.

Like the Newmans, we had very finite ideas about the kind of house wanted—spacious, well planned, y to maintain and, most important, the *city*. We found what was once a nderful old house in a neighborhood t had gone through several social and nomic phases, and bought it, not thout some misgivings. To our de-ht, we found that many of our new ghbors were young couples like our-ves—people who were unwilling to y the usual price exacted from the y dweller: a small, sterile box of an artment. People who, in other words, nted the best of two worlds: the city d a real *house*.

Unlike the Newmans, we're not archi-ts. But it's amazing how quickly we became skilled workers when it was time to pitch in and redo the old house.

We're proud of the job we've done, and we're proud of ourselves for having been able to carry out the project of redesigning and redecorating. Best of all, perhaps, we feel we've contributed something to the neighborhood and have helped to preserve the special character of our city.

MRS. C.D. MILLER
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Editors: Thank you for publishing OLD HOUSE—NEW PLAN FOR CITY LIVING.

My husband and I have been considering buying an old house in our town, but, quite frankly, it's a rather frightening prospect.

The Newmans and the marvelous job they did on their brownstone have inspired us to go ahead and try our luck.

LYNN B. WEBSTER
Chicago, Ill.

Christmas Triumph

Dear Editors: I'm sure you'll enjoy knowing about my 13-year-old grandson, Jonathan Yates, and the truly magnificent Christmas presents he gave to his mother, father, two brothers, two sisters and me—namely, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day dinners, made from recipes in your December issue.

Jonathan read the recipes carefully, chose and planned the menus, made lists for grocer and butcher, carried his bags of purchases home and began the wonderful adventure of preparing the feasts four days before Christmas.

A partial list of the results (every morsel, delicious): On Christmas Eve—relishes; liver mold with toasted triangles; rice, kidneys and mushrooms; rolls; dates stuffed with fondant; angel food cake, ice cream and cranberry sauce. On Christmas Day—oyster bisque; ham baked with brown sugar and bread-crumb topping; orange cups filled with sweet potato and walnut meats; baked, braided bread; steamed plum pudding with hard sauce.

You can imagine how proud we are of Jonathan, and our thanks to you for inspiring the lad to such a feat.

MRS. EDWARD O. TABOR
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CALLING ALL MOTHERS

Have You
A Special Trick—

to get a child to do something he doesn't want to do, like having his hair washed, or finishing her milk, or getting up in the morning?

The Journal welcomes letters from mothers who have an unusual solution to the everyday problems of living with children. We will pay $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Please address contributions to Susan Jacobson, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022.



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(1) For a dewy, moist look: liquid makeup formula (gives a delicate sheen without shine!)
Touch & Glow


ouch & Glow' can give you. Either
nes and shadows like other females!
(2) For a misty-matte look: creme soufflé formula (a fragile fluff of color-in-cre
y Revlon

Have you heard?



HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

Now there are Sonny & Cher clothes for everybody *but* Sonny & Cher. The folk-rock team, whose custom-made way-outfits are as much a trademark as their rock-'n'-roll-style marriage, is now getting star billing on a new label—a *sportswear* label. All the crazy bell-bottom pants (figure **1,** above), hairy shirts, string ties and wild-patterned shirts that Sonny & Cher wear are about to flood the teen department. P.S. For nervous parents: So far, the manufacturers say the clothes are being designed for *girls* only.

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The new book that's *supposed* to be judged by its cover? It's got a 3-D book jacket—and the gimmick is a pair of pliant ruby-red lips that seem to smile or pucker up for kissing, depending on how you look at it (figure **2,** above). If you can get past the cover, there's a novel inside called *Here We Go, Round the Mulberry Bush,* by Hunter Davies (Little, Brown, $4.95). Something about a teen-ager who is sure he's the *only* teen-ager in his crowd who's never made out with a girl. He keeps trying, and failing, while his friends tell him all about how much sexy fun he's missing. If only he knew where all the action is—out there on the front of the book.

HAVE YOU SEEN . . .

The Face that may replace The Shrimp? The word from inside Britain's with-it world is that by midsummer, reigning model Jean Shrimpton will be challenged by another English girl named Jill Kennington (figure **3,** above). London ad men and fashion editors are already hooked on the Kennington "look"—she is a long, coltish, 22-year-old blonde, with a Streisand profile and an off-camera style of dress best described as Classic Kook: favorite—a prison-striped cat-suit, under an "antique" fur coat.



Superman sings! It's not a bird, not a plane but a musical comic strip, opening in New York March 29. This is a job that calls for Bob Holiday (chest: 46, biceps: 17)—pictured above. According to the producers of *It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman!,* Holiday was the only handsome, nimble-footed, singing, dancing actor with X-ray eyes who could fit into the cape and leotard without looking silly. Now, with Batman and Robin swinging on ABC-TV, Superman singing on Broadway, and rumors flying that TV pilots of Tarzan, Dick Tracy and Li'l Abner are already rolling in Hollywood, what could *possibly* come next? Only The Shadow Knows, heh, heh, heh. . . .

HAVE YOU GOT . . .

Your little red 1967 "Passeport" yet? It won't get you past the border of any foreign country, and it costs a lot more than a real one that *will,* but it *is* good for a whale of a time in Montreal next year—and if you buy it now, you'll not only be first on your block to have one but you'll also save money. What it is, is an ingenious advance plan for selling tickets to Montreal's Expo '67, the World's Fair that promises to be everything that New York's Fair wasn't—including a bargain.

The "passeport," written in French, English (and, yes, you *will* need a passeport photo), is now on sale in the U.S. through American Express; earliest birds get the biggest discounts. A season "passeport" is good for unlimited admission to all pavilions (where you get visa stamps)—every day of the 183-day run of Expo '67. Price: $19 now, $35 next year. Hurry, hurry.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

What Swedish restaurants are dishing lately—besides smorgasbord and blond w resses? A popular national chain has adopted a new policy for family-style dinn separate tables—one for big people, one small. Kids under 10 are politely but fir ushered to their own section of the restaur where there is a special children's menu an specially trained hostess-supervisor for e table, to mind manners and keep the meatb on the plates. Parents, meanwhile, get to din blissful grown-up solitude. There's no ex charge for the service.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

About the sneakiest trick ever played o dissatisfied customer by a smart departm store? In Hamburg, Germany, there's a st with a special new waiting room for irate sh pers only. Anybody who demands to see complaint manager gets taken to this ro where refreshments are served by smiling g in uniforms with this embroidered messa "Your Happiness is Our Happiness." If a c tomer is really distraught, tranquilizers are a available. Early reports indicate complai have dropped by half since the room open

HAVE YOU CIRCLED . . .

March 6—Take the kids on a marvel mouse's-eye tour of New York City. *Sta Little,* the E. B. White fantasy about a mo born into a human family, has been adapted color TV by NBC's adventurous Childre Theatre series. Stuart is one mouse who doe just squeak around town—he drives a tiny 1 Cord, goes sailing in Central Park, attends l 41 and sleeps in a dandy mouse-bed made four clothespins and a cigarette box.

March 17—St. Paddy's Day. Take a Lep chaun to lunch.

March 25—Wring hands with Jane Goods a wry and funny lady who takes a Peg Brack ish view of domestic life, and manages to la while crying over spilled milk, gray hairs, successful diets, whiny kids, unromantic h bands—you know. Collected Goodsell w titled *I've Only Got Two Hands and I'm B Wringing Them* (Doubleday, $3.95).

March 28—Come in out of the wind; it's J Andrews time again. If you missed Miss umbrella dance, or her rendition, with G Kelly, of "Singin' in the Rain," this is your ond and last chance. The Julie Andrews Sho a supercalifragilistic NBC-TV special.

March 30—Watch Barbra top Barbra possible. The second Streisand TV special, *C Me Barbra,* with the same brilliant product team headed by Joe Layton and the same e trifying on-screen cast of one, gets CBS tonight. It's a tough act to follow, but . . .

BY LOIS BENJAMIN



Your hair was made for color... Polycolor®

The first complete hair coloring treatment in a tube...shampoos, conditions, covers gray

POLYCOLOR is so easy! Just shampoo in about once in 5 weeks *without retouching roots.* There's *no* damaging bleach. And *no* mistakes when used as directed. POLYCOLOR brightens your hair. Blends and evens the tone. Gives life and lustre to otherwise dull hair. POLYCOLOR actually enriches your own natural hair color beautifully without changing it drastically. No wonder your hair looks *truly* natural—it's yours, naturally.



POLYCOLOR by Richard Hudnut



"Hey, gang, look what I found!"



"Take it easy—there's plenty!"



"Man, this is really livin'!"

New food for puppies from Friskies

provides 15 added vitamins and minerals



That's right, a full 15 added growth vitamins and minerals for that vital first year of your pup's life. There's vitamin A for alertness, keen eyes and a shiny, thick coat; B_1 for body development and growth; B_2 for healthy skin and tissue; D for strong bones and teeth—plus 11 more. And plenty of protein, of course. Pups sure go for and enjoy all the nourishment they get in New Friskies Puppy Food.

FOR SMALL DOGS, TOO! Extra-active, they need its extra nutrients for extra energy. And they love the beefy flavor! From a world leader in nutrition—Carnation.

Recognized by veterinarians and breeders for puppies and small dogs

PET NEWS

Calling all lost dogs, strayed cats and loose parakeets: Missing pets are now being rounded up by the hundreds—via radio. Last February the American Humane Association launched a project called Pet Patrol, and now more than 400 licensed radio stations are participating. Owner of a lost pet simply calls the local Pet Patrol station, which broadcasts periodic descriptions of his roving Rover. Directories listing Pet Patrol stations all over the country are available in hotels, automobile association offices, humane organizations and through the A.H.A. office in Denver.

The A.H.A. reports that the recovery rate is remarkably high—an average of one animal for every two announcements gets home. In many cases when the owners couldn't be found, the radio stations have found new homes for the animals. An estimated 410,000 pets have been returned through Pet Patrol—among them horses, snakes, cows, pigs, ducks, chickens and goats.

In Flint, Mich., a St. Bernard named Trudy, who had been bought in Canada, got loose and headed for the border. Station WTRX announced the escape, and in three days Trudy was found. A few weeks later, Trudy took off again for Canada. This time it took only one day to find her. Now, whenever a St. Bernard is sighted heading north, WTRX gets calls asking, "Has Trudy escaped again?" Poor Trudy will never get back to Canada.

Spare the rod and psychoanalyze the dog is a new theory of dog training that is catching on in Los Angeles. Dr. Dare Miller, a psychologist, has had 300 canine ids in his care at his Canine Behavior Center—all undergoing a sort of psychotherapy of sorts. Dr. Miller doesn't punish his student-patients and never says "no"—he brainwashes them. The gimmick is a device called Hi-FiDo, which Miller has patented along with the method of operating it. Hi-FiDo is a jeweler's chain with a tuning fork attached. When the chain rattles, vibrations of 34,000 cycles per second—the uppermost range of a dog's hearing—interrupt the dog's naughty thoughts. If you give a positive command while rattling the chain, the order is evidently impressed on the dog's memory and reportedly he will eventually execute it even without the chain. Advantages of the system, claims Dr. Miller, are that you don't have to hurt a dog while training him, and you can teach him much faster than by other methods. The dog will mind his do's and don't's even when his master is not around. Hi-FiDo, with a set of instructions, is now available in pet shops for $11.95.

Has a cat been dominating your household? You're not alone, and you'll feel better about the whole thing when you read *Memoir for Mrs. Sullavan* by Bryna Ivens Untermeyer (Simon and Schuster, $3.50). For 12 years, Mrs. Sullavan (named for actress Margaret Sullavan who gave the cat to the Louis Untermeyers) dictated the travels, vacations, working days and other pets in this home—and they all loved it. Mrs. Sullavan smelled like an expensive mink permeated with Chanel No. 5, shared her meals with a mouse, and held classes in the living room to teach other cats the ways of country life. Mrs. Untermeyer tells of Sullavan's encounters with butterflies, frogs, skunks, and Robert Frost. The biography of this "feline fatale" is sentimental and funny, and anyone who has ever called a veterinarian at 2 A.M. will be relieved to know he's not alone.

If you want to take a long vacation, and can't find a kindly neighbor willing to tend your angelfish and sea horses, here's the answer to your problem: A Lazy Susan Automatic Fish Feeder ($14.95). The dish has 14 compartments and an automatic timer that deposits food into the tank as often as you would. They'll never know you're gone.

French poodles may save the British pound sterling. According to the Kennel Club of Great Britain, most of the French poodles imported by countries all over the world come from English kennels. In the past year, $4.5 million worth of poodles were exported: half to the U.S., many to Japan, where the demand is rising most rapidly, and 10 percent to France.

Meanwhile, France has contributed another breed to the U.S. The Bichon Frise, a small dog weighing about 12 pounds, has a loosely curled white or white with gold coat. Fans of the breed list among its appealing qualities the facts that it doesn't shed and doesn't smell—even when wet. The Bichon first came here 10 years ago, and, although it hasn't been officially recognized as a show dog here, the Bichon Frise Club of America estimates that there are about 250 of the dogs in the country now.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



This is Beau, a Bichon Frise, owned by Harriet Kaiserman of Santa Barbara, California.

he man from GLAD brings you the world's first triple-choice coupon



You'll find them in specially marked packages of clear plastic GLAD Sandwich Bags. Use them to get either 6¢ off at your store—or—a 25¢ refund in the mail—or—a free sandwich spreader in the mail.*

Pick up a pack of GLAD Sandwich Bags and pick your way to save with the world's first Triple-Choice Coupon. You'll find these valuable coupons inside specially marked packages of regular 75-bag size GLAD Sandwich Bags—and the new 150-bag size, too. In case you haven't used GLAD Sandwich Bags before, they're the ones with the *Fold-Lock Top* that locks in sandwiches—locks in freshness. And GLAD Sandwich Bags are twice as thick as most open-top plastic sandwich bags. Economical, too. That's Freshness Plus from GLAD!



*You send in the coupon with opener strips from 2 packages of GLAD Sandwich Bags for 25¢ refund or sandwich spreader.

◀ Look for packages like this one with the special offer printed in the corner.

GLAD IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF UNION CARBIDE PIONEERS IN PLASTICS



11:00 A.M. Splattered with baked-on grease and soil...it's high time this Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven cleaned itself! Set the "clean" lever and turn the "start" dial.



2:00 P.M. Clean as a whistle—except for a "blo away" trace of ash! This Frigidai Electri-clean Oven has cleaned itself more thorough than you could with hours of hard hand-scrubbin

Her Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven cleans itself, automatically... while she does the family shopping!

With a Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Range, a dirty oven can never again tie you down! *It cleans itself*...while you go to the hairdresser's, do your shopping or catch up with other household chores.

How it works. This remarkable oven uses high heat—about 900° —to turn the toughest oven soil into harmless vapor and a trace of ash. You'll never have to worry about boiled-over pie and casserole spills again. It even gets rid of those baked-on grease splatters that get trapped in the corners of oven racks!

Safety features. When it reaches broiling heat, the Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven door locks. It cannot be re-opened until it returns to conventional heat. That's one reason this range meets the Underwriters Laboratories safety requirements and carries their insignia! Incidentally, this remarkable range can b installed flush with wooden cabinets.

Operating costs. What's more, this "big family" oven clea itself automatically, electrically, for about the cost of a cup coffee. Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Ranges...outstandi products of General Motors.

Price of this range...only about $330. See your Frigidai dealer for his exact price and terms. Also see the differe Electri-clean Oven Range models, colors and features.

The brightest ideas in ranges are yours with Frigidaire...Electri-clean, Tender-matic, Flair, Twin-30 and Pull 'n Clean oven models.

FRIGIDAIRE

REE ... u May Have Already Won $100 a Month For Life! ... FREE

"101 Incomes For Life" are reserved for winners (in the all-new, 1966 Longines Symphonette Sweepstakes! (Say "YES" to the invitation below, and you have already "won" a valuable FREE record album!)



Yes, The Longines Symphonette invites you to enter its newest, most exciting sweepstakes ever! Incomes of $100 a month for life! $500 a Year for Life! $250 a Year for Life! $100 a Year for Life! And — other prizes. More than 70,000 chances to win!

Now The Longines Symphonette invites YOU to accept ...

$11.90 worth of records

FREE

Just for previewing the All-New *American Music Makers Program!*



FREE
ur favorite
Gershwin songs and melodies

ew performances on two superb, "Gold Medal" quality, 12" purest vinyl records! set might sell for up to $11.90 if it was available in the finest record stores! It gift as a demonstration of the exciting idea behind The American Music Makers e newest service from The Longines Symphonette! You'll thrill to songs like . . . ıe" . . . "S'Wonderful" . . . "I Got Rhythm" . . . "Love Is Sweeping The Country" Can't Take That Away From Me" . . . 22 great Gershwin hits in all . . . The tir precious memories of people and events! The kind of music and sweeping, rrangements you prefer . . . and a perfect sampling of the benefits of the no- ımerican Music Makers Program! (You keep your FREE two-record set *even* ot accept membership!)

. . . *Build a Library of America's Most Popular Songs*

n Music Makers Program brings you the best music of such American songwriters Rodgers . . . Cole Porter . . . Frank Loesser . . . Irving Berlin . . . Jerome Kern . . . er month releases. Each selection is a two-record Treasury of The greatest Amer- Songs performed by the virtuoso Longines Symphonette and the famed Singing Brand new arrangements, fresh recordings, new performances matched into a com- just like building a library of the best, most nostalgic music ever to be written!

TION TO BUY ANY RECORDS . . . CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP AT ANY TIME!

each new two-record Treasury as it is released by The American Music Makers he new, two-record set every other month). You may return it and owe nothing just $4.95 (plus modest postage-handling cost) in full payment! Cancel your at anytime simply by writing us! No strings attached—no contracts to buy any- American Music Makers Program is different and better than ordinary "clubs"! e card or coupon *today* to get your FREE two-record George Gershwin Treasury nd out if YOU HAVE ALREADY WON an "Income For Life" in the all-new-for- es Symphonette Sweepstakes. Along with your FREE George Gershwin Festival, FREE 10 day audition, "The Best Songs and Melodies of Cole Porter," your first The American Music Makers Program! Act at once—memberships are limited!

works . . . The Longines Symphonette has re- ed gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected outers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult or older will be checked against the official mbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card). Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed envelope!

All 22 of these memorable George Gershwin songs and melodies are yours to keep FREE!

Strike Up The Band
I Got Rhythm
It Ain't Necessarily So
Let's Call The Whole Thing Off
Liza
Love Is Here To Stay
Summertime
Love Walked In
Nice Work If You Can Get It
Shall We Dance
Love Is Sweeping The Country
They All Laughed
Who Cares
S'Wonderful
and More!

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IRVING BERLIN Always; Easter Parade; All Alone; Be Careful, It's My Heart . . . *and more.*

RICHARD RODGERS My Funny Valentine; Falling In Love With Love; It Might As Well Be Spring; Bali Hai . . . *and more.*

JEROME KERN Look For The Silver Lining; Smoke Gets In Your Eyes; All The Things You Are . . . *and more.*

COLE PORTER Night & Day; You're The Top; Begin The Beguine . . . *and more.*

FRANK LOESSER On a Slow Boat To China; Bushel and a Peck; Once in Love With Amy . . *and more.*

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☐ YES—send me my FREE two-record Treasury and reserve a charter membership in THE AMERICAN MUSIC MAKERS PROGRAM. Also send my first release, "The Best of Cole Porter" to play again and again for 10 days FREE. I will return "Cole Porter" and owe nothing . . . or send just $4.95 (plus modest postage-handling cost). I keep the FREE two-record Treasury "THE GEORGE GERSHWIN FESTIVAL" in any event. Thereafter, I will receive a new two-record Treasury every two months to hear FREE for 10 days. I may cancel membership at anytime.

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R2691-021



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When it's sopping outdoors, go shopping indoors.
Just curl up with your phone and call your favorite stores for anything your family needs. You're never "locked-in" by weather or baby or lack of a car when you have your phone nearby.
And the cost of calling is such a bargain.

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AMY VANDER-BILT

Tipping in Private Homes

At a home where I am enter-ined occasionally, we are told to upstairs and leave our wraps in ertain room. Always on the dresser ere is a small dish full of change, d a quarter left in the middle of e dresser top. Does our hostess pect her guests to tip?

Perhaps your hostess is of Eu-pean background. In some coun-es it is customary to leave a tip a maid in such instances, but it quite incorrect here. The only ne you should tip household ser-nts is after having been a guest in house for a weekend or longer.

Obligations of Guests

Shouldn't a social invitation that accepted always be reciprocated some manner? Some people seem feel that if the host and hostess n't especially want their com-ny, they wouldn't have invited em in the first place. This, of urse, is usually true—but it does relieve guests of the responsibil-of reciprocating.

At a barbecue recently I over-ard a couple leaving the party say the host and hostess, "Call us ain some time. It has been such !" In my opinion they should re instead thanked the host and stess for the nice evening and then led, "We'll get together again n at our house." What do you nk about this?

You are quite right, of course. fortunately, too many people feel t entertaining them is a privilege t requires neither reciprocation thanks.

Place Setting

I would like to know the correct erware arrangement when pâté erved as an appetizer. Are three s placed to the left of the plate, the pâté, salad, and main course? o, how is prosciutto and melon ed and eaten?

Yes, all three forks are placed to left; the two smaller ones for é and salad.

Melon and prosciutto is served as rst course with a small knife and . The melon is peeled and sliced, h the slices wrapped in, or cov-d crosswise by very thin slices of sciutto. This delicacy, of course, talian smoked, raw ham.

econd-Marriage Announcements

Q: My brother got a quickie divorce Mexico, and a few minutes later was married to a woman who had done the same thing a few hours earlier. They sent out wedding announcements, getting them engraved almost overnight. Feeling that to name the Mexican city where they were married would make the situation all too clear, they simply omitted this information from the announcements. Was this correct?

A: It would have been wiser for them to have omitted sending announcements altogether. Immediate remarriage after such quick divorces always has shock value, and the news gets around soon enough without formal announcement. It is a difficult situation to explain even by brief notes to close friends. Of course, when prominent people are involved, the newspapers spread the word.

Clothesline Courtesy

Q: About five years ago we bought a lovely farm that faced wide-open spaces. Since then the space has filled up with a development of houses in the $30,000 range. Most of our new neighbors use clothes dryers, but three that are directly opposite my picture window hang clothes out to dry each afternoon and all day Sunday—rain or shine! Lines full of clothes blowing in the early-morning breeze can be a pleasant sight, but on afternoons when one is entertaining, or on weekends, this pleasure becomes a neighborhood eyesore. I have spoken at the garden club about keeping our area attractive, even the backyards. Could you possibly support me?

A: I do agree with you, although I know that sometimes the mother of a young baby has little choice as to when to hang her clothes. Fortunately, more and more new homes come equipped with dryers. In your case, you might discuss the problem with your neighbors, suggesting that they confine their drying to weekday and Saturday mornings and early afternoons. (Be careful how you do this, or you will make them feel like bad housekeepers.) Or perhaps the clotheslines could be moved out of view of your window, with you offering to pay the cost, if necessary. Point out that, unfortunately, you can't move your picture window, but that it is relatively easy to move a clothesline. If all else fails, consider planting out the view of the flapping clothes.

Party Dress

Q: In a few weeks I will be going to a cocktail and dinner party at a friend's home. What should I wear to an after-five party such as this? Is it appropriate to take my hostess a gift such as a box of candy, cookies or flowers?

A: When in doubt about an invitation like this, you should ask your hostess. "Are you dressing?" If she says yes, wear a short or long evening dress (but not a ball gown). The men will be in dinner jackets. If she says, "Just cocktail dress," she means something simpler but still dressy, perhaps a silk sheath in black or pastel, a silk dinner suit, or a simple short chiffon.

A house gift is not necessary, but it is nice, at least the first time you go. In place of the conventional candy or flowers, you might take a bottle of good wine, a small crock of pâté, or a little jar of caviar. If you do send flowers, it is much more thoughtful to send them the morning of the party. It is not easy for the hostess to stop and arrange flowers—or ask some other busy member of the household to do so—while other guests are arriving.

Late Confirmation

Q: I have a son of 15 who, because of our several years abroad, was not confirmed at the usual age of 13 in our (Episcopal) church. I understand that he may be confirmed at a later age, with perhaps a simple preparation. Will he still have to go to confirmation classes?

A: He may be confirmed at any age, just as an adult may be. However, he must go to adult confirmation classes, which last two or three months, one night a week.

Remarriage After Divorce

Q: Is it correct to use two married names? For example, if Mrs. Powell lost her first husband, then remarried, could she (for the sake of children by her first marriage) sign her name as Mrs. Edith Powell-Burns or Edith Powell Burns?

A: In the first instance you give, that of hyphenating the surname, you inflict the hyphenization upon the husband. I should think he would object. At any rate, she should not call herself "Mrs. Edith. . . ." If she is married to John, she is "Mrs. John. . . ." (Sometimes, in business, the "Mrs. Edith" form is unavoidable, though still unattractive.) In the second instance, the use of her former husband's name as a middle name for herself in a signature would be highly unusual and, in my opinion, quite unnecessary. Again, I should think her husband might object.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to Journal *readers: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*

New from Colgate!



Concentrated cleaning power especially for electric toothbrushes

Electrx™ gives you 4 advantages for automatic brushing!

1. Concentrated cleaning power. Electric toothbrushes have smaller brush heads—use far less toothpaste than ordinary toothbrushes. This new toothpaste provides the *concentrated cleaning power* you need for efficient performance.



2. New ribbon shape. Electrx comes out of the tube in a ribbon that lies flat and is designed to hold better on high-speed brushes.

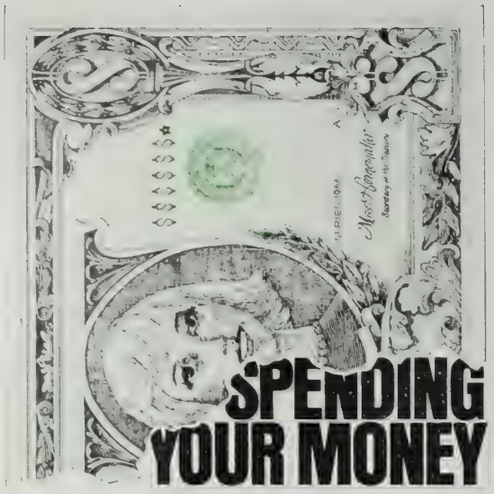
3. Minty flavor. A new flavor formulation that looks and tastes like fresh green mint. It appeals to adults and is a special favorite of children. Helps stop bad breath, too!

4. Clinically tested formula. When used in a program of good oral hygiene, Electrx is effective in helping to reduce new cavities.

Try Electrx today!



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Q: In the January issue of the *Journal*, you told a reader that her husband should take for granted that his income-tax return would be examined if he claims any deductions that appear "extraordinarily large" for his income bracket. But how do we know what amounts to an extraordinarily large deduction?

A: The average amounts being deducted by taxpayers in various income brackets are shown in the table below. If you claim deductions in amounts much higher than these averages, you're inviting an audit—even though each of your deductions is entirely legitimate.

Adjusted Gross Income in Thousands of Dollars

	5–6	6–7	7–8	8–9	9–10
Contributions	$192	$216	$242	$264	$296
Interest	345	418	480	530	581
Taxes	341	405	463	522	577
Medical	315	304	321	340	355

	10–15	15–20	20–25	25–50
Contributions	$363	$541	$ 718	$1,138
Interest	667	842	1,015	1,374
Taxes	708	999	1,280	1,900
Medical	430	650	908	1,308

If you claim amounts much smaller than these averages, it might be wise to go back and recheck your records—you may have overlooked a few deductible items.

Needless to say, you can deduct only what you actually spent, even though your total deductible expenses are well below the averages. And, of course, you should always have proof to back your claims.

Q: How long can we in the United States afford the fantastic population explosion?

A: Actually, the population explosion in this country has simmered down to a mere sputter. Our birth rate has fallen steadily for the past eight years, and last year we had the smallest population rise in two decades: about 1.2 percent. Just since 1957, the U.S. fertility rate—or the number of live births per 1,000 women of childbearing age—has dropped from 123 to 98.

Q: Even with our $10,000-a-year family income, we don't know how we're going to manage a college education for our 17-year-old son. We're already paying tuition and fees of $2,700 a year for an older son, in college now, and we have a mother-in-law and two more children to support at home. Considering these financial burdens, how "poor" does a family have to be in order for their child to qualify for a scholarship?

A: Most scholarships are not awarded solely on the basis of family income. In fact, virtually all college financial-aid sources consider factors such as those you mention in awarding scholarships and in deciding the amount of financial aid to be extended a student.

A fairly common arrangement, for example, would have you, as parents, contributing about 10 percent of your annual income toward your son's total college costs—plus a small share of your assets (savings, equity in home mortgage, insurance policy, etc.). In addition, your son would be expected to contribute most of his summer earnings and a share of his own savings. The rest, assuming his academic qualifications are adequate, would probably be made up by a "package" of financial help, including scholarship, loan and a paying job at the college.

Q: I have devised a new way of making a widely used product, and feel I should have a patent to protect my invention. However, I am told that the fees for patent attorney and search would amount to about $600. In view of this, I've been toying with the idea of making my own search and application. Would this be wise?

A: No. In order to make sure your patent will hold up in court, you should work through a patent attorney. Unless your invention is highly complex, though, a patent search needn't cost $600. Shop around for a lawyer—you'll probably be able to reduce the $600 estimate, and you'll save yourself the risk of losing the rights to your idea.

Q: Our 12-year-old insists on a raise in his allowance from his present $1 to $1.50, and our 10-year-old has demanded an increase from 50c to $1. My husband keeps reminding both of them that he got along on 25c a week until he went to high school—and I keep reminding my husband that things have changed a lot since his childhood. Just how much allowance should parents give children these ages?

A: The figures below show the weekly allowances typical American parents have found reasonable and workable:

Age 4–5	10–15c
Age 8	50c
Age 10	75c–$1
Age 12	$1–$2.50
Age 14	$2–$4

When a child reaches the age of 15, his allowance can vary widely and should depend on how wisely he's capable of spending money, whether or not he buys his own clothes, what others of his age and family-income bracket are getting, and how much the parents can afford. All this should be discussed in detail. And whatever sum is agreed upon, make it clear what the money is and is not supposed to cover.

By SYLVIA PORTER

Note to your husband: It's not just the cost of living that has soared since he was a boy. So have our incomes, standards of living and material expectations.

Q: We give our six-year-old a weekly allowance of 15c, hoping to teach him the rudiments of money management while he's very young. But he is constantly pleading with us to advance him next week's allowance to pay for this week's candy. Are we wrong to refuse him?

A: No. Even on a 15c-a-week allowance, the important thing for him to learn is how to live within his means—or do without. To him, your pocketbook probably seems like a bottomless pit of wealth, with considerably more than next week's allowance subject to negotiation.

Q: Nearly all of the working wives and mothers in our community are finding it increasingly difficult to find and keep a maid. I've had six different household helpers just during the past year. Is this a nationwide problem? Is it a matter of low pay, low fringe benefits, or low status?

A: Yes, on all counts. The average annual earnings of a full-time maid in the United States today are less than $1,100. Many get even less than that amount. Of course, the national "averages" are pulled down by the very low pay rates in the South; wages are much higher for maids in the North and in big cities.

Moreover, such fringe benefits as paid vacations, pension plans and insurance are rare in this occupation.

But the key problem is that the domestic worker today is at the very bottom of the status ladder. Employer—and public—attitudes toward this kind of work are crucially important factors contributing to the maid shortage. These attitudes must be drastically changed to attract more workers to this field.

Q: Now that our two children are grown, I'd like to go back to work. But a job will mean extra expenses—transportation, a larger wardrobe, income tax on my earnings, etc. What proportion of my salary can I, as a working wife, expect to bring home?



A: Figure on about 60 percent of your salary after taxes, the expenses you list and a few others you'll also probably have to pay—such as the cost of laundry sent out to be done occasionally, a part-time cleaning woman, lunches. EN



t's a very nice wish, dear, but a pony...Wouldn't you rather have a turtle?"
'll get around that one. Somehow. But there'll be other things. Things that'll break
r heart to say "no" to. Like college. Why not prepare for such things
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; that will grow right along with him and the rising cost of a college education.
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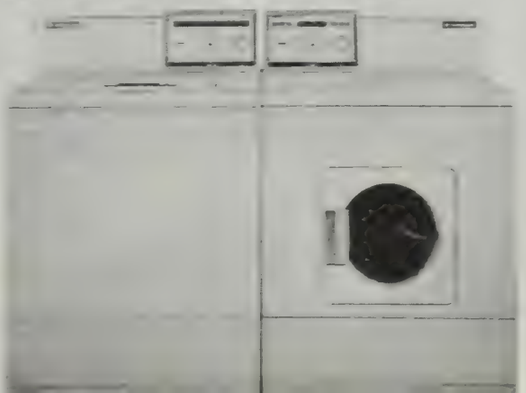


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Guess who?

For many Americans "guess who" is no game. They have to do it all the time.
You have only one pair of eyes. Have them examined professionally once every year or so.

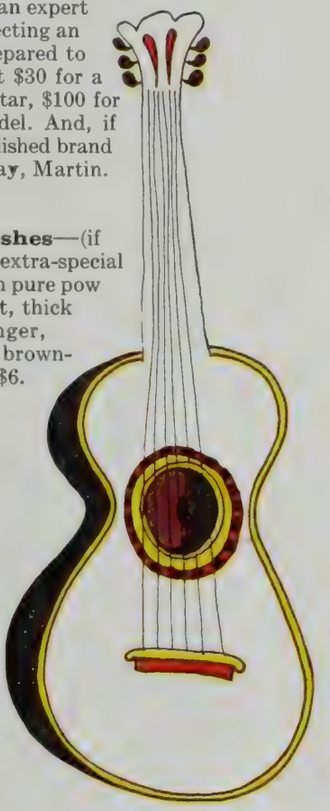
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MARCH • 1966 ★★★ VOL. 9

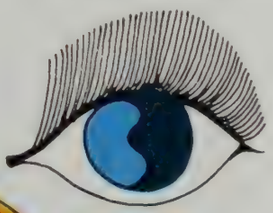


Sixteen-year-old **Rona Maynard** can't remember when she *didn't* write, thinks it's important for aspiring authors to *observe*. (Many of you read Rona's *Paper Flowers* in the October *Journal*, then wanted to know more about her.) She once wanted to be a ballerina (her first stories were about the ballet). She draws, "just well enough to begin to understand the problems of a *real* artist." She loves acting, told us she was having trouble undoing the English accent she'd worked on for her role ("the Hayley Mills part") in a high-school production of *The Chalk Garden*. Her great ambition: to write, direct and star in her own movie. The future? "College, writing, doing and seeing as much as possible."

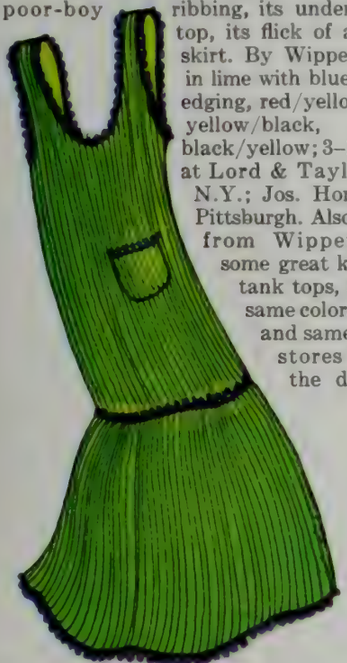
Everybody's doing it—**learning to play guitar,** that is (manufacturers report the biggest sales boom—twang?—ever in '65). Advice to new students: Bring an expert along when selecting an instrument. Be prepared to pay at least $30 for a beginner's folk guitar, $100 for an electric model. And, if possible, buy an established brand name like Harmony, Kay, Martin.



Get the knack of **false eyelashes**—(if you're 18 or so) for extra-special occasions—nothing adds as much pure pow to your looks. Choose short, thick lashes (rather than the longer, skimpy kind) in brown or brown-black. Expect to pay about $6.



Pick a knit—almost any cotton knit—then take it with you to wherever you're going on spring vacation. Take the skimmy little dress here, for example, with its poor-boy ribbing, its undershirt-y top, its flick of a skirt. By Wippette, in lime with blue lace edging, red/yellow, yellow/black, black/yellow; 3–13, $13 at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh. Also from Wippette, some great knit tank tops, $6; same colors, and same stores as the dress.



It's the biggest pants year yet—but before you buy your next pair, know what's "in," what's "out." *Way* out: skin-tight stretch pants. In: bell bottoms, either extravagantly flared like the ones here, or, if you're shortish and/or plumpish, with a modified bell. Also in, and good on almost anyone: *cuffed* stovepipe pants, straight as a plumbline from thigh to ankle. Army-Navy stores have the best bell bottoms, according to some girls (while you're browsing there, look for pea jackets, chambray work shirts, white Marine Corps belts). If you're *really* daring (like some of the best-dressed girls we know) get your stovepipes (ask for boys' dress pants) from the men's department of your favorite department store.



From Naturalizer:

new shining Corfam® collection for spring

Beautiful—the way Naturalizer combines spring sty
cushioned-sole comfort, and the sparkle of go-with-every
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to shining Corfam. They're water-resistant; won't crack,
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▲ Two shades of shimmer for salt-and-pepper hair. Left: Silvery Slate* 15, a true slate, even-toned. Right: Silvery Pearl* 14—not light, not dark, but clear-gleaming silver.



◀ Silvery Mist* 13—beautifully versatile. A light silver with just a hint of blue. Softens gray, or gives lovely lights to salt-and-pepper.



◀ Silvery Extra White* 10, your lightest, whitest choice. If your hair is entirely white, you may select any of the seven silvery shades. Each one radiant—*seems to shine even in the dark*!*



▲ Silvery Platinum* 12, for predominantly white hair. A lovely, softening platinum tone, shimmered with mauve for flattery.

Silvery Smoke* 16, the darkest of deep-lit silvers. Gives uniform depth to salt-and-pepper. ▼





◀ Silvery White* 11, a sparkling white shade to make white hair radiant, or dramatize the highlights in graying hair.



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Can This Marriage
Be Saved?
by Dorothy Cameron Disney

Iva Was a Second Wife

Stepchildren represent one of the great problems of modern American society—a problem too little studied. The parent who has lost a spouse, either by death or by divorce, usually feels, "I must remarry so the children will have a father"—or mother, as the case may be. Recent surveys suggest that the remarriage is likely to be more satisfactory to parent than to offspring. The Midtown Manhattan Study, carried on for more than 10 years, reports bluntly that "with remarriage the mental-health risk of the children seems to increase." *It goes on to explain that "sons are worse off when they acquire a stepmother by their father's remarriage. Daughters are worse off when they acquire a stepfather." Everyone knows of many instances where the remarriage was a great success from every point of view; but realism compels the admission that this subject needs to be re-examined, and more education given to parents who are remarrying. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Evelyn Gendelman.*

PAUL POPENOE, Sc. D.,
Founder and president of the
American Institute of Family Relations.

"My stepsons are two nice kids, but they're wrecking my marriage," said Iva, a long-legged, carelessly dressed blonde wearing unbecoming spectacles. Twenty-eight-year-old Iva was a career wife in social service, whose college professor husband was 12 years older. "Part of the problem is undoubtedly my own fault. Eddie and Jon are as well behaved as the average teen-age boys. But they aren't mine, and they constantly let me know it.

"During the three months Hoy was courting me, I was dazzlingly happy, and everything seemed possible. I felt confident I could get close to his sons in time, but I had no illusions Eddie and Jon would accept me as a ready-made, instant Mom. I realized it was natural for them to prefer their own mother and look on me as an interloper.

"However, when I married Hoy, I did expect to be accepted as a first-class wife. Well, it hasn't happened. A year has gone by, and I'm still regarded as second choice, second rate. Hoy and the boys and their mobs of friends make me feel I'm inferior to his ex-wife in every particular—in appearance, clothes sense, artistic ability, intelligence, charm, what have you.

"Hoy and Elise split up a long while before I met him. Why any woman would voluntarily loose her grip on a wonderful guy like Hoy is a puzzle to me, but I gather from the grapevine the divorce was Elise's idea. Hoy has never talked to me about it. Indeed, he is so reticent on the subject of his first marriage, so quick to turn aside my questions about it—I'm too proud to ask very many—that I'm sure there must be times when he secretly regrets the divorce.

"Elise and the boys are still very much a part of his existence—and mine. She telephones our apartment whenever she takes the notion; the kids are forever on the wire talking music or sports or their studies with Hoy, and they stay with us every other weekend. Their sleeping bags decorate our living-room floor most of the time. Last weekend they didn't come. As a result, by Wednesday evening Hoy was restless, lonesome, bored with my company, and we drove eighteen miles so he could see his youngsters 'a few minutes.'

"We stayed three hours while Elise, a fine pianist, and the boys put on a performance of folk music, and Hoy and the other guests enthusiastically joined in. Several dozen family friends were also present. I have a voice like a crow, so I sat in the corner and kept quiet. I was wearing a rumpled sweater and skirt and no lipstick. The other women looked dandy. Elise is pushing forty, but is tiny and cute, not an overgrown horse like me, and she looked like a little Dresden doll in skin-tight, raw-silk Capris. All the guests were overjoyed to see Hoy. They were insufferably patronizing to me.

"Several people were musical professionals, and everybody managed to rub in my ignorance, including my stepsons. At one point I distinctly heard 16-year-old Eddie whisper to somebody that his Dad's new wife had a tin ear. Later on, I complimented 14-year-old Jon on his virtuosity with the guitar—I despise guitar music—and he yawned in my face and walked off. I was cut by Jon's rudeness, and also disgusted by my own hypocrisy.

"I felt like a complete outsider, like Alice in Wonderland in the chapter where she grows smaller . . . and smaller . . . and smaller. Elise is a gourmet cook. She scorns mixes, frozen foods, all the short cuts I depend on to achieve my pedestrian menus. Hoy simply devoured the *crème brûlée* she had whipped up from scratch, smacking his lips like a starving man, and the boys ate a whole cake.

"I cried all the way home that night, and Hoy didn't ask me why. Nor, when we reached our apartment, did he beg me to hurry and get in bed with him, as he usually does.

"Next day, during my lunch hour, I blew a week's salary on a French cookbook and a snappy outfit I couldn't afford and didn't actually need. That evening I climbed into the outfit before Hoy arrived from the college where he teaches. I was all set for words of praise. Hoy looked me over, glanced at the price tags, which I'd forgotten a little, and said nothing.

"We don't quarrel over money, but I felt sure he disapproved of my extravagance. After supper, when he suggested we drop in on Elise and the boys again, I was surprised, but for once pleased to make the trip, since I foolishly imagined he wanted to show me off in my new duds. We found Elise slopping around in old blue jeans, and I soon found out there was an ulterior reason for our visit. Elise's car was on the blink; Eddie and Jon had flopped on the repair job and needed their Dad's assistance as a mechanic. It was plain that Elise or one of the kids had got in touch with Hoy at the college earlier in the day—I very seldom disturb him at work—and that he had deliberately kept me in the dark. To me, his silence seemed disloyal. I tell him about the calls I receive at my office, even if it's just my mother complaining about my father. (*continued*)

This story is taken from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 [illegible] marriage counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

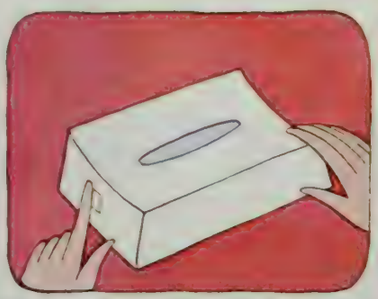
Pick up a
unch of new

KLEENEX TISSUES UNIORS

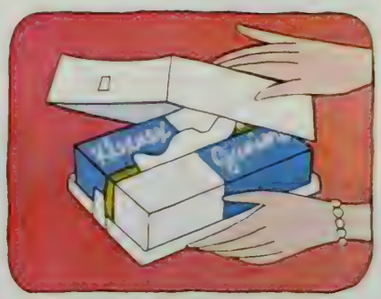


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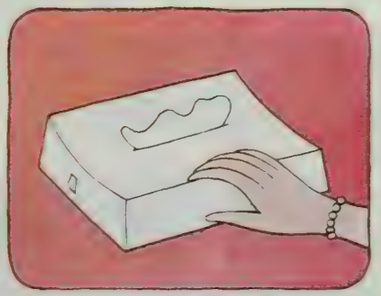
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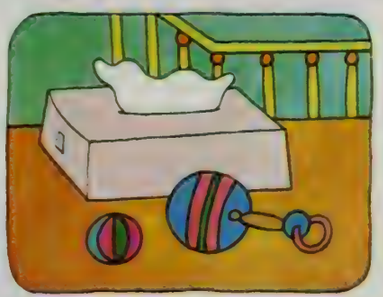


Snap shut—it's that easy

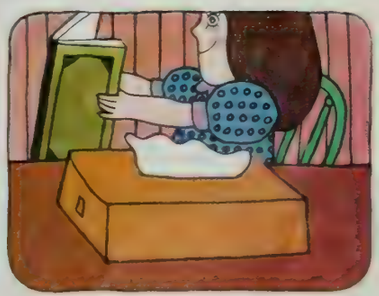
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"Elise and Hoy and the two boys dis-ppeared into the garage and left me randed in the living room. When my epson Eddie turned on the TV for me watch, he probably intended to be olite. However he picked a station owing a moronic comedy program that guess he considered the proper intellec-ual fare for dumb, nonmusical, over-essed me.

"It was at least two hours before the ur of them came back from the garage. oy tottered in, smeared with grease, hausted, but beaming with triumph. lise and the boys were grinning like heshire cats. They had robbed me of y husband's company, ruined my eve-ng, but they had fixed her car.

"That night I slept on our sofa, and I ied myself to sleep. Bright and early ext morning, I was wakened by the one and, surprise, surprise, it was lise. I lied and said Hoy was already one—in my single days I always spoke e truth—and asked what she wanted. ll she wanted was to tell Hoy her car orked fine, but needed new tires, and hat kind should she buy? I promised to eliver the message, but she said for me ot to bother, that she or the boys would ll him later.

"I banged down the receiver so hard e telephone fell on the floor. When oy came running in from the bedroom, had hysterics. I screamed at him to der his ex-wife and his two sons to op pestering us or else I would apply r a private number. Poor Hoy can't and scenes, and I know it, but when he ied to calm me, I kept on yelling. ventually he walked out on me.

"I didn't exactly blame him, but after left the apartment I went haywire. I ted the way I sometimes used to act a child when I got so furious I couldn't and it and would lock myself in the throom and throw a tantrum from eer frustration. I acted like a crazy oman. I banged my head against the ll, I pulled my hair until it came out chunks, I scratched my face until the ood ran. Finally I collapsed on the sofa weak and worn out I had to call the fice I couldn't come in.

As a social-service worker, it is my b to cope with and understand people. et I don't understand myself. When I arried Hoy, it seems I lost my self-ntrol, my good common sense, my scipline. I'm behaving abominably as s wife, as a part-time mother to his ildren. I love Hoy with all my heart, t I constantly lash out at him, scream his sons and give in to hysteria, al-ough I realize my conduct alienates m and is driving him away.

"I come from an explosive back-ound—my parents fought like animals, ually about my father's innumerable fidelities—but I prided myself on be-g the calm one. I controlled my temper ound the family and staged my rare ntrums in private because I knew no-dy cared in the least how I felt. By rning the other cheek, playing the acemaker, I survived the cruelty and sults of my father, the indifference of y mother, the bullying of my brother, n. My father, an illiterate, unskilled orer, jeered at my intelligence and llege ambitions, mocked my awkward-ss, my towering height and predicted would never catch a husband.

"My brother, who is two years older, d a mild attack of polio at six, and thereafter was permitted to make my existence a misery. Don tore up my books, yelled in my ear or banged on the piano whenever I tried to study. He hit me, and broke two of my toes one time by stamping on my foot with his brace. I was never allowed to strike back. He was the family favorite. I was little Miss Nobody.

"By the time I graduated from college—I worked my way—and landed a well-paid job, I guess my parents were grudgingly proud of my achievements. Anyhow, Mother has always been happy to borrow from me to help Don, who has now been married four times and fathered two sets of children. As a clumsy, unattractive, overworked college student helping out at home, I had no friends of either sex. I never had a date until I moved into my own apartment two years ago at the age of twenty-six. Hoy is the only serious interest I've ever had, the only person in this world I've ever felt close to. The idea of losing him throws me into a cold panic.

"He and I met at a square dance, sponsored by a neighborhood club I joined the day I rented my apartment. In order to make friends in a hurry and make up for years of lost time, I signed for every activity available—golf, tennis, fencing, weaving, playacting, square dancing, the works. One night Hoy walked over to me while I was holding down the wallflowers' bench. I can still see his wide, enthusiastic grin, the sweat popping from his round face, the marvelous warmth and kindness shining from his eyes. I was enchanted by everything about his looks, including his waistline bulge. In fact, I fell in love that minute.

"Four dates and four weeks later, he proposed, and I could hardly believe my luck. I accepted instantly, before he had a chance to change his mind. Even my father was impressed to hear I was engaged to a professional man. Mother was delighted, although I had to assure her I wouldn't forget my duty to her. Hoy and I were obliged to delay our wedding two months until he could catch up with back alimony payments. That was my first inkling that his previous marriage might interfere with *our* marriage.

"In the beginning I was genuinely glad Hoy had two sons, since I am physically unable to bear children. During our engagement I got along well with Eddie and Jon. I didn't meet Elise or think about her. But when Mother and I sat down to plan our small wedding—elaborate weddings seem middle class to me—Hoy suggested we invite Elise, which struck me as distinctly odd. It struck my mother the same way. Well, Hoy's ex-wife showed up in a dress that outshone my bridal costume, and charmed all my guests with ease.

"I must admit Elise left us undisturbed during our economical, five-day honeymoon trip. But both boys telephoned our hotel repeatedly; Eddie called his father twice in one day. I often think I hate the telephone almost as much as I hate guitar music. Several weeks ago, Elise held Hoy on the wire over an hour, and ruined the supper I had cooked for him, while she described the hot pursuit of a current admirer of hers and asked Hoy to decide whether she ought to marry the guy.

"It seems outrageous to me for her to call on *my* husband to act as a lovelorn adviser and be her confidant in affairs of the heart. I halfway suspect she was trying to arouse Hoy's jealousy with her talk and revive his interest in her. Maybe she has already succeeded, with the help of Eddie and Jon. I just don't know.

"I do know the boys have turned into real pests, so far as I'm concerned, although it makes me feel small-minded to admit how much two teen-age youngsters get on my nerves. Eddie and Jon seem completely lacking in initiative and independence; both of them hang onto Hoy like babies. He is always overjoyed to have them phone or drop in on us, however inconvenient.

"They barge in on us at all hours. Not long ago Jon caught me in the shower. They roar up on Eddie's motorcycle, lugging their guitars, blowing off the roof with the noise. In five minutes they pick our refrigerator clean, assassinating my arrangements for the next meal and upsetting our food budget, too. They leave their dirty clothes on the floor. They never wash the bathtub. They . . . but why go on with such petty stuff? In my sane moments I realize Eddie and Jon are good kids, and that there must be something wrong with me.

"I suppose the truth is I'm sick with jealousy, anxiety and fear. In any showdown, I know Hoy would choose his sons in preference to me, and I'm not sure he wouldn't choose Elise as well."

"I told myself that a second wife might have problems," said 40-year-old Hoy. A pleasant-looking man with thinning hair, he turned a tentative but very appealing smile on the counselor at the American Institute of Family Relations. "I was prepared to be extra considerate with Iva, although frankly I couldn't conceive of any problem that would stump the two of us.

"She and I were so much in love I was certain trouble would pass us by, which probably sounds corny coming from a guy my age. Iva is the only woman I have ever loved. Maybe that sounds corny, too. But it's a fact.

"My first marriage was a long, drawn-out disaster that held together twelve years because Elise and I had two sons who deserved a better fate than parents like us. I try to forget that dreary, dead period in my life. I wouldn't be discussing it now if I didn't need professional help. Iva has changed so much this past year. She has become so quarrelsome, hysterical and at times downright irrational, I'm afraid she may be on the verge of a crackup. She is tearing herself and me to pieces with senseless jealousy. I really don't know why. A year ago I would have sworn that Iva and I were suited in every way.

"My first wife and I were always totally unsuited for a man-woman relationship, or any relationship that went deeper than the friendly, youthful interest we shared in music. Elise is sexually cold, and I'm not; the frustrations of our marital relationship came close to destroying my self-respect and shook my confidence in my manhood. That may be the reason I avoid thinking about it. Elise's mother, a domineering, fame-hungry music teacher who spent years attempting to make her daughter a concert pianist, was the matchmaker. She announced the engagement, bought the ring, hired the minister. She then tried to pluck me out of college and turn me into a virtuoso violinist. I was twenty at the time, Elise eighteen.

"Elise had considerable talent, but not enough to hit the big leagues. I had less talent and much less drive. Before my mother-in-law died, Eddie and Jon came along. Their (*continued on page 48*)

PRESTO THINKS TWICE

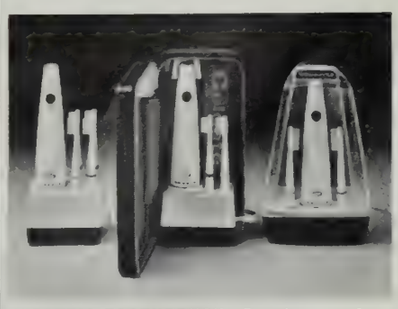
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indefatigable, unconquerable grandma was putting them through their musical paces before they were toilet-trained.

"It's a wonder all of us didn't learn to hate music. I did learn, and quickly, to hate Elise's grinding, harsh ambition, her coldness, the shoddy standards she inherited from her mother. Elise still gets occasional professional engagements—but strictly through favoritism; she plays hostess to the right people, butters up the managers and agents.

"Right now she has a hot manager on the string who is sentimentally interested in her. I gather the matter is serious and that they may marry. I hope it happens. To be blunt about it, I'm thinking of myself as well as Elise's happiness. I would like to be free of keeping her car in repair, receiving her confidences and paying alimony. I've done my best to be cooperative and hurry along the romance, but, to my amazement, Iva has fought me all the way. Not long ago she blew her top because our dinner cooked overlong while Elise, who is childish and egotistical, reported the latest on her Joe in boring detail.

"Soon afterward Iva and I were introduced to the fellow at one of Elise's impromptu soirees—my ex-wife likes to spring surprises on people and make hours of effort look like nothing—and Iva spent the evening sulking about the way she was dressed. Iva was the prettiest woman at the gathering by far.

"Had I known a party was in the offing, naturally I would have warned her. However, I don't think I deserved the scene Iva put me through later on—or the offensive way she treated the guests invited by my sons and their mother. Iva is a bright girl and a college graduate. Yet she insists I carry all her social burdens. She constantly complains she 'feels' like an outsider, that the boys and I don't make her 'feel' she belongs to our family. Nevertheless, on that particular evening she ignored her social obligations as my wife and ignored her responsibility to my sons.

"She embarrassed both the boys and me by her rudeness to the other guests. I *wanted* to be proud of her. Everybody noticed her ungraciousness to Eddie and Jon, who put on a real performance with their guitars. This last year my kids have been sweating out a combo with a couple of other youngsters; their group has already been hired to play at a number of high-school and college dances. I think the boys should be encouraged, and not only because of the fees involved, although in my financial circumstances every little bit is welcome.

"Instead of encouraging Eddie and Jon, Iva herself began taking piano lessons and practicing industriously, which, to be brutally frank, is a waste of money and energy. She should stick to appreciating other people's music. Where Iva shines creatively is in art; both her stitchery and her weaving are expert and exciting. Several of the freehand tapestries she turned out for our apartment are darn near museum quality. Iva's dog-in-the-manger attitude toward my kids baffles and hurts them; they can't understand it.

"Eddie and Jon used to be great fans of Iva's; during our courtship they frequently urged me to grab her before somebody else beat my time. Iva professed to be fond of them until we got married. She now complains every time they drop in. I want my boys to think of my home as their home, but they a increasingly sensitive to her coolness. month or so ago Eddie left his guitar o the floor, which, of course, was carele of him. Iva stumbled over it and brok the strings. I doubt her clumsiness w accidental, and I have a hunch Edd shares my doubts, though we haven discussed it. But he doesn't bring h guitar to the apartment anymore, an that makes both of us feel bad.

"Another time I was peacefully play ing chess with Jon, when Iva sudden demanded I go shopping with her rig that minute. She was so insistent, Jo and I put aside the game and I wen After she bought a dress she had no u for, a becoming dress I'll admit, I hu ried back to the apartment, where m 14-year-old was still patiently waitin Jon and I didn't finish our game. Two the pawns had mysteriously vanishe from the chessboard, and up to no have not reappeared. Jon and I don play chess anymore, and we both miss i

"When I fell in love with Iva, I ha been divorced six years. Single men wi family obligations in my salary bracke roughly $7,500 annually minus taxe can't afford to lead the gay, rich lives motion-picture bachelors. Often I w bitterly lonely, but I preferred loneline to the company of most of the women met, and I met all kinds.

"Iva seemed completely different fro other women. In our courtship, just year ago, she was marvelously generou scrupulously honest, not full of trick ness and shabby little deceits. She w shy, but not self-conscious; her intel gence, her ideas, her dislike for the sli and the conventional, her altruism a her convictions were a joy to me. W agreed on everything—politics, religio how the world should go.

"Unlike Elise and the majority of h feminine buddies, Iva scorned fads a fashion. She refused to buy a trousseau and wore a borrowed wedding gown a veil only at her mother's command. H lack of vanity tickled me. It seemed honest. But overnight, for no reason can fathom, Iva became clothes-ma

"Frankly, we can't afford her sho ping sprees. But I don't feel I'm in position to object to the way Iva spen her salary since I'm legally obligated pay Elise $160 a month for child suppo and an additional $100 in alimony.

"Iva and I didn't settle on a budget advance. But she and I earn appro mately the same amount, and I thou it was more or less understood we wo share the cost of food and shelter. hasn't worked out that way. My savi have vanished, and I've gone in de while Iva throws away her earnings mind the needless clothing she buys herself considerably less than I mind t loans she makes to her mother for h worthless brother. Iva's family did no ing for her. She has told me that she spises her promiscuous father and equa promiscuous brother. But she lets th victimize her.

"One night some time ago, while cr cizing my sons for wasting money on p records, Iva complained our apartme was too small and noisy to accommod the four of us even on alternate we ends. It's true we need a larger pla However, I can't afford to pay m rent, as she should realize. When I sei the opportunity to speak of the financ drain of her family on her, Iva blush but said very firmly that she hadn't b or given them a penny since our marria

Her untruthfulness really cut. Until
n I had no idea Iva would tell a lie to
to shield her family and protect them
my expense. It made me feel she
ught more of them than she thought
ne. It made me wonder how she can
ue that I love my own sons too much
treat her like an outsider."

va's two stepsons weren't the prob-
in the marriage," the counselor said.
ie problem lay in Iva's personality,
he herself was aware, but was unable
pinpoint and eliminate the trouble.
Hoy was devoted to Iva and willing
o to great lengths to succeed in his
nd marriage. Nevertheless, he com-
nded Iva's difficulties with a person-
quirk of his own. Like Iva, he was
product of a contentious, strife-
en childhood. As a boy, Hoy made
is mind he would refrain from quar-
g when he grew up, repress his anger
counter the unpleasant with silence.
policy, which Hoy stubbornly ad-
d to as an adult, is seldom an asset
arriage. In a sense, although Hoy
't realize it, he showed a lack of per-
l strength and also a lack of trust in
when he didn't speak his mind and
r thoughts to her, stand his ground
risk disagreement.
Since his recollections of his marital
ionship with Elise were disagree-
, Hoy tried to forget and never spoke
va of that period in his life. At my
estion, Hoy confided in Iva the
about the way he had been ma-
ered into youthful marriage and his
ppy association with Elise. He told
f his intense relief at the divorce,
h, incidentally, he initiated.
This disclosure was helpful in lessen-
Iva's jealousy. But she still had a
tough path to travel before she
ved self-understanding; acknowl-
d that it was natural and desirable
Hoy to love Eddie and Jon; and
ed to accept and enjoy her stepsons
er own account.
s a grown woman, Iva was reacting
he insecure, timorous, unloved little
he once had been. Because both her
r and her brother Don were faith-
promiscuous men, she suspected
lessness in Hoy where none existed.
hrank from nonexistent slights.
Convinced nobody could possibly
for the kind of person she really
—her father, mother, brother had
atedly told her so—Iva borrowed
nd pieces from the personalities of
she believed superior, socially
t, appealing to her husband; those
she envied. Eddie and Jon were musical, and Hoy applauded. Well, Iva would take piano lessons. Elise slavishly followed fashion. Well, Iva would jam her wardrobe with clothing she neither wanted, needed, nor could afford.

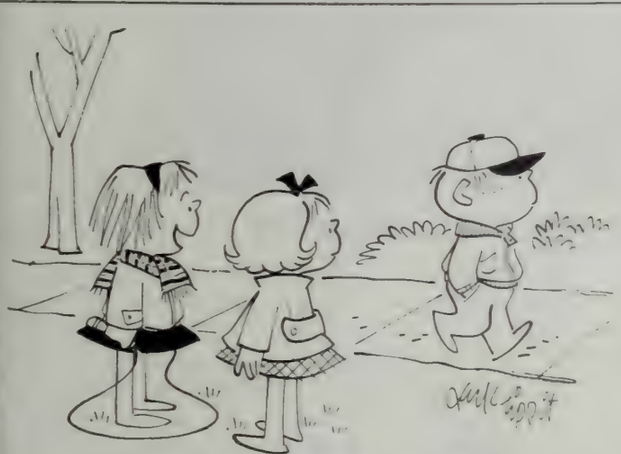
"In childhood Iva had burst out of the cage of her frustrations by throwing tantrums. As an adult, she sought solace for discouragement in the same way. To buy the goodwill and affection of her family—affection she no longer wanted and did not need—she continued to let them exploit her, and then told Hoy lies about it. Conscience-stricken at deceiving the man she loved, she would then attempt to relieve her guilty feelings in the old childish way with a temper outburst. In childhood she had often longed to strike back at her brother. Too fearful to risk the result, she had turned her fury on herself. In her fits of jealousy, anger and guilt as an adult, Iva had often wanted but feared to attack Hoy—her husband might toss her out of his life—and so she scratched her own face, pulled out her own hair, banged her head against the wall, just like a miserable little girl.

"After three months of counseling, Iva was able to conquer her baseless jealousy, discard her fantasies—in actuality she was physically more attractive than Elise—and reorganize her destructive emotional patterns. As soon as Iva was able to recognize reality, she perceived that Hoy loved her as the woman she honestly was—astounding as that seemed to her. She perceived that Eddie and Jon were not her enemies and rivals, but were noisy, normal teen-age youngsters—willing to admire their stepmother, given the chance.

"Shortly after our counseling ended, Iva and Hoy worked out a satisfactory budget. They now divide their living costs. Together they are building up a savings account earmarked for the purchase of a home. Iva now responds to her mother's requests for handouts only when she thinks it genuinely necessary. To her surprise, she and her family get on much better.

"Nowadays Iva gladly gives the go-by to clothing sales. The couple's finances were considerably eased some months ago when Elise married her admirer, and Hoy was relieved of alimony payments. He and Iva then moved into a larger, more comfortable apartment.

"The apartment has an extra bedroom, especially furnished by Iva to suit the tastes and interests of her stepsons. Eddie and Jon spend a good deal of their time there." **END**



"I don't remember his name, but we've kicked each other once or twice at recess."

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Fears and Bad Dreams

t Mother: I'd like to discuss fear torms. We had a tornado out in August.

Bettelheim: How did your lren react?

t Mother: Well, this problem ed prior to the storm. When our e-year-old girl was about a year a sudden windstorm came up evening. We were all out in the , and when we rushed inside to windows, we had to put her n in the playpen by herself. She me suddenly very afraid. We 't realize how our rushing nd might instill fears in her. n that point on, any rain, or der or lightning has been very ult. She's been so afraid.

B.: Yes. And ——

t Mother: When the storm came ugust, she was the first one e, and this time there was some- vith her all through it. But since , her sleeping pattern has grown e, so that every jet plane, every , every noise, wakes her up. ve humored her in this; I've gone r room and stayed until she can ack to sleep. I've ended up ing in her bedroom almost every because she doesn't want to be . And there are times when I well, this is something she'll out of; I'll simply humor her. there are other times when I : Am I spoiling this child? Is ust taking advantage?

B.: What do you mean by taking ntage?

Mother: That actually she's really scared anymore. Every isn't a stormy night; why d she be continually waking up?

B.: What interests me is the use e term, "taking advantage of." ntage of what?

Mother: For having me near very night.

B.: It's interesting that you d the term, "take advantage." use really this allows for two bilities. One is to take advan- as you say, for relieving her ties by being close to you. The advantage is that by centering ars on the tornado your child's total of fears gets located in e cluster. Again and again we his pattern, not only in chil- but in adults, too. A wide group xieties will coalesce, so that we have to be afraid of so many s. A large number of fears can themselves around one event; hing that happened in the fam- something seen in the street— as an accident.

e finds an incredible cluster of around this single event, and ny ways this is really very com- le. I'd much rather be afraid thing, than a hundred things, n't you? At this age, the child ences many vague fears, un- d, non-specific, or not recog- by where they really come He really isn't yet able to ex- things to himself or to others. erbal skills, the ability to con- ceptualize, is only just beginning. He cannot label all his fears.

Now you might ask yourself, *why* does this come up around the age of three? It is because so many new things are beginning to happen to them at this point. Before this, they have been well-protected: in your arms, in the crib, in the playpen. But suddenly, as they begin to walk and talk, not only do they encounter so much more; they become aware of so much more. This is the age of curiosity. Pretty soon they're going to ask you "why?" all the time; or "what's this?" and "how come?" And as children encounter so much more they're also baffled by so much more. And also afraid of so much more. Only their anxieties are quite vague and pertain to many things: their body, you, the food they eat, the family, what's going on down the block, in the street, in the yard, all the bugs. You know how many children are afraid of bugs. The weather is just another source of fears.

So when you said she's taking advantage, in a way you're right. She's taking advantage of the chance to put all her other fears and anxieties into one basket. If you wanted to help her, you would have to sort them all out. Rational explanations about the weather don't do much good, because these are not rational fears. You would have to separate them: what is the underlying anxiety and what is the conscious expression—whether it's her fears about dying, or of being persecuted by animals, or about tornadoes. Because the fear of the tornado is really the fear of destruction, which is no different than the fear of persecution by an animal. That's why it doesn't help your child to tell her that all the lions and tigers are safely locked up in the zoo if they appear in her dreams and chase her.

Second Mother: Where does the child get this idea? I never heard of this before, the fear of persecution by animals.

Third Mother: It's the stories you read them.

Dr. B.: Who hasn't had dreams, as a child, about animals chasing them? There are those who remember them and those who don't, but that's the only difference. Every young child has such dreams.

Third Mother: I remember dreaming of someone dying, you know, mother or father, but never animals.

Second Mother: I remember nightmares, but I don't remember being persecuted in the dream. My daughter plays with our pet dog constantly. And I really don't see how she'll ever get the idea that animals persecute her, because the only reality she has with animals is friendly. I mean, is this really natural, to expect that if I read her a story about a lion, she's going to wake up afraid?

Dr. B.: Not necessarily. It depends on what her fears are. You see, we cannot grow up without fears. This is another of those *(continued)*

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ARS AND BAD DREAMS

tinued

e ideas: that we can raise our chil-n without fears. It just isn't so. Nor t even desirable. Their fears may dif-, of course. Certainly when I was a we didn't have fears about men m outer space, or about nuclear wars.

ond Mother: This is my problem.

B.: The fear in a nightmare about lear war isn't so different from the r in a nightmare about a tornado.

st Mother: I can understand persecu-n, but where do children get the idea destruction?

B.: It's true, hardly anybody dreams ut his own death. We dream about death of other people. We dream of truction, but never about our own th. It's never we who are destroyed; y the others, even in a tornado. The se gets destroyed, or the parents, or e relative might die. It's never the amer himself.

ird Mother: It's like the dream of ing down the pit, but you never hit tom.

B.: Exactly. You might even dream your own funeral, but you are not d. You only watch it.

ond Mother: Why is that?

B.: Because the dreamer is always sent in the dream. The very fact that dream makes you know, deep down, t you're alive. Because dreaming is active process. As long as you're en-



ed in an activity, you cannot believe 're not alive. The fear tells you that 're dead, but the dream tells you 're alive. So you're alive and watch-your own death, your own funeral.

t Mother: How do you deal with e anxieties then? They exist. And some children they're more pro-nced than with others?

B.: That's right.

t Mother: Do you simply accept the that the anxieties are there and just t for the time when the children are e mature and can cope with them?

B.: No, I don't think so. I think we ld try to help them with their anx-s. But we shouldn't believe, when tell us they're afraid of tornadoes, this is necessarily what's behind r fear. It's only a *focus* for the fear. at I'm trying to suggest is that this ado that happened a few months in your area gave focus to fears your d already had.

t Mother: The next day we were ing into Chicago and she certainly the destruction because there was so h conversation about it in the car.

B.: So what did you talk with her t?

t Mother: I tried to assure her that vere safe even through that terrible m; so it didn't really hurt us. And lightning can't either. I also try to rate the plane and train noises from noise of the thunder, which is an trical disturbance, so that she isn't urbed by that noise either. And I've achieved that, because now she'll identify the noises.

Dr. B.: But does it reduce the fear, this clarification?

First Mother: Maybe somewhat. But apparently not completely—she's still waking up. I feel there's something there that's not explained yet.

Dr. B.: I'm sure these fears have something to do with what's going on inside your little girl. I think she has other anxieties about herself, or her relations to you, that get focused there.

First Mother: On the tornado?

Dr. B.: Yes. Therefore to talk about the clouds bursting or electrical discharges or whatever rational explanation you use to give her a feeling of relative safety won't do much good. Because it doesn't get to the underlying fear. At this age children are just learning to control themselves, and are also afraid of losing control. This tornado and lightning, and the jet noises, represent to the child his own loss of control, particularly with these noises of planes breaking through the sound barrier. This very often—we cannot be sure, because each case is different—has to do with a loss of bowel control. The noise, too, goes with defecation; it's a pushing out of noise. And many children, at the age of toilet training, are naturally afraid that their sphincter control will break down, especially at night. You see? A great deal of their anxieties at this age is of becoming incontinent. Didn't the sky become incontinent when it poured out this flood?

The only practical suggestion I have is that you explore this with your little girl. And this is only a guess. I just wanted to show you what a variety of different fears can be put in one basket. This case might be something entirely different. But particularly when there's a fear of the weather, it's very often a fear about losing control, just as the sky lost control.

First Mother: But as long as it shows up as a fear of the weather we shouldn't ignore it?

Dr. B.: No, I would never ignore it. On the contrary, I would try to explore it as much as possible. The thing to avoid is giving rational explanations too soon. What's so often wrong is not that the explanations are incorrect, but that they miss the point of the child's fears. His fears aren't yet scientific, and our ready explanations are due mostly to our understandable desire that he shouldn't be afraid. But for him it will help more if he can understand his fear, and to be told that he doesn't need to be afraid of tornadoes, than to learn what causes them.

Small children most often fear that something bad will happen to them if they feel they have done something wrong. So one of the best ways to approach the child's anxiety, even about tornadoes, is to ask him why he is afraid that it'll hit *him*. If you go about it in this way, he might tell you what specific fears he has put in the basket, in this case the tornado that conveniently happened the other day. One child may be afraid a tornado will hit him because he didn't say his prayers, or because he stole some pennies, or spilled his paints on the rug. Once you know that this is why he is afraid he'll be hit by lightning, then you can give him real assurance that this isn't why tornadoes strike. Convincing him that his misdeed wasn't nearly bad enough to deserve such punishment will help him more than anything you can tell him about how rare tornadoes are. **END**

If you're a blonde blush like one™



Clairol introduces the very first brush-on complexion color for blondes only

New Clairol Soft-Blush™ For Blondes was blended to give you the most naturally beautiful blush of color since your first kiss. It's a delicate pink and honey that turns on your blonde highlights and makes any blonde look blonder. A brunette simply couldn't get away with it. It's too fragile. Too blonde. Brush on the most beautiful blush ever. The one made just for you.

Clairol Soft-Blush Brush-on complexion color

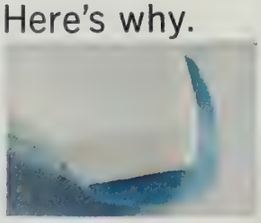


Clairol Soft-Blush contains two blush finishes: A soft, matte blush, plus a shimmery opaline. Compact alone $2.50. Brush alone $1.00.

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The Modess Shield... safe, effective, unobtrusive.

Here's why.



Across the bottom and up both sides,
under a soft outer covering,
a continuous shield of blue polyethylene
makes new Modess®
the most protective napkin.

Modess... because



Does a big girl have to slave over a hot girdle? Not if Warner's can help it.

Our Warnerweave (new invention) girdle works like a rubber girdle works, but with one difference. It feels good. The heat of rubber's out. The weight of rubber's out. The rubber's out. The bones, the satin back, the Sta-Up-Top® are all still in. But they're lacier and racier. Even the zipper is zippier. Sorry, but you'll have to look gorgeous without suffering. $16.50. Bra shown, $5. *Warnerweave™ by Warner's®*



Some Bare Facts About Floors

By Margaret Davidson
HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

Whether you're about to install a new floor or just want to know more about the floors you're already living with, here is an impartial guide to some of the most popular floorings in use today, pointing out what you can and can't expect from each. And, on page 61, see our complete floor-care guide, which includes a chart describing the variety of floorings illustrated above.

Vinyl

Vinyl is today's glamour floor. Its colors are clearer and brighter, its whites whiter than any other flooring. It is very durable and easy to care for, quiet and comfortable to walk or stand on. Available in big sheets or tiles, pure vinyl is expensive; floorings with a top wear-coat of vinyl are less costly (often applied over photographic or printed designs). New in vinyl: tiles made with beveled edges, to save costly handwork at installation time; textured mat finishes that minimize scuff marks; inlaid vinyls whose color and pattern run all the way through (not just surface printed); cushion-backing for sheet vinyl, for more comfortable walking.

Vinyl-Asbestos

Most of the good qualities of vinyl—durability, easy care, adaptability to color and design—go further at less cost when combined with less expensive materials. As with any blend, results depend on how well the formula is worked out. Generally, in the medium-price bracket, vinyl-asbestos (available in tiles only) is a good choice for balancing cost and easy maintenance. News: brighter colors, embossed designs, permanently pressed into surface to simulate other materials such as wood and terrazzo.

Asphalt

Least expensive to buy, asphalt tiles are intrinsically durable, but lose their good looks fast. They are easily stained by grease and oil (unless specified as grease-proof), and once the tiles are dented by heavy furniture, smoothness can't be restored. Harder than most other floorings, asphalt tiles are also noisier.

Linoleum

The original smooth-surface flooring, true linoleum has colors and designs running all the way through. Generally, it comes in wide rolls, so there are few seams in the finished floor. Linoleum is in the middle price range, is fairly easy underfoot, can be damaged by harsh cleaning materials. Some of the newest linoleums are permanently embossed to emphasize the design and give a three-dimensional effect to such patterns as tile, wood or brick. Budget floorings with printed or enameled designs on felt bases are sometimes mistakenly called linoleum. Although they're not noted for durability, they are worth considering for temporary or light-traffic areas. Inexpensive to buy, they cost nothing to install, for they are just laid down (like a rug) without cement.

Cork

The subtle, rich texture of natural cork is unique. Coupled with a range of warm, brown tones, it creates a floor that is distinctive, resilient, quiet and restful to walk on. Cork itself is porous, but tiles for floor use are sealed for protection from water and grease during manufacture. One new type has a surface film of vinyl that preserves the cork and makes it highly durable. (Vinyl-treated cork is slightly less resilient to walk on.) Like wood, cork floors can be resanded for new beauty.

Wood

More than a hundred kinds of wood are used for floors—including such rare and handsome woods as teak, walnut, cherry and pecan. But oak is still by far the most popular. The rich natural beauty of wood is durable, and its appearance can be restored by refinishing time after time. Stains are often used to darken light woods or to change wood tones to fit color schemes. The most common wood floorings are: narrow strips of various lengths, random-width planks and parquet patterns. Today, prefinished, factory-made blocks are available in many designs and woods. These save greatly in installation cost and can be laid over wood subfloors or even cement. Wood flooring costs vary with the kind and quality of wood and intricacy of design, but the price of a good installation job pays off in good performance.

Ceramic Tile, Brick, Slate

Handsome, very durable and often unusual floors are made of tile, brick and slate. Prices are medium to high; cost of installation, higher than average—especially for custom floors, in which each piece is set separately or additional structural support is needed. Unglazed tiles, brick and slate should be sealed with special materials that impart resistance to staining.

Marble and Terrazzo

Perhaps the most individual (no two installations are alike) and long-lasting of all floorings, marble is also very easy to clean and, therefore, an excellent choice for halls, dining rooms, bathrooms. It is not, however, the best choice for comfort or noiselessness. Although very hard, marble is quite porous, and may discolor if not cared for properly. Flooring marble is usually left dull (less slippery than when polished). New in marble: precut tiles for easy installation. Terrazo flooring—marble chips combined with cement and polished to a smooth finish—is one of the easiest surfaces to maintain, a popular choice for houses designed for indoor-outdoor living. *(continued on page 61)*



Happy news!
Philco gives you more refrigerator space without taking up more kitchen space!

Who says you don't have room for the really big refrigerator your family needs? 0 inches of wall space is all it takes for this new Philco 17-cubic-footer! 'hilco's extra-thin insulation and well-planned storage mean you can fit more efrigerator into less space than you ever thought possible.

And this Philco lets you forget defrosting. Forever. Philco's No Frost system oes the whole job for you automatically—in both the refrigerator and the reezer section. And this refrigerator has Philco's new automatic ice maker that eplaces ice cubes as they're needed.

You get a free choice of colors. Plus Philco's exclusive Power Saver hat can save you money on electric bills. And the reserve cooling power of 'hilco Instant Cold gives food extra protection.

Isn't this exactly what you'd like in a refrigerator? Better visit a Philco ealer and see for yourself.



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A SUBSIDIARY OF Ford Motor Company

TELEVISION • STEREO PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO • HOME LAUNDRY • RANGES
REFRIGERATORS • AIR CONDITIONERS
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER ®

Over One-half the Women in America Wear the Wrong Bra. Do You?



Won't you spend 5 minutes on a better figure for life?

Here's how to tell. Right this minute, while you are reading this. Can you feel the shoulder straps? Do they dent your shoulders? Did you think they had to? Wrong bra.

Look down. Does the bra gap out in the cleavage? Sorry.

Is the back hiked up? Wrong again.

Do you have to wear the straps short to get the uplift you want? Uh-uh.

Does it feel tight? Or loose? Do you feel it at all? It doesn't fit you.

What you need is a fitter, a fitting room, and several bras to try on—not just Bali.

Here's what to look for.

The lift should come from under the cups.

The back should lie down on the job—the lower the back, the higher the lift in front.

The straps should just lie there on your shoulders...good lazy straps, supporting no weight, just feeling secure. The bra should cling at the cleavage—no gap at all.

If the bra does all that—buy it. You have a bra that fits you. And chances are it's a Bali.

Now put back on the dress you wore in. Would you believe the right bra could make such a difference?

All you feel in a Bali is beautiful.

Bali®

BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

As long as you're spending all that time sleeping, you might as well get some rest.



e. You can fall asleep on any mattress.
it's the quality of the sleep that counts. If
r mattress doesn't give your whole body firm,
ful support, you're in for restless sleep.
p-and-go sleep. And your body spends the
ht fighting the mattress.
hat's why you wake up feeling—and looking
one tired. That's why you need a Beautyrest.
he Beautyrest. By Simmons.
Why? Because Beautyrest is completely
erent. It's made with separate, individual coils. They're not wired together as in all other mattresses, so they can't sag together. Beautyrest coils are flexibly firm, free to do what your body wants them to do.

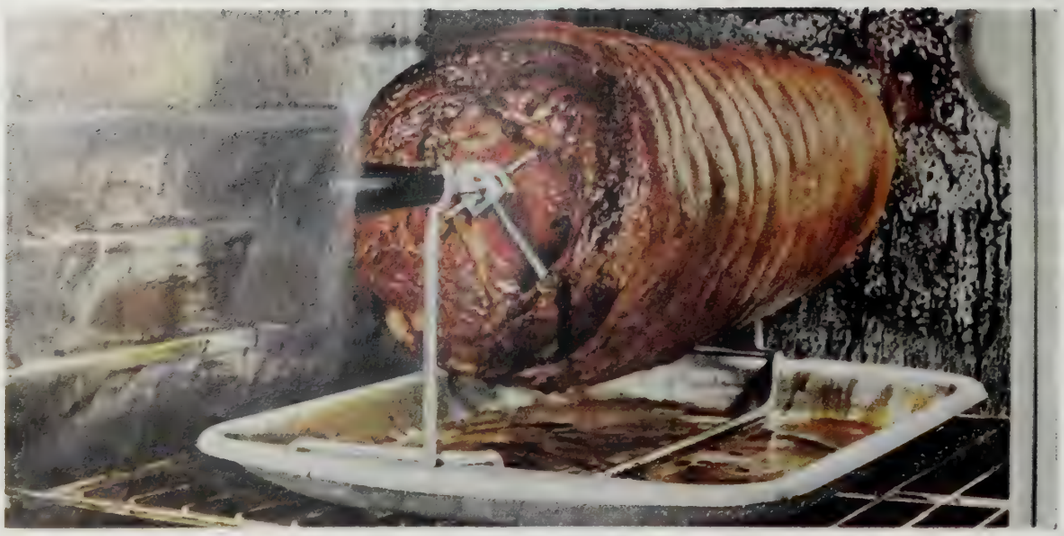
Shift a hip. Dig in a shoulder. Roll this way, that way. Beautyrest's individual coils give every inch of your body the separate support it needs. No wonder you wake up feeling rested all over.

The cost? Only $79.50. Less than two cents a night over 15 years. And when you consider that Beautyrest lasts three times longer than any other mattress tested by the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, you can think of Beautyrest as your thriftiest luxury.

Make sure your next mattress gives you sleep and rest. Insist firmly—on a Beautyrest.

BEAUTYREST BY SIMMONS

"How to Buy a Mattress" Booklet. Write: Simmons, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. © 1966 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.



"Let 'em spatter! My P-7® Oven cleans itself electrically!"



Don't touch this dirty oven.



Just set the dials, latch the door...



P-7 Oven cleans itself electrically.



The elegant Americana®. Mod

The P-7 Oven eliminates the meanest chore in the kitchen.

Invented and perfected by General Electric, the fabulous P-7 Oven not only cleans itself new-clean, but does the job for *about 7¢ per cleaning**. Less than you'd pay for an old-fashioned oven cleaner.

No cleansers, no fumes, no scrubbing, no work. *Period.* The same electric elements that cook your food also clean the oven far better than you ever could by hand. It even cleans the parts you couldn't reach properly before.

The elegant Americana® above is 30" wide, looks built-in. Comes with or without a unique 2-way exhaust system. Has P-7 feature plus meat thermometer and rotisserie in master oven below. There's also a second full oven above. Other range features include the famous Sensi-Temp® unit which guards against sticking, scor boiling over. And there's a single-unit gr

*Based on Florida Power and Light Co. resident 2¢ per K.W.H. for electric cooking.

GENERAL ELECT

Remember, the P-7 Oven is made by General Electric. You can replace your present range or oven with 5 kinds of G-E ranges including built-ins. Many different models. Some are shown on the next page...

place your range with ew P-7 Oven ge now!

is no problem. P-7 Oven ranges n many different types, shapes zes. No doubt there's a model will fit the space occupied by resent range.

Model J 756



tom 30" free-standing range has the P-7 self-cleaning oven with rotis- d meat thermometer. Handsome re- ooktop with Sensi-Temp automatic single-unit grill.



om. P-7 master oven with rotisserie, rmometer. Plus a second oven, auto- nsi-Temp surface unit and 2-unit th ovens automatically timed.

Model JK 18



luxurious 27" built-in oven with the cleaning feature plus rotisserie and rmometer. It's the brand-new look ins.

ng your present built-in with a f-cleaning oven is a snap. There's ne of P-7 built-in ovens designed th 24" and 27" enclosures. Instal- osts are nominal. You can see your General Electric dealer's.

ERAL ELECTRIC

How To Care For Floors

Taking care of floors isn't really as much hard work as some women make of it. A little, light care administered regularly goes a long, long way. Complete neglect over a long period of time calls for hard work to bring floors back to good condition. A finish of some kind (usually wax), reapplied every few months, will not only enhance your floors, it will also protect them from surface scratches. The following floor-care methods can be adapted to all the floorings in our guide.

For Vinyl, Vinyl-Asbestos, Asphalt, Linoleum, Rubber

Regular Care

Dust floor as often as you find it necessary to keep grit and dust from being ground into the surface.

Clean up spills immediately.

When floor looks soiled (usually about once a week) sponge with *clear* water—usually all that's needed. But, change water often as you proceed, for when water is dirty, it leaves a dingy, dulling layer on the floor's surface. If floor is quite dirty use ½ cup of detergent in a pail of lukewarm water, then follow with a clear-water rinse.

If you have a floor-polishing machine, it's a good idea to buff your floor after washing to bring back its gleam—even if no new wax has been applied. Most floor finishes, even the self-polishing kind, are brought to their peak with a machine-polishing.

Special Care

(Usually necessary just twice a year.)

Dust or sweep floor, then wash with a solution made either with floor cleaner or with ½ cup each of detergent and ammonia in lukewarm water. Pour about half a cup of the solution directly on the floor, spread with a mop over an area about two feet square and let it soak for four or five minutes (this will turn the old wax cloudy). Then, loosen the old wax with a handled brush or floor machine. If the finish is very old and hard and crusty, use steel-wool pads. Finally, take up loosened wax with a sponge mop. Continue process until all wax has been removed. Then rinse floor and let it dry. A word of caution for linoleum: strong alkalis tend to fade and dry linoleum, so clean with special floor cleaners and avoid flooding with water.

Use self-polishing finish, but don't shake container, as foam will cause a bubbly finish. Pour small amount on floor. Then, with a damp lamb's-wool or paper applier, spread quickly over floor. For best results, stroke in one direction. Spread to make a thin coat (thick layers of finish tend to be slippery and look smeary. Don't rub. If the floor has been polished before, keep the new layer about six inches away from walls to avoid an excessive build-up of wax in an untrafficked area.

An alternate way is to use a paste or liquid polishing wax on all floors except asphalt and rubber (solvents in these waxes may fade colors and soften finish). After applying in a thin coat allow wax to dry for 20 minutes, then buff to a bright finish. For any light-colored or white floor use a finish that does not yellow or distort the color.

Clay Tile, Slate, Stone, Brick

These floorings can be maintained entirely by washing with detergent solution. When stone surfaces are uneven, or mortar joints are deep, use a brush to loosen soil, rather than a mop (which pushes dirt into crevices). For these floors, the use of floor wax is optional, but waxing usually improves their appearance and makes cleaning easier. For white marble or tile, use only a non-yellowing finish. If unglazed tiles or stones are porous, you can make your job easier by using special sealers to correct the porousness.

Wood and Cork

Regular Care

Dust or vacuum the floor as needed to keep ahead of dirt and soot.

After dusting, if scuff marks are conspicuous, use a buffer (new wax not necessary) to smooth the surface and restore the shine.

In areas where there is a lot of traffic, spot wax where it wears thin. (You only need to rewax the entire floor about twice a year.)

The fastest way to do floors is to clean and polish in one operation. Remove rugs and carpets and carefully dust or vacuum floor. Then pour a small amount of liquid polishing wax or special clean-and-polish wax directly on the floor. If solution has stood on the shelf for some time be sure to shake bottle well before using. These waxes have a solvent base, and are identified by the naphtha smell. Never use a water-solution finish on wood. It may raise the grain and roughen the surface. Next, with an applier on a stick or the pads under the brushes of a floor machine, buff the floor—the dirt loosened by the solvent is taken up by the applier as the floor is polished.

If floor is very dingy, remove the old layer of wax entirely with special floor cleaners for wood floors, then rewax as above.

Where traffic is heavy or when a floor is new or recently refinished, two thin coats of wax give greater protection.

If you prefer paste wax—particularly good for cork floors and wood floors that are being waxed for the first time—spread it in thin layers directly onto floor-machine brushes or appliers with a spatula. The wax is then applied and polished in one operation.

Cork that has been badly worn may be restored by sanding, staining and sealing (not necessary for vinyl-finished cork). If wood does not respond to care, you may find the sealing coat has worn thin. The test: if a drop of water soaks into the floor immediately, it's time to reseal wood with the same varnish, sealer or shellac used originally.

Key to floors shown on page 56



Floors shown are but a sample of the many available styles; most manufacturers of resilient floors make a wide variety including vinyl, vinyl-asbestos, linoleum.
(1 and 7) terrazzo; (2) vinyl-asbestos by Congoleum Nairn; (3) flagstone; (4) vinyl by Kentile; (5) brick, from the Building Stone Institute; (6) ceramic tile by Country Floors; (8) vinyl by Goodyear; (9) cork; (10) linoleum by Armstrong; (11) asphalt by Johns Manville; (12) marble by Vermont Marble; (13) ceramic tile by American Olean; (14) vinyl, Amtico.

Supplies for Floor Care

Self-Polishing Finishes

Usually are liquid finishes that dry to a glossy finish without buffing. Most are water solutions, excellent for resilient floors but not for wood. (There are now some new dry-bright liquid finishes for wood.) If uncertain about which type to buy, check the label for recommended uses. For white or light-colored floors, choose special finishes that do not yellow. Also available are specially formulated liquid waxes that clean as they polish.

Polishing-Type Waxes

May be paste or liquid—the results are similar; it's largely a matter of which you find easier to use. Most are made with solvents and are ideal for wood and

(continued on page 64)

Oatmeal o

Which one should you eat i



If you go just by the numbers, it hardly matters. Corn flakes or oatmeal, the calorie count's practically the same. (For the record, oatmeal's got 2 calories more.)

But what you ought to know to watch your weight sensibly is, what do you get *besides?* Where do you get the help nutritionally?

The sensible answer is oatmeal.

If you're worried about calories, take the little extra time and trouble and make Quaker Oats.

Here is the healthy balance of the nutrients you to control your appetite—hence, your weight.

Quaker Oats has natural nourishers, energizers above all, more protein. More protein than wheat, rice, or corn, or any other whole grain. But important, it has these natural nourishers in the combination

Cornflakes

ou're worried about calories?



In some cities, Quaker Oats is called Mother's Oats

u get fast-release nourishers and slow-release pro-
(It's like starting a good fire, then feeding it steadily
ep it going.) It satisfies you immediately, and keeps
feeling happily nourished until lunch, until your
y's had time to use it up.

hat means when coffee-time rolls around with its
full of high calorie goodies, you're not even tempt-
ou won't feel hungry, let down, or worse, deprived.
(Many a well-intentioned diet has gone by the boards because a dieter feels deprived.) You can save those 100 or even 500 killer-calories, and get yourself into the right frame of mind for a sensible lunch.



Quaker Oats isn't a made-up dietetic or a miracle breakfast. It's just a good, wholesome, natural food. And a toasty bowl of it can brighten a dieter's whole day.

If spots are a problem with your dishwasher...

put new fortified Electrasol into it!

(All problems should be so easy!)



"No spots, no film!" reported women from coast to coast. New fortified Electrasol was tested under varying degrees of water hardness, in homes throughout the country. Results proved that Electrasol, now fortified with special water softeners, is the most effective dishwasher detergent you can buy! No wonder it's recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer. Try new Electrasol—by the world's largest maker of dishwasher detergents.

Get all you want out of your dishwasher... put fortified Electrasol into it!

FLOOR CARE *(continued)*

cork. They also can be used on vinyl or linoleum, but must not be used on asphalt or rubber. There are paste waxes with color, to emphasize tints or enhance wood tones, and white waxes (the kind used in bowling alleys), which preserve clear light colors and white floors.

Cleaners

Special dirt-loosening formulas to take up soil and protect floors.

Spot Removers

Special wax-impregnated pads that take up spots, even heel marks, and leave a layer of finish behind.

Equipment

Today's equipment allows you to stand up to do floors. It's almost unnecessary to get down on your knees, except for an occasional wipe-up of a spill.

A good floor-care ensemble includes:

Vacuum Cleaner

Because it sucks up dirt, instead of scattering it, a vacuum cleaner is the most efficient bare-floor duster. Lightweight vacuums are easy to handle.

The nozzle attachment of a full-fledged upright or canister cleaner reaches into corners and under furniture easily and efficiently.

Dust Mop

With a conveniently long handle, is handy for fast between-time dusting. Mops can be sprayed with dust-holding chemicals, but the oiled type are not good because they soften wax, dull the finish and leave a dust-catching film behind.

The best mops can be detached easily from their handles for washing.

Sponge Mop

With a handle and a self-wringing device, takes up many times its weight in water.

Plastic Pail

That's lightweight, will not mar or scratch floor as it's moved around.

Wax Applier

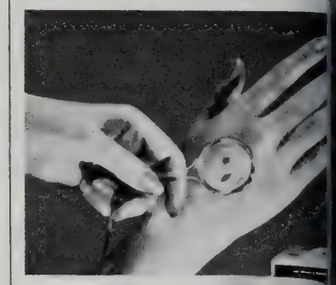
With a handle and lamb's-wool, disposable-paper or nylon-pile pads, spreads on floor finishes smoothly.

Electric Floor Machine

For scrubbing, cleaning and buffing floors, saves time, gets much better results than by-hand methods. Many machines have accessories for dispensing wax and a repertoire of brushes and buffers, including stainless-steel pads for dry-cleaning wood and most resilient floors. If you don't own a machine, you can rent one quite inexpensively.

END

those horri
age spot



fade them out with ESOTÉRIC



*Weathered brown spots on the s
your hands and face tell the wor
getting old—perhaps before you rea
new cream called Esoterica fades th
as it moisturizes, lubricates the skir
of pigment break up, roughness di
your skin looks clearer, younger.
works equally well on hands, face,
neck. Makes a wonderful hand cr
make-up base. Product of a trustw
year-old laboratory, it is featured b
department stores and drug stores
want your skin to be free of these b
fairer, younger looking, begin using
today. 90-day supply, $2.00. Ava
Canada and Mexico.

ESOTERICA SOAP softens sk
clear surface blemishes. Combats dr

MITCHUM CO., 610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YOR

8 times more po
to relieve pain
HEMORRHOID

Soothing Nupercainal concentra
on pain! Prolonged relief
of pain, burning and itchin
starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the mise
hemorrhoids, remember this
remedies you can buy for temp
relief. The leading "shrinking"
ration actually contains no anes
to relieve that pain.

No wonder so many do
recommend Nupercainal. Soo
Nupercainal relieves pain, ite
burning fast... gives prolonged
...because Nupercainal has *ove*
times more pain-killing power
the other most commonly-use
ical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw
ends to sleep...thus puts pain to
Lets you go about your busin
relieved of the pain, burnin
itching torment of hemorrhoid
Nupercainal Suppositories to
with free, handy pocket-pack. S
live again, in comfort! (Ointme
available.)



Nupercain



Get this plant cart for only $4.95 and the front of any Westinghouse light bulb package.

d light bulbs? Westinghouse gives you your choice.



hape Extra Life* bulbs
lare-free, longer burning light in
, 75, 100 and 150 watt plus 3-
lbs.
blished average life of household bulbs



New low cost standard bulbs
A complete line of popular household sizes: 15, 25, 40, 60, 75, 100, 150 and 200 watt plus 3-way bulbs.

Mail this coupon to:

Westinghouse Plant Cart, P.O. Box 1700, Roseville Station, Newark, N.J. 07107.

Please send me____plant carts. I enclose $4.95, plus 25¢ handling charge, and the front panel from any Westinghouse light bulb package for each cart ordered.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good only in U.S.A. Void in states or localities where restricted by law. Offer expires June 30, 1966.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

For the discriminating listener: a ukulele virtuoso, a domestic affairs expert, a youth worker. On CBS Radio.

Every weekday on CBS Radio, Art
Godfrey strums on his uke, sings, kid
guests, and delights in the unexpecte

And Dear Abby Van Buren offers
advice. For example, what to do abo
husband who fiddles around with co
books while his wife burns.

And Art Linkletter interviews
like Judith (age 11), who describes sc
dances as "short boys with icy hands.

But, if you don't like our entertain
we've got news for you. World news f
reporters like Walter Cronkite, M
Wallace, or Douglas Edwards. Sp
news from experts like Phil Rizzuto
Frank Gifford. And there's lots more
tune to your CBS Radio station (lis
below) every weekday. Just for fun.
for facts. Or both.



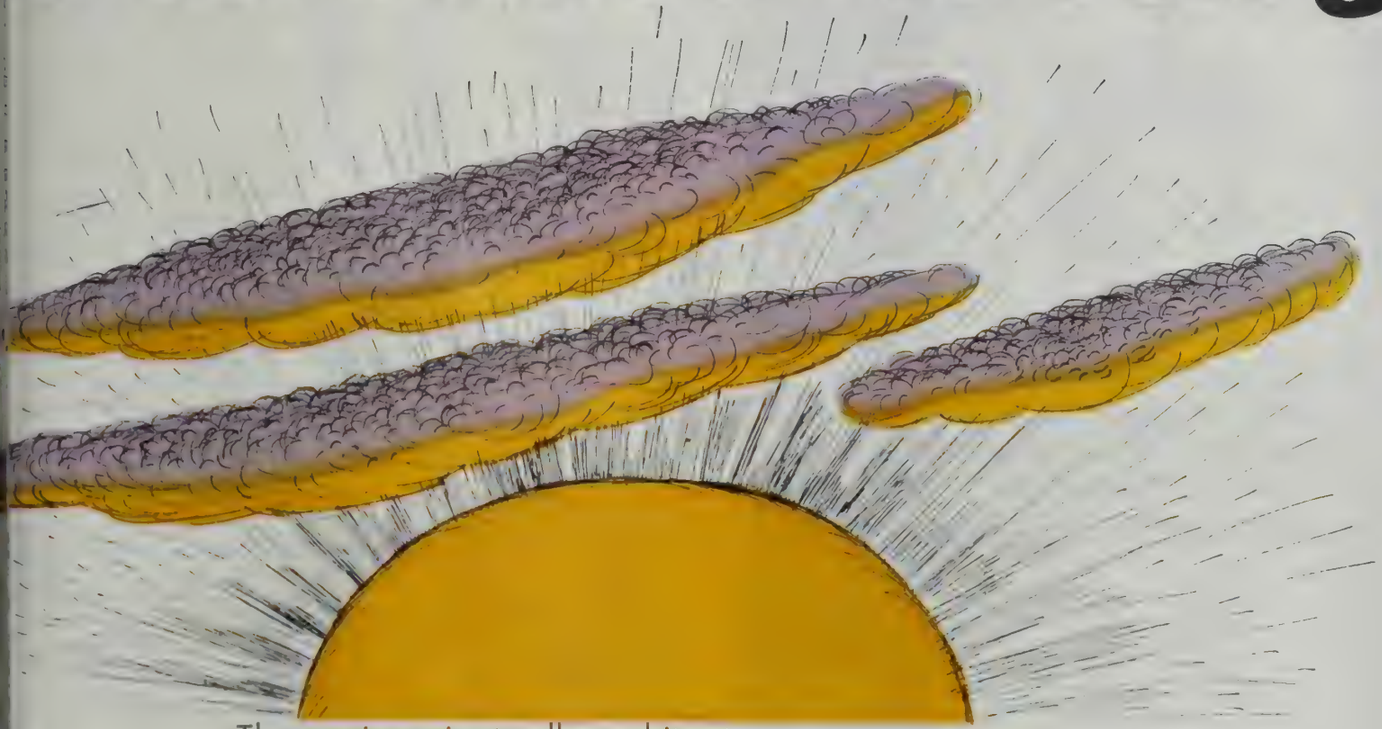
The CBS Radio Netwo



Alabama Birmingham WATV, Dothan W
Gadsden WAAX, Hartselle WHRT, M
WKRG, Montgomery WCOV, Selma W
Tuscaloosa WJRD, Tuscumbia WVNA **A**
Phoenix KOOL, Tucson KOLD **Arkans**
Dorado KELD, Fayetteville KFAY, Fort
KFPW, Hot Springs KZNG **California** B
field KBIS, Chico KHSL, Eureka KINS, F
KFRE, Los Angeles KNX, Modesto KBEE
Springs KCMJ, Redding KVCV, Sacra
KFBK, San Diego KFMB, San Francisco
Colorado Colorado Springs KVOR, Denve
Grand Junction KREX **Connecticut** Har
Manchester WINF, Waterbury WBRY **District of Col**
Washington WTOP **Florida** Delray Beach WDBF, Fort
WINK, Fort Pierce WARN, Gainesville WGGG, Jacks
WIVY, Key West WKWF, Lake City WDSR, Miami
WKAT, Orlando WDBO, Pensacola WMEL, St. Aug
WFOY, Sarasota WSPB, Tallahassee WTNT, Tam
Petersburg WINQ **Georgia** Albany WGPC, Athens W
Atlanta WAKE, Augusta WGAC, Brunswick WMOG, Col
WRBL, Gainesville WGGA, Macon WMAZ, Rome W
Savannah WTOC, Thomasville WPAX, Waycross WAYX
Boise KBOI, Idaho Falls KID, Lewiston KRLC **Illinois**
paign WDWS, Chicago WBBM, Danville WDAN, De
WSOY, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAD, Rock Island W
Springfield WTAX **Indiana** Anderson WHBU, Fort Wayne W
Indianapolis WFBM, Kokomo WIOU, Madison WORX,
WMRI, Muncie WLBC, South Bend WSBT, Terre Haute
Vincennes WAOV **Iowa** Cedar Rapids WMT, Des M
KRNT, Mason City KGLO, Ottumwa KBIZ **Kansas** Colby
Pittsburg KSEK, Topeka WIBW, Wichita KFH **Kentucky**
land WCMI, Henderson WSON, Hopkinsville WHOP, L
ton WVLK, Louisville WINN, Owensboro WOMI, Pa
WPAD, Paintsville WSIP, Whitesburg WTCW **Loui**
Alexandria KALB, Monroe KNOE, New Orleans WWL
Augusta WFAU, Lewiston WCOU, Rumford WRUM, S
WSME **Maryland** Baltimore WAYE, Cumberland WCUM,
erick WFMD, Hagerstown WARK **Massachusetts** Boston
Greenfield WHAI, Pittsfield WBRK, Springfield W
Worcester WNEB **Michigan** Detroit WJR, Escanaba W
Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKZO, Saginaw W
Minnesota Breckenridge KBMW, Duluth KDAL, Minnea
St. Paul WCCO, Moorhead KVOX **Mississippi** Meridian W
Missouri Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis K
Springfield KTTS **Montana** Butte KBOW, Great Falls
Missoula KGVO **Nebraska** North Platte KNOP, Omaha
Scottsbluff KOLT **Nevada** Las Vegas KLUC **New Ham**
Concord WKXL, Keene WKNE, Laconia WLNH **New**
Atlantic City WFPG **New Mexico** Albuquerque KGGM
York Albany WROW, Binghamton WNBF, Buffalo WBE
mira WELM, Gloversville WENT, Ithaca WHCU, New
WCBS, Plattsburgh WEAV, Rochester WHEC, Syracuse W
Utica WIBX, Watertown WWNY **North Carolina** Ash
WWNC, Charlotte WBT, Durham WDNC, Fayetteville
Greensboro WBIG, Greenville WNCT, Rocky Mount
North Dakota Bismarck KBMR, Dickinson KDIX, Grand
KILO, Jamestown KEYJ, Valley City KOVC **Ohio** Cinc
WZIP, Cleveland WERE, Columbus WBNS, Dayton
Portsmouth WPAY, Youngstown WKBN **Oklahoma** Okl
City-Norman WNAD, Tulsa KOME **Oregon** Eugene K
Klamath Falls KFLW, Medford KYJC, Portland KOIN,
burg KRNR **Pennsylvania** Allentown WHOL, Altoona W
DuBois WCED, Erie WWGO, Harrisburg WHP, Indiana W
Johnstown WARD, Philadelphia WCAU, Pittsburgh-Mc
port WEDO, Reading WHUM, Scranton WGBI, State C
WRSC, Sunbury WKOK, Uniontown WMBS, William
WWPA **Rhode Island** Providence WEAN **South Carolin**
derson WAIM, Charleston WCSC, Greenville WMRB, Sp
burg WSPA, Sumter WFIG **South Dakota** Rapid City K
Yankton WNAX **Tennessee** Chattanooga WDOD, Cook
WHUB, Harriman WHBT, Johnson City WJCW, Kno
WROL, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC **Texas** Austin
Corpus Christi KSIX, Dallas KRLD, El Paso KIZZ, He
KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana K
Wichita Falls KWFT **Utah** Cedar City KSUB, Salt Lake
KSL **Vermont** Barre WSNO, Brattleboro WKVT, Newport
St. Johnsbury WTWN **Virginia** Norfolk WTAR, Richmond W
Roanoke WDBJ, Staunton WAFC **Washington** Seattle
Spokane KGA, Sunnyside KREW, Walla Walla KUJ, Wena
KUEN, **West Virginia** Beckley WJLS, Charleston WCHS,
mont WMMN, Parkersburg WPAR, Princeton WLOH,
WOVE, Wheeling WBZE **Wisconsin** Green Bay WBAY, Ma
WKOW, Wausau WXCO **Wyoming** Casper KATI, Lander K

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

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"When I have a cold, it settles in my head...I have this feeling that I just can't make it through the day.



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and then I can go on about my work."*

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When a Baby's Cry Means Danger

Your newborn baby is telling you something important every time he cries. How well you understand his "crying language" depends partly on your previous experience with small infants—and partly on that famous instrument of feminine intuition known as "a mother's ear."

Three Scandinavian doctors, two pediatricians and a neurologist, recently studied voice recordings and sound-wave tracings of 351 crying babies, and reached a conclusion that might at first seem startlingly familiar to any mother.

The three doctors reported that "it is possible to differentiate at least four distinct types of cry in newborn and young infants—birth, pain, hunger and pleasure."

But beyond this scientific proof of what we thought we knew all along, the research team pinpointed a vital medical fact, unknown to most mothers: The cry of an abnormal baby—one who has suffered brain damage at birth, due to injury or lack of oxygen—is often completely different from the cry of a normal newborn, and clearly identifiable as a danger signal.

Even when a brain-damaged baby cries for one of the "normal" reasons—hunger, or pain from an open diaper pin—his persistent cry often has a peculiar, shrill, high-pitched sound that is characteristic. Doctors call this a "cephalic" cry.

The research team, headed by Dr. Ole Wasz-Höckert of Helsinki, conducted a series of tests to find out how perceptive women really are about babies' cries. They played recorded whimpers, wails and bellows for three groups of women—midwives, mothers and women who had never taken care of small babies. Then they asked the groups to identify the cries—those of hungry babies, happy ones, those suffering from colic or other distress. The midwives, they found, "understood" the babies best, correctly identifying most of the cries they heard. The mothers placed second—indicating that a "mother's ear" is indeed a remarkable and highly accurate diagnostic tool.

In another test, Dr. Wasz-Höckert and his associates, Drs. John Lind and Klas Thorell, played the assorted cries for a group of pediatricians, to determine how accurately these trained specialists could identify the abnormal cry of brain-damaged babies. The doctors participating in the test recognized the "cephalic" cry in 82 percent of the cases.

These findings indicate the odds are high that the routine hospital examination of a new baby, before he is sent home, would reveal abnormality to the physician, especially since there would probably be other apparent signs of disturbance, in addition to the characteristic cry.

This is one reason why an early and thorough postnatal checkup by your own pediatrician is a wise precaution. If you think your baby's cry sounds unusual—if it is persistent, and always sounds like a high-pitched squeal—tell your doctor at once and ask him to listen. He will probably be able to reassure you, or to identify the source of the trouble.

Three psychiatrists decided to try something new for three Philadelphia alcoholics who had gone through several rehabilitation attempts. Drugs, psychotherapy, even hypnosis—all had failed. Then one of the psychiatrists, Dr. Floyd Cornelison of Jefferson Medical College, suggested taking movies of the alcoholics while they were drunk and showing them the movies after they sobered up.

"For the first time," he said later, "these men were made aware that alcohol, not some uncontrollable outside force, was responsible for their failures." The movie treatment is no cure, emphasize Dr. Cornelison and colleagues, but seemed to get these three men "wanting to help themselves for the first time." Two of the three have been reunited with their wives, families and jobs. The third, previously divorced, has his $20,000-a-year job back.

A girl, 13, picked up what she thought was a lipstick tube and accidentally discharged tear gas into her eyes. Her eyes were burned, with permanent reduction of vision. A boy, 10, unaware that the object he held was a tear-gas gun, set it off in his face and blinded an eye.

Personal tear-gas dispensers, now widely sold, should at least be labeled "Danger—Caustic Tear Gas Gun" by their owners, according to the advice of doctors at Hennepin County General Hospital in Minneapolis, who have seen many tear-gas-gun injuries.

Some people have "grapefruit headaches." Too little attention has been paid to "inhalant allergies" that cause headaches, says Dr. Ralph Carpenter of Evangelical Mercy Hospital, Marshalltown, Iowa. The guilty inhalant may be a food; it may be an industrial substance—for example, gas from a leaky stove or heating plant. Also: "I have had several patients with nasal symptoms and headaches or both, which appeared only during fall, winter and spring. One would conclude the most probable offender would be house dust." But it turned out to be grapefruit—the patients didn't buy grapefruit during the summer, when it was not in the store, or expensive. END

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Spring



.often makes nice girls leave home



ourself go, we say! You're a woman of spirit
he spirit is spring! Naturally, we suggest you get
d by visiting your Red Cross Shoe retailers,
our enticing designers have laid a bright,
springtime at your feet.

Shown, opposite page, clockwise from top left: SPACE WALK, MOON MAID, AMIGO, CLEAR VIEW, FAST BACK, BRAVADO.
This page, clockwise from top left: SPELLBOUND, VENETIAN, MONIQUE, STRIP-T, BEAU CATCHER, JET SET. Most styles about $12 to $16.

Clorox® needed



because:



(Actual unretouched photographs)

Both washed in the same detergent. Only the bleach was different.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL • MARCH, 1966

For the first time, a great star tells of the laughter and the tears along her road to the top. . . .



SOPHIA LOREN WRITES ABOUT SOPHIA LOREN

For as long as I can remember, I have had two recurrent dreams, one pleasant, the other a nightmare. In the pleasant dream I am standing at sunset on a vast beach that rolls away to the horizon. The sand is warm and silky under my feet. A calm sea, tinged by the sun's rays, laps the shore with a gentle murmur. I gaze into the fiery ball hanging low in the sky, and I run toward it. I run faster and faster, the heat from the red rays flowing through me as I get closer. I am still running when the dream ends.

In the nightmare I am climbing a spiraling flight of stairs. I pause to look behind me down the stairwell, and I see it crouching at the bottom—a black, fat-bodied, winged monster. As I look, it



Photographs by Robert Freson

Carlo Ponti promised her the most beautiful house in the world (above). It took him seven years and almost $3,000,000 to remodel and furnish a historic villa near Rome. As for the past, Sophia says: "I came into the world a puny, sickly creature. The wet nurse my mother hired used to say, 'Sophia was the ugliest baby I ever saw.'"





"Our relationship began in no blinding passion. Real love, I believe . . . develops slowly."

begins to puff up and rise like a balloon, its talons reaching for me. I climb higher. The monster looms taller. I am near the top. The scaly wings brush my feet. The talons strain toward me. I feel them raking my flesh, just as I escape into wakefulness.

I don't know how a psychoanalyst would interpret those dreams. I never felt the need to consult one. Furthermore, from what I have read about the psyche, I gather that you can't, by yourself, understand the workings of your own unconscious. Nevertheless, when I think back over my very short career, when I consider my present problems and the challenges ahead, I have at least a theory about the meaning of that beach at sunset and the monster chasing me up the stairs. I believe they represent two sides of the same coin—the hope and the fear that have driven me since childhood.



My real name is Scicolone (pronounced Chee-co-low-nay). Sofia Scicolone, the first name with f instead of ph. I acquired the ph while posing for fumetti, the popular Italian magazines, something like American comic books, which feature lurid, melodramatic stories in photographic strips. The editor chose "Sophia" because it looks more exotic to Italian eyes. He also changed my last name to Lazzaro after the Biblical beggar who rose from the dead. "Sofia," he told me, "your beauty would bring a corpse to life." I finally became "Sophia Loren" when I played my first leading movie role, a skin diver in a semi-documentary called Africa Under the Sea. The change was made for no better reason than that the producer admired the Swedish star, Marta Toren, and picked a name to rhyme with hers. During those tough years I did not care to argue with producers.

"I will probably never get over the wonder at being able to order anything I want, when I want. I often cook for Carlo when we are home alone. . . . My grandmother taught me the indispensable ingredient of all good cooking: love . . . for those you are cooking for."

"Your face fascinates me," Carlo Ponti said. "Would you like to be in pictures?"



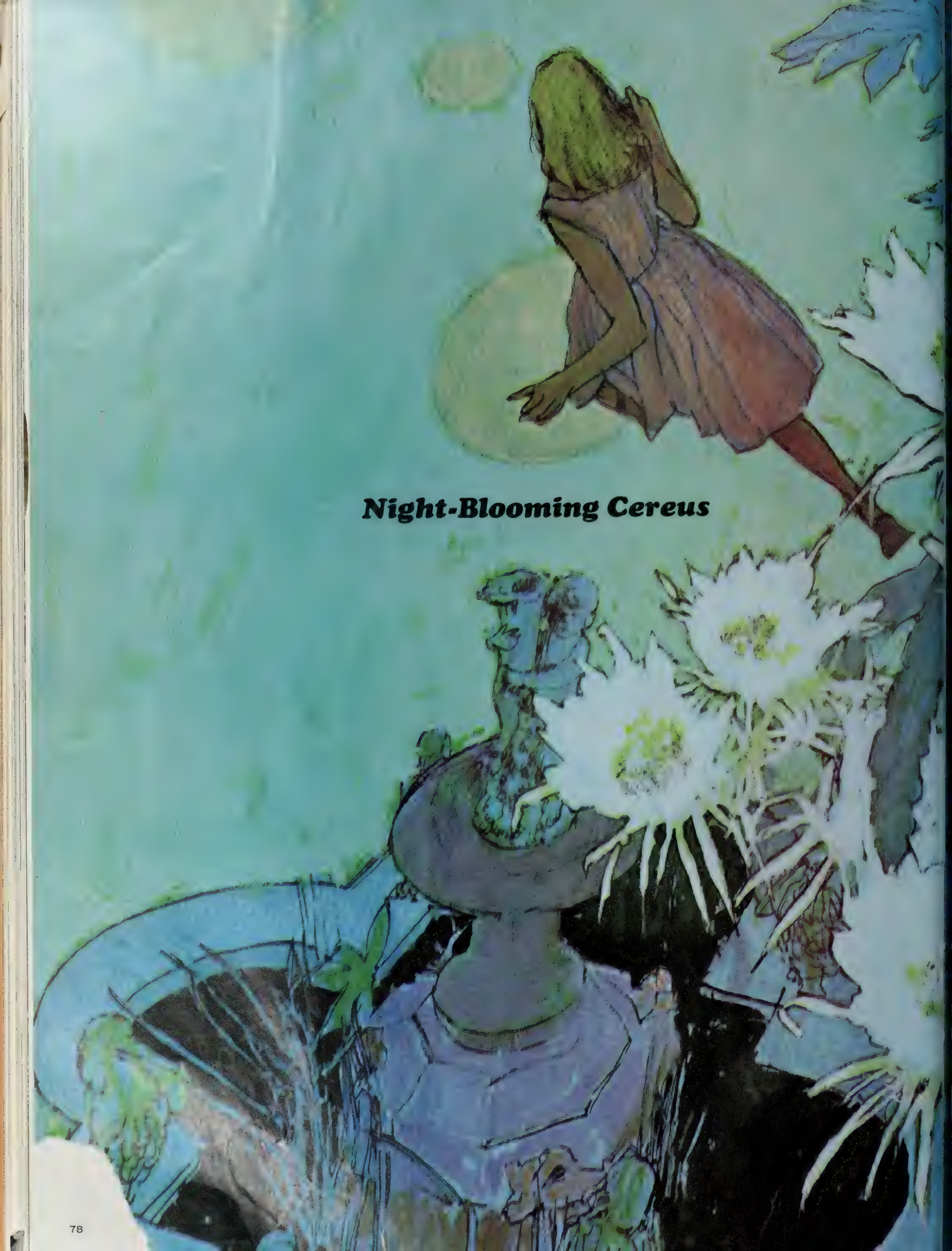
I was born on September 20, 1935, in a charity wing of Rome's Santa Margherita Hospital, and I grew up in Pozzuoli, a suburb of Naples. I don't suppose Pozzuoli would appeal to the average tourist. One travel book refers to it as "perhaps the most squalid city in Italy." But I never felt that way.

Although I was often threadbare and hungry and, during the war, terrified, I have many joyous memories of childhood....The ancient Roman amphitheater near our home where my younger sister Maria and I discovered a thousand thrilling hiding places. (The Greeks founded Pozzuoli more than 2,500 years ago. The Romans captured it from them and made it one of their greatest trading ports.)...The wisteria, lilac and cyclamen growing everywhere, giving the humblest houses a festive air....The violets after a rainfall, glittering like jewels, and the mushrooms that seemed to pop up while you were looking.... The early-morning smells of cows and straw when I went with my mother to the dairy for milk.... The wonderful, musical, funny, violent sounds of Neapolitan dialect.... Maria and I would sometimes mind the porteress's fat, noisy baby in the building where we lived, quieting it with nonsense nursery jingles, and as a reward the porteress would let us taste her famous specialty—stewed prunes flavored with wine from the slopes of Vesuvius. Oh, that heavenly fragrance!

According to one of the many myths about me, I spent my entire childhood barefoot, in rags. While I seldom had more than a single pair of shoes and a dress at one time, my mother managed to clothe me decently. During the war she made Maria and me each a dress out of her old *(continued on page 177)*

"Neither before nor since I met Carlo have I belonged to any other man. I knew he was married.... Much as I loved him . . . my impulse was to break off forever. But I knew it was no use."





Night-Blooming Cereus



What was she doing in this alien place? The man was a stranger to her—but, much worse, she had suddenly become an utter stranger to herself. By Babs H. Deal

All day they had driven across Florida. It was hot in the big car, even though the air conditioner had labored through the day against the sunlight. It was September, the month of high, hot sun and the storm season. Behind her dark glasses she watched the straight, flat road unfold beneath them. They had driven through small towns full of ramshackle houses, open to the heat, and through long stretches of empty country, dotted with scrub and scraggly palms, a stream occasionally breaking the monotony, appearing momentarily with its necklace of oaks, a small oasis in the stretch of sun, sandy soil and high blue sky.

The man beside her was silent. She had feigned sleep during the early part of the trip, so that finally his jovial attempts at conversation had faded and he drove purposefully, watching the road from behind his own dark glasses.

He was a handsome man, somewhere in his middle fifties, she thought, glancing at his intent face. Tan—of course—with his white hair neatly brushed across the thinning spot. He was dressed in a very expensive pair of slacks and a very bright sport shirt.

"See those thunderheads in front of us," he said suddenly. "We're getting close to the gulf. Maybe we'll get in in time to see the sunset."

She was startled by his voice, loud in the humming interior of the car. She had forgotten the sound of his voice, wasn't sure suddenly if she had ever heard it at all. She didn't answer him.

"We hit the interstate here," he

continued on page 156

The impossible blooms swung above her in the dark

Happily married though she was, she could not forget the brief, poignant romance of her youth, the light-hearted boy who had loved her and broken her heart.
by Shirley Graves Cochrane

REMEMBER CHARLIE MOCK?



"All right, Charlie," I said to him, "we'll get married secretly." I could tell that Charlie liked this; he loved intrigue.



I might have got over Charlie even without the Old Grad party. Ben thought we should go—I needed to get out, he said. It had been a winter full of snow and sleet and children's nighttime coughs, and waiting for a spring that never came. The thing I like best about Ben is he *notices* when I need a new dress or more help, or when I'm tired. He even calls me to meet him for lunch sometimes. Gran herself couldn't have picked me out a better husband. And yet somewhere in the background there was always Charlie.

Whenever I went back to Hopeville to see Gran, or after Gran's death to tend to the selling of her house, I'd find myself looking for Charlie. Crossing the campus I would strain to hear his wild laughter; or walking downtown, look for his slim figure leaning against the doorframe of the Sartor Resartus Men's Shop; or passing his fraternity house, watch with vague maternal affection the boys playing Ping-Pong on the side porch—boys the age Charlie was when I fell in love with him.

I sat at my dressing table, dreading the Old Grad party and looking critically at my face. Reports reach me every now and then that Mary Jo Hope, my best friend in Hopeville, who now lives in California, is "still just as pretty as ever." But not me. I had a lush early bloom that faded without a trace. But back when we used to put on our act in front of Williams' Drug Store to attract the college boys, I was as lovely as she.

"Buff Curtis," Mary Jo would shriek, "do you mean to tell me that you live in the *last* house on Remembrance Lane and you've never visited the Troll's Fountain?—why, it's almost in your backyard!" Name and—practically—address. Or, as we parted, one of us would say: "Your phone number's still 6331, isn't it?" We got away with such shenanigans because in addition to being beautiful we were old Hopeville. Our ancestors had slapped mortar on the cornerstone of the first university building and made the forest (later to become the north campus) ring with such phrases as: "Beneath these noble oaks will arise a great university, to be a beacon light to all the South."

Being old Hopeville had advantages, especially since I was an orphan. Most people thought it was sad that I had only Gran, but I never minded. She and I lived so happily together all those years!

(continued on page 160)

Illustration by Coby Whitmore

Swing Into Spring...

with the fresh-picked fashions here—each practically guaranteed to lift draggy, cold-weather spirits, and perhaps the nicest tonic you and your audience ever had. Just as important, each suit and coat has a fashion message (from newsy, short-sleeved suits and "pop" raincoats to "serious," wardrobe-building '66 classics). Shapes are breezy, easy-moving; colors, more often than not, are flower hues so pretty they almost waft a fragrance of their own.

This page, left: Sleeveless "indoor" suit, bow-tied, of checkerboard wool/nylon/cotton. David Kidd for Jabé, 6–14, $125. Herbert Levine shoes.

Center: Another indoor suit, white collared and cuffed, the skirt, widely flared. 100 percent wool, by Dani, Jrs., 3–13, $70. Capezio shoes, Lugene glasses.

Right: Dove-gray flannel suit, V-necked, lightly gathered skirt. Tiffeau & Busch, 4–12, $160. (Our idea: the lilies tucked in pocket.)

Opposite, left: Drizzle coat in shiny violet vinyl has patch pockets, a yoke back. Modelia, 4–16, $60. Madcaps hat. Strollers, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Center: vinyl-coated cotton in cheery daffodil yellow. Réal Jr. for Arkin, 3–13, $50. Grandoe gloves, Madcaps vinyl hat.

Right: Tattersall coat with attached sleeve capelet is perfect to wear over suits. In vinyl-coated cotton, by Naman, 4–14, $40.

By Trudy Owett
FASHION EDITOR

Photographs by Peter Oliver





This page, left: The kind of suit it wouldn't be spring without—in hothouse pink whipcord worsted. By Seymour Fox, 6–16. $245. Lilly Daché hat.

Center: Now-and-future suit in black on white tic-tac-checked wool. Originala, 6–14, $290. Jane Irwill sweater. On-board bag (under elbow) and all beige luggage, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Right: Lemon-yellow wool, welt-seamed and bound in white leather, hip-riding skirt. Samuel Robert, 6–14, $195. Capezio shoes, Riviera glasses.

Opposite, left: For here, there, anywhere—double-breasted coat in sweet-pea-pink wool gabardine with a bit of fullness below its set-in belt. Dan Millstein, 6–16, $125. KJL earrings.

Center: Daisy yellow brushed mohair gets a yoked smock treatment; its sleeves, cuffed like a man's shirt. By Barbarini, 6–14, $110.

Right: Narrow coat in tender bud green, of diagonal-weave worsted. David Kidd for Jablow Originals, 8–12, $225. Kayser gloves. Hat by Adolfo II. Herbert Levine shoes.

Shopping Information on page 180

Hairdos by Vittorio of Enny of Italy

Photographed (this page) at Pan-American Terminal, Kennedy Airport, and (opposite) Lilias' Antiques, New York City.



The secret drama behind the Pope's momentous decision on birth control

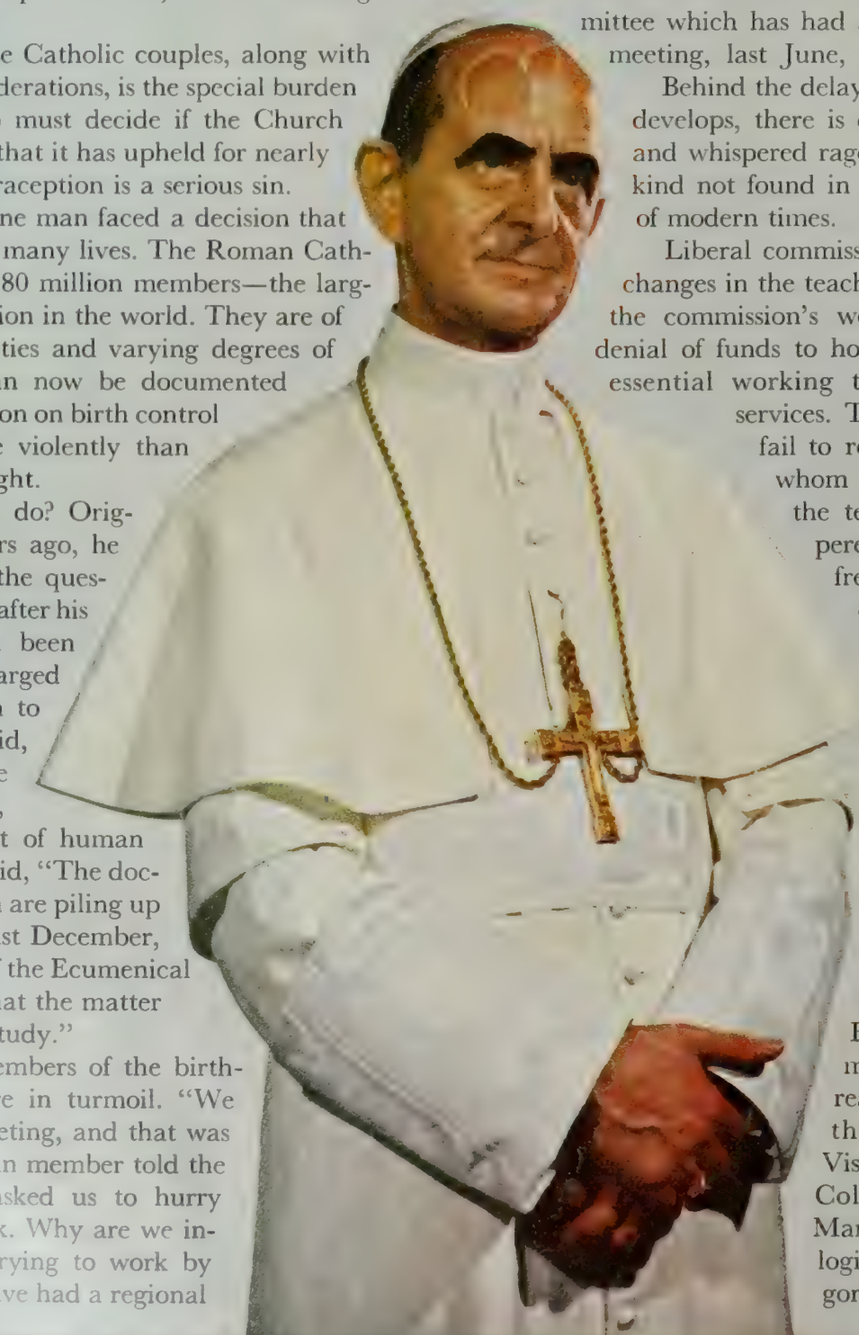
"Emotionally and psychologically the rhythm method has been harmful to our marriage. Our love, which is continually deepening in Christ and in each other, must, of its nature, seek union. This union is almost continually denied, and the frustration is great."

These are the words of one faithful American Catholic, written especially for the eyes of a secret group with a task unprecedented in all history: the Papal Commission for the Study of Population, the Family and Birth.

Another said: "Ten children in twelve years—it hardly seems as if it works. After a complete nervous breakdown and an attempted suicide, we have nothing left to do but abstain."

The anguish of these Catholic couples, along with many other grave considerations, is the special burden of Pope Paul VI, who must decide if the Church can change a teaching that it has upheld for nearly 2,000 years—that contraception is a serious sin.

Perhaps never has one man faced a decision that so intimately affects so many lives. The Roman Catholic Church numbers 580 million members—the largest religious denomination in the world. They are of all colors, all nationalities and varying degrees of faithfulness. And it can now be documented that the Church's position on birth control divides them far more violently than has hitherto come to light.



What will Paul VI do? Originally, almost two years ago, he said he would decide the question himself. Last June, after his study commission had been greatly enlarged and charged by the Pope in person to find "an answer," he said, "We hope soon to be able to say our word, supported by the light of human science." Last fall he said, "The documents on this question are piling up on my desk." Then, last December, he approved a report of the Ecumenical Council announcing that the matter needs "more diligent study."

Meanwhile, the members of the birth-control commission are in turmoil. "We have had only one meeting, and that was too short," an American member told the *Journal*. "The Pope asked us to hurry and complete our work. Why are we inactive now? We are trying to work by correspondence. We have had a regional meeting of Americans. But this is not enough. Many of us are frustrated and impatient. The Church is in chaos. We can't delay."

The man who said this, and much else, is a normally calm, respected professor at a great American university. He may not be identified because all commission members were told to be silent. Indeed, the commission's membership was never made public. Its meeting place was supposed to be secret, and so were its deliberations. And its procedures. And its report to the Pope—83 pages under a salmon-colored paper cover distributed in several languages, including Latin. Even the fact that there is a small standing executive committee which has had at least one supremely private meeting, last June, was never officially disclosed.

Behind the delay and the official silence, it now develops, there is considerable gnashing of teeth and whispered rage. This intense feeling is of the kind not found in other theological controversies of modern times.

Liberal commission members, who favor some changes in the teachings of the Church, assert that the commission's work is being sabotaged by a denial of funds to hold meetings and provide such essential working tools as adequate translation services. They say that some documents fail to reach the higher authorities for whom they are intended and that the texts of others have been tampered with in transmission. They freely impugn the motives of the opposition. For example, they charge that three archconservative commission members are not fighting for a cause so much as for vindication of themselves and of ideas that they have taught so long they just cannot give them up.

Canon Victor Heylen, a professor of moral theology at the University of Louvain, Belgium, and secretary of the Ecumenical Council's subcommission on marriage, is ever ready to point a finger at the three: the Rev. Father Jan Visser, rector of St. Alphonsus College, and the Rev. Father Marcelino Zalba, a moral theologian from the Pontifical Gregorian University, both in Rome

Behind closed doors, a unique Papal commission has been locked in a historic struggle to resolve the Pontiff's dilemma. Here is the full story of their debates and disagreements.

By Lois R. Chevalier

and the Rev. Father John C. Ford, S.J., of Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

"They obey the Pope when the Pope obeys them," says Canon Heylen.

In return, Father Ford charged the liberals with "theological situationalism," a polite phrase meaning weakness of character, and Father Ford has been joined by such other conservatives as Monsignor George A. Kelly, director of the Family Life Bureau of the New York Archdiocese.

Thus, in his secret speech to the commission last March 25, Monsignor Kelly granted that "the anti-contraceptionists" sometimes "understate the human problems" and "resist new conceptions." But he accused "the contraceptionists" of behaving "after the manner of politicians"; giving too much weight to "emotion"; and engaging in "rationalizations" that are "quite dangerous." At that, the other American delegates had prevailed upon Monsignor Kelly to temper his remarks before delivery.

Even the Pope has not remained immune in the remarkably personal conflict. An American member of the birth-control commission describes the Pontiff as one who tends to believe the last expert who talked to him. A Belgian complains of the Pope's narrow training ("the Pope is a juridic theologian, and that is the difficulty"). And a conservative American member accuses him of imprecise speech which has opened the doors to change wider than the Pope intended.

The extraordinary feeling displayed by these wise and honorable men is rooted in the vastness of the issues that are at stake. In essence, the conservatives, championed by such powerful Vatican insiders as Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office, fear that the authority of the Church would be shamefully eroded if it treats contraception with less than the most ringing condemnation. On the other hand, when a leading liberal on the commission, Bishop Josef Maria Reuss of Mainz, Germany, was asked whether the Church would not also lose authority if it refuses to change, he nodded sadly and said, "Naturally."

Indeed, the liberals argue that the Church's authority will be even more drastically reduced if there is to be no change, because millions of Catholics are even now defying the teachings of their Church by practicing contraception, and millions more are sure to follow suit, no matter what the Pope decides. All the while, Catholic demographers are warning the theologians of a runaway population explosion. And, to complicate the situation even further, the physicians on the birth-control commission have advised the Pope that the contraceptive pill is neither safe nor practical.

"The pill is dangerous for long-term use," an American commission member told the *Journal*. "I say that as a physician, not as a Catholic." This doctor and his colleagues also told their fellow commissioners that follow-up studies have shown that many women, especially in underdeveloped countries, simply will not keep on taking the pill. In effect, therefore, the Pope's medical advisers have all but written off the pill as a world-wide solution to the birth-control problem, no matter what the theologians may eventually decide about its moral acceptability.

The delay in the long-anticipated pronouncement by the Pope, while it may come at any time, is really a measure of the complexity of the problem. He asked his commission for the facts. In investigating the facts, the commission found more questions than answers.

Ironically, the epochal drama that is now unfolding was actually set off by the pill—so much so that, as one commissioner points out, "In some of the Vatican offices they called us 'The Pill Commission.'" The scene was set at the turn of the year 1963–64 when three European theologians, writing independently, each published articles favoring use of the pills. One was a Belgian professor, one a Dutch Dominican, and one a German auxiliary bishop. Soon other voices were raised. Since contraceptive pills did not interfere with the sexual act, and since their action was supposed to imitate nature by putting the ovaries in a resting phase, why wouldn't the pill be just as moral as calculating a woman's infertile period?

According to the best available information, it was the Rev. Father Bernard Häring, a German theologian and now a member of the birth-control commission, who convinced the Pope that the Church had to face up to the population problem, and that new discoveries in medical science had to be taken into account by the moral theologians.

A small group of experts had already been appointed to advise the Vatican on the population question, which was being debated in the United Nations. They were reconvened in February, 1964, and then summoned again in May. They were unable to come to any clear-cut conclusion, and, after their meeting, the Pope made his first major statement, saying that there was a "grave moral problem" still under study.

In the fall of 1964, after a world-wide and highly discreet investigation of candidates, the Pope appointed a number of other experts to his secret advisory group. The urgency of the situation was apparent from the manner in which some of the appointments were made. The Most Rev. Leo Binz, the unapproachably austere archbishop of St. Paul, Minn., learned one Friday that he was due in Rome *(continued on page 166)*

RED, WHITE AND WHAT?



A look of bamboo ... *In the dining room, strong bamboo pinoyphens, with an antique finish, and bold scale bamboo pattern wallpaper mix charmingly with casual to fabrics of the moment and a flower print.*

A look of steel and glass ... *Coconut rattan heightens contemporary feeling of living room, right. Fabric and floor show coloring through the transparent table. Both rooms in home of Joan Sheaff, shown with son Chip.*



No matter how satisfied you may be with the way things are at home, a change or two in the right direction can make the difference between dated decorating and a look that's as fresh and contemporary as a Marisol sculpture. It matters not at all whether your preference is traditional or modern. Any room can look dated if it doesn't reflect current trends. The room of the moment, for example, takes a bold new stand on color—one color (red at the top of the list) carried through from walls to fabrics to floors. White, for years a favorite background color, now moves into a new role as unifier. But, to keep everything lively in this basically monochromatic scheme, a bold use of pattern is essential. In the dining room, above, it's accomplished by playing pattern against pattern: a small-figured calico tablecloth, a medium-scale flowered chair fabric and an oversize lattice-bamboo wallpaper. In the living room, right, it's done with one dynamic fabric pattern—a red-and-white cotton print on sofa and armchair—and a red Dura-seal stained floor, which allows the pattern of the grain to show through. And what about the WHAT in our title? It means simply this: It's the final flourish, the fillip added by at least one piece of bamboo—or steel and glass—that really makes the room of the moment. **By Margaret White,** Decorating Editor

Photographs by Bill Hopkins
Coordinated by Angelo Donghia of Thos. K. Bowden Corporation, Inc.
Shopping information on page 76





A Sip of Orange for Green



A Taste of Orange for Coral



Streak of
Orange
r Yellow



A Bloom of Orange for Lilac

Here's how to squeeze all the fashion you can out of orange lipstick. Wear it with ALL this spring's peppy new pastels—lilac, yellow, poison green, any color you like best. You'll find to your surprise (especially if you've been precision-minded about lipstick and fashion matchup) that orange brings out the best in every color. It's so zingy, sunny, alive, it's almost like painting your mouth with sunshine that beams its brightness into every color you wear. And, since oranges are particularly plentiful this year, choose the variety that sends out the sunniest signals for your skin and hair color. (Here, some of our choices)

ORANGE LIPSTICKS

Yardley	*Peacherino*
Germaine Monteil	*Early Poppy*
Dorothy Gray	*Hawaii*
Coty	*Poppy Love*
Marcelle	
Hypo-Allergenic	*Gold Lustre*
Bonne Bell	
Medicated Lipstick	*Honey Bun*
Helena Rubinstein	*Lumina Peach*
Ar-Ex	*Pastel Orange*
Cutex	*Bewitch Him Bronze*

Coming Soon

Charles of the Ritz	*Sunlights*
Revlon	*Orangerine*

For more ways of making orange your own, see Project You on page 41.

By Susan Harney
BEAUTY EDITOR
Photographs by Peter Oliver

A HAPPY MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND POLITICS





arried Jed Johnson,
gest Congressman
n 168 years,
s briefly with
(left).

k is important,"
(top), "but our
is more important.
ot prepared to
ur lives together."

right), who
Jed only after
n" proposals,
aster's degree and
ivate smile.



Photographs by Fred J. Maroon

The Congressman finished the last crumbs of a gigantic piece of chocolate cake, and beamed happily into the deep-blue eyes of the pretty girl who had baked it. It was clear that Representative Jed Johnson (Democrat, Oklahoma), the youngest man elected to Congress in 168 years, had had a very happy 26th birthday. It was equally clear that the pretty girl—his bride, Sydney—had had a lot to do with it besides baking the cake.

Jed and Sydney and the U.S. Congress were married last September 25. Like all Washington love stories, theirs has been as full of political crises as of cherry blossoms—which is exactly the way they want it. Where else but in Washington would an earnest young bridegroom settle his new wife in a honeymoon cottage, complete with rose garden and white picket fence, and then whisk her off for an exhausting political tour of Western Oklahoma?

Sydney and Jed Johnson literally began married life on the campaign trail—covering 15,000 miles in 73 days. And, for them, a handshaking, speechmaking honeymoon seemed as natural as going into politics in the first place. Jed is a Congressman's son; Sydney, a Congressman's daughter. Besides, as Jed says, with a characteristic shrug of the six-footer's broad and slightly stooped shoulders: "I have never *not* been interested in running for office." As for Sydney, who blushingly insists that she never thought about marrying a Congressman—only about marrying Jed—she doesn't find it a bit odd that *The Pocket Congressional Dictionary* should stand right next to her three favorite gourmet cookbooks on a shelf in their little kitchen.

When you've been living politics all your young life, it becomes the secret ingredient in just about everything you do—including the way you react to unexpected upsets, mishaps and disappointments. Such as, for instance, the night Jed and Sydney arrived in Oklahoma for their marathon visit last November. It was Sydney's big night—her first introduction to the voters of Oklahoma, and Jed's first homecoming as a married man. Sydney's luggage failed to come off the plane with them. It had been mislaid at another airport, between planes.

A freshman politician's wife might have been forgiven if she had become flustered by the mixup, if not embarrassed to tears about having to face a big political audience in her rumpled traveling clothes. But when the Johnsons greeted their audience that night, Jed told them proudly: "Sydney comes to you like a pioneer woman. She's just got the clothes on her back."

His constituents loved it—especially the women. And Sydney just smiled. She has a warm but private smile that expects the *(continued on page 148)*

Patterns: How to Shine in the Rain



If you can sew, you can zing in the rain this spring, make a big splash with a coat you turned out from one of the shiny new water-shedding fabrics that are now available by the yard. They're so easy to make, so much fun to wear, you may even decide to own more than one and wear them (ignoring precipitation reports) whether the weather is rainy or fair. Details, backviews and accessory information on page 176.

By Nora O'Leary
PATTERNS EDITOR

Rain-or-shine evening coat of white Comarra vinyl, and polka-dot evening dress of Onondaga silk surah. Vogue Design 1551.

Photographs by Robert Freson

Forecast: Party coat on its way, undaunted by drizzle, shower, storm.



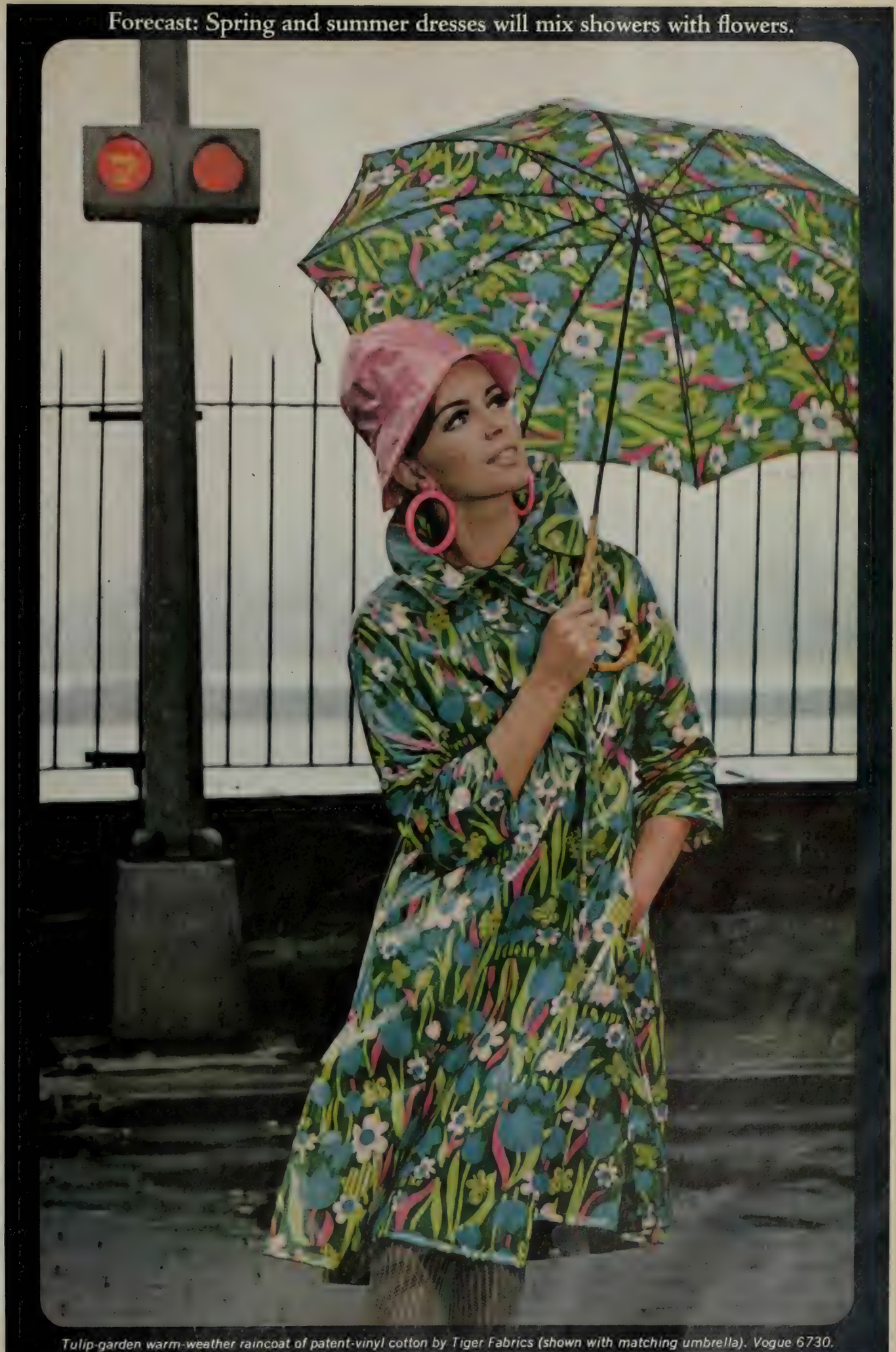
Life-of-the-party coat of foam-back nylon plissé with a double-up of jeweled buttons. Fabric by Earl-Glo. Vogue Design 6616.

Forecast: Spring suits (and other fashions) will take cover under capes.



Navy-and-white houndstooth-check cape, slit at sides, bound in braid at the collar. Of printed vinyl by Comarra. Vogue 6032.

Forecast: Spring and summer dresses will mix showers with flowers.



Tulip-garden warm-weather raincoat of patent-vinyl cotton by Tiger Fabrics (shown with matching umbrella). Vogue 6730.

(continued on page 176)



A PRINCE FOR ALL SEASONS

By Rumer Godden There is nobody like him. In a world of more than three billion people. That is a large claim, but it is true. Who else has been born a prince, renounced his title, become a commoner and been made a prince again? Other princes have visited a gold mine, but have they crawled on hands and knees along the galleries to the coalface and shared the miners' canteen lunch with them afterward? And is there another prince who has cooked in a ship's galley, not on a special occasion but as his allotted chore? Or been able to give a lecture on their own subject to a company of distinguished scientists, earning their applause? Or acted as narrator on a long television program for children? No, there has never been anyone like Prince Philip.

In the future there will be more people like him—we hope—because he is cutting a new path, or a new pattern, sharply, incisively, an exciting path that, if traveled, even in spirit, can bring new horizons to thousands of people, especially the young.

I am not a believer in the divine right of kings; neither am I overimpressed with the trappings and glitter and the elaborate stagings of royalty; but I would not dare admit this in, for instance, my own household. Our cook knows the lineage and history of every last cousin or second cousin of the royal family, as do most of the ladies on our street, and they look on Prince Philip as a modern fairy-tale prince, which he is.

Dr. Hahn, the founder of Gordonstoun, the school where Prince Philip's budding capabilities were first seen when the Prince was a boy, believes there are three modern decays: One, the decay of adventure and enterprise from lack of self-discipline and lack of physical fitness brought about by modern transport and the prevalent disease of spectatorship, *e.g.*, too much watching of television and of other people playing games. Two, decay of skill and care—brought on by lack of craftsmanship. Three, the decay of compassion—people are too grasping and selfish. Not even his most stringent critics can deny that Prince Philip, in his public and private life, is the embodiment of the fight against these decays.

He has a unique position from which to fight; as the Queen of England's husband, he is known all over the world. But this does not explain his extraordinary influence; that comes from only one thing, his personality.

Prince Philip dearly loves adventure—and adventurers. My nephew, Richard, was one of the crew of five young men who sailed the 50-ton Cornish lugger, the *Beagle*, across the Atlantic and through the Panama Canal to the Galápagos Islands for the Darwin Foundation. Richard was on the islands when Prince Philip called in on the royal yacht *Britannia* for a visit. Soon after, Richard wrote home:

"I think I am one of the few people who have met the Prince in bare feet. It happened like this: We were anchored near the *Britannia;* we were busily getting three hundred gallons of diesel into our tanks, dressed in filthy old jeans and no shoes. We were working away when we heard an outboard engine come alongside. I thought that it was probably some of the sailors from the *Britannia* come to have a look. I wandered over to the boarding ladder and looked over. I found myself looking into a rubber raft with Prince Philip, the Admiral and some other V.I.P.'s. I gulped a couple of times, then asked them aboard. They had been water skiing, and the Prince was soaked, with trousers rolled up and bare feet.

"The Prince was interested in the boat, and had a look around. He then asked us aboard the *Britannia* for a drink and bath. We suggested that we were hardly dressed for the occasion, but he said it didn't matter at all, so off we went, bare feet, dirty jeans and all. We were met on the *Britannia* by a dozen saluting officers in shining white. I crept past as quickly as possible. Inside, the *Britannia* is like a palace; thick pile carpets, staterooms of incredible luxury. I had a freshwater bath (the first for over a year) in a bathroom that would have done credit to the Ritz. Afterwards we were led down to the ship's shop and, at Prince Philip's expense, given a free hand for anything we wanted. We came away loaded with food, tobacco, films, clothes and other things. It was all too good to be true. Next we were taken to the royal lounge, and talked to the Prince for about half an hour over a whisky, then went aboard the royal barge, a magnificent launch with silver dolphins on the side, and, to the sound of bosuns' whistles, were taken back to the *Beagle*. It was quite an experience."

In spite of that laconic remark, "quite an experience," Richard was deeply impressed—and spurred—an effect the Prince has on young men. He wins them, not by making things easy, as so many people nowadays do, but by making them hard; for instance, he challenged students at one university to work their way around the world on five pounds or less, and he thought up the scheme of the Duke of Edinburgh Awards that have encouraged hundreds of teen-agers in initiative and service. The awards are given in three distinct classes: bronze, silver and gold—it may take a boy five years to win a gold one—and the prizes are given for all kinds of prowess in service or adventure, not in competition, not even in company, but alone.

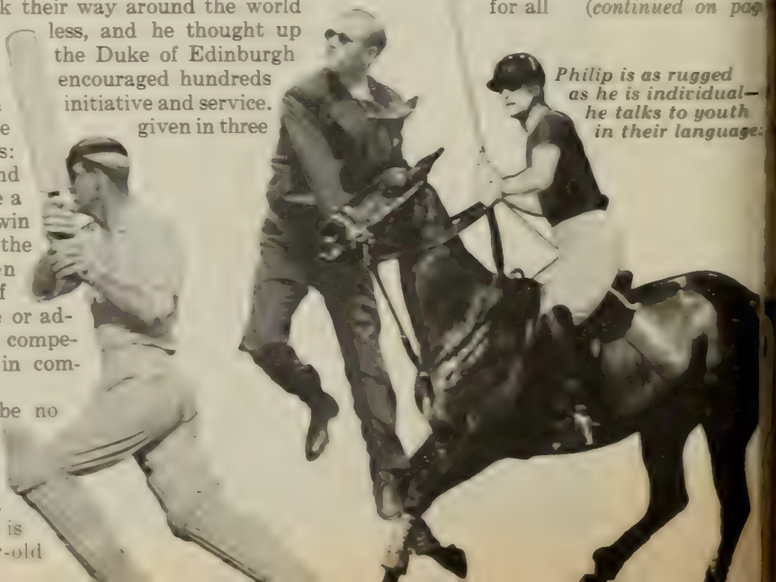
"There must be no one to help you but yourself," is the program's unspoken rule. Even a handicap is no bar; a 16-year-old boy was honored: he had run five miles country—and he was blind.

Princess Anne has just qualified for a b award. She had to pass in four sections: in making; in a hobby; in the planning of an ou expedition; and in a form of service like fir or mothercraft. She will receive her certi and small medal by post, not personally fro father. Only gold medals or brooches ar sented at Buckingham Palace.

Princess Anne is at a boarding school, Bene set in the beauty of the Kentish countrysid wears the school uniform, a gym tunic for day, poplin in summer, serge in winter, and school tie in her house colors. For out there are long blue cloaks, the hoods li house colors, and, for Sunday, blue coat skirts with the regulation—and hideous— pie velour school hats; the plain—very p English look that has become so stylish i York. Princess Anne does everything the girls do. In the holidays she rides in open c titions and looks after her own ponies—j Prince Charles, when he followed his fat Cheam and Gordonstoun, kept the everyda tine of the boys. Now he is in Australia Australian school.

No heir to the British throne has ever b school before, let alone a school out of En Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, was in her bringing up of the Princesses Elizabe Margaret, but they were educated in the privacy of the court. Rumor is that Eliz and Margaret had to learn their lessons st up to prepare them for the long periods of ing needed in future public life, but they had a chance to learn the more valuable of give and take, the knockabout of scho

Prince Philip wants mor experience for his children for all *(continued on pag*



Philip is as rugged as he is individual— he talks to youth in their language.

A NEW SUSPENSE STORY BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER

'HE BREAKTHROUGH

ıe strange experiment began in a desolate marsh near the sea. Its subjects were)rave young man, a child, and a machine called Charon. Its success might mean ɛ answer to the riddle of life itself—or reveal a frightening chasm of darkness.

part in the affair started on the 18th of ɔmber when my Chief sent for me and told e was transferring me to Saxmere on the east .. No, he could not give me any details, they an odd lot down there and shut themselves ehind barbed wire at the slightest provoca- It had been a Radar Experimental Station ' years back, but that was finished, and any ɔiments that were going on now were of an ely different nature, something to do with ıtions and the pitch of sound.

'll be perfectly frank with you," said my f, removing his horn-rimmed spectacles and ng them in the air apologetically. "James ean is a very old friend of mine; we were at bridge together and I saw a lot of him then afterward, but our paths diverged and he himself up in experimental work of rather a ɔus nature, lost the Government a lot of ɛy, and his own name into the bargain. I ɔr that's forgotten, and he's been reinstated ı at Saxmere, with his own handpicked team ɛperts and a Government grant. They're ɛ for an electronic engineer—which is where come in. McLean has sent me an SOS for one I can vouch for personally—in other s, he wants a chap who doesn't talk. You'd e a personal favor if you went."

t like this, there was little I could do but ac- It was a damned nuisance all the same. The thing in the world I wanted to do was to A.E.L. (Associated Electronics Ltd.) and off to the east coast to work for someone had blotted his copybook once and might ı again.

When do you want me to go?" I asked.

ıe Chief looked more apologetic than ever. s soon as you can make it," he said. "The after tomorrow? I'm really very sorry, ders. With any luck you'll be back by ɛtmas. I've told McLean I'm lending you to ɔr this particular project only. No question ɔng-term transfer. You're too valuable here."

What sort of a chap is he?" I asked.

Who, McLean?" My Chief paused a moment ɛ replacing his horn-rims, always a signal of ɪssal. "He's what I would call an enthusi- he said, "a fanatic in his way. I remember ambridge he spent most of his time bird- hing. He had some peculiar theory then t migration, but he didn't inflict it upon us. ıearly chucked physics for neurology, but ght better of it—the girl he later married ıaded him. Then came the tragedy. She died they'd only been married a year."

y Chief replaced his spectacles. He had no to say, or, if he had, it was beside the point. was leaving the room he called after me.

'ou can keep that last piece of information to self," he said. "About his wife I mean. His may not know anything about it."

as not until my train was drawing out of rpool Street Station that the full force of my tion hit me. Here I was, lumbered with a did not want, in an outfit I knew nothing t, and all as a personal favor to my ex- f, who obviously had some private reason for ing his one-time colleague. I kept seeing the ession on my successor's face when I told I was going to Saxmere.

That dump?" he said. "Why, it's a joke; they n't done any serious research there for years. Ministry have given it over to the crack- hoping they'll blow themselves to pieces."

It was raining when I finally descended upon the empty wind-swept platform at Thirlwall, which was the station for Saxmere, and the porter told me the taxi that usually waited for this particular train had been snapped up five minutes before.

"There's a garage opposite the Three Cocks," he added, "they might still be open, and could run you over to Saxmere."

As I stood wondering whether to brave the doubtful hospitality of the Three Cocks—it was close on seven, and even if a car was not available I could do with a drink—a very ancient Morris came swerving into the station yard and pulled up with a jerk. The driver got out and made a dive for my bags.

"You are Saunders, I take it?" he asked, smiling. He was young, not more than about nineteen, with a shock of fair hair that stood up in the air *en brosse*.

"That's right," I said, "I was just wondering where the hell I'd raise a taxi."

"You wouldn't," he answered. "On a wet night the Yanks swipe the lot. Anything on wheels that will take 'em out of Thirlwall. Hop in, will you?"

I'd forgotten about Thirlwall being a U.S. airbase, and made a mental note to avoid the Three Cocks in my leisure hours. American personnel on the loose are not among my favorite companions.

"Sorry about the rattle," apologized the driver as we swerved through the town to the accompaniment of what sounded like a couple of petrol cans rolling under the back seat. "I keep meaning to fix it, but never find time. My name's Ryan, by the way, Ken Ryan, always known as Ken. We don't go in for surnames at Saxmere."

I said nothing. My Christian name is Stephen, nor had anyone ever shortened it to Steve. My gloom increased, and I lit a cigarette. Our road, having traversed a mile or two of flat countryside consisting of turnip fields, suddenly shot up onto a sandy track across a heath, over which we proceeded in a series of bumps until my head hit the roof.

My companion apologized once more. "I could have taken you in at the main entrance," he said, "but this way is so much shorter."

The sandy track topped a rise and there below us, stretching into infinity, were acres upon acres of wasteland, marsh and reed, bounded on the left by sand dunes with the open sea beyond. Our road descended abruptly to this scene of desolation. In the far distance a square tower, gray and squat, stood out against the skyline, and as we drew nearer I could see beyond the tower itself the curving spiral of the one-time radar installation, brooding over the wasteland like a giant oyster shell. This then was Saxmere. My worst forebodings could not have conjured a more forbidding place.

My companion, sensing from my silence that I lacked enthusiasm, gave me a half-glance.

"It looks a bit grim in this light," he said, "but that's the rain. The weather's pretty good on the whole, though the wind is keen. We get some stunning sunsets."

The laugh with which I greeted his remark was intended to be ironic, but it missed its mark, or was taken as encouragement, for he added, "If you're keen on birds you've come to the right spot. Avocets breed here in the spring, and last March I heard the bittern boom." He grinded the Morris to a halt before a gate, set in a high wired fence.

"Have to unlock this," he told me, jumping out of the car, and I saw that now we had come to the actual precincts of Saxmere. The area ahead was bounded on all sides by this same fence, some ten feet in height, giving the place the look of a concentration camp. This agreeable vista was enhanced by the sudden appearance of an Alsatian dog that loped out of the marshes and stood wagging its tail at young Ken as he unlocked the gate.

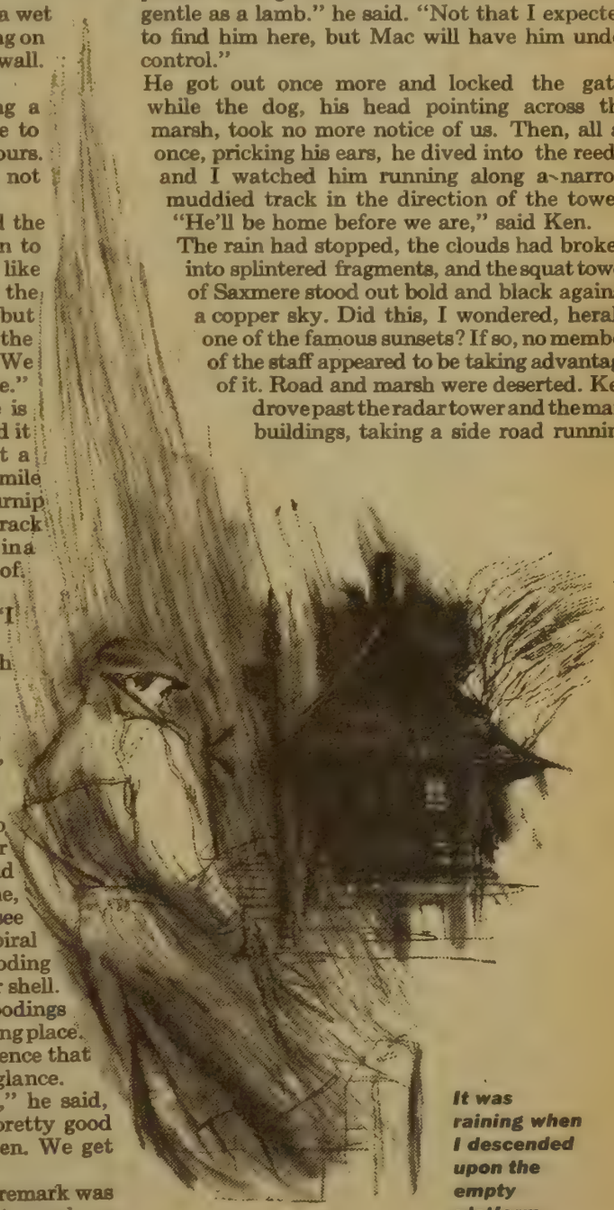
"Where are the Tommy guns?" I asked, when he climbed back into the driving seat, "or does the dog's handler watch us unseen from some concrete dugout in the marsh?"

This time he had the grace to laugh as we passed through the barricade. "Cerberus is as gentle as a lamb." he said. "Not that I expected to find him here, but Mac will have him under control."

He got out once more and locked the gate, while the dog, his head pointing across the marsh, took no more notice of us. Then, all at once, pricking his ears, he dived into the reeds, and I watched him running along a narrow muddied track in the direction of the tower.

"He'll be home before we are," said Ken.

The rain had stopped, the clouds had broken into splintered fragments, and the squat tower of Saxmere stood out bold and black against a copper sky. Did this, I wondered, herald one of the famous sunsets? If so, no member of the staff appeared to be taking advantage of it. Road and marsh were deserted. Ken drove past the radar tower and the main buildings, taking a side road running



It was raining when I descended upon the empty platform . . .

ations by Marbury Brown

seaward, at the end of which was a row of prefabricated huts set in their own small square.

"Here we are," he said, "and what did I tell you? Cerberus has beaten us to it."

The dog emerged from a track on the left and then ran off behind the huts.

"How is he trained?" I asked, "a hi-fi whistle?"

"Not exactly," answered my companion.

I got out of the car, and he heaved my bags from the rear seat.

"These are the sleeping quarters, I suppose?" I glanced about me. The prefabs at least looked wind- and water-tight. "It's the whole works," replied Ken. "We sleep, feed and do everything here."

He ignored my stare, and led the way ahead. There was a small entrance hall, and a corridor beyond running right and left. The walls of both hall and corridor were a dull gray. The floor linoleum. The impression was that of a small-town country surgery after surgery hours.

"We feed at eight, but there's loads of time," said Ken. "You'd like to see your room and have a bath perhaps."

I had no particular desire for a bath, but I badly needed a drink. I followed him down the left-hand corridor, and he opened a door and switched on the light, then crossed the floor and pulled aside the curtains.

"Sorry about that," he said, "Janus likes to bed us down early. Winter or summer, these curtains are drawn at six-thirty, and the covers removed from the beds. He's quite a stickler for routine."

I looked around. Whoever designed the room must have had a hospital training all right. It had the bare essentials. Bed, washbasin, chest of drawers, wardrobe, one chair.

"OK?" asked Ken. He looked puzzled. Possibly my expression surprised him.

"Fine," I answered. "Now what about a drink?"

I followed him up the corridor once more, across the entrance hall, and so on through a swing-door at the far end. I heard the light clack-clack of ping-pong balls and braced myself for frivolity, but the room we entered was empty. The sportsmen, whoever they were, were playing in the room beyond. Here there were easy chairs, a table or two, and a bar, behind which my youthful companion installed himself. I noticed, with misgiving, two enormous urns.

"Coffee or cocoa?" he asked. "Or do you prefer something cool? I can recommend the Jaffa juice with a splash of soda."

"I'd like a Scotch," I said.

He looked distressed. "I'm frightfully sorry," he said, "we none of us touch alcohol. Mac won't have it served, it's one of his things. But, of course, you can bring your own supply and drink in your room. What a fool I was not to have warned you. We could have brought you back a bottle from the Three Cocks."

His distress was so genuine that I controlled the floodgates of emotion that threatened to burst from me, and told him I would settle for a Jaffa juice. He looked relieved, and splashed the nauseous liquid into a tall glass, deftly sousing it with soda.

I felt the time had come for further explanation, not only about him, the acolyte, but about the rest of the establishment. Was the order Benedictine or Franciscan, and at what hour would the bell sound for vespers and compline?

"Forgive my ignorance," I said, "but my briefing before leaving A.E.L. was somewhat short. I don't know the first thing about Saxmere, or what you do here."

"Oh, don't worry," he answered, smiling, "Mac will explain all that."

He poured some juice into his own glass and said, "Cheers." I ignored the toast and listened to the echo of the ping-pong balls.

"You told me," I continued, "that all the work was done in this building."

"That's right," he said.

"But where do all the personnel hang out?"

"Personnel?" he echoed, frowning. "There are no personnel. That is to say, there's only Mac, Robbie, Janus—I suppose you'd count Janus—and myself. And now, of course, you."

I put down my glass and stared, but he seemed perfectly serious. Tossing down his Jaffa juice like a cupbearer of the gods quaffing ambrosia, he watched me from behind the bar.

"It's OK you know," he said, "we're a very happy party."

I did not doubt it. What with cocoa, ping-pong and the booming bittern, this team of sportsmen would make the members of a women's institute seem like trulls.

My baser instincts made me yearn to prick the youngster's pride.

"And what?" I asked, "is your position on the staff. Ganymede to the professor's Jove?"

To my intense surprise, he laughed. "How smart of you to guess," he answered. "That's roughly the idea—to snatch me from this earth to a doubtful heaven. No, seriously, I'm Mac's guinea pig, along with Janus's daughter, and Cerberus the dog."

*A*t that moment the door opened, and two men came into the room.

Instinctively I recognized McLean. He was fiftyish, craggy, tall, with the pale rather light blue eyes I associated with drunkards, criminals and fighter pilots—in my view the three frequently combine. His lightish hair receded from a high forehead, the prominent nose was matched by a thrusting chin. He wore baggy corduroy trousers and a pullover with a turtleneck.

His companion was sallow, bespectacled and squat. Shorts and a baggy shirt gave him a Boy Scout appearance.

McLean advanced toward me holding out his hand. "I'm so very glad to see you," he said, "I do hope Ken has been looking after you all right. Such a wretched evening for your first glimpse of Saxmere, but we'll do better for you tomorrow, won't we, Robbie?"

His voice, his manner, was that of an old-fashioned host. I might have been a late arrival at a country-house shoot. He put his hand on my shoulder and urged me toward the bar.

"Jaffa juice for all, please, Ken," he said, and turning to me, "we've heard tremendous things about you from A.E.L. I can't tell you how grateful I am to them—to John in particular—for allowing you to come. We'll do everything we can to make your visit memorable. Robbie, Ken, I want you to drink to—it's Stephen isn't it; shall we say Steve?—and to the success of our joint efforts in the future."

I forced a smile. Robbie, the Boy Scout, blinked at me from behind his spectacles.

"Your very good health," he said, downing his juice. "I'm the Johannis factotum here, I do everything from exploding gases to taking Ken's temperature, as well as exercising the dog. When in trouble, send for me."

I laughed, then swiftly realized that the falsetto voice of a music-hall comedian was in fact his own and not assumed for the occasion.

We crossed the corridor to a room facing the front, plain and bare like the one we had left, with a table set for four. A fellow dressed like a ship's steward, long-faced, saturnine, with close-cropped grizzled hair, stood by the sideboard.

"Meet Janus," Mac said to me. "I don't know how they feed you at A.E.L., but Janus sees we none of us starve."

I favored the steward with a cheerful nod. He replied to it with a grunt, and I instantly doubted his willingness to run errands for me to the Three Cocks. I waited for McLean to say grace, but none was forthcoming, and Janus set before him an enormous old-fashioned soup tureen, from which my new Chief ladled a steaming, saffron-colored brew. It was surprisingly good. The grilled Dover sole that followed, better still, and the cheese soufflé feather-light. By the end of the meal I was ready to make peace with my fellow men.

Young Ken was the first to rise from the table and ask leave to be dismissed.

McLean nodded. "Don't read too late," said, "Robbie will turn your light out if you Nine-thirty's the limit."

The youngster smiled, and bade the thre us good-night. I asked whether Ken was in tr ing to race the dog around the marsh and b

"No," answered McLean, abruptly, "but needs a lot of sleep. Let's to billiards."

He led the way from the dining room back the so-called bar, while I prepared myself half an hour or so in the sporting room beyo but as we passed through, and I saw nothing a ping-pong table and a dart board, Rob noticing my puzzled expression, boomed in ear, "A quote from Shakespeare, the Serpen old Nile. Mac means he wants to brief you." pushed me gently forward and then vanishe followed my leader through yet another d sound-proofed this time, and we entered the c atmosphere of what appeared to be half-work lab, half-clinic; streamlined and severe. It e had an operating table under a center light.

"Robbie's department," said McLean. can do anything here from developing a viru taking out your tonsils."

I made no comment, having small desire offer myself up as a potential victim to the I Scout's doubtful ministrations, and we pas from the laboratory to the furthest room of

"You'll feel more at home here," obser McLean, and I saw that we had reached electronics department at last. The installat appeared similar to the one we had built for G.P.O. some six months back; that is to say, analogue computer capable of speech, though vocabulary was limited, and the actual "voi far from perfect, but this had not appeared worry the Post Office authorities. McLean's of tricks, however, had various accessories, I went up to examine them closely.

"He's neat, don't you think?" said McLe rather like a proud father showing off his newb infant. "I call him Charon." We all have names for our inventions, and Hermes had seen particularly appropriate for the winged mess ger we had developed for the G.P.O. Charon, remembered rightly, was the ferryman who c veyed the spirits of the dead across the Sty supposed this was McLean's own brand of hum

"What does he do?" I asked cautiously.

"He has several functions," answered McLe "The voice part is the least important, but si you are an expert in this field, I'd like you hear it."

*H*e set the apparatus in motion, much as had done at A.E.L., but the result was very dif ent. The voice reproduction was almost perfec he had got rid of all the hesitation and the "cli that we had been unable to eliminate—and sound transmitted was in fact that of a norm pitched human voice, speaking a little low.

"Congratulations," I said, "that makes our sound like a Gramophone of 1910."

I was rather annoyed, and wondered how had done it. We thought we'd achieved all could in this line six months ago.

"Yes," said McLean, "it will have its u Chiefly in the medical field, I think. My n

The dog, his head pointing toward the radar tower, pricked up his ears.

is rather different." He cut out the voice and
e an adjustment to the square box coupled
ie main installation, then took a glass jar and
up on a working bench by the wall. He then
ed a knob on the box, and the glass shivered
agments, while a frame, hanging on the wall
re it, fell to the ground.
Rather fun, don't you think?" said McLean,
of course the point there is its long-range
, should you wish to shatter somebody's glass-
, or destroy their pictures, which I person-
don't. It's merely a matter of getting the high
uency right. We've shattered a lot of window-
s up at the coast-guard cottages where Janus
—Mrs. J. was very good about it—but it be-
e rather expensive after a time."
cLean put his fingers on another knob. "You
't see anything with this one," he said, "it's
the call note with which I control Cerberus.
nan beings can't pick it up."
e waited in silence, and within a moment or
I heard the sound of a dog scratching at the
ner door. McLean let him in. "All right. Good
Lie down." He turned to me, smiling.
Nothing really in that, he was only the other
of the building," he said, "but we've got him
bey orders from long distances. It could be
e useful in an emergency." He glanced at his
ch. "I wonder if Mrs. J. will forgive me," he
mured, "it's only quarter-past nine, after all.
I do so enjoy showing off." His schoolboy's
was suddenly infectious.
What are you going to do, break her window-
s?" I asked.
No," he answered, "merely bring her small
ghter to the telephone."

made another adjustment to the apparatus,
once again we waited. In about two minutes
telephone rang. McLean crossed the room to
ver it. "Hullo?" he said. "Sorry, Mrs. J. Just
xperiment. I'm sorry if I've waked her up.
, put her on. Hullo, Niki. No, it's all right.
can go back to bed. Sleep tight." He replaced
receiver, then bent down to pat Cerberus
tched at his feet.
Children, like dogs, are particularly easy to
n," he said, "or put it this way, their sixth
e—the one that picks up these signals—is
ily developed. Niki has her own call note, just
Cerberus does, and the fact that she suffers
n retarded development makes her an excel-
subject."
e patted his box of tricks in much the same
ion that he had patted his dog.
Any questions?" he asked.
Obviously," I replied, "the first being, what is
exact object of the exercise? Are you trying to
ve that sound waves, when accurately pitched,
e potentialities not only for destruction but
for reaching, and possibly controlling, the
ptive sound box in the animal and also the
nan brain?"
forced a composure I was far from feeling. If
were the sort of experiments that were going
t Saxmere, small wonder the place had been
gged aside as a crackpot's paradise.
IcLean looked at me thoughtfully. "Of course,
ron could be said to prove exactly that," he said, "though it's not my intention to do so. The Ministry which allows me a grant may possibly be very disappointed in consequence. No, I'm trying to tackle something more far-reaching."

He paused, then put his hand on my shoulder. "We'll leave Charon for tonight," he said. "Come outside for a breath of air."

The rain had ceased and the air was clean and cold, the sky brilliant with stars. In the distance, beyond the line of sand dunes, I could hear the roar of sea breaking upon shingle. McLean inhaled deeply, his face turned seaward. Then he looked upward at the stars. I lit a cigarette and waited for him to speak.

"Have you any experience of poltergeists?" he asked.

I had not expected this one, and nearly burnt my fingers.

"Things that go bump in the night?" I said. "No, I can't say I have."

"What you watched just now," said McLean, "the glass shivering to pieces, and the frame falling, is the same thing. Electrical force, released. Mrs. J. had trouble with crashing objects long before I developed Charon. Saucepans, etcetera, hurling themselves about at the coast-guard cottage where they live. It was Niki, of course."

I stared at him, incredulous. "You mean the child?"

"Yes."

He thrust his hands in his pockets and began pacing up and down. "Naturally, she was quite unaware of the fact," he continued, "so were her parents. It was only psychic energy exploding, extra strong in her case because her brain is undeveloped, and, being the only survivor of identical twins, the force was doubled."

This was rather too much to swallow, and I laughed.

He swung round and faced me. "Have you a better solution?"

"No," I admitted, "but surely ——"

"Exactly," he interrupted, "nobody ever has. There are hundreds, thousands of cases of these so-called phenomena, and almost every time they are reported there is evidence to show that a child, or someone of substandard intelligence, was in the locality at the time."

"So what," I said.

"So that," he went on, "it suggests we all possess an untapped source of energy within us that awaits release. Call it, if you like, Force Six. It works in the same way, and on wave bands, as the current I released just now on Charon. Here is the explanation of telepathy, precognition, and all the so-called psychic mysteries. The power we develop in any electronic device is the same as the power that the Janus child possesses; with one difference, to date. We can control the one, but not the other."

I saw what he was getting at, but not where the discussion was leading us. God knows life was complicated enough without seeking to probe the unconscious forces that might lie dormant within man, especially if the connecting link must first be an animal, or an idiot child.

"All right," I said, "so you tap this Force Six, as you call it. Not only in Janus's daughter, but in all animals, backward children, and finally in the human race. You have us breaking glasses, sending saucepans flying, exchanging messages by telepathic communication, and so on and so forth, but wouldn't it add immeasurably to our difficulties so that we ultimately ended up in the complete chaos from which we presumably sprang?"

This time it was McLean who laughed. "No doubt it would," he said, "but that's not what I'm after. Man will develop Force Six in his own good time. I want to make it work for man after the body dies."

I threw my cigarette onto the ground. "What on earth do you mean?" I asked him.

He was looking at me, trying to size up my reaction to his words. I could not make up my mind if he was mad or not, but there was something vaguely endearing about him as he stood there, hunched, speculative, like an overgrown schoolboy in his corduroy bags and his old turtleneck sweater.

"I'm quite serious," he said. "The energy is there, you know, when it leaves the body with the ultimate breath. Think of the appalling wastage through the centuries; all that energy escaping as we die, when it might be used for the benefit of mankind. It's the oldest of theories, of course, that the soul escapes through the nostrils or the mouth—the Greeks believed in it, so do certain African tribes today. You and I are not concerned with souls. We know our intelligence dies with our body. But not the vital spark. The life force continues as energy, uncontrolled, and—up to the present—useless. It's above us, and around us as we stand talking here."

Once again he threw back his head and looked at the stars, and I wondered what deep inner loneliness had driven him to this vain quest. Then I remembered that his wife had died. Doubtless this theoretical bunk had saved him.

"I'm afraid it will take you a lifetime to prove," I said to him.

"No," he answered, "at the most a couple of months. All I've been doing to date is just groundwork, the great experiment is to come. Your predecessor here at Saxmere wouldn't cooperate; he refused, for ethical reasons which I respect."

I stared. I was not surprised at the other fellow refusing to cooperate, but I did not see what ethics had to do with it.

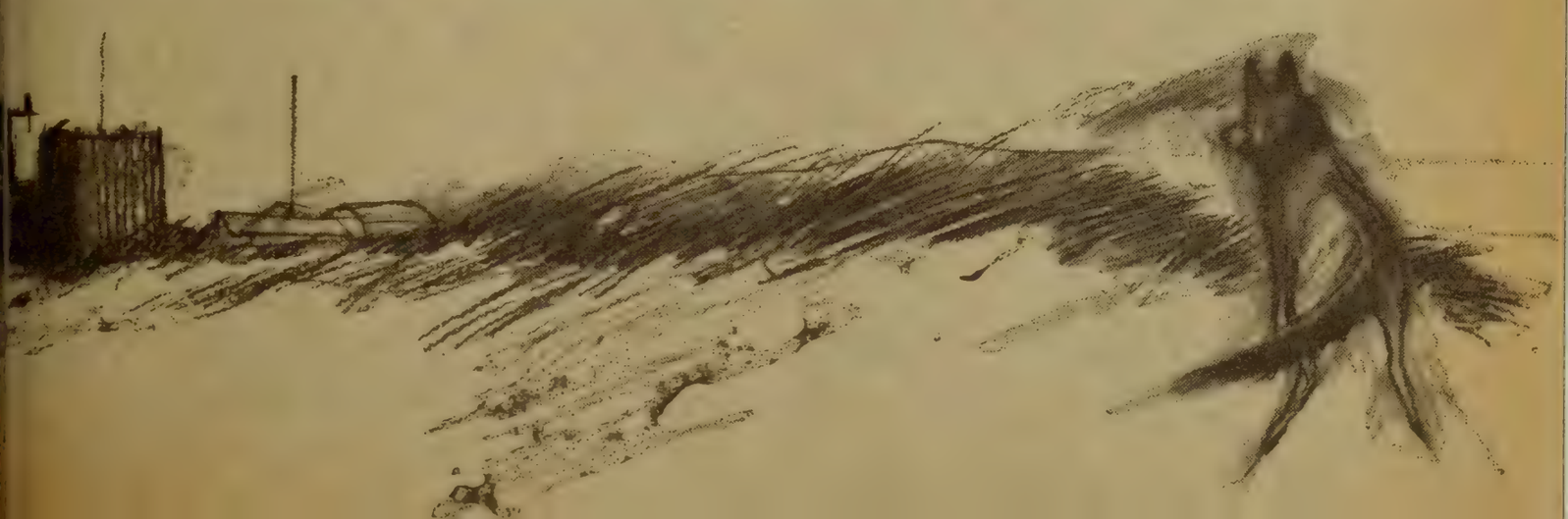
"He was a Catholic," explained McLean, "and, believing in the survival of the soul and its sojourn in Purgatory, he couldn't stomach any idea of imprisoning the life force and making it work for us here on earth."

He turned his back on the sea and began walking back the way we came. "They told me at A.E.L. you had no scruples," he went on. "Neither have the rest of us at Saxmere, though we like to think of ourselves as dedicated men. As young Ken puts it himself, it comes to the same thing as giving your eyes to a hospital."

I had a sudden recollection of the youngster at the bar, pouring out the Jaffa juice and calling himself a guinea pig.

"What's Ken's part in all this?" I asked.

McLean looked at me straight. "The boy has leukemia," he said. "Robbie gives him three



months at the outside. There'll be no pain. He has tremendous guts, and believes wholeheartedly in the experiment. If it fails, we lose nothing, his life was forfeit anyway. If we succeed . . ." He broke off, catching his breath as though swept by a sudden deep emotion.

"If we succeed, you see what it will mean?" he said. "We shall have the answer at last to the intolerable futility of death."

When I awoke next morning to a brilliant day and looked from my bedroom window along the asphalt road to the disused radar tower, brooding like a sentinel over empty sheds and rusted metal toward the marsh beyond, I made my decision then and there to go. I would ask for five minutes alone with McLean immediately after breakfast, catch the first available train and, with luck, be in London by one o'clock.

The dining room was empty except for Robbie, who was attacking a plateful of soused herring.

"Fine morning," I observed.

He did not answer immediately. He was engaged in dissecting his herring with the skilled finesse of an expert. Then his falsetto voice boomed at me across the table. "Are you proposing to back out?" he asked.

His question took me by surprise, and I disliked the note of derision.

"I'm an electronic engineer," I answered. "I'm not interested in psychical research."

"No more were Lister's colleagues concerned with discovering antisepsis," he rejoined. "What fools they were made to look later."

"So you believe all this stuff about Force Six?"

"Don't you?" he parried.

I pushed aside my plate in protest. "Look here," I said. "I can accept this work McLean has done on sound. He has found the answer to voice production which we failed to do at A.E.L. He has developed a system by which high-velocity waves can be picked up by animals, and, it seems, one idiot child. I give him full marks for the first, am doubtful about the potential value of the second and as to his third project—capturing the breath as it leaves the body—if anyone talked to the Ministry about that one, your boss would find himself inside."

I returned to my bacon feeling I had put Robbie in his place. He finished his herring, then started on the toast and marmalade.

"Have you ever watched anyone die?" he asked suddenly.

"As a matter of fact, no," I answered.

"As a doctor, it's part of my job," he said, "in hospitals, in homes, in a refugee camp in Austria; I suppose I've witnessed scores of deaths during my professional life. It's not a pleasant experience. Here at Saxmere it's become my business to stand by a very plucky, likable lad, not only during his last hours, but during the few weeks that remain to him. I could do with some help."

I got up and took my plate to the sideboard. Then I returned and helped myself to coffee.

"I'm sorry," I said.

He pushed the toast rack toward me, but I shook my head. Breakfast was not my favorite meal, and this morning I lacked appetite. The sound of munching toast became unbearable. I stood up.

"Where will I find McLean?" I asked.

"In the control room," he answered.

It was best done at once. I went the way I had been shown the night before, through the swing door to the lab. Somehow the operating table under the center light held more significance this morning, and I avoided looking at it. I went through the door at the far end and saw McLean standing by the computer. He beckoned me over.

"There's a slight fault in the amplifier," he said. "I noticed it last night. You may have had the same difficulty with your job for the P.O."

This was the moment to tell him I had decided against joining his team and intended to return to London immediately. Instead I went over to the computer. Professional pride, professional jealousy if you will, coupled with intense curiosity to know why this apparatus was superior to the one we had built at A.E.L. proved too much for me.

"There are some overalls on the wall," said McLean. "Put 'em on and we'll fix this fault between us."

From then onward I was lost, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that I was won. Not to his lunatic theories, not to any future experiment with life and death; I was conquered by the supreme beauty and efficiency of Charon itself. By the end of that first morning I had not only located the fault, a minor one, but set it right; also I suggested certain modifications agreed to by McLean. By noon I was calling him Mac, the shortening of my name to Steve was something that no longer jarred, the whole fantastic setup had ceased either to irritate or to dismay; I had become one of the team.

Robbie showed no surprise when I turned up at lunchtime, nor did he allude to our conversation at breakfast. In the late afternoon, with Mac's permission, I took a walk with Ken. It was impossible to connect approaching death with this irrepressible youngster, and I put it from my mind. It could be that both Mac and Robbie were wrong about it. Anyway, it was not, thank God, my problem. He showed no sign of fatigue, and led the way, laughing and chatting, across the sand dunes to the sea. The sun was shining, the air felt cold and clean, even the long stretch of shore that had seemed drear the night before, had now a latent charm. The heavy shingle gave place to sand, crisp under our feet; Cerberus accompanied us, bounded ahead; we threw sticks for him to retrieve from the pallid almost effortless sea which gently, without menace, broke beside us as we walked.

Suddenly Cerberus, barking puppy-fashion for another stick, turned and stood motionless, ears pricked, head to wind. Then he started loping back the way we had come, his lithe black-and-tan form soon lost to sight against the darker shingle and the dunes beyond.

"He's had a signal from Charon," said Ken.

The night before, watching Mac at the controls, the dog's scratching at the door seemed natural. Here, some three miles distant on the lonely shore, his swift departure was uncanny.

"Effective, isn't it?" said Ken.

I nodded; but somehow, because of what I'd seen, my spirits left me. Enthusiasm for the walk had waned. It would have been different had I been alone. Now, with the boy beside me, I was, as it were, confronted with the future, the project Mac had in mind, the months ahead.

"Want to turn back?" he asked me.

His words reminded me of Robbie's at breakfast, though he meant them otherwise. "Just as you like," I said indifferently.

He swung left, and we clambered, slipping and sliding with every step, up the steep slope to the cliffs above the beach. I was breathless when I reached the top. Not Ken. Smiling, he lent a hand to pull me up. Heather and scrub lay all about us, and about a quarter mile distant, stark and white against the skyline, stood a row of coast-guard cottages, bleak windows all aflame with the setting sun.

"Come and pay your respects to Mrs. J.," suggested Ken.

As we drew near, I saw that only the far cottage was inhabited. The others had the forlorn lost look of buildings untenanted for years. Two had their windows broken. Gardens sprawled untended. Posts, sagging drunkenly from the damp earth, trailed pieces of barbed wire from their rotting stumps. A small girl was leaning over the gate of the occupied cottage. Dark straight hair framed her pinched face, her eyes were lusterless and she was wanting a front tooth.

"Hullo, Niki," called Ken.

The child stared, then slowly removed herself from the gate. "Who's that?" she asked.

"His name is Steve," Ken answered her.

"I don't like his shoes," said the child.

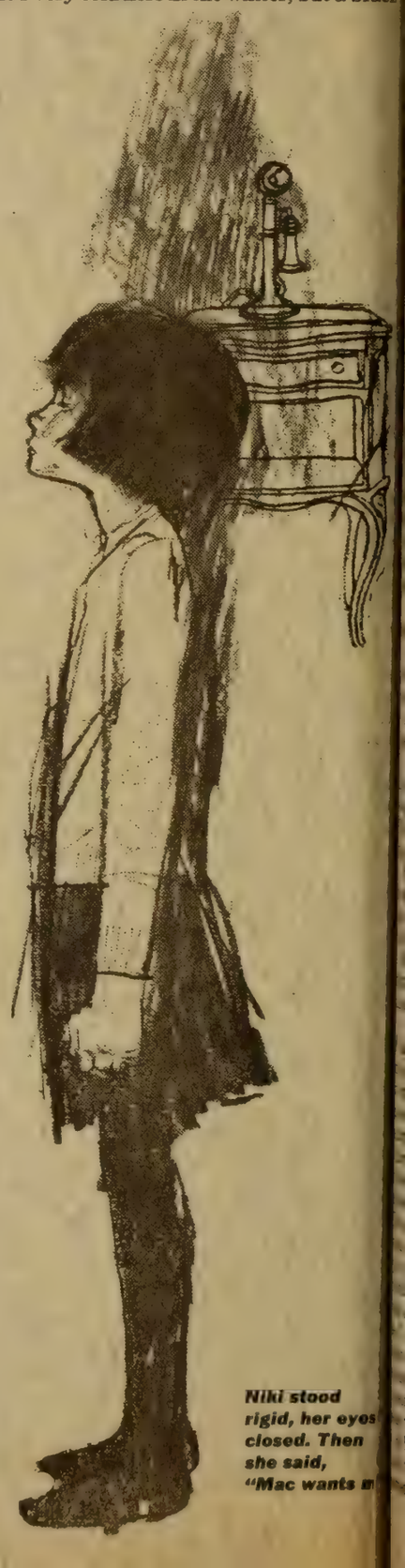
Ken laughed and opened the gate, and as he did so, the child attempted to climb upon him. Gently, he put her aside, and, walking up the path to the open door of the cottage, called, "Are you there, Mrs. J.?"

A woman appeared, pallid and dark like h child. Her anxious face broke into a smile at th sight of Ken. She bade us enter, and we hovere uncomfortably in the front room, where th child's toys were strewn about the floor.

"We've had tea," Ken said, in reply to Mr J.'s question, but, insisting that the kettle ha just boiled, the woman vanished to the adjoinir kitchen, to reappear at once with a large brow teapot and two cups and saucers. There wa nothing for it but to swallow the stuff under h watchful eyes, while the child, edging again Ken all the while, stared banefully at my i offensive canvas shoes.

I gave full marks to my young companion. I exchanged pleasantries with Mrs. Janus, a patted the unendearing Niki. I wondered why th child's likeness, framed in the place of honor ov the fireplace, should be so much more pleasi than the child herself.

"It's very cold here in the winter, but a braci



Niki stood rigid, her eyes closed. Then she said, "Mac wants m

old," said Mrs. Janus, fixing me with her own ournful eyes. "I always say I prefer the frost the damp."

I agreed, and shook my head at the offer of ore tea. At this moment the child stiffened. She ood rigid a moment, her eyes closed. I won- ered if she were going to throw a fit. Then, very almly, she announced, "Mac wants me."

Mrs. Janus, with a murmur of apology, went to the hall, and I heard her dial. Ken was atching the child, himself unmoved. I felt ightly sick.

In a moment I heard Mrs. Janus speaking over he telephone, and she called, "Niki, come here nd speak to Mac."

The child ran from the room, and for the first me since our arrival showed animation. She ven laughed.

Mrs. Janus returned and smiled at Ken. "I hink Mac really wants a word with you," she said.

eft alone with the child's mother, I did not now what to say. At last, in desperation, nod- ing at the photograph above the fireplace, I said, What a good likeness of Niki. Taken a few years go, I suppose?"

To my dismay, the woman's eyes filled with ars.

"That's not Niki, that's her twin," she an- vered, "that's our Penny. We lost her when they ad both turned five."

My awkward apology was cut short by the en- ance of the child herself. Ignoring my shoes, she ame straight to me, put her hand on my knee nd announced, "Mac says Cerberus is back. nd you and Ken can go home."

"Thank you," I said.

As we walked away from the cottages, over rub and heather, I asked Ken whether the call gnal from Charon invariably had the effect I ad seen, that of awakening latent intelligence in he child.

"Yes," he said, "we don't know why. Robbie hinks the short wave may have therapeutic alue in itself. Mac doesn't agree. He believes hen he puts out the call it connects Niki with orce Six, which in her case is doubled because the dead twin."

Ken spoke as if this fantastic theory was per- ctly natural.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that when the call es through, the dead twin somehow takes er?"

Ken laughed. He walked so fast it was hard to ep up with him.

"Ghoulies and ghosties?" he queried. "Good ord, no! There's nothing left of poor Penny but ectric energy, still attached to her living twin. hat's why Niki makes such a useful guinea g."

He glanced across at me, smiling. "When I go," said, "Mac plans to tap my energy, too. Don't k me how. I just don't know. But he's welcome have a crack at it."

We went on walking. The wind strengthened, ttening the reeds. The tower of Saxmere loomed ead, hard and black against a russet sky.

had the voice-production unit functioning to y satisfaction within the next few days. We fed with tape, programmed in advance as we had ne at A.E.L., but the vocabulary was more tensive, consisting of a call signal, "This is aron speaking . . . this is Charon speaking . . ." llowed by a series of numbers, one to seven, oken with great clarity, terminating in a click. nen, depending on the tape we used, came ques- ns, most of them quite simple, such as "Are u OK?" "Does anything bother you?" pro- eding to statements of fact like "You are not th us. It is two years back. Tell us what you e," and so on. My job was to control the pre- ion of the voice, the program was Mac's re- onsibility, and if the questions and statements peared inane to me, doubtless they made sound nse to him.

By Friday Mac told me he considered Charon ady for use Saturday, and Robbie and Ken were arned for 11 A.M. Mac himself would be at the controls, and I was to stand by and watch the demonstration. In the light of what I had already witnessed, I should have been fully prepared for what happened. Oddly enough, I was not. I took up my station in the adjoining lab, while Ken stretched himself out on the operating table.

"It's all right," he said to me, with a wink, "Robbie isn't going to carve me up."

There was a microphone in position above his head, with a lead to a couple of tape recorders, one in charge of Robbie, the other next door with Mac. A yellow light for "stand by" flashed on the wall. It changed to red. I saw Ken close his eyes. Then Charon spoke. "This is Charon speaking . . . this is Charon speaking." The series of numbers, one to seven followed, and, after a pause, the question "Are you OK?"

When Ken replied, "Yes, I'm OK" I noticed that his voice lacked its usual buoyancy, it was flatter somehow, pitched in a lower key. I glanced at Robbie; he handed me a slip of paper on which were written the words, "He's under hypnosis."

Then I realized for the first time the full importance of the sound unit and the reason for perfecting it. Ken had been conditioned to hypnosis by the electronic voice. The questions on the program were not haphazard, they were taped for him. The implications of this were even more shocking to me than when I had seen the dog and the child obey the call signal.

"Does anything bother you?"

There was a long pause before the answer, and when it came, the tone was impatient, almost fretful.

"It's the hanging about. I want it to happen quickly. If it could be over and done with, then I wouldn't give a damn."

I might have been standing by a confessional, and I understood now why my predecessor had turned in his job. I saw Robbie's eyes upon me; the demonstration had been staged not only to prove Ken's cooperation under hypnosis, proven no doubt dozens of times already, but to test my nerve. The ordeal continued. Much of what Ken said made painful hearing. It went to show the unconscious strain under which he lived, never outwardly apparent, either to us or to himself. The program Mac used was not one I had heard before, and it ended with the words, "You'll be all right, Ken. You aren't alone. We're with you every step of the way. OK?"

A faint smile passed over the quiet face.

"OK."

Then the numbers were repeated, in swifter sequence, ending with the words "Wake up, Ken," and the click of the machine.

The boy stretched himself, opened his eyes and sat up. He looked first at Robbie, then at me, and grinned.

"Did old Charon do his stuff?" he asked.

"One hundred percent," I answered, my voice falsely hearty.

Ken slid off the operating table, his work for the morning done. I went through to Mac, standing by the controls.

"Thanks, Steve," he said. "You can appreciate the necessity for Charon now. An electronic voice, plus planned program, eliminates emotion on our part, essential when the time comes. That's the reason Ken has been conditioned to the machine. He responds very well. But better, of course, if the child is with him."

"The child?" I repeated.

"Yes," he answered. "Niki is an essential part of the experiment. She is also conditioned to the voice, and the pair of them, Ken and Niki, chat away together as gay as crickets. They know nothing about it, naturally, when conscious." He paused, watching me closely, as Robbie had done.

"Ken will almost certainly go into coma at the end," he said. "The child will be our only link with him then. Now, I suggest you borrow a car, drive into Thirlwall, and buy yourself a drink."

He turned away, craggy, imperturbable, suggesting a benevolent bird of prey.

I didn't go into Thirlwall. I walked out across the sand dunes to the sea. There was nothing calm about it today. Turbulent and gray, it sank into troughs before breaking on the shingle with a roar. Miles away along the beach a group of U. S. Air Force cadets were practicing bugle calls. The shrill notes, and the discordant sounds of taps drove toward me down the wind. For no reason at all the half-forgotten lines of a Negro spiritual kept repeating themselves in my mind:

"He has the whole world in his hands,
He has the whole world in his hands . . ."

The demonstration was repeated, with varying programs, every three days during the weeks that followed. It was, as Mac had said, less painful when the child was present. Her father, Janus, would conduct her to the lab and leave her with us, Ken already in position and under control. The child would sit in a chair beside him. She was told Ken was asleep. Then, in her turn, she would receive the signal from Charon, by voice, "This is Charon speaking," and an alternative series of numbers to Ken, after which she would be under control. The program, of course, was different when the two were working together. Charon would take Ken back in time, to a period when he was the same age as Niki, stating, "You are seven years old. Niki has come to play with you. She is your friend." And a similar message would be given to the child, "Ken has come to play with you. He is a boy of your age."

The two would then chat together, without interruption from Charon, with the quite fantastic result—this had been built up during the past months, I gathered—that the pair were now close friends "in time," hiding nothing from each other, playing imaginary games, exchanging ideas. Niki, backward and morose when conscious, was, when under control, lively and gay. Ken, when conscious, looked upon Niki as Janus's backward child, a sad little object of no interest. He was totally ignorant of what happened when under control. I was not so sure about Niki. Intuition seemed to draw her to him. She would hang about Ken, if given the chance.

I asked Robbie what the Janus parents felt about the sessions.

"They'd do anything for Mac," he told me. "And they believe it may end in a cure for Niki. The other twin was normal, you see."

"Do the Januses realize about Ken?"

"That he's going to die?" replied Robbie. "They've been told, but I doubt if they understand. Who would, looking at him now?"

Early in December we had a scare. A letter came from the Ministry asking how the Saxmere experiments were going, and could they send someone down to have a look round. We had a consultation, the upshot of which was I undertook to go up to London for twenty-four hours and choke them off. By this time I was wholeheartedly behind Mac in all he was doing, and during my brief stay in town I succeeded in satisfying the authorities that a visit at this moment would be premature, but we hoped to have something to show them before Christmas. Their interest, of course, lay in Charon's potentialities for blast; they knew nothing of Mac's intended project.

When I returned, alighting at the station in a very different mood from that of three months past, the Morris was waiting for me, but without Ken's cheerful face at the wheel. Janus had replaced him. "Ken's got a cold," he said. "Robbie's keeping him in bed as a precaution."

I went to the boy's room on arrival. He looked a bit flushed, but was in his usual spirits.

"There's nothing the matter," he said. "I got wet feet stalking a bird down in the marsh."

I sat with him awhile, joking about London and the Ministry, then went to report to Mac.

"Ken has some fever," he said at once. "Robbie's done a blood test. It's not too good." He paused. "This could be it," he said.

I felt suddenly chilled. After a moment I told Mac about London. He nodded briefly.

"Whatever happens," he said, "we can't have them here now."

I found Robbie in the lab, busy with slides and a microscope. He was preoccupied, and hadn't much time for me.

"It's too soon to say yet," he said. "Another

forty-eight hours should show, one way or the other. There's infection in the right lung. With leukemia it's usually fatal. Go and keep Ken amused."

I took the portable Gramophone from the bar along to the boy's bedroom. I suppose I put on about a dozen records, and he seemed quite cheerful. Later he dozed off, and I sat there, wondering what to do. My mouth felt dry and I kept swallowing. Something inside me kept saying, "Don't let it happen."

Next morning Mac came to my room at a quarter to eight. "Ken's worse," he said. "Robbie's going to try a blood transfusion."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Help me get Charon ready for action," he said. "If Ken doesn't respond, I may decide to put Phase One of Operation Styx into effect. Mrs. J. has been warned we may need the child."

As I finished dressing I kept telling myself that this was the moment we had been training for. It did not help. I swallowed some coffee and went to the control room.

The door to the lab was closed. They had Ken in there, giving him the blood transfusion. Mac and I worked over Charon, seeing that everything functioned perfectly. After that it was a matter of standing by until Robbie came through with his report. We got it about half-past twelve.

"Slight improvement." They had taken him back to his room. We all had something to eat while Janus continued his watch over Ken. The morning's work on Charon had knocked me into shape, and I felt calmer, steadier.

Looking from the window, I saw Niki wandering up and down with Mrs. Janus, a strange, lost-looking little figure, filling a battered doll's pram with sticks and stones. She had been on the premises since ten o'clock.

At half-past four Robbie came into the game room. I could tell it was no good. He shook his head when Mac suggested another transfusion. It would be a waste of time, he told us.

"He's conscious?" asked Mac.

"Yes," said Robbie. "I'll bring him to the lab when you are ready."

Mac and I went back to the control room. Phase Two entailed shifting Charon to the lab, fixing a number of leads to the second apparatus beside the operating table, and connecting this in turn to the oxygen unit which Robbie and Janus had already set in place. The microphones were already in position. We'd done this often before, in practice runs, but today we beat our fastest time by two minutes.

"Good work," said Mac. He pressed the button to signal we were ready, and in less than four minutes Robbie and Janus arrived with Ken on the trolley and lifted him onto the table. I hardly recognized him. The eyes, usually so luminous, had almost disappeared into the sunken face. He looked bewildered. Mac went across and bent over him.

"It's all right," he said. "We've got you in the lab to do a few tests."

The boy stared up at Mac. I set the tape recorders going and waited.

"Will it help me to breathe?" whispered Ken.

"That's the idea," answered Mac. "Now just relax and you'll be fine."

Ken smiled. We all knew that this was the last we should know of his conscious self. It was, in fact, good-bye. Mac looked at me, and I put Charon into operation, the voice ringing clear and true. "This is Charon calling . . . this is Charon calling . . ." The numbers followed. Ken closed his eyes. He was under hypnosis. Robbie stood beside him, finger on pulse. I set the program in motion. We had numbered it *X* in the files because it was different from the others.

"How do you feel, Ken?"

Even with the microphone close to his lips, we could barely hear the answer. "You know damn well how I feel."

"Where are you, Ken?"

"I'm in the lab. Robbie's turned the heat off. I've got the idea now. It's to freeze me, like butcher's meat. Ask Robbie to bring back the heat. . . ." There was a long pause, then he said, "I'm standing by a tunnel. It looks like a tunnel. It could be the wrong end of a telescope, the figures look so small. There's Niki. Tell Robbie to bring back the heat."

Mac, who was beside me at the controls, made an adjustment, and we let the program run without sound until it reached a certain point, when it was amplified once more to reach Ken.

"You are five years old, Ken. Tell us how you feel."

There was a long pause and then, to my dismay, Ken whimpered, "I don't feel well. I don't want to play."

Mac pressed a button, and the door at the far end opened. Janus pushed his daughter into the room, then closed the door again. Mac had her under control with her call sign at once, so that she did not see Ken on the table. She went and sat down in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Tell Ken you are here, Niki."

I saw the child clutch the arms of her chair.

"Ken's sick," she said, "he's crying. He doesn't want to play."

The voice of Charon, which, of course, knew nothing of the answers to its program, went ruthlessly on.

"Make Ken talk, Niki."

"Ken won't talk," said the child. "He's going to say his prayers." Ken's voice came faintly through the microphone to the loudspeakers. The words were gabbled, indistinct.

"Gen'ral Jesus, mekan mild,
Look'pon little child,
Pity my simple city,
Sofa me to come to thee. . . ."

There was a long pause after this. Neither Ken nor Niki said anything. I kept my hands on the controls to continue the program when Mac nodded. Niki began drumming her feet on the floor. All at once she said, "I shan't go down the tunnel after Ken. It's too dark."

Robbie, watching his patient, looked up. "He's gone into coma," he said.

I set Charon in motion again.

"Go after Ken, Niki," said the voice.

The child protested. "It's black in there," she said. She was nearly crying. She hunched herself in her chair and went through crawling motions. "I don't want to go," she said, "it's too long and Ken won't wait for me." She started to tremble all over. I looked across at Mac. He questioned Robbie with a glance.

"He can't come out of it," Robbie said. "It may last hours."

Mac ordered the oxygen apparatus into operation, and Robbie fixed the mask on Ken. Mac then adjusted the controls on Charon's accessory unit, and nodded at me.

"I'll take over," he said.

The child was still crying, but the next command from Charon gave her no respite. "Stay with Ken," it said, "tell us what happens."

I hoped Mac knew what he was doing. Suppose the child went into a coma, too? Could he bring her back?

Hunched in her chair, she was as still as Ken, and about as lifeless. Robbie told me to put blankets round her and to feel her pulse. It was faint, but steady. Nothing happened for over an hour. We went on waiting, but still the child did not speak.

Later, much later, she stirred, then moved with a strange twisting motion. She crossed her arms over her breast, humping her knees. Her head drooped forward. I wondered if, like Ken, she was engaged in some childish prayer. Then I realized her position was that of a fetus before birth. Personality vanished from her face. She looked wizened, old.

Robbie said, "He's going."

Mac beckoned me to the controls. He went and stood beside Robbie, and I saw him adjust the nozzle on the oxygen mask. The bag, which had deflated and refilled with every breath that Ken had drawn, went suddenly limp. Mac released a second nozzle leading to the electronic unit alongside and attached to Charon. The oxygen supply had now been cut, with the gas from the bag going direct to the unit. A green light flickered at instant on the dial face fixed in the unit, the pointer on the dial wavered and swung.

"It's all over," said Robbie. "He's dead."

Mac and I went on watching the pointer on the dial. It was wavering still. The green light remained steady. The pointer moved again, the with increasing speed, swung from right to le like a metronome. Mac disconnected the oxyg bag. The pointer went on swinging. Right . . left . . . right . . . left . . . The motion was rhyt mic, like a heartbeat, like a pulse.

"We've done it," said Mac. "Oh, my God . we've done it."

Robbie came over and stared at the dial. W stood there, the three of us, watching the need that never for one instant paused on its rhythm course. It seemed to contain, in its confide swing, the whole of life.

I don't know how long we stood there. It cou have been minutes, hours. At last Robbie sai "What about the child?"

We had forgotten Niki, just as we had fo gotten the quiet, peaceful body that had be Ken. She was still lying in her strange, cramp position, her head bowed to her knees. I went the controls to operate the voice, but Mac wav me aside.

"Before we wake her, we'll see what she has say," he said.

He put through the call signal very faintly, as not to shock her to consciousness too soon followed with the voice, which repeated the fir program command.

"Stay with Ken. Tell us what happens."

At first there was no response. Then slowly s uncoiled, her gestures odd, uncouth. Her arms f to her side. Her head rolled from side to side though following the motion of the needle on t dial. When she spoke, her voice was sha pitched high.

"He wants you to let him go," she said, "tha what he wants. Let go . . . let go . . . let go . Her head kept pace with the needle. She began gasp for breath, and, lifting her arms, she pu melled the air with her fists.

"Let go . . . let go . . . let go . . . let go . . Robbie said urgently, "Mac, you've got wake her."

Mac was watching the dial. The needle had creased its speed. The child began to choke. Wi out waiting for Mac, I set the voice in motion.

"This is Charon speaking . . . this is Char speaking. Wake up, Niki." Then the revers numbers.

The child shuddered, the suffused color drain from her face. Her breathing became normal. S opened her eyes. She stared at each of us in tu in her usual apathetic way.

"I want to go to the toilet," she said sullen

Robbie led her from the room. Mac was s watching the dial. The needle, which had creased its speed during the child's outburst u der control, resumed its steady rhythmic be

"Why did it alter speed?" I asked.

"If you hadn't panicked and waked her up, might have found out," he said harshly.

"Mac," I protested, "that kid was choking death."

"No," he said. "No, I don't think so."

He turned round and faced me. "Her mo ments simulated the shock of birth," he sa "Her gasp for air was the first breath of an fant, struggling for life. Ken had gone back coma to that moment, and Niki with him."

I knew by this time anything was possible hypnosis, but I was not convinced.

"Mac," I said, "Niki's struggle came *after* K was dead, *after* you led the oxygen direct to electronic unit. Her movements corresponded the needle on the dial. Doesn't that suggest was in contact with him still?"

He did not answer at once. "It's possible," said at last, "that Niki's Force Six was cau momentarily in the current of energy. We can her under control again later and prove it."

"No," said Robbie. He had entered the



"He's gone into coma," Robbie said. "He can't come out of it."

e we were talking. "That child has had
igh. I've sent her and her mother home with
is. I've told them to put her to bed."
had never heard him speak with authority
re. He looked away from the moving needle
he dial back to the still body on the table.
esn't that go for the rest of us?" he said.
ven't we all had enough? You've proved your
t, Mac. I'll celebrate with you tomorrow."

was ready to break. So, I think, were we
We had barely eaten through the day, and
n Janus returned, he set about getting us a
l. He had taken the news of Ken's death with
usual calm. The child, he told us, had fallen
ep the moment she was put to bed.
. . . it was all over. Reaction, exhaustion,
ibness of feeling, all three set in, and I
ned, like Niki, for the totality of sleep.
efore dragging myself to bed, some impulse
d me back to the silent lab. Everything was
e had left it. Ken's body lay on the table, cov-
with a blanket. The green light still illu-
ated the dial, the moving needle swung from
to right. I bent to the tape recorder, setting it
lay back that last outburst from the child. I
embered the rolling head, the hands fighting
e free; and switched it on.
He wants you to let him go," said the high-
hed voice, "that's what he wants. Let go . . .
go . . . let go . . ." Then came the gasp for
ath, and the words were repeated. "Let go . . .
go . . . let go . . . let go . . ."
switched it off. The words did not make sense.
moving needle on the dial registered elec-
ity charged by the fusion of oxygen and car-
dioxide expelled by Ken at the moment of
th. The child could conceivably have felt the
gy, the power, as it passed to the machine
was captured. But she could not have trans-
d this into a cry for freedom, unless. . . .
looked up. Mac was watching me from the
trol room. The dog was with him.
Cerberus is restless," he said, "he keeps pad-
g backwards and forwards in my room. He
't let me sleep."
Mac," I said, "I've played that recording
in. I'm not satisfied."
le came forward and stood beside me. "What do you mean, you're not satisfied?" he said. "The recording does not affect the issue. Look at the dial. The needle is steady. The experiment has been a hundred percent successful. We've done what we set out to do. The energy is there."

"I know it's there," I replied, "but is that all?" I set the recording in motion once again. Together we listened to the child's gasp, and the words "Let go . . . let go . . ."

"Mac," I said, "when the child said that, Ken was already dead. Therefore, there could no longer be any communication between them."

"Well?"

"How then, after death, can she still identify herself with his personality—a personality that says 'Let go . . . let go . . .' Unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless something has happened that we know to be impossible, and Force Six, imprisoned there on the dial, is not just energy and power, but the essence of Ken himself?" He stared at me, haggard, unbelieving, and together we looked once more at the swaying needle that suddenly took on new meaning, new significance, and as it did so became symptomatic of our dawning sense of anguish and of fear. "Mac," I said, "what is it that we've done?"

Breakfast next morning was a strangely silent meal. I had slept fitfully, and Mac, judging from his appearance, hardly at all. Robbie, plodding through his eggs and bacon, was also preoccupied. He told me Janus was waiting for a call from his wife, who had promised to report on the child. Presently he got up and left the room.

"Mac," I ventured, "does Robbie know what we suspect?"

"No," said Mac curtly, "and you can forget it. The whole supposition was absurd. We were overtired."

"That's not true," I said, "and you know it."

At that moment Robbie came back into the dining room. He had telephoned Mrs. Janus himself. The child had awakened, he said, and was acting strangely. She kept throwing herself from side to side. She would not take any breakfast. Mrs. Janus wondered if Mac would put through the call signal; it might quiet her.

"I'll go over," said Robbie. "I blame myself for letting Niki take part in the experiment. I must have been crazy."

"You knew the risk," answered Mac, "you've known the risk from the start. You always assured me it would do no harm."

"I was wrong," said Robbie. "Oh, not about the experiment—God knows you've succeeded in what you wanted to do, and it didn't affect poor Ken one way or the other. But I was wrong to let that child become involved."

"We wouldn't have succeeded without her," Mac replied.

Robbie left the room. We heard him start up the car outside. Janus came to clear the breakfast, and Mac and I went along to the lab. Janus and Robbie had been there before us. They had taken Ken's body back to his room. The lab was stripped once more to the essentials of normal routine. It was almost as though the experiment had never taken place, and I expected to hear Ken's cheery whistle in the passage, or the distant clatter of the ping-pong balls. The very silence was macabre.

Mac and I set Phase Two of Operation Styx into reverse and moved Charon back to the control room. There was no alteration on the dial of the accessory unit; the moving needle kept up its steady swing. I found myself glancing at it furtively, in the irrational hope that it would cease.

Presently the telephone buzzed, and I answered it. It was Robbie.

"I think we ought to get the child away," he said at once, "it looks like catatonic schizophrenia and, whether she becomes violent or not, Mrs. J. can't cope with it. If Mac will say the word, I could take her up myself to the psychiatric ward at Guy's."

I beckoned to Mac, explaining the situation. He took the receiver from me.

"Look, Robbie," he said. "I'm prepared to take the risk of putting Niki under control."

The argument continued. I could tell from Mac's gesture of frustration that Robbie would not play. Robbie was surely right. Some irreparable damage might have been done to the child's mind already. Yet, if Robbie did take her up to the hospital, what possible explanation would he give to the authorities there?

Mac waved me over to replace him at the telephone.

"Tell Robbie to stand by," he said.

I was his subordinate and could not stop him. He went to the transmitter and set the control. The call signal was in operation. I lifted the receiver and gave Robbie Mac's message. Then I waited.

I heard Robbie shout to Mrs. Janus, "What's the matter?"—then the sound of the receiver being dropped.

Nothing for a moment or two but distant voices, Mrs. Janus's, I think, pleading, and then an appeal to Robbie, "Please, let her try. . . ."

Mac set the specially adapted tape recorder, the one carrying yesterday's program, close to the mouthpiece of the telephone. Before switching it on, he took the receiver from me.

"Niki," he said, "do you hear me? It's Mac."

I stood beside him, to catch the whisper from the receiver.

"Yes, Mac." She sounded bewildered.

"Tell me what's wrong, Niki."

She began to whimper. "I don't know. There's a clock ticking somewhere. I don't like it."

"Where's the clock, Niki?"

She did not answer. Mac repeated his question. I could hear Robbie protest.

"It's all round," she said at last. "It's ticking in my head. Penny doesn't like it either."

Penny. Who was Penny? Then I remembered—the dead twin.

"Why doesn't Penny like it?"

This was intolerable. Robbie was right; Mac should not put the child through this ordeal. I shook my head at Mac. He took no notice, but once again repeated his question. I could hear the child burst into tears.

"Penny . . . Ken," she sobbed. "Penny . . . Ken."

Instantly Mac switched to the recorded voice

of Charon giving the same order as on yesterday's program.

"Stay with Ken. Tell us what happens."

The child gave a piercing cry, and she must have fallen, because I heard both Robbie and Mrs. Janus exclaim and the receiver crash.

Mac and I looked at the dial. The needle was increasing speed. It was moving in quick jerks from left to right. Robbie, at his end, picked up the receiver.

"You'll kill her, Mac," he called, angrily.

"What's she doing?" asked Mac.

"The same as yesterday," called Robbie, "backwards, forwards, moving from left to right. She's suffocating. Wait. . . ."

Once again he must have let the receiver go. Mac switched to the call signal. The needle on the dial steadied. There was silence from our receiver. Then, after a long interval, Robbie came through again.

"She wants to speak," he said.

There was a pause. The child's voice, expressionless and dull, said, "Let them go."

"Are you all right now, Niki?" asked Mac.

"Let them go," she repeated.

Mac deliberately hung up. Together we watched the needle resume its steady course.

"Well?" I said, "what does it prove?"

He looked suddenly old and immeasurably tired, but there was an expression in his eyes I had not seen before; a curious, baffled incredulity. It was as if everything he possessed, senses, body, brain, denied the thoughts within. "It could mean you were right," he said; "it could mean survival of intelligence after the body's death. It could mean we've broken through."

The thought, staggering in its implications, turned us dumb. Mac recovered first. He went and stood beside Charon, his gaze fixed upon the dial. "You saw it wave when the child was speaking," he said. "She was in contact with something other than electricity alone. Niki by herself could not stimulate the finger on the dial. The power came from Ken's Force Six, and from the dead twin's, too. The power is capable of transmission through Niki, but through no one else. Don't you see. . . ." He broke off, and swung round to face me, a new excitement dawning. "Niki's the only link," he said. "We must get her here, program Charon, and put further questions to her. If we really do have intelligence plus power under control ——"

"Mac," I interrupted, "do you want to kill that child, or, worse, condemn her to a mental institution? You heard what Robbie said."

In desperation he looked once more toward the dial. "I've got to know, Steve," he said. "I've got to find out. If intelligence survives, if Force Six can triumph over matter, then it's not just one man that has beaten death but all mankind from the beginning of time. Immortality in some form or other becomes a certainty, and the whole meaning of life on earth is changed."

Yes, I thought, changed forever. The fusion of science and religion in a preliminary joyous partnership, and then the inevitable disenchantment, the scientist realizing, and the priest with him, that, with eternity assured, the human being on earth is more easily expendable. Dispatch the maimed, the old, the weak, destroy the very world itself, for who would bother to live if promise of fulfillment lay elsewhere?

"Mac," I said, "you heard what the child said. The words were 'Let them go.'"

The telephone rang again. This time it was not Robbie but Janus from our own extension in the hall. He apologized for disturbing us, but two gentlemen had arrived from the Ministry. He said the business was urgent. They had asked to see Mr. McLean at once.

"Well?" I said to Mac, when I had given him the message.

He did not answer immediately. He was watching the finger on the dial that, dogged, unwavering, pursued its course. "Give me five minutes," he said slowly. "I'll see them then."

I went to the bar, and the official I had seen in interview in London was standing there with a companion. This first chap expressed apologies, and said the fact was that my predecessor at Saxmere had been to see them, and admitted that his reason for leaving was because he was doubtful of the work McLean had in progress, there was some experiment going on of which he did not think the Ministry was aware. They wished to speak to McLean at once.

"I'm sorry," I said, "Mac will be with you shortly. In the meantime, if there is anything you want to know, I can brief you."

They exchanged glances, and then the second chap spoke. "You are working on vibrations, aren't you?" he asked. "And their relation to blast? That was what you told me in London."

"We are," I replied, "and have had some success. But, as I warned you in London, there is still a lot to do."

"We're here," he said, "to be shown what you've achieved."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "the work has been held up since I returned. We've suffered an unfortunate loss amongst the staff. Young Ken Ryan died yesterday from leukemia."

Again there was the swift exchange of glances.

"We heard he was not well," said the first man. "Your predecessor told us. In fact, we were given to understand that the experiment in progress was, without the Ministry being informed, connected with this boy's illness."

"You've been misinformed," I said. "His illness had nothing to do with the experiment. The doctor will be back shortly; he can give you the medical details."

"We would like to see McLean," persisted the second chap, "and we would like to see the electronic department."

I went back to the control room. I knew that nothing I had said would prevent them from having their way. We were in for it.

McLean was standing by Charon, doing something to the controls. I looked quickly from him to the unit alongside. The light had gone out. The needle was still. I stared at him. "Yes," he said "it's dismantled. I've disconnected everything The current's lost."

My instantaneous feeling of relief turned t compassion, compassion for the man whose wor for months, for years, had gone within five mir utes. Destroyed by his own act.

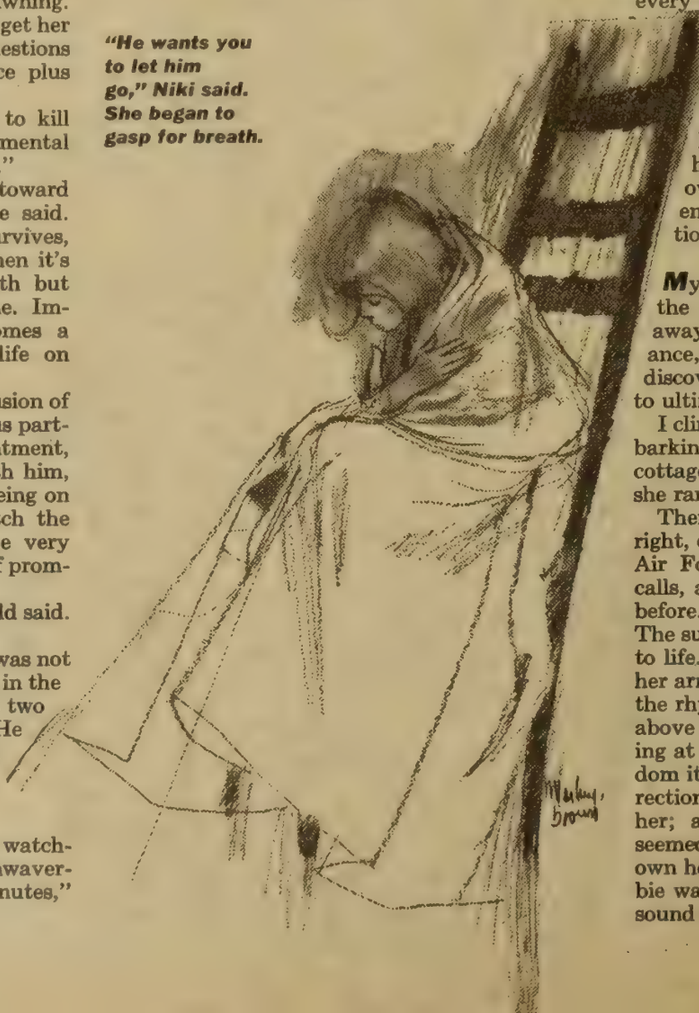
"It isn't finished," he said, meeting my eye "it's only begun. Oh, one part of it is over Charon's useless now, and what happened wi be known only to the three of us—for Robbi must share our knowledge, too. We were on th verge of a discovery that no one living woul believe. But only on the verge. It could well b that both of us were wrong, that what the chil told us last night, and again this morning, wa simply some distortion of her unconscious mind- I don't know. I just don't know. But on th strength of what she said, I've released th current. The child is free. Ken is free. He gone. Where, to what ultimate destination, w shall probably never know. But—and this in cludes you, Steve, and Robbie, if he will joi us—I am prepared to work to the end of m days to find out."

Then I told him what the officials from th Ministry had said. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll tell them all our experiments hav failed," he said. "That I want to pack in the jo Henceforth, Steve, we'll be on our own. It strange—somehow I feel nearer to Ken now tha I ever did before. Not only Ken, but everyon who's gone before." He paused, and turned awa "The child will be all right," he said. "Go to he will you, and send Robbie to me. I'll deal wit those sleuths from the Ministry."

I slipped out of the entrance at the back an started walking across the marsh toward th coast-guard cottages. The dog Cerberus cam with me. He was no longer panting, restless, as he had been the night before, but bounded ahea in high spirits, returning now and again to mak sure that I was following him.

It seemed to me that I had no feeling lef either for what had happened or for what wa yet to come. Mac had destroyed, with his ow hands, the single thread of evidence that ha brought us, through the whole of yesterday, this morning's dawn. The ultimate dream every scientist, to give the first answer to th meaning of death, had been ours for few brief hours. We had captured th energy, the energy had ignited the spar and from there on there had appeare to loom world after world of discovery. Now . . . now, my faith was waning. Pe haps we had been wrong, tricked by o own emotions and the suffering of a frigh ened, backward child. The ultimate que tions would never receive their answer.



"He wants you to let him go," Niki said. She began to gasp for breath.

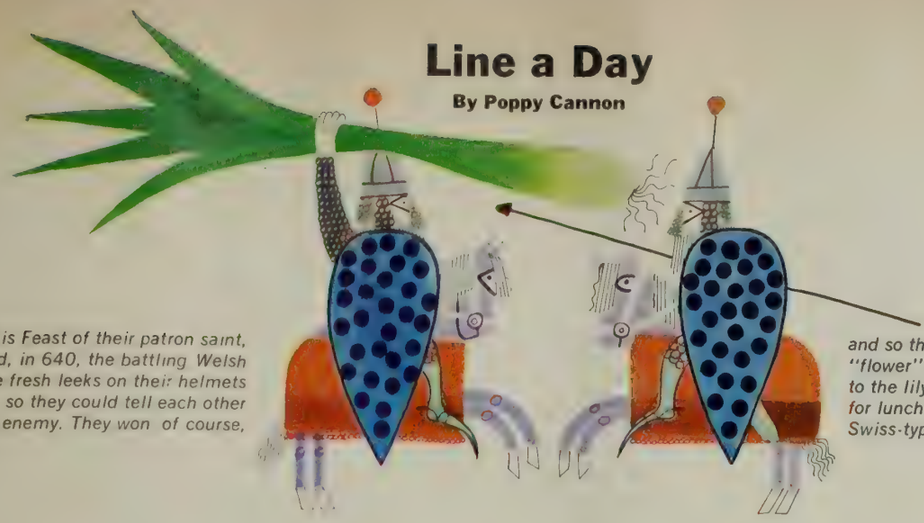
My depression increased as I drew nearer the coast-guard cottages, and the marsh f away on either side of me. I longed for reassu ance, for some confirmation that what we ha discovered was indeed a breakthrough, a st to ultimate truth.

I climbed the scrubby hill. Cerberus ran ahea barking, and I saw Robbie come out of the Jan cottage, Niki with him. She seemed all right, f she ran forward to greet the dog.

Then a strange thing happened. Away to t right, outlined on the cliff's edge, I saw the U. Air Force cadets. They were practicing bu calls, as I had heard them practicing taps on before. But today they were sounding the reveil The summons to a soldier's waking day. The c to life. The child listened a moment, then lift her arms. As the tempo increased, she swayed the rhythm and ran toward them with her ar above her head, laughing, dancing, the dog ba ing at her feet. She looked like a symbol of fr dom itself, expressing in every movement, res rrection. The cadets looked back, laughing wi her; and then there was nothing else, so seemed to me, but the feeling of promise in m own heart, and before me the dog barking, Ro bie waving his hand, the child dancing, and t sound of those thin, high bugles in the air.

Line a Day

By Poppy Cannon



1. *On this Feast of their patron saint, St. David, in 640, the battling Welsh wore fresh leeks on their helmets so they could tell each other from the enemy. They won of course, and so the leek became the national "flower" (leeks, like onions, belong to the lily family). What else for lunch today but Cream of Leek Soup, Swiss-type, from a packet?*

2. Texas Day calls for special Chili Burgers: add ¼ cup dry red wine to 1½ pounds chopped beef. Salt and pepper, form into 6 burgers, sauté on both sides, serve on buttered buns. Douse plenteously with canned chili beans, an extra dash of chili powder, a sprinkle of cumin seed.

3. Girls' Doll Festival in Japan. Let your daughter serve Dollhouse Tea made by stirring a spoonful of jam into tiny cups of hot water or pale tea.

4. Today the prudent *Frau* puts the *braten* to soak to make it *sauer* for the Leipzig Fair. Instead of 3 days, ours takes 15 minutes: To a 10¾-oz. can beef gravy add 3 tablespoons red-wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon instant onion, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon allspice, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 bay leaf. Simmer 5 minutes. Off the heat, add 1 pkg. quick-frozen thin sandwich steaks. Cover. Let stand 10 minutes.

5. Perfect to serve with Sauerbraten . . . sweet-and-sour red cabbage, ready in a jar; potato pancakes frozen or from a mix.

6. On this first day of Purim, little girls in Israel will dress up in Esther's gowns and crowns and eat delicious Queen Esther Cookies, speedily improvised by kneading 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind into a softened roll of refrigerated sugar cookies. Chill. Roll out, cut into Queens, using a cardboard pattern. Whiten with confectioners' sugar. Sprinkle skirt and crown with confetti candies. Bake.

7. To commemorate the coarse food that Queen Esther ate in the king's palace when she refused heathen fare, it is customary to serve a bean casserole called Bob: to 4 cups cooked or canned, drained big limas or broad beans, add 1 cup diced onions sautéed till golden in 4 tablespoons chicken or other fat. Add ½ cup honey, salt. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

8. The maple sap is running, says the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, and we're celebrating at breakfast with hot biscuits and maple syrup.

9. Forty Saints Day in Romania, when the farmer's wife takes to church Little Saints' Loaves. Make them by rolling refrigerated crescent rolls into 12-inch "snakes." Twist to make a figure eight. Brush with warmed honey. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts (canned?). Bake as always.

10. Paper money introduced in 1862. Money reminds us of budgets, so we think of potatoes—one of the most economical of foods.

11. Toasted English muffins and apple butter to remember John Chapman of Boston, better known as Johnny Appleseed, who spent 40 years in the wilderness planting apple trees and preaching the Gospel.

12. S'mores to celebrate the Girl Scouts' founding back in 1912—a nostalgic tidbit, whose most modern version calls for a toasted marshmallow pressed between two chocolate-covered graham crackers.

13. To keep the children happily (though stickily) occupied—in the kitchen *please*—give them an orange to suck through a peppermint-stick. After a moment, the juice comes right up through the stick.

14. Honoring the birthday of Johann Strauss and his waltzes, our coffee tonight is topped, Viennese fashion, with a cloud of whipped cream.

15. For the Ides of March—Roman Rice Balls, known as Suppli alla Telefono because the cheese in their hearts spins out like telephone wires.

16. Popular in Rome as pizza in Naples are Roman Rice Balls: Cook one cup rice in 4 cups boiling, salted water until tender, not mushy. Drain, add ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese, cool slightly. Mix with 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon tomato paste. Form rice in balls around inch cubes of mozzarella. Dip into lightly beaten egg. Roll in bread crumbs. Deep-fry in salad oil at 375° till golden, approximately 3 to 5 minutes. Makes 10 balls.

17. For St. Pat's Day . . . Irish Soda Bread, which has been called one of the petals of the four-leaf shamrock that Ireland has given to the world. And did y' know ye can buy a mix?

18. Your great, great-grandmother right about this time of the year would have a broth of greens to purify the blood. Like spinach soup?

19. Cream puffs, always, for St. Joseph's Day. Make or buy 24 small cream puffs. Fill them as in Sicily with a pound of ricotta or creamed cottage cheese mixed with ⅓ cup chocolate pieces, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon almond extract, sugar to taste. Garnish merrily with candied fruits.

20. For Mothering Sunday . . . must have Simnel Cake made modernly with 2 frozen orange cakes. Place together so that the frostings kiss. Cover with canned vanilla frosting flavored with extract of roses, blushed with a drop of red coloring. Decorate madly with roses, leaves, scrolls.

21. Everyone knows that St. Benedict did not invent Eggs Benedict; nevertheless, 'tis a fine idea to spread a toast round with deviled ham, plop on a poached egg, spread with warm hollandaise—your own or from a jar.

22. Old Man Winter is burned during the Spring Festival in Zurich. Everyone dresses up and carries flowers and feasts on Zurich's Skewered Calf's Liver—cut liver into "thumbs" and sprinkle with sage or wrap in fresh sage leaves. Encircle with bacon. Cook in a skillet or under the broiler.

23. One of these days, paper cups may be marked for measuring—what a happy thought!

24. Sumptuous morsel from New York's sumptuous Café Chauveron—pâté de foie gras, liver pâté or wurst rolled into balls, covered with chopped truffle bits (canned) or you could use chopped black olives or mushrooms. Looks like whole truffles—worth their weight in gold.

25. From the Ritz in Paris, this tip: double the usual amount of fat or oil in the batter and you won't have to grease the skillet when making crêpes, pancakes or waffles!

26. Indian legend says a bird flew over the land carrying a bean in one ear, a grain of corn in the other. So began the custom of planting beans and corn in alternate rows, cooking them together. Ah, succotash!

27. For a thousand years and in many countries, Frumenty is served on this Passion Sunday. What is Frumenty? Just porridge of wheat.

28. A whole world of spices goes into liver sausage: pepper from Singapore, mace from the West Indies, ginger from Africa, cardamom seed from India, and cloves from Zanzibar.

29. Winter hibernation over . . . endive in full glory. The softness of spring wafts into your salads with its delicately bitter taste. Bestrew a plate of sliced tomatoes with slender strips.

30. Much confusion department: In Belgium, its native land, endive is not called endive, it is witloof or chicorée. What we call chicory, a pale salad green with a yellow heart, is known there as endive.

31. Peg Bracken celebrates the inaugural of the Eiffel Tower with an "Eiffel Trifle" made of thin slices of leftover roast almost-anything: Says she, melt one tablespoon butter. Sizzle a cut garlic clove 2 minutes. Remove. Put 2 sliced onions where the garlic used to be. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon flour. Stir until light brown, add ½ cup white wine, 1 cup consommé, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Add meat, then ½ teaspoon paprika. Simmer another 3 minutes and, just before you serve, 1 tablespoon good wine vinegar.

Illustration by Harry O. Diamond



To Cook A Cloud

You wouldn't believe it, but it's *true*. These ethereal meringue desserts are EASY—when you know the tricks and the new techniques. Your first lesson in the long-feared art of achieving such astounding meringues starts below right with a Vacherin. Marie Antoinette, playing at being a dairymaid, used to put it together with her own little lily fingers in the Trianon. She really did! We whipped this one up, and you can, too, with a bought or mix-made cake, cherry pie filling, poufs of cream or topping and a flock of small bake-shop meringues. (Some call them kisses.) Later, you may want to make your own; they practically make themselves in a turned-off oven—hence, our name for them: Forgotten Kisses. Next step is a Baked Alaska—shown top left—the sovereign of ice cream creations. Always there is a tempest of applause when the gold and white cloud comes out of the oven and you slice, to reveal still-frozen ice cream on a cake base. No expertise needed, no good-luck charms, not even for beginners! Baked Alaska can be put together a day ahead and stored in the freezer. Dizzy with power, you are now ready to try the apex of the meringue-maker's art, a Schaum Torte from Old Vienna, filled with whipped cream and mandarin oranges. Ours, below left, is an architectural wonder, but not nearly as tricky as it looks. The construction begins with a flat disk of meringue, two circles on top, and, finally, a crown decorated with baroque designs pushed jauntily through a homemade pastry bag. We tell All about All, including the pastry bag, and complete details about a bevy of wondrous cloud desserts like the beauteous golden Stonehenge Kirsch Torte, the famous Trattoria Trifle. Please turn to page 116.



Photograph by Richard Jeffery

The Art of Irish Cooking by Monica Sheridan



Photographs By Bernard Gray

For the month of St. Patrick, what could be more appropriate than *The Art of Irish Cooking* (Doubleday, $3.95) by Monica Sheridan? Dipping into this delightful book is a nostalgic trip back to the Ould Sod, and there is no better guide than Mrs. Sheridan, television hostess of the most popular "eating program" in Dublin. All the recipes are as typical of Eire as the handkerchief edged in Carrickmacross lace and the bit of Carrageen moss (used in many Irish breads and desserts) which decorate these pages. Just as Irish are her warm reminiscences about the kitchens of her past:

"Where my great-grandmother had been content with the most modest of fare—porridge, potatoes and butter, a glass of buttermilk and the occasional piece of salty bacon (she had lived through the Famine and learned to be thankful for the simplest food)—grandmother soon graduated to the more luxurious fare of the merchant princeling. I can still remember the delicious smells that came out of that wondrous kitchen—hot toast, speared on a fork and held in front of the red coals; strong tea brewing on a corner of the stove; tipsy cakes and trifle spiked with almonds.

"When my mother married, she continued to churn her own butter, cure her own bacon, bake her own bread and make the most outlandish hats with feathers purloined from the cock. We had our own cattle and sheep and six milch cows. Our kitchen was a large room with a stove that looked like the engine of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Flitches of bacon hung from hooks on the ceiling, and plum puddings, too.

"In this book I hope to offer you some of the traditional cooking lore of Ireland. In many ways ours is a simple diet, but—as all the world knows—it has nourished a complex and remarkable assortment of poets and playwrights, politicians and pugilists, actors and orators, philosophers and wits.

"Why? It may be the brown bread, or the strong tea, or the oaten porridge, or the whiskey. Read on and draw your own conclusions."

(Selected recipes begin on page 118.)

"Since all the Americans I've ever met cook roast beef and steak to perfection," writes Mrs. Sheridan, "I offer my suggestions with a certain timidity." She has some excellent, highly practical thoughts for presenting roast beef (left) ringed with carrots and onions. Shown in the background, Potato Flounces—similar to old-fashioned scalloped potatoes, topped with "a layer of thin slices that have been arranged like the flounces on a petticoat."



Luxurious, extravagant, "grand for a party" . . . an Irish Coffee Pudding (left); actually a chilled soufflé made to stand high-and-mighty above the dish with a tied-on collar of waxed paper or aluminum foil. After the collar has been removed, crushed walnuts are pressed on the sides with the palm of the hand. As a contrast, bringing up the rear, Irish coffee in a glass with a float of cream on top. "Do not mix. . . . The hot, whiskey-laced coffee is sipped through the velvety cream."

Excerpted from the book "The Art of Irish Cooking" by Monica Sheridan. Copyright © 1965 by Monica Sheridan. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

THE GREAT NOVA SCOTIA DIET

One month from tomorrow—if you start this diet—you can, without starvation, without hungering, snapping, snarling and temper tantrums, weigh 8 to 10 pounds less . . . wear a dress one to two sizes smaller . . . be brighter, happier, healthier, more alive *in every way.* BY POPPY CANNON, FOOD EDITOR

Our Nova Scotia diet is based on scientific principles that have been heartily endorsed by some of the most eminent doctors of our time and tested over a period of several years.

This new diet, using the gifts of the sea, emerged from studies conducted in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where, at Camp Hill Hospital, Dr. C. M. Harlow discovered that volunteer patients lost weight on a diet rich in seafoods. They suffered almost no hunger pangs and reported a general improvement, not only in their physical well-being but also in their general attitude toward life and love.

The results of earlier studies, pouring in from many different parts of the world as well as from the United States and Canada, have substantiated the value of a diet featuring seafood at least five times a week.

Why this emphasis on seafood for losing weight? There are many reasons. Ounce for ounce, seafood has just about half or two thirds of the calories in most meats. In addition to body-building protein, seafood is practically leaping with vitamins and minerals. We could go on for pages about the virtues of our Nova Scotia diet—certainly the pleasantest way we know to lose weight.

We've prepared recipes for a month of dinners (opposite), and they are far from usual diet fare: Lobster Newburg, Bloody Mary Soup, Curried Crab, Oysters Rockefeller. . . . Ending every meal, a luscious dessert that tastes anything but low-calorie. (Menu items set in CAPITAL LETTERS indicate those for which we give recipes.) These meals are so satisfying and interesting, non-dieters in your family will never know you're shedding pounds while they're dining on larger portions of the same meals, with the addition of a few frills like bread and butter. Delicious as our dinner menus sound and taste, all have less than 500 calories. Our dinners feature seafood five times a week, meat once and fowl once—that's the magic pattern. But you can eat the meat and fowl dinners anytime during the week, not just on the day indicated.

What about cleaning, boning and cooking fish—what about the fish odors? Such reservations are now outdated, what with all the fish fillets, steaks, and packaged, ready-to-cook seafoods in your supermarket, and the new cooking techniques that you'll find in our recipes.

Along with our dinner recipes, which begin on page 141, we give suggestions for breakfast and lunch menus and for snacks to munch during the afternoon and in the evening. Two of our lunches can be bought at the drugstore lunch counter; one you can eat at home or at your desk, or even during a shopping lunch hour—just grab a can of liquid diet food. If you combine our specific, daily dinner menus with these breakfast and lunch menu patterns, your calorie count will total less than 1,500 calories a day! Enough to keep you from feeling deprived and unloved; but those pounds will melt away and, if you are careful, stay away.

So here's to a thinner, healthier, more vivacious you. If you feel your spirits lagging a little in mid month, or if the weight loss seems too slow (doesn't it always?), we have provided some helpful tips: psychological boosters and cooking hints. Or try the time-honored method of buying a dress a size or two too small. By the end of the month you'll be wearing it comfortably.

A month of recipes and diet tips starts on page 141.

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
	1 BROIL-POACHED FILLETS, Asparagus Spears, Small Baked Potato with Yogurt, MADEIRA WINE JELLY	**2** LOW-CALORIE LOBSTER NEWBURG, Chived Rice, Tossed Salad with Curried Dressing, LOW-CALORIE BANANA SPLIT	**3** OVEN-FRIED FISH, Cauliflower with Lemon-Butter Sauce, Green Beans, Dietetic Orange Gelatin	**4** Broiled Fillet of Perch with Almonds, Brussels Sprouts, Broiled Tomato, Lemon Sherbet in Lemon Shells	**5** Broiled Hamburger, Canned Shoestring Potatoes, Peach Salad with Sour Cream Dressing, Dietetic Ice Cream with Crunchy Cereal	**6** Broiled Cornish Game Hen with Tarragon, Rice Cooked with Consommé, Parsleyed Carrots, STRAWBERRY SPONGE
7 BAKED FISH SUÉDOISE, Coleslaw in Green Pepper Cups, Dietetic Vanilla Cookies, Apricots	**8** Broiled Swordfish, Saffron Rice, Baby Beets, PRUNE WHIP	**9** Baked Salmon, Parsleyed Boiled Potato, Leaf Spinach, Dietetic Butterscotch Pudding	**10** FILLET OF SOLE VALENCIENNE, Green Noodles, Carrots, DIET JUBILEE	**11** POACHED HALIBUT WITH HORSE-RADISH SAUCE, Mashed Potatoes, Broccoli, Orange Sherbet	**12** Sliced Turkey Loaf, Baked Onions, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Chilled Fresh Grapes	**13** Roast Fillet of Beef, Roasted Potatoes, Kale or Mustard Greens, APRICOT BAVARIAN
14 Baked Codfish with Grapefruit Sections, Dandelion Green Salad, Glazed Onions, Angel Food Cake	**15** Broiled Trout with Dill, Peas with Mushrooms, Orange and Escarole Salad, FROZEN COFFEE À LA CRÈME	**16** OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER, Baked Potato Endive and Green Pepper Salad, PÊCHES BRÛLÉES	**17** SEAFOOD O'LEEK, Rice with Minced Green Onions, Sliced Beet and Egg Salad, GREENGAGE PLUMS WITH MINTED GELATIN	**18** SHRIMP ORIENTALE, Stewed Tomatoes, Baby Lettuce Salad, FROZEN PINEAPPLE MOUSSE	**19** Broiled Sliced Tenderloin Tips, Whole Kernel Corn, Asparagus Salad Vinaigrette, PEAR MELBA SUNDAE	**20** PUFF-BROWNED CHICKEN, Fresh Fruit Salad with Low-Calorie French Dressing, Cream Puff Shell Filled with Low-Calorie Pudding
21 LOBSTER SOUFFLÉ, Asparagus with Lemon, Melba Toast, CINNAMON BAKED APPLES	**22** SALMON LOAF WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE; Crudités—Carrot Sticks, Radishes, Cucumber Sticks; Low-Calorie Ice Cream With Hot Low-Calorie Chocolate Sauce	**23** Lemon Broiled Red Snapper, French Fried Potatoes (8 Pieces) Carrot and Raisin Salad, FRUIT RAFRAÎCHI	**24** BLOODY MARY SOUP; Cold Tuna Platter with Celery Hearts, Green Pepper, Radishes; Crusty Italian Bread, Meringue Shells Filled with Low-Calorie Coffee Ice Cream	**25** CURRIED CRAB; Rice; Sambals—Chopped Green Pepper, Mandarin Orange Sections, Sliced Banana, Chutney; Raspberry Ice	**26** Roast Chicken, Yellow Squash, Cauliflower Salad with Vinegar, Strawberries with Low-Calorie Topping	**27** SLICED ENTRECÔTE (Steak), Wafer-Thin Brown Bread, Tossed Cucumber Salad, LOW-CALORIE FOUR SEASONS FANCY
28 POACHED SEA BASS WITH CARROTS, Boiled Potato, Sliced Tomato Salad with Low-Calorie Italian Dressing, Fresh Pear Halves with Blue Cheese	**29** GRILLED TROUT, Macaroni Salad with Low-Calorie French Dressing, Mixed Green Vegetables, AMBROSIAL APPLESAUCE	**30** Sautéed Shrimp, Parsleyed Rice, Artichoke Hearts with Pimiento, CHILLED PEACH SOUFFLÉ	**31** Baked Porgies, GREEN BEANS IN BEER, Cream-Style Corn, Stewed Rhubarb			

From the Journal Kitchens

ASTOUNDING MERINGUES

continued from page 111

Beautiful meringues are not at all difficult to achieve. But there are a few pitfalls to avoid . . . some do's and don't's to remember.

1. Always have egg whites at room temperature.
2. For a silk-satin texture, use superfine sugar. This is a fine-type granulated sugar. It is not, however, confectioners'.
3. Clean is the watchword when you're whipping up egg whites. The slightest trace of oil or grease in the bowl or on the beater makes the whites runny. Even a trace of yolk can be a ruination.
4. How big is your egg? And how much of that egg is white? It matters crucially when you're making meringues. An average egg yields about 2 tablespoons of white. But don't just count. Measure, too. A cup, by the way, equals 16 tablespoons.
5. Check your oven temperatures carefully. When in doubt, go higher for the quick meringues, and lower for the slow.
6. Do be dutiful about following these recipes. For instance, it is necessary to add the sugar 2 tablespoonfuls at a time, rather than all at once. Dumping the sugar in gives you a frosting rather than a meringue.

VACHERIN

You could achieve this Marie Antoinette dessert with no cooking whatsoever if you use a bakeshop cake. An angel cake is fine. Perhaps you'll need a double row of meringues, depending on the size. Feeling adventurous? Make your own meringues, using our recipe for Forgotten Kisses.

1 (1-lb., 2.5-oz.) pkg. yellow cake mix
1 (1-lb., 5-oz.) can cherry pie filling
1 tsp. grated orange rind
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
1½ dozen bakery meringues
Fresh mint leaves (optional garnish)

Preheat oven to 350°. Prepare a 1-lb., 2.5-oz. pkg. yellow cake mix according to pkg. directions. Divide batter between two 6½-cup well-buttered ring molds. Bake, remove from pans, and cool. Wrap and freeze one ring for later use. Meanwhile, in a small bowl, mix a 1-lb., 5-oz. can cherry pie filling with 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Chill 1 hour.

To assemble: Place cooled cake ring on serving plate. Frost completely with 2 cups heavy cream, whipped. Fill center of ring with cherry mixture. Place 18 (2-inch) meringues around outside. Serve chilled. Garnish with fresh mint leaves, if desired. Makes 10–12 servings.

FORGOTTEN KISSES

These make delightful teatime confections. Use them to top ice cream or, as in Vienna, to garnish chocolate pudding.

⅔ cup egg whites (about 4)
½ cup superfine sugar
¼ cup coarsely chopped walnuts
¼ cup coarsely chopped pitted dates

Cover 2 cookie sheets with heavy brown paper. Brush with oil. In large bowl of electric mixer, beat ⅔ cup egg whites at high speed until they form soft peaks. Gradually beat in ½ cup superfine sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, until egg whites are shiny and stand in stiff peaks when beater is raised. With a rubber spatula, gently fold in ¼ cup chopped walnuts and ¼ cup chopped dates. Using a No. 9 (¾-inch) plain meringue tube in a 14-inch cloth or paper bag, pipe meringue kisses onto the oiled paper. (Or drop in heaping tablespoons.) Bake at 225° for 1 hour. Turn off oven and leave overnight. Makes 3½–4 dozen.

BAKED ALASKA

Easier than pie, even if you bake your own cake! But you could be lazier still. Use a bought shortcake layer. Round or square will do—at least an inch thick.

1 (1-lb., 2.5-oz.) pkg. yellow cake mix
2 qts. strawberry ice cream
1 cup egg whites (about 6–8)
⅛ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
¾ cup superfine sugar

Preheat oven to 350°. Make up 1 pkg. (1-lb., 2.5-oz.) yellow cake mix according to pkg. directions. Divide evenly between two 8-inch square pans. Bake; remove from pans and cool. Meanwhile, line the sides and base of a square 2-quart casserole or saucepan with heavy foil. Firmly pack with 2 quarts strawberry ice cream. Freeze at least 1½ hours or until very firm. Cover a small chopping board with brown paper. In the center, place an 8-inch yellow cake square. Freezer-wrap the other for later use. Invert the frozen ice cream from the casserole onto the cake. Peel off foil. Place the board, cake and ice cream in freezer. In a large bowl of an electric mixer, beat at high speed 1 cup egg whites with ⅛ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar until very stiff. Gradually beat in ¾ cup superfine sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, until the egg whites are shiny and very stiff peaks form when beaters are raised. With a spatula, swirl the meringue over the entire cake and ice cream, making a perfect seal between the meringue and the brown paper. Freeze at least 1 hour (or until needed—up to 7 days). Just before serving, preheat oven to 450°. Bake 5 minutes on lowest shelf of oven. Trim the brown paper away and serve at once. Makes 12 servings.

HOW TO MAKE A PASTRY BAG

For a single use—make a pastry bag out of waxed paper. (Foil won't do, because it causes air pockets.) Take a strip of wax paper 12 inches wide and 30 inches long. On the bottom 30-inch edge make a mark at the halfway point (15 inches from either end). Along the top 30-inch edge make a mark 6 inches in from the right-hand corner.

Lift the bottom right-hand corner to this mark 6 inches in from the upper right-hand corner. You have now formed a cone with the point at the center of the bottom edge. Hold the cone firmly and twist the remaining paper around it to form a strong paper cone.

Secure the top edge with paper clips or staples. Cut off the tip of the cone and drop in a piping tip* or, if you are very deft, cut off the tip to make a hole of the required diameter and pipe directly from the bag.

For a big job, you will need to make several bags, as they can't be re-used. Fill the pastry bag ¾ full of meringue, close the top by folding over several times, and pipe the meringue by squeezing the pastry bag like a toothpaste tube.

*Pastry tips in all diameters can be found at hardware stores and in the household-equipment section of department stores. You can also order them (and cloth pastry bags as well) from:

The Bridge Co.
498 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y.

All meringue tips cost 15 cents each (please specify diameter desired). A 14-inch-deep pastry bag is 50 cents.

SCHAUM TORTE

In German, *Schaum* means "foam," and *Torte,* of course, means "cake." This is indeed a cake made of foam. It takes so little trouble to make the bag. Why not do it?

1 cup egg whites (about 6–8)
⅛ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
1½ cups superfine sugar
2 cups heavy cream
2 Tb. cognac or ¾ tsp. grated orange peel
2 (11-oz.) cans mandarin oranges, drained

Cut three circles 9 inches in diameter and one circle 6 inches in diameter out of heavy brown paper. Place each on a cookie sheet and brush well with cooking oil. In a large bowl of an electric mixer, beat at high speed 1 cup egg whites with ⅛ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar until very stiff. Gradually add ¾ cup superfine sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, until the meringue is very stiff and shiny, beating all the time. Beat at high speed for 2 minutes before gradually adding the remaining ¾ cup sugar. Place a No. 9 (¾-inch) plain tip in a 14-inch deep cloth or paper bag. Fill the bag with ¾ of the meringue mixture. Pipe a circle around the outside edge of two 9-inch brown paper circles. These circles of meringue will be the walls of the cake. Pipe a circle around the edge of the third 9-inch brown paper circle and fill in the center smoothly with meringue to form a solid base. On the 6-inch circle of paper, pipe concentric circles that touch just slightly, to form the lid. Place the remaining meringue in a small cloth or pastry bag fitted with a #1 fluted tip. Decorate the lid with swirls. Preheat oven to 250°. Bake meringue until pale golden and dry, about 2 hours. Remove and allow to cool. Remove oiled paper.

To assemble: Make filling by whipping 2 cups heavy cream until very stiff. Fold in 2 tablespoons cognac or ¾ teaspoon grated orange rind. Fold in 2 (11-oz.) cans drained mandarin oranges; save 12 sections for decoration. Place meringue base on plate, top with 2 meringue circles. Put filling in center. Top with lid. Arrange 12 orange sections around edge of lid. If possible, chill 1 hour before serving. Cut with very sharp pointed knife. Makes 8–12 servings.

TRATTORIA TRIFLE

We found this marvelous creation in the Trattoria of the Pan American Building, one of New York's most unusual Italian restaurants, like the great coffee houses of Milan. It's a version of the famous *Zuppa Inglese* (literally English Soup).

To line the bowl, the cake should be cut into fingers or wedges and arranged like the spokes of a wheel, not quite touching.

4 (7-inch) sponge cake layers
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup rum
¼ cup water
2 cups ricotta cheese or sieved cottage cheese
1 cup crumbled macaroons
½ cup sugar
1 (10-oz.) jar nesselrode sauce, drained
1 (6-oz.) pkg. semisweet chocolate pieces
½ cup egg whites (about 3–4)
⅛ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅓ cup superfine sugar

Lightly grease a 2-quart bowl. Split each of four 7-inch sponge cake layers in half. Use 6 halves to line the bowl. Set aside the other 2 halves. In a small saucepan, heat ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup rum and ¼ cup water, stirring until sugar dissolves. Sprinkle ¼ cup of this syrup over sponge cake lining bowl.

In a medium bowl, combine 2 cup ricotta cheese, 1 cup crumbled mac roons, ½ cup sugar, a 10-oz. jar draine nesselrode sauce and a 6-oz. pkg. sem sweet chocolate pieces. Put 1½ cups this mixture in bottom of cake-line bowl. Trim one of the extra cake laye to fit exactly on top. Sprinkle it with tablespoons rum syrup. Top with re maining cheese mixture and the las cake layer. Sprinkle with remaining rur syrup. Cover and refrigerate at leas 4 hours (overnight, if possible).

To serve: Turn filled cake out ont ovenproof serving platter. Prehea oven to 450°. Make meringue by com bining ½ cup egg whites, ⅛ teaspoo salt and ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar i large bowl of electric mixer. Beat at hig speed until soft peaks form. Graduall beat in ⅓ cup superfine sugar, 2 table spoons at a time, until egg whites ar shiny and stiff peaks form when th beaters are raised. Spread and swi over the cake. Bake 3–5 minutes, o until golden brown. Serve at once, o chill until serving time (no more tha 1 hour). Makes 6–8 generous servings

ZUGER KIRSCHTORTE

If you can't visit Albert Stockli' Stonehenge Inn in Ridgefield, Conn., t sample his fabulous Kirschtorte, don' despair. We've translated his recipe which came from Zug, in Switzerland into home-style proportions. What yo have, essentially, is a 9-inch sponge cak (your own or bought) drizzled with kirsch-flavored syrup, sandwiched be tween two disks of crisp meringue an cushioned by a rich butter filling. If yo can't find kirsch, substitute light rum

1 (9-inch) sponge layer cake, your own or bought
¾ cup light corn syrup
2 Tb. kirsch

Meringue

1½ cups whole blanched almonds
1½ cups superfine sugar
1 cup egg whites (about 6–8)

Butter Cream

¾ cup soft butter or margarine
2 egg yolks
6 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
½ cup slivered almonds

Take a 9-inch sponge cake, your ow or bought. Make syrup by warmin ¾ cup light corn syrup with 2 table spoons kirsch. Brush top, bottom an sides of cake with syrup, until all syru is absorbed.

For the meringue: Heat oven to 300° On each of 2 cookie sheets place an 8-inc circle of oiled brown paper. In a blende at high speed, grind 1½ cups whol blanched almonds, ½ cup at a time, un til fine. Mix with 1 cup superfine sugar Set aside.

In large bowl of electric mixer, bea 1 cup egg whites (save 2 yolks for th butter cream filling) at high speed unt stiff. Add remaining ½ cup superfin sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, unt whites are smooth and glossy. Using rubber spatula, gently fold in the al mond mixture. Spread on the pape circles to make two even layers. Bak 2 hours. Remove from oven and cool.

Make the *butter cream* by beating ¾ cup soft butter or margarine with 2 eg yolks and 6 cups sifted confectioners sugar. Assemble by placing one meringu layer on serving platter. Spread with 1 cu butter cream; top with cake. Spread cup butter cream on top, cover wit second meringue layer. Coat sides wit remaining butter cream and gently pres ½ cup slivered almonds onto side Makes 12 servings. EN

New from Campbell! Chicken & Stars Soup



Chicken Soup in a star-spangled manner

Taste what Campbell's has cooked up now. A delicious, entirely new chicken soup—tempting new Chicken & Stars. The soup with the star-spangled sparkle! See if you don't relish everything about it. The tender, juicy chicken meat. Those tiny, tasty macaroni stars! And that pure, deep-flavored chicken broth. Children will love it. Grown-ups, too! Buy it . . . try it, today!



ART OF IRISH COOKING

continued from page 113

ROAST BEEF

"A *baron of beef* and a *sirloin* owe their noble titles to the English King Henry VIII. Henry was a gargantuan eater, and one of his favorite dishes was a good haunch of roast beef. On one occasion, a particularly appetizing saddle of beef, hot from the spit, was placed in front of him. Flushed with wine, he laid his sword upon it and, good-humoredly, knighted it on the spot. Forever afterward that particular cut came to be known as the *baron*, and the thick slice cut from it was called *Sir Loin*."

1 (4-pound) sirloin or rib roast
1 carrot
1 onion
Dry mustard
2 tablespoons beef drippings

Preheat the oven to 400°. Smear the joint lightly with mustard. Put it into the roasting pan with the whole onion, the carrot, and the drippings. Baste with the hot fat after 20 minutes. Reduce the heat to 350° after a half hour. It is cooked after 45 to 50 minutes. Allow the joint to set on a dish in the kitchen for 10 minutes before carving. The mustard helps to seal in the juice. The onion and carrot help to flavor the gravy. Makes 8-plus servings.

Gravy: Gently pour the fat off the pan without disturbing the sediment. Sprinkle a little flour on the pan and mix it well in with the sediment. Allow this to color, and gradually add stock, or cold tea, or the water in which potatoes or vegetables were boiled. Cook for 5 minutes, season, and strain.

Editors' note: To make enough pan-roasted onions and carrots for 8, surround the roast with 16 medium peeled carrots and 16 onions before putting it in the oven.

POTATO FLOUNCES

"Potatoes play an essential part in the diet of the Irish. We eat them every day as a vegetable. They are used in some of the distinctive Irish breads. In former times they were often used as a leaven in baking.

"In order to get the true flavor of young potatoes, they should be freshly dug out of the ground (some hope, in the city!). Then the skin will peel off by rubbing it with your thumb."

6 medium-sized potatoes
2 large onions
½ tablespoon butter
1 cup rich milk or ½ cup milk and ½ cup evaporated milk
Salt and pepper

Peel the potatoes and slice very thinly. Leave them to soak in cold water for 1 hour. Skin the onions and slice in thin rings. Drain the potatoes and dry in a cloth. Grease a pie dish with butter. Put in alternate layers of potato and onion. Season as you go along, and put a knob of butter here and there through the layers. Pour in the milk and finish with a layer of potatoes that have been arranged like the flounces on a petticoat. Press down well. Smear with the rest of the butter. Bake in a hot oven (400°) until soft all the way through. Makes 4–6 servings.

IRISH COFFEE PUDDING

"I am afraid the Irish are no match for the Americans when it comes to puddings. Stewed fruit and custard or fresh fruit tarts were the 'old reliables' of my youth. Ice cream now replaces the old-fashioned egg custard."

6 eggs
¾ cup sugar
1 cup water with 1½ tablespoons instant coffee, or 1 cup very strong black coffee
2½ tablespoons powdered gelatin
⅓ cup Irish whiskey or Irish Mist liqueur
1¼ cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons crushed walnuts

Separate the yolks from the whites of eggs. In a bowl, cream the yolks with the sugar. Blend the instant coffee with the water (or use strong black coffee). Heat it, but do not boil. Completely dissolve the gelatin in the hot coffee and add all to the yolks and sugar. Beat well and put the bowl over a pan of boiling water. Continue beating until mixture begins to thicken. Add the whiskey or liqueur and beat until mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from heat and, when the bowl has cooled a little, put over cracked ice and continue to stir. When the mixture is on the point of setting, whip the cream and fold it in. Lastly, fold in the we beaten egg whites.

Pour into a 7-inch soufflé case (*ed tors' note:* soufflé *dish* is what we call i that has a collar of strong wax paper ti around it. The paper should come up inches above the top of the soufflé cas Oil a jam jar or a bottle and press down into the center of the puddin Leave to set.

Remove the paper collar by easir around the circumference with a kni dipped in hot water. Remove the jar (bottle) and fill the center with:

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 tablespoons crushed walnuts

Decorate the exposed sides of the pu ding with crushed walnuts that yc press on with the palm of your han This is a lot of work, but is very nice f a party. (Makes 10–12 servings.)

QUICK IRISH COFFEE PUDDING

Editors' note: In our *Journal* kitche we developed this short-cut Americ version made with crushed ice in an ele tric blender. Takes only about 30 mi utes to make.

1¼ tablespoons gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
¼ cup boiling water
¾ tablespoon instant coffee
3 eggs
⅓ cup sugar
¼ cup Irish whiske
½ heaping cup crushed ice
½ cup heavy crea
¼ cup chopped walnuts

Place 1¼ tablespoons gelatin and 2 t blespoons cold water in small bowl. L stand 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup boiling w ter to dissolve. Put in blender with tablespoon instant coffee, 3 whole egg ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ cup Irish whiske Blend 30 seconds. With the moto turned off, quickly add a heaping ha cup crushed ice and ½ cup heavy crea Blend about 40 seconds longer or unt dessert begins to thicken. Pour into 4 i dividual soufflé dishes that have 3-inc high foil or paper collars. Plunge into th center a buttered, foil-wrapped handl of a small wooden spoon. Put in freez 20 minutes or until set. Remove spoo and fill center with whipped heav cream. Remove the collars; press th chopped walnuts on the exposed sides the pudding with your hand. Serves

IRISH COFFEE

"Whiskey, which takes its name fro the Gaelic *uisgebeatha*, water of life, the classic Irish drink. They've bee making it here since Homer was a bo and its fame is as old as Methuselal Here is a traditional toast with a fin poetic ring about it:

'Health and long life to you,
Land without rent to you,
The woman of your choice to you,
A child every year to you,
A long life, and may your bones rest i
Ireland.'"

1½ teaspoons sugar
Hot, strong black coffee
1 jigger Irish whiskey
1 tablespoon whipped cream

Heat a stemmed whiskey goblet. Ad the sugar and enough of the hot coffee t dissolve the sugar. Stir well. Add th Irish whiskey and fill the glass to withi an inch of the brim with more very ho black coffee. Float the cream on top. D not mix the cream through the coffe The hot, whiskey-laced coffee is sippe through the velvety cream. Makes on serving.

(continued

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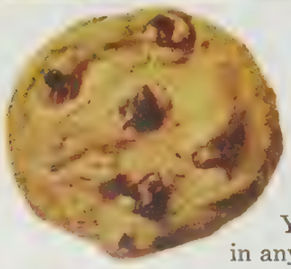
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New liquid way to cook chocolaty

IRISH COOKING *continued*

IRISH WHISKEY CAKE

1 lemon or 1 orange
2 tablespoons Irish whiskey
1¼ cups sultana raisins
¾ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
3 eggs
2½ cups sifted cake flour
A pinch of salt
¾ teaspoon baking powder

With a sharp knife peel the rind off the lemon (or orange). Soak the rind in the whiskey for a few hours to draw out the flavor. Discard the rind and soak the sultanas in the whiskey. Cream the butter and sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, with a teaspoon of flour, and beat well after adding each egg and flour. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together and fold into the egg mixture. Lastly fold in the sultanas and whiskey. Put into an oiled 7-inch cake pan that is lined with wax paper. Bake at 350° for 1¼ to 1½ hours. Reduce heat toward the end of baking time. Eat while fresh.

Editors' note: The 7-inch cake pan called for in this recipe is the European type, between 3 and 4 inches tall. If you don't have one, use a spring form pan.

COLCANNON

"Traditionally, colcannon is always served at Hallow's Eve. A miniature thimble and horseshoe, a button, a silver sixpence (dime), and a wedding ring are each wrapped in white paper and dropped into the mixture. These forecast the fortunes of the finders. If your portion contains the ring, you will marry and live happily ever after. The silver sixpence denotes wealth, the horseshoe good fortune, the thimble a spinster, and the button a bachelor."

1½ pounds potatoes
1½ cups milk
6 scallions
1½ cups boiled green cabbage or curly kale
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Pepper and salt

Peel the potatoes and soak in cold water for one hour. Cover them with cold, salted water and boil until tender. Drain well and dry off by laying a folded cloth on top and returning the pot to a gentle heat for a few minutes. Now mash the potatoes. Chop the scallions very fine, using the green tops as well as the bulbs. Put them into a bowl and scald by pouring boiling water over them (this keeps the tops bright green). Drain them well. Add them to the milk and bring to a boil. Pour the milk and scallions into the mashed potatoes. Add the pepper and taste for salt. Beat until light and fluffy. Toss the cooked cabbage, finely chopped, gently in the melted butter. Add to the potatoes, with the parsley, and fold well. Season generously with pepper and taste for salt. This is very Irish, and nicer than it sounds. In some districts the cabbage is omitted. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Editors' note: If driven to it, you could use dehydrated mashed potatoes. Like so: Reconstitute 1 (4-serving) pkg. instant mashed potatoes with 1½ cups milk, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook according to label directions. Stir in 6 chopped scallions, 1½ cups cooked green cabbage, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Add salt and pepper to taste. Heat gently. Makes 6 servings.

IRISH POTATO SOUP

"You wouldn't be long in Ireland before realizing that soup is an essential part of our daily fare. Like whiskey, it is our internal central heating, raising the temperature of the body and thawing out the gastric juices so that they will be receptive to the delights that ar follow."

2 tablespoons butter
2 medium onions
3 large potatoes, peeled
5 cups milk
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 blades mace
Salt and pepper
1 sprig thyme, 1 leaf, 1 bunch parsley, tied together
½ cup evaporat milk
Chopped chives garnish

Melt the butter in a heavy pan. Ad thinly sliced onions and potatoes. well in the butter. Lay a piece of paper or aluminum foil down over vegetables, as if to tuck them in. will keep them from drying out. C the pan with a lid and allow the tables to soften over a slow heat about 10 minutes. On no account you let them brown, or you will des the bland flavor. Now remove the p (or foil) and add the milk and all other ingredients except the evapor milk and chives, which are only for decoration. Simmer for a half hour. card the thyme, bay leaf, and pa and sieve the soup. Reheat in a saucepan. In the bottom of each cup, put a tablespoon of evapor milk and a good scatter of cho chives. Pour the hot soup on top and it one stir. Very nice. Makes 6 serv

BARMBRACK

"A barmbrack is a light, yeasty f cake that is always sliced and sp with butter before eating."

4 cups flour
½ nutmeg, grated
Pinch of salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cake yeast (¾ ounce or 1 pkg. dry yeast)
2 tablespoons s
2 eggs, well bea
1½ cups sultan raisins
1 cup currants
⅓ cup chopped candied fruit
1¼ cups milk

Sift flour, nutmeg, and salt toge Rub butter into the flour. Cream yeast in a cup with a teaspoon of sugar. Add the rest of the sugar t flour mixture and mix well. Lig warm the milk to body tempera Add to the liquid yeast and most o well-beaten eggs. Beat the liquid into the dry ingredients until the b is stiff but elastic. Fold in the rai currants, and fruit peel. Turn in buttered 8-inch cake pan so that dough only half fills the pan. Cover a cloth and leave to rise in a warm (the airing cupboard or near the st until the dough has doubled its size. takes roughly 1 hour. Brush the top a little beaten egg to give a glaze. at 400° for approximately 1 hour, o til a skewer, pushed into the center o cake, comes out clean.

Editors' note: If you don't ha European-style 3- to 4-inch-tall pan, use a spring form pan. An "a cupboard" has the same temperatu a warming oven.

WICKLOW PANCAKE (traditional)

4 eggs
2 cups milk
2 cups white bread crumbs
6 scallions, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped pars
½ teaspoon chopped thyn
1 tablespoon bu
Salt and peppe

Beat the eggs. Add milk, bread cru scallions, and herbs. Season. Melt butter in a heavy pan. When hot, in the mixture and let it set over a heat. When firm on top, turn, and br on the other side. This pancake is thick. Cut in 4 sections and serve w pat of butter on top. Makes 4 serv

Editors' note: We found the pan easier to turn when we cut it into fou and turned each piece. Or simply the pan under the broiler.

COTIA DIET

from page 115

lement our dinner menus (on), we have devised the follow- kfast and lunch menus and ggestions. They are merely sug- feel free to vary them—but establish a pattern for you to nd they do take into account daily calorie count for this diet ay under 1,500. Read through and then continue on to recipes rn.

AST

it half (with 1 teaspoon if desired)
l egg
e toast (no butter)
lass of whole milk
tea (no sugar)
Total calories: 388

(OR)

lass of tomato juice
h ½ teaspoon butter
cereal with 1 teaspoon sugar, nutmeg and ½ glass nilk
tea (no sugar)
Total calories: 317

counter:
amburger (2 ounces) on half with relish
nato
banana, orange, apple or

lass of skim milk
tea (no sugar)
Total calories: 390

(OR)

n roll with sauerkraut, cole d dill pickle
eringue pie (don't touch the

lass of skim milk
tea (no sugar)
Total calories: 439

at your desk, or at home:
id diet food
icks
anned fruit—one whole fruit
tea (no sugar)
Total calories: 310

choose one for midafternoon t night)

lass skim milk sweetened uid sweetener, flavored with or almond extract
ers
Total calories: 141

k shake: ¾ cup skim milk with 1 scoop dietetic ice cream cracker
Total calories: 156

: ¾ cup low-calorie soda scoop dietetic ice cream wafer
Total calories: 140

ie cocktail (3-ounce serving, mix): with alcohol, one; with- ohol, 3 or 4
Total calories: 137–153

celery sticks, carrot curls, s

rs in the family will need, per ast:
rving of vegetables
rvings of butter
bread, or 2 rolls
f whole milk
rving of fruit

MARCH 1 Forgotten how good a plump, freshly baked potato tastes? Try one tonight with a dab of yogurt, a sprinkle of chives.

Broil-Poached Fillets

Place 2 lbs. fish fillets in a shallow baking dish. Add enough water to come just to top of fish, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Place fish under broiler, 3 inches from heat; broil 7–9 minutes or until top of fish is browned and it flakes easily when touched with a fork. Pour off liquid or lift fish out with a slotted spatula. Serve with lemon wedges and bouquets of parsley. Makes 6 servings.

Madeira Wine Jelly

Dissolve 1 (3-oz.) package orange-flavored gelatin dessert in ½ cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold water, ½ cup Madeira wine. Turn into a shallow serving bowl. Put in freezer for 15 minutes, then set in refrigerator until ready to serve. Serve with low-calorie whipped topping. (You may substitute any wine you like for the Madeira.) Serves 6.

MARCH 2 Learn to measure the food you eat, so you'll stay within the limits of your diet. If you can't judge by eye, use measuring cups at first.

Low-Calorie Lobster Newburg

Cut 2 (5-oz.) cans lobster meat into bite-size chunks. Cook 1 lb. cod fillet in lightly salted water 5 minutes. Drain and let cool. Cut the cod in bite-size chunks and mix with lobster. Let stand, covered, in refrigerator for 30 minutes. Sauté 1 medium onion, chopped, and 1 cup sliced mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter until onions are transparent. Mix an 8-oz. can dietetic mushroom soup with 1 cup skim milk and 2 tablespoons non-fat dry milk solids. Add to sautéed onions, stirring constantly. Add 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Simmer 5 minutes, or until mixture is slightly thickened. Add lobster and cod. Cover and heat over low heat about 10 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Low-Calorie Banana Split

Cut a banana in half; cut each half into 2 strips. For each banana split use 2 strips, topped with ¼ cup of dietetic ice cream. Dribble with honey. Sprinkle with crunchy cereal.

MARCH 3

Oven-Fried Fish

Brush 2½ lbs. fish fillets (sole, cod, or flounder) liberally with milk. Season with salt and pepper and roll in dry bread crumbs. Grease a baking dish generously with butter or margarine; put it (empty) in oven at 475° for 4 minutes. Put fillets in pan and bake at 475°, about 4 minutes per side (turn them once), or until crisp. Serves 6.

MARCH 4 Develop a sixth sense about calories. When in doubt, consult *Composition of Foods*, the definitive book on the subject. Available from the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, for only $1.50.

MARCH 5 Air has no calories, so use whipped butter or margarine at the table. But not in recipes—measurements come out wrong.

MARCH 6 If you want to serve cocktails before dinner, use the new low-calorie cocktail mixes. You (*continued*)



see!

















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NOVA SCOTIA DIET *continued*

can go ahead and enjoy one, and your guests will never guess your secret weapon—they taste that good.

Strawberry Sponge

In the top of a double boiler, soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add 1 tablespoon liquid sweetener and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Stir constantly over hot water until gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat; add 1 pint crushed frozen strawberries and their juice. Let stand until the mixture thickens, then beat until light and fluffy. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff; fold into gelatin mixture. Spoon into 6 individual molds or a 1½-quart mold. Chill until firm.

MARCH 7

Baked Fish Suédoise

Butter a shallow baking dish and put 2 pounds flounder fillets (two 16-oz. pkg. frozen flounder) in bottom. In a small saucepan, put ¼ cup butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Warm over medium heat until butter melts. Brush each fillet with some of this mixture and let stand 30 minutes. Bake for 20–25 minutes at 350°, or until fish flakes easily when touched with a fork. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 8

Prune Whip

Simmer 2 cups (½ lb.) dried prunes in 1 cup water for 20 minutes or until the prunes are soft when pricked with a fork. Remove seeds from prunes; purée the pulp and juice in a blender or mash through a sieve. Soften 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin in 1 tablespoon water in the top of a double boiler over hot water and let dissolve. Beat 4 egg whites until foamy; gradually add the dissolved gelatin, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener and continue beating until stiff. Fold in prune pulp. Place in 4-cup mold and chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 9 Something on our menus a pet hate of yours? With calorie book in hand, just substitute something of approximately the same caloric value.

MARCH 10 Vegetables take on interesting new character when seasoned with a touch of minced celery or green pepper, or one of the dieter's Three Musketeers—chives, scallions or lemon juice.

Fillet of Sole Valencienne

Sauté ¼ cup chopped onion and 1½ cups sliced fresh mushrooms (or canned, drained) in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until the onions become transparent. Sprinkle 2 pounds fillet of sole with ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt. Layer the fillets of sole in a heavy skillet and spoon the sautéed mushrooms and onions over fish. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon chopped parsley over top. Cover and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Diet Jubilee

Mix 1 cup drained water-pack red pitted cherries with 1 teaspoon liquid sweetener and ⅛ cup kirsch. Warm over low heat for 3 minutes. Put ½ cup low-calorie ice cream in each of 6 small fireproof dishes. Ignite the cherries and spoon over ice cream. Serves 6.

MARCH 11

Poached Halibut with Horseradish Sauce

Put 2½ cups water, 6 onion slic tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 bay and 1½ teaspoons salt in a large k Simmer 10 minutes. Put in 6 ha steaks (about 2½ lbs. total) and sir 20–25 minutes, or until fish is te Remove steaks from kettle; save cups liquid. Keep fish hot while m the sauce.

For the sauce: In a small sauc melt 1 tablespoon butter or marg Add 2 tablespoons flour and stir smooth. Gradually add the 1½ liquid saved from poaching, sti constantly. Still stirring, simmer 10 utes, or until sauce is slightly thick Remove from heat; add 2 teasp drained prepared horseradish and well. Serve sauce over halibut st Serves 6.

MARCH 12 Egg yolks have abou calories, whites only 15. When you an omelet, use 2 whites, one yolk.

MARCH 13 You'll die if you can't gravy on your Sunday roast? Then it without fat. Chill the drippings the roast; skim off the fat that ris the top, and let your gravy be the dark juices of the meat itself. *Au ju* chefs call it.

Apricot Bavarian

In the top of a double boiler, soft envelope unflavored gelatin in 2 t spoons cold water. Dissolve over bo water. Purée 3 (8-oz.) cans dietetic cots in a blender or force through a to make 2 cups. Add 2 teaspoons le juice and 2 teaspoons liquid sweet and the apricots to the dissolved gel and cook for 5 minutes, stirring as ture thickens. Remove from heat cool and chill until gelatin mixtu syrupy.

Beat 1 cup non-fat dry milk s and 1 cup cold water until stiff. into gelatin mixture. Chill in a 4 mold until firm. Makes 8 servings.

MARCH 14 Have a sumptuous slic angel food cake (or a crisp merin topped with fresh fruit for dessert. member how few calories egg w have and feel very, very smug.

MARCH 15 If you fall off the wagon, all is not lost. Mark off that in red and start again.

Frozen Coffee à la Crème

Line a 2-pint mold with 6 ladyfing Combine ½ cup milk with 2 teasp dry instant coffee, ½ teaspoon crèm café flavoring or vanilla extrac tablespoon confectioners' sugar a pkg. dessert topping mix. Blend beat as directed on pkg. Spoon mix over ladyfingers, covering them c pletely. Freeze. At serving time, mold and cut into slices or wed Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 16 Eat slowly, so that y blood-sugar level has a chance to (low blood sugar is what makes you hungry).

How to slow down? Use a ch fork or, better yet, chopsticks!

Oysters Rockefeller

Drain 1½ pints oysters and dry th oughly with paper towels. Arra oysters on a lightly greased ovenp platter. Mix 1 cup drained, *(contin*

Here's a new one (and it's really great!) Dole pineapple and tuna salad

Make a tuna salad the usual way—
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You'll be surprised how good pineapple and tuna taste together!
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k Dole: the pineapple with the fresh-fruit taste (Hawaii's best, America's favorite!)



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When it rains it pours

A SCOTIA DIET *continued*

d, chopped spinach, 1 crushed bay
sprig chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon
salt, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ tea-
cayenne and ¼ cup dry bread
s. Spread mixture over oysters.
at 450° for 10 minutes. Makes 6
gs.

es Brûlées

each serving, place ½ teaspoon
sugar and a little juice from
d low-calorie peaches into each of
ch halves. Place in a pan and put
the broiler for 2 minutes or until
e of darkness appears on peaches.
e serving, sprinkle each half peach
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Can
ved either hot or cold.

CH 17

od O'Leek

2 cups skim milk to a 1¾-oz. pkg.
of leek soup. Cook according to
directions. Add a 7-oz. can drained
and 2 cups cooked scallops. Flavor
cup dry sherry, ¼ teaspoon hot-
r sauce and 1 teaspoon Worcester-
sauce. Simmer 5 minutes. Makes
ings.

gage Plums with Minted Gelatin

lve 1 (3-oz.) package lime-flavored
in ½ cup hot water. Stir until
n is completely dissolved. Add 1¼
ice water plus ¼ cup green crème
nthe *or* 1½ cups cold water plus
spoon peppermint or spearmint
ing. Chill in the freezer 15 to 25
es or until set. Break up with fork
ke glittering bits. Set in refrigerator
serving time. Rinse 6 canned green-
plums with cold water to remove
sugar, and chill. Brush with 2 ta-
ons crème de menthe. Serve with
n. Serves 6.

CH 18 On your salad try lemon
or a sprinkle of vinegar, a touch of
no, fresh tarragon or chervil.

p Orientale

ine ½ cup lemon or lime juice, 1
on salt, ⅛ teaspoon ginger and
lespoons soy sauce. Place 2 lbs.
p in a bowl and pour mixture over
Let stand 30 minutes. Drain
p and toss with 1 beaten egg, coat-
ell. In a clean paper bag, combine
dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup grated or
coconut and ½ teaspoon curry
r. Put shrimp in bag, a few at a
and shake to coat well. Line a
w pan with foil; grease foil lightly.
hrimp in pan and broil 5-6 min-
3 inches from heat, until shrimp
lden brown. Makes 6 servings.

n Pineapple Mousse

ine 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla
t, 1 teaspoon almond extract and
elope dessert topping mix. Blend,
eat vigorously until mixture forms
eaks. Chop a 13¼-oz. pkg. frozen
pple finely and fold into whipped
re. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays.
e about ½ hour at coldest setting.
nd then pour into a 1-qt. mold. Con-
freezing until firm—about 3 hours.
rving time, turn mousse out of the
onto serving platter and decorate
another pkg. thawed frozen pine-
. Serves 6.

CH 19 When your craving for cola
omes you, turn to the diet colas.
only 1 or 2 calories per can, you'll be waterlogged before you can ruin your diet!

Pear Melba Sundae

Allow ½ canned dietetic pear for each serving. Top each with 1 tablespoon low-calorie vanilla ice cream and 1 tablespoon Melba sauce.

MARCH 20 You can have a second helping of chicken if you remove the skin (that's where the fat hides) and eat white meat instead of dark.

Puff-Browned Chicken

Cut a 3-pound broiler chicken into 8 pieces. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper, brush with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cover the bottom of a shallow pan with aluminum foil. Place chicken in pan and put under broiler; broil quickly about 5 minutes or until brown. Remove from broiler, turn over and cover bottom of pan with ¾ inch boiling-hot water. Bake at 475° for 20–25 minutes or until chicken is tender and skin golden brown and puffed. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 21 If you find candy, bread or such irresistible, relax and enjoy it—once. For the next several meals, stick to liquid diet products.

Lobster Soufflé

Make a 3-inch collar of heavy-duty foil; grease and tie around a greased 1-qt. soufflé dish. In a saucepan, heat 1 cup milk. Remove from heat; stir in 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Heat until mixture thickens; do not let it boil. Remove from heat and stir in 4 egg yolks, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and a 5-oz. can lobster meat, broken in small pieces. Return to heat and cook over medium heat about 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Let cool. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold half of egg whites into lobster mixture thoroughly. Then fold in rest of whites quickly. Pour into soufflé dish. Bake at 425° for about 30 minutes. Serves 6.

Cinnamon Baked Apples

Set oven at 400°. Core 6 medium-sized green dessert apples and pare ½ inch down from the top. Sprinkle each apple with ¼ teaspoon liquid sweetener and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Wrap each apple in aluminum foil and bake in a shallow baking dish at 400° for 25 minutes or until tender.

MARCH 22 Experiment with different kinds of greens, thinly sliced radishes, cucumbers, all sorts of raw elegances that the French call crudités.

Salmon Loaf

Drain 3 (8-oz.) cans of salmon, saving liquid. Add enough water to salmon liquid to make 1¼ cups. In a medium bowl, combine drained salmon, 1½ cups dry bread crumbs, 1 slightly beaten egg, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, ¾ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Turn mixture into a lightly buttered 9x4x3-inch loaf pan. Bake 45 minutes at 375°. Remove from oven; let stand a few minutes. Loosen loaf with spatula and turn onto serving platter. Serve with Mushroom Sauce (below). Makes 6 servings.

Mushroom Sauce

Drain a 6-oz. can of sliced mushrooms and add enough water to mushroom liquid to make 1½ cups. In a medium saucepan mix this liquid *(continued)*



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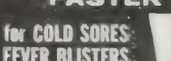
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Itch...Itch ..I was nearly crazy!

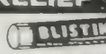
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Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

NOVA SCOTIA DIET *continued*

with ¾ cup nonfat dry milk solids, 5 teaspoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened—about 10 minutes. Remove from heat, add the mushrooms and mix well. Serve with Salmon Loaf.

MARCH 23 Going out for dinner? Skip a dessert or two today so you can say "yes, please" when dessert comes.

Fruit Rafraîchi

To 3 cups fresh or frozen fruit cup, add 4½ teaspoons kirsch or light rum. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 24

Bloody Mary Soup

Mix 2 (15-oz.) cans tomato juice with ¼ cup vodka, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Warm over medium heat for 10 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 25 Go on a binge: eat a whole halfpint of low-calorie ice cream for lunch. Only 225 calories, and you'll be very, very full.

Curried Crab

Sauté ⅓ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until transparent. Remove pan from heat; add 3 tablespoons flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Mix well. Add 1½ cups skim milk, blend well, stir and cook in top of double boiler over boiling water until mixture thickens. Add 2 (7-oz.) cans drained, flaked crab meat; heat 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 26 Cottage cheese is a great blessing, but beware of creamed cottage cheese, for *creamed* it is. Stick to the skim-milk type.

MARCH 27 A first-course soup for a company dinner: equal parts of canned bouillon or consommé and tomato juice. Serve hot or chilled. Add a sprinkle of chives or parsley.

Sliced Entrecôte (Steak)

For each serving, allow a 4-oz. (inch-thick) piece of sirloin steak. Put steak on a chopping board; cover with waxed paper, and pound steak with a mallet until it is ¼ inch thick. Lightly oil a heavy frying pan; put the steak in and cook it over high heat about 30 seconds per side for rare, 1 minute for well-done. Season with salt and pepper.

Low-Calorie Four Seasons Fancy

Put ¼ cup cold milk and 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in electric blender. Let stand 5 minutes. Heat 1 cup skim milk and add to mixture in blender. Blend 40 seconds at high speed. Add 4 teaspoons liquid sweetener and 2 egg whites. Cover and blend 5 seconds more at high speed. With motor set to medium speed, add 1 heaping cup crushed ice, 1 cup heavy cream, 1 teaspoon almond extract and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Continue to blend 20 seconds longer at medium speed, or until mixture begins to thicken. Turn mixture into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until smooth, about 1 minute. Spoon into a chilled heatproof serving dish and cover top with thin chocolate mints. Leaving oven door open, put under broiler about 20 seconds, or until the edges of the mints run together. Put in refrigerator ... serving time. Makes 8–10 small ser...

MARCH 28

Poached Sea Bass with Carrots

Peel 6 medium carrots and cut in ... ing pieces. Put them in a large ... with 1 medium onion, quarter ... stalks celery, 2 sprigs parsley, 5 p... corns, 2 whole cloves, ½ bay l... teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons ... vinegar and 2 tablespoons lemon ... Pour in 2 quarts water and brin... boil. Boil uncovered 20 minutes, ... til carrots are nearly tender. Turn ... heat, add a 2½-lb. sea bass, cove... simmer 15–20 minutes or unti... is tender. Let cool in pan 10 mi... Remove fish and carrots from brot... serve. Makes 6 servings.

MARCH 29

Grilled Trout

Sprinkle 6 whole trout (three ... pkg.) with flour; brush off excess ... leaving a light coating. Heat a ... skillet with ridges in the bottom ... a drop of water sizzles when dropp... One at a time, place the trout in th... let so that the ridges run diago... Press down 30 seconds, to char ... Turn the trout so that the ridges r... agonally the other way and press ... again 30 seconds, forming a dia... pattern. Turn fish over and repeat ... move from pan, brush lightly ... melted butter and place in a lightly ... baking dish. Bake 6–8 minutes at ... Makes 6 servings.

Ambrosial Applesauce

Wash, pare and core 2 pounds tart ... ing apples. Cut into eighths. Put ... a 2-quart saucepan with 1 cup wa... thin lemon slices, ⅛ teaspoon salt ... 2 tablespoons liquid sweetener. ... to a boil. Cover and cook over low ... until the apples are soft—about 8 ... utes. Break up with a fork, not too ... Stir in 2 tablespoons grated orange ... Cut 3 large oranges in half and scoo... pulp. Fill the orange shells with ... applesauce, sprinkle lightly with ... coconut. Serves 6.

MARCH 30 Use whipped dessert ... ping from a mix wherever you'... whipped cream. It's so low in cal... that you can indulge without fe... guilty.

Chilled Peach Soufflé

Purée 1 cup drained water-pack pe... in blender or mash through a sieve ... aside. In top of double boiler, soft... tablespoon unflavored gelatin in 2 t... spoons of the peach liquid. Stir ... boiling water to dissolve gelatin. ... puréed peaches, 1 teaspoon g... lemon rind and 1 teaspoon liquid s... ener and mix well. Heat over b... water until smooth, about 5 min... stirring constantly. Remove from ... let stand until cool. Beat 4 egg w... until stiff. Fold beaten egg whites ... peach mixture. Pour into a 1-... soufflé dish and chill 4 hours.

MARCH 31

Green Beans in Beer

Drain a 1-lb. 12-oz. can of green be... put them in a bowl and cover them ... a mixture of ½ cup beer, ¼ cup choo... onions, ½ teaspoon prepared h... radish, 1 teaspoon mustard, ½ tea... salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix ... Cover and marinate in refrigerato... minutes. Drain and serve beans in ... tuce cups. Makes 6 servings.



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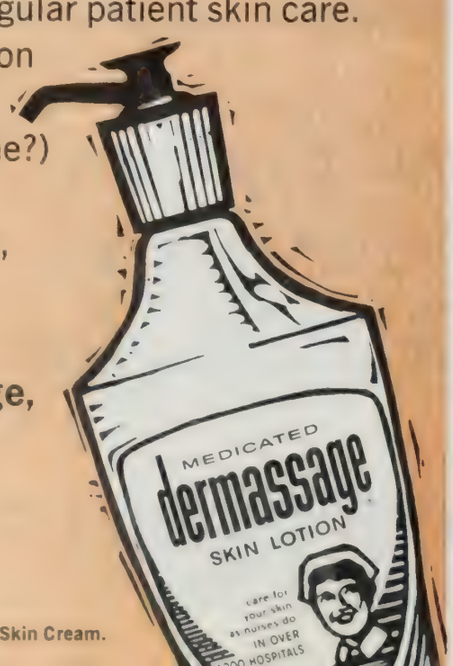
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HOW AMERICA LIVES

continued from page 95

best of people—and usually gets it. Later that evening, Sydney, who dresses with elegant simplicity, quietly mapped her campaign strategy for avoiding that kind of mishap next time. "Jed doesn't think I'm a very light traveler," she confessed. "We took eight bags, and two of them were Jed's, but next time I'll take only five, and after that I'll try to cut it down by one each time."

You'd think this kind of unshakable aplomb could come only after years of practice. But, while her father, Congressman A. Sydney Herlong Jr. of Florida, is a veteran campaigner, and young Sydney used to tag along with him and her mother on vote-getting expeditions through the Florida citrus belt (she was nine when the voters first sent Representative Herlong to Washington), she finds the limelight considerably brighter now. "I've never really done anything like this before," she said breathlessly one afternoon, after a meeting with hundreds of farmers and soil conservationists. "When I used to go around with my parents, I wasn't so *involved*. I knew the crowds were paying attention to them—not to me."

Luckily, Sydney isn't the kind of girl who lets stage fright show. She can shake it off with a toss of her long chestnut-brown hair and a tilt of her delicate, but very determined young chin. "I like people," she says softly. "And I'm used to people like this—the ones who are interested in growing things. I don't think it matters whether they're growing Florida citrus fruit or Oklahoma wheat."

The women in charge of the receptions almost always asked Sydney if she'd like to speak; she always thanked them, smiled her reserved smile, blushed her gentle blush, and declined.

"I just don't care about doing that sort of thing," she explained later. "I think you can contribute without being involved in speeches and rallies. Mrs. Kennedy contributed a lot without being involved in that way. Besides, politics is Jed's profession, not mine. I suppose if I were *deeply* involved, I'd end up by telling him how to vote, which I have no intention of doing, ever. As it is, we have two dimensions, which is the way I think a marriage ought to be."

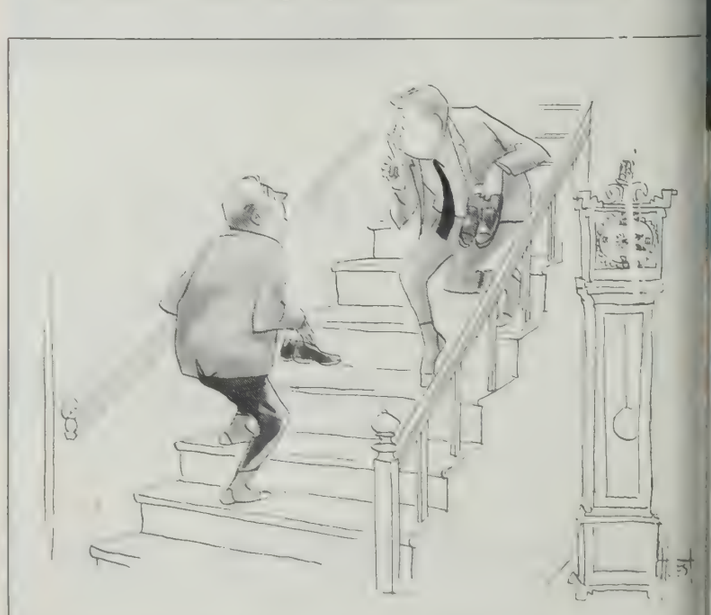
It didn't take the voters long to get used to Sydney, and to decide she'd just fine. After every speech Jed m people crowded around both of the some to ask Je d urgent questions, almost as many to find out what Syd had to say about Western Oklahom an area likely to strike most stranger bleak and unfrie ndly. "When I came here," Sydney to d them, "I didn't re know anybody b ut Jed and his mot But now I feel I know everybody." was, of course, exactly what West Oklahoma wante d to hear—but it clear that Sydney meant it. And it was clear that she was exactly the kind of the voters wanted for young Jed Johns

Sydney's charm and wholesome g looks undoubtedly would have q quered Oklahoma even if she *had* let stage fright show. But then she m never have seen the delighted look Jed's face after it was all over, and could brag about how thoroughly had wowed them. "During the en time Sydney and I were travelin meeting tens of thousands of people never *once* saw her shaken. And to s vive a trip like that, as she did, you h to be made of pretty sturdy stuff."

This is the kind of supreme com ment any young brid e loves to hear f the successful, ambit ious young man marries. But if she's married to a s cessful, ambitious Congressman, it's about *crucial* for him to feel that

And Jed is almost the very model modern young Congr essman. The m passionate, confident speeches he mak the more hands he pumps, the m times you see him flash his slow, boy grin, with a bashful lowering of his markably clear-blue eyes, the more mistakable is the fact that, in spite his startling youth, this young knows precisely where he is going, cisely how to get there, and at preci what rate of speed.

When he first threw his hat into political ring, running for Congress the age of 24, few seasoned political perts thought Jed had a chance—e though his father, the late Congressm Jed Johnson, had been a strong v getter in the same stat e. It wasn question of appealing to the people the district who had voted for Jed Jo son Sr. It wasn't even the same distr Of the nine counties Jed's father resented, Jed represents (contin





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from California-Arizona

eight—but 15 new ones have been added. He represents almost all of the western half of the state.

Jed's father was a New Dealer; Jed describes himself as a "progressive Democrat"—scorning the ordinary terms "liberal" and "conservative" as meaningless. He aimed his appeal at an entirely new generation of voters—the young, the eager, the new, the well informed, the "cool."

His rapport with this new breed of voter was instantaneous, in part because he never takes himself too seriously. Asked to identify a tree, he replied: "I've spent a lot of time studying the farm problem and consider myself something of an expert, but I'm not sure about the difference between a Jersey cow and a Holstein—and, as for the flora and the fauna, about all I can identify is the bluebonnet, jasper grass, mistletoe (the state flower of Oklahoma) and, of course, a voter."

And when he talked to those new voters of Oklahoma, he talked straight—without old-time oratorical flourishes—and about specific issues, not party slogans. He talked about the problems *they* were worried about—big, small, national, local. Young as he was, he had a sure that seemed to encourage ot young people to feel sure, "People these days," Johnson says, "have confide in the young."

He was right.

The young marrieds tur out in large numbers as vol teer workers. People who ne got involved politically be offered their support and t services. As Jed himself s "They were tremendous."

He won by 17,000 vote the general election, and seasoned political obser now say he can keep right winning if he plays it strai He seems to have every in tion of doing so.

Like most men in polit however, Jed Johnson is re tant to talk about his an tions. "I like being in the C gress," he says firmly, "ar never apologize about my I think it's an asset. It's being a barber, or anyth else. The younger you when you start, the better learn your business. You c really decide to start at 55 hope to make a contributi

Jed made his own deci when he was 16. At least was when he went on *rec* He had been attending the C gressional page school, s ing as a page in both the H and the Senate (and memo ing—for future reference— complete physical layout of undergroundlabyrinthbene both Houses, so that whe came back as a Congressn he would never have to w precious time getting lost, way other new arrivals do

While still in the page sch he asked state election offi whether it would be poss for a man to run for Cong at the age of 24. And he fo out that he could—altho the law would require hir be 25 before he actually ser The first session of the Congress, Jed's first tern office as its youngest mem began exactly seven days his 25th birthday.

It was during page sch too, that Jed first met Sydn she was then a junior at W row Wilson High Schoo Washington, and they introduced at a tea dance g by a group of Congressm wives. "People like to say were childhood sweethea Sydney says, "but actuall weren't. We went out to di a couple of times, and to s movies, but then, except one summer date, we di see each other for four y and both of us dated o people."

Childhood sweethearts not, both of them are very that the date they met February 25, 1956, bec Jed wrote in his diary, wit total assurance of a boy w even then—knew just w he was going: "My first





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Sydney—and it won't be
ast."
t between that date, and
ne on June 13, 1965—
great day," as Jed calls
nen Sydney finally voted
" on his umpteenth mar-
proposal—both of them
o cover a lot of ground.
vent off to the University
lahoma, became president
ie student body, and
ned about higher political
; Sydney went to Con-
College in South Carolina,
hen to Boston University,
rn a master's degree in
ous education. If she had
ns about Jed, she wasn't
g them spill over into her
ng hours. "I wanted to get
egree," she explains, "and
s really interested in the
I was doing. In Boston,
ob I most enjoyed was
ing with retarded chil-
trying to help them
to play together. It was
f the most difficult things
r had to do."
other difficult thing, ap-
ntly, was trying to put Jed
son out of her thoughts
letely. "In a way I sup-
we both knew we were
to get married even-
y," she admits. But, in the
time, Jed had politics to
, as well as Sydney. And
ey knew it.

ore his graduation from
noma Jed was invited to
York to address a group
llege students at a meet-
f the American Associa-
or the United Nations, a
tely supported organiza-
hat promotes the work of
.N.
's speech so impressed
ds of the A.A.U.N. that
offered him a job as field
sentative of their college
on.
s early, burning ambition
n for Congress at 24
d a bit during his college
, Jed recalls. "I had been
ing some about taking up
r maybe teaching for a
. But I didn't see how I
turn down the chance to
l all over the country and
and talk to thousands of
nts."
er, as president of the
Youth Council, which in-
s members of the Young
ocrats, the 4-H clubs, the
C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and
olic and Jewish groups,
oke in several European
ries, went to the fifth All-
n Youth Congress, spent
eks in West Africa.
d, with every speech, he
leveloping the Jed John-
tyle, sharpening his wit,
g his political teeth and,
of all, learning how to
n debates with Commu-
outh leaders, Jed found
they always had a pre-
speech—and couldn't
te from it. "So I always
to speak second," he re-
ers, "and I ad-libbed. I talked about the American revolution and the fact that—I feel—America is *still* a revolutionary country.

"Once, in West Africa, the Russian speaker had a Russian interpreter, and that didn't go over very well. So I got an African I knew I could trust as an interpreter. He was wonderful. If I pounded my fist, he pounded his fist. If I shouted, he shouted. I won that debate without any trouble whatsoever."

The only debate he was still having trouble with was the one about marriage, with a girl named Sydney. And so, while still with the Youth Council, Jed began tackling the Sydney problem in earnest. He flew to Boston often—and every time he landed, he proposed. And every time, she refused.

"People are always asking me why it took me so long to make up my mind," says Sydney shyly. "The more I saw Jed, the more I realized we were both interested in the same thing—helping people. But it took time."

For a young man in a hurry, like Jed Johnson, time has never been something to spend idly. So, while he *(continued)*

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FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OV

ed, he decided to run for Congress, r all.

I thought I could win," he says estly. "I knew I just had to try." ing the five-month campaign he eled more than 30,000 miles, made any as half a dozen speeches a day, shook uncounted thousands of ds. Despite fried chicken and coun- fried steak and mashed potatoes and at hundreds of ban- s, he lost 15 pounds. e won both the Dem- tic primary—there been only one Re- ican elected to Con- s in his district since ahoma was admitted he union in 1907— the election. But he hadn't won Sydney. fter the first session e 89th Congress got r way, he was de- ined to see her ev- other weekend. At s, it meant flying to on and to Oklahoma he same weekend. Jed puts it, "That some doing."

dney was hardly in- rent. She sat in the ry when Jed made maiden speech in gress last March. subject was a Com- ist-sponsored youth that was due to be in Algeria.

was really talking Sydney," Jed con- d. "I knew I had to od."

the day of the Sydney said, "I'd come down from on and was sick in with a cold. I wasn't to go, but then I led I just *had* to. When he saw me up in the gallery, he e me a note and it up by a page, with a copy of his h. I recall what in the note, but I'm going to say. Just it was very nice. 'd never heard him k before, but even gh I had a cold and there with all those nexes, I was so d of him. After- l, all the important le—they had all d behind to hear —said nice things about him. Even now, when we walk through Capitol, I can see that people sense serious he is. I know they think going to make something of his r, because he *cares* so much about he's doing."

hen Sydney talks about Jed—about eriousness and his dedication to his -a special light glows in her navy- eyes. Even in that first speech he e, she says, "He was—forceful. A wallop came through. Jed Johnson inly does mean what he says. e's just no question about that."

d so, Sydney finally got Jed's mes- sage—just as the voters did—and the "great day" dawned a few months later. On June 13, as Representative Johnson drove down Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, he won his most important—and toughest—election: Sydney agreed to be his running mate, for life.

The wedding took place in the Morrison Memorial Methodist Church in Leesburg, Fla., Sydney's parents' hometown. Right after the honeymoon—they managed to sandwich in a week in Puerto Rico before the grueling whistle-stop Oklahoma trip—Sydney took up her wifely duties with a vengeance. The first task she set for herself—with the help of a handful of gourmet cookbooks—was to put back the 15 pounds Jed had lost during his 1964 campaign. "Jed likes everything—he's real easy to please," she reports happily. "We have lots of rice and gravy and fried chicken and fresh vegetables—I don't like mixes of any kind. If I'm going to bother, I like to do it right. Cakes—Jed loves cakes, especially chocolate—with chocolate frosting."

At last report, Jed had regained the 15 lost pounds, plus an additional five. But he still looks more like a dedicated college freshman than a dedicated Congressional one. Especially at home, with his tall, rangy frame wrapped casually in a red shirt, the green sweater Sydney gave him for Christmas, unpressed tan corduroy pants, white gym socks and scuffed brown shoes.

Sydney cooks almost all of their dinners, and does all her own housework, including the laundry and the ironing. Occasionally they invite in another member of Congress and his wife, but they spend a great many of their evenings alone.

Not long ago, Congressional salaries were raised to $30,000 a year, which sounds like a great deal of money. However, prior to his marriage, Jed was paying off debts that he had incurred for campaign expenses, and the Government paid for only two round trips to Oklahoma a year, while he actually made 14. Nevertheless, Jed managed nicely within his Congressional income, and he has no other.

As a married man, Jed pays $275 a month rent and needs two cars (he drives a Chevrolet and Sydney a Ford). Congress now pays for four round trips a year, and fairly frequently an organization back in his home district will pay Jed's plane fare when they ask him to give a talk. But he will have to make more fence-mending trips than ever in this election year. The Johnsons are not complaining about their finances and know that they'll make ends meet, but it is very doubtful that they will be able to save anything out of a salary that looks so large in Oklahoma or, for that matter, anywhere.

"It's easy for people to have the wrong impression of political life," says Jed, "but, since both our fathers were in Congress, we don't have any glamorized idea of Washington social life. We could go to as many as two and three parties a night, but neither of us wants that.

"I don't mean to say we're antisocial. We just don't care to get lost in a ballroom with 3,500 other people. The social life that interests us is maybe having another member and his wife over for dinner."

Sydney nods happily—and smiles that secret smile. "People are a great curiosity to me," she says. "The whole gamut, from one end of the social and economic scale to the other. But I think you have to have privacy, too. That's why, when we go away on weekends, we usually don't tell anybody except in Jed's office where we're going."

Jed says, "My work is important, but our marriage is more important. I leave my problems at the office as much as I can. We are not prepared to give up our lives together, not for anything."

And so the Jed Johnsons spend lots of time at home in the white brick house—Sydney calls it "New England colonial"—that they've rented in a reasonably posh section of Northwest Washington; it has seven small rooms, blue shutters, a garden with red and yellow roses, and that very traditional white picket fence.

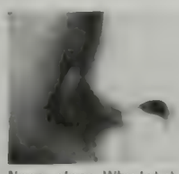
The quiet is at least partly deceptive. For example, one day last fall, when he and Sydney were raking leaves, Jed suddenly stopped and said: "You know what's good about raking leaves? It's the fact that you can't be thinking about a dozen other things at the same time. You've got to concentrate on getting that one leaf."

Was there any analogy between that and a career in politics?

"In a way, I suppose," said Jed. "There's a Chinese (*continued*)



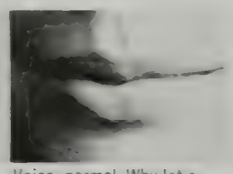
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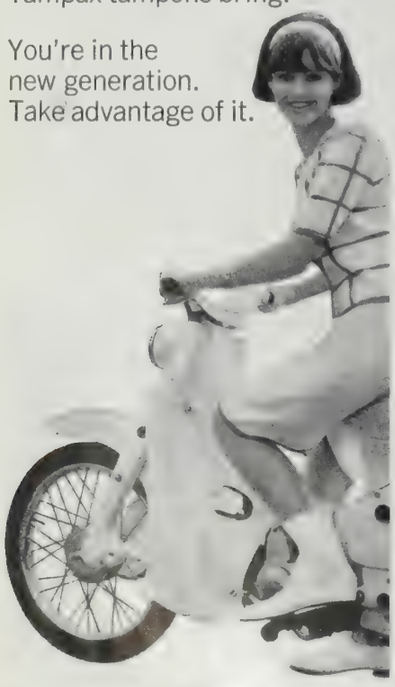
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proverb: 'The longest journey begins with one step.' I think there's nothing you can't break down into parts. Ultimately all the big things are controlled by the little things. Maybe when I can help an old man in Oklahoma get his farm allotment in a hurry, that will determine whether the big things are going to happen."

Even on Capitol Hill, during office hours, Jed manages to impress people—important ones—with this combination of youthful sincerity, shyness, humor and the instinctive know-how of a born politician. Senior members of Congress like Representative Carl Albert of Oklahoma, the House Majority Leader, who has known him since he was a boy, say he is a comer—a man with an excellent future. He is literally years ahead of his freshman colleagues in the essential skill of using his brains, contacts and energy to get things done for the folks back home.

"But, of course, I've always been interested in how things get done and why some people can manage and others can't," Jed says. "I guess I've always known that in Congress you're either accepted by your colleagues or you're not. You can serve there ten or fifteen years and still not be accepted.

"I feel I have been; a lot of members have even offered to help me in my next campaign. Some, I suppose, because I'm Jed Johnson's son, and some because they've known me all my life, but I like to think that some of it is because I've gone to them to ask for their help rather than trying to tell them how to do things. I realize that Congress has been managing for quite some time without my presence.

"Anyway, in your first term, if you try to take the bull by the horns, you may just end up with the horns."

He looked to Sydney for approval.

"Yes, Jed," she said.

As for their future, Sydney says: "Eventually we'd like to have three or four children, not more; I think you should have only as many children as you can take care of comfortably.

"And when we have them, we can't be traveling too much. Those first two or three years in a child's life are very important."

Jed still doesn't like to speculate much about his future, at least not his political one. "I don't think you can plan those things. I really don't. I suppose I could be the dean of the House someday, maybe Speaker of the House, maybe a Senator, Ambassador to the United Nations. I honestly don't know. In politics you have to remember that people have a right to defeat a man for a good reason, a bad reason, or for no reason at all."

Sydney spoke up: "But usually they keep you there when they think you're doing the best you can."

Jed smiled, took her hand, gently rubbed it against his face and said, "I didn't want a wife to compete with me. I wanted one to complement me."

"And politics is just one part of life, anybody's life," said Sydney. "There's so much else, so very much." **END**

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NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

continued from page 81

She looked into the intersection, seeing the broad, flat ribbon divide suddenly into four lanes, flinching as a heavy oil truck went by them in a rush of sound and movement. "We can make it easy now," he said. "You can do eighty on here without half trying."

"I don't like to drive fast," she said.

"It's perfectly safe. All the traffic maintains a certain speed."

She grimaced, listening as he went through the set speech concerning high speeds on interstates, remembering glimpsed newspaper accounts of cars going the wrong way on interstates, of cars refusing to yield at the merge points. Now he was explaining to her that slow drivers caused all the accidents. She lit a cigarette. The car gathered speed and became a part of the stream of hurtling bodies on the divided ribbon. She shut her eyes.

When he spoke again, he was turning off the highway. She opened her eyes, seeing the bright colors of the gas pumps diffused through the green glass of her sunglasses. "Might as well gas up here," he said. "Might want to tool around tonight, show you the sights of our little town. You haven't been there?"

"No. I've never been on the west coast at all."

"Prettiest part of the state," he said.

Through the window she could see the display of souvenirs on the grass beside the filling station. She amused herself by figuring out what they did with them when they got them home. She had never seen any anywhere except on these roadside stands. But surely someone bought them. Otherwise why would they have them for sale? There were bright plastic oranges tortured into vaguely useful household items; there were decorated coconuts, and alligators on ashtrays, and a million lost shells, glued irrevocably to useless plaques.

The man got out of the car and stood talking to the station attendant, a muscular boy burned almost black by the sun, his hair a white shock of bleached blondness. He gestured in the sunlight, and the man went into the station.

"His name is Hank," she said aloud, and a small giggle escaped her. Hank Mitchell. It seemed a strange name for a man with a Cadillac and a beach house. But there was nothing strange about Hank. He was the ordinary local product. She had seen him a million times in the club where she worked as a B-girl. Genus: Retired Floridian. Occupation: Boredom.

He got back into the car, smiling at her. "Won't be long now," he said. "You'll like that sunset over the gulf."

She realized that she ached. Her leg muscles were as sore as if she'd been climbing a hillside. Tension, she thought. The waiting for the sudden smash, the car off the road, me through the windshield. She stretched her legs out in front of her and tried to relax. They are still very good legs, she thought sadly, looking down at them. Very, very good legs for an old lady of twenty-eight. And they don't leave you. They don't wrinkle or fade or get fat suddenly. They are there forever. She remembered a high-school teacher, an old maid with a homely face and a thick body swathed in dull garments. But she had had spectacular legs. It had fascinated all the girls in the class. It was a sign that nature never completely slighted anybody.

They were coming into town now watched the growth beginning ar her, the high billboards screamir reptile and animal farms, the roa juice stands, the thickening strear cars. For a while she distracted h with watching the license plates: Minnesota, Alabama, Texas, New There were not many Florida ones

He slowed the car. "Coming into side," he said comfortably. "Ten miles home."

Home? she thought. *Here?* passed a trailer park, the blocked ing metal containers stretching mile away from the highway, flowers in their patch of ground plastic folding chairs on their con strip of terrace. A truck screamed them, and the man cursed briefly.

"Trying to beat me out before pavement narrows to two lanes, said. "They always do it."

"Let them," she said softly.

He shrugged. "All right, baby, said. He smiled indulgently and hand briefly on her knee. "You got of anxieties," he said.

Thank you, Sigmund Freud. "S she said. "A mass of neuroses."

He decided to take it as a joke, laughed. "This is the bay," he guiding the car onto a bridge.

She looked out across the stret water, shining in late sun. Boats d the surface, clustered together a pier. "Do you have a boat?" she

"Yep. A small one. I keep it ov the marina. We'll take her out to row. Ever deep-sea fish?"

"Yes."

She thought of the vibrating deck roar of motor, the dash of spray. men she knew, the women who along, sitting in their chairs on stern, watching avidly the stret water behind them, dangling bait another world, hoping to bring up s thing monstrous, impossible, b beautiful, terrible. While behind well-dressed backs a man worked hell to keep the boat circling, to fin bait, to keep the lines clear, and an man cut bait, pulled in outrigger trotted out beer and setups, cut the messes they made, landed the they snared, and stood carefully t side when the pictures were made.

They passed through the small t pink buildings reflected in green. they were on the highway again, pa a steady stream of drive-ins, m liquor stores. "Is your house right o water?" she said.

"A lot's width back. It has its beach."

She shut her eyes, thinking of o She did love the ocean. It was the thing here in this alien world that something to say to her. It was th tensible reason she had come here, years ago, leaving behind a c greener world that hadn't made happy. Later she had taken a per delight in all the things she hated a it, the artificiality, the impermane the blatant tourist blare. But the o refused to accept her cynicism. It simply there.

"Here's the city limits," he said. looked at him. There was a real no satisfaction in his voice. It made almost likable. She fought against emotion. She didn't want to like Liking him would not help her fee contempt she had to feel—to exist. street had broadened. *(contin*



THE GREAT LEG...AS HANES SEES IT.

Frankly French...absolutely Gal-lic...Hanes "Leglites"...
stockings that go all the way up to here...
for skirts that go all the way up to there. Cantrece*-sheer,
in the zingiest, springiest shades. Who ever thought long underwear
could be so much fun? Who but Hanes! So come
see the other worldly-looking legs we've got in mind for you.

...pon and miserable.
...n a voice filled with
...d, they're incredible."
Grea...s gaze upward into the
... He went behind her to
ard *(continued)*

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK

"There's the art museum," he said proudly.

She looked at the long strip of green lawn, the royal palms, the massive building set back from the road. "It's very nice," she said.

"I subscribe," he said, the note of satisfaction still in his voice. "This town is a real cultural center. We have a lot of artists and writers here. A writer lives just down the road from me. You'd never know what a big guy he is. He's just like everybody else. A real person."

It was all right now. She could feel contemptuous again. "That's nice for you," she said.

"Main street." They drove through the town; old buildings, retaining the air of a British colony overseas, palm tree, blue gulf through archways. "It *is* nice," she said in surprise.

"I told you," he said. "I told you you'd like it. Last night when you looked so tired there in that bar, I thought to myself, That girl needs a weekend in my town. She needs to see the sun set over the gulf. That's why I asked you."

"Are you married?" she said.

He looked uncomfortable. "Well, you waited a while to ask that," he said.

"Yes."

"Well . . . she's gone up home to be with the children for the summer."

"Of course." She smiled sweetly at him.

"Well, hell, Iris," he said. "Sure, that's part of why I asked you. But I meant it. About you needing a good rest, too." He was sweating in his earnestness. "I meant that part."

She relented. "I know," she said. "I'm just being a bitch."

"There you go talking that way," he said. "You put it on."

"Maybe." Kim came into her mind then. She would go days, months, without thinking of him at all. Then, for no reason, there he would be, head cocked to one side, sardonic smile on his face, hands on his hips in that arrogant gesture of Here I am, just for you, baby. "Give me a cigarette," she said.

He lit one for her. They were on a highway again now, stopping for traffic lights, the sun going down around them, turning the street to an oppressive late-afternoon unreality. "Here's the turnoff to the key," he said. They crossed a narrow bridge where fishermen lined the rail, went down a winding road, and turned off into a jungle-lined dirt road. She could see houses set back in jungle, the lush growth around them protecting them from the highway. He pulled into a driveway. The sudden silence as he cut the motor drummed into her ears. When she opened the car door, she could hear the surf.

In front of her the house sprawled on its cultivated lawn—glass, screen, tile and cyprus. The yard was full of trees. A road cut in front of the house, and beyond it a trail ran through palms to the sand of the beach. She could see the gulf, copper now in the late sun. There were boats coming in, and beyond them she could see a sand bar, covered with the black dots of gulls. Their voices came faintly above the surf sound. The water [illegible] gold, green, the sun, [illegible] haze, dipping [illegible] and [illegible] of the car and "Let's go get a

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"I want to watch the sun go," she said.

"You can see it from the terrace." She followed him impatiently, glancing over her shoulder at the sky.

The house was effectively cut off from its neighbors by a screen of jungle growth on either side, but she could hear sounds from across the patch of vine and tree—a car door slamming, someone calling a dog. She sat down in a webbed chair. He brought the drinks.

She raised the glass to her lips and tasted. Rum and soda. Very strong. Rum used to make her sick. For that reason she'd learned to drink it. It was very hot and still inside the palm and oak. She shielded her eyes and watched the lowering sun. Suddenly it seemed to accelerate, the horizon rising to gobble it up. A rim showed, unbelievably bright. Then it was gone. She blinked at the line of green on the horizon, then focused her eyes below it to the suddenly gray water. She turned up the glass and drained it.

"Would you like to go out to eat?" he asked. "I know a good place over on the next key."

"We can eat here," she said.

"All right. I could have something sent over." He hovered over her, uncertain. One hand came down on her shoulder. He kissed her neck.

"I need another drink," she said.

"Sure, baby." He went back in the house. She watched him through the open sides of the Florida room. I'm so tired of open houses, she thought. So tired of looking in and seeing people at

SPRAY ME



play. He came back with the drinks.

"Sounds like a party next door," he said.

She became aware of the noises then, the car wheels crunching onto gravel, doors slamming, voices raised in greeting.

"Folks party a lot here," he said, almost apologetically.

"Yes," she said. "They have a ball."

A frown appeared between his eyes. "Why are you always knocking everything?" he said.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You want gaiety, don't you? Usually I oblige very well. It must be the heat." She smiled, brought his head down to her lips and kissed him.

You see, it really isn't so bad. It never is. They are all really very likable people. Everyone is really very likable, no matter how much you hate it.

On the way to the back of the house she stopped and poured herself another very strong rum and soda.

They sat on the terrace again, in the moonlight. She had showered and changed to shorts and a white shirt. She felt oddly clean, almost virginal. The moon had risen, trailing a path on the water. Far out she could see a white froth where the waves rolled over the sand bar. The party next door had reached happy proportions. There was a steady sound through the trees, voices talking, laughing, rising occasionally into shrieks of laughter or fake fear, once a thrashing about in the undergrowth and a muted cursing.

They had eaten tinned hors d'oeuvres and crackers, washing them down with more rum. He was jovial now, friendly, like a large and awkward puppy. She felt cold to the marrow of her bones, but all right. Clean now, a little sleepy. Alive, anyway. What was it Kim had said that last terrible night? In the silence of the small town after midnight while she scrambled to get ready to go home, knowing they would be waiting up, worried, knowing and not caring because love made everything all right? He had been sitting on the bed at her family's summer cabin, watching as she moved around the room, combing her hair, fixing her makeup, getting ready to face her mother. He'd smiled.

"You know, Iris," he'd said, "you look like you'd just walked out the front door ready for a date. Nothing at all shows on you. You've really got the soul of a tramp."

She tilted her glass. Right-o, Kim, my boy, she thought. I am somehow able to divorce Iris from anything that goes on around her, even when she participates. She looked at the man beside her, and a stab of pity went through her. Only I pity everybody, she thought desperately. Why do I always end up doing that?

"My God," the man said. "What's the date?"

"The twentieth," she said. "At least I think it's the twentieth. Sure."

COSMIC SOMERSAULTS

by Marcie Hans

Certain stars
have deliberately fallen—
hoisted themselves
from their cosmic hooks
and committed
somersaults.
When asked
(on the way down)
why they left their high-top houses
they said,
"The twinkling biz
is
lonely."

From *Serve Me a Slice of Moon* by Marcie Hans, published by Harcourt, Brace & World.
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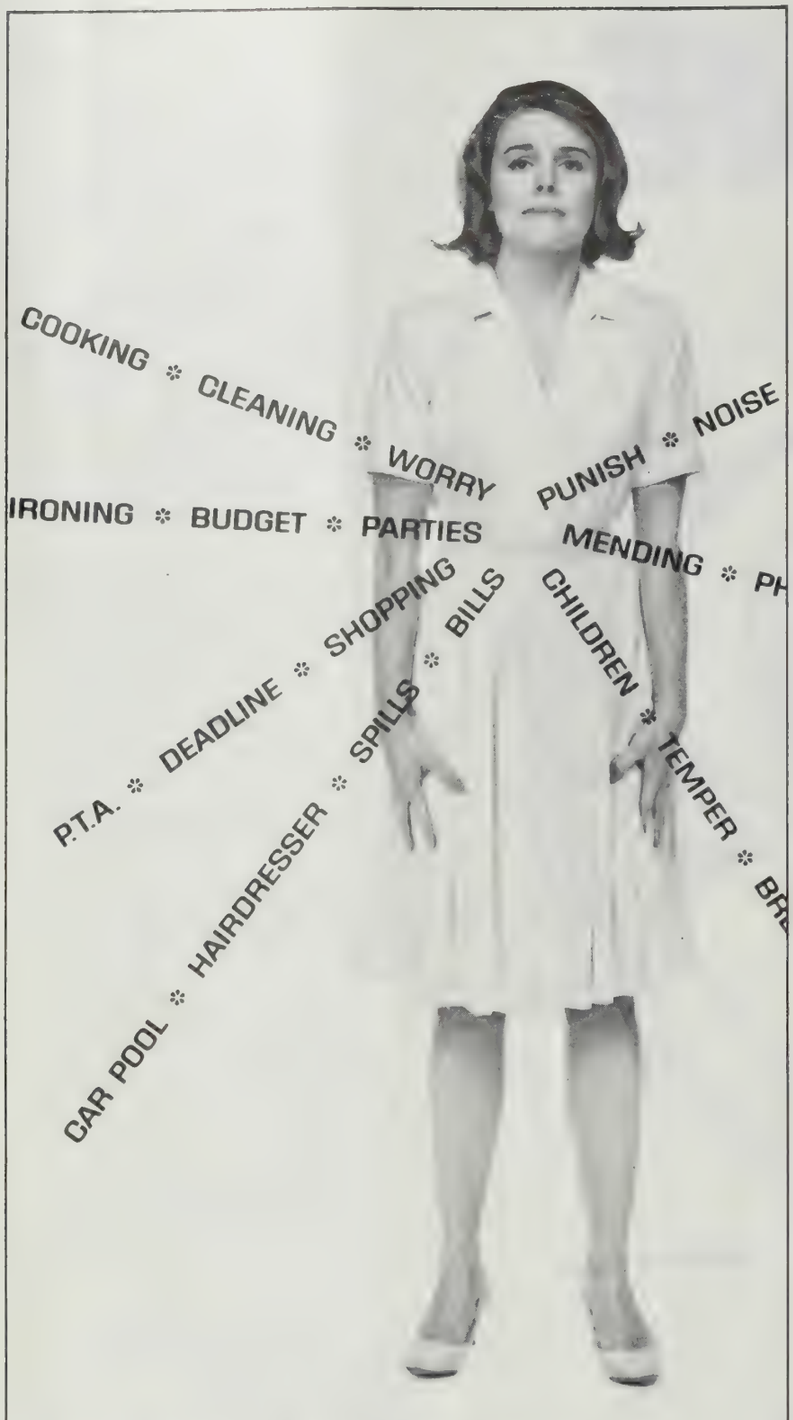
He got up hastily and went into the yard. She stared after him, unable to follow, unsure what to expect. She could see him wandering around the yard, looking up at the palm trees. Once he stumbled over a sprinkler and cursed loudly. Then he was coming back across the lawn toward her.

"What is it?" she said.

"The night-blooming cereus," he said. "It's the night. They're coming out now, any minute. They're all in the trees, you know, and they'll all bloom at once. At midnight or thereabouts. Come on, you mustn't miss it. It's a hell of a sight."

She stood up and followed him off the terrace, hearing the whine of mosquitoes as they rose from the damp grass and came for her, settling over her ankles and bare legs. She slapped ineffectually at them, feeling put-upon and miserable.

"Look," he said in a voice filled with wonder. "My God, they're incredible." She followed his gaze upward into the tree branches. He went behind her to turn on the yard *(continued)*



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Regular or Mint Flavored

CEREUS *continued*

lights, and they came on suddenly, throwing the trees into relief against the night sky, like giants of childhood, tall, somber, waiting.

Then she could see them. Huge, mythical, the white flowers clung to the tree branches, lush, limp petals enclosing enormous stamens and pistils. There were hundreds, drooping among the trees like obscene dreams.

"What?" she said. "What are they? What did you say they were?"

She could smell them now. They had no real fragrance, but there was a damp, vanilla odor, overpowering in the still night.

"They're night-blooming cereus," he said proudly. "Century plants. We had them trained all over the damned trees. Something, huh?"

She stared at him in horror. "But they can't be," she said. "They just simply can't be."

"Course they are," he said. "What's the matter with you, Iris? You sure are one strange little girl."

She stared at the grotesque blossoms, trying to bring them into perspective, forcing her mind back, trying to adjust to the two different worlds the same words evoked.

She had been eight years old, coming in after school to the sight of her grandmother standing by her potted plants in the dining room. "Guess what, Iris?" she had said. "Mrs. Wilson's night-blooming cereus is going to bloom tonight, and we're invited down to watch it. We may have to sit up very late, but your mother says it's all right."

They had gone down the road after supper, her grandmother holding her hand, and they had sat in Mrs. Wilson's dining room, she and her grandmother, Mrs. Stewart and her two daughters.

The plant had stood in a place of honor on a low stand in the corner. It was a tall plant, towering over the clay pot that held it. In the center was one white bloom like a tiny star, imminent, portentous.

Through the evening they had watched it. Her eyes had gradually grown heavier and heavier while her grandmother and the Stewarts talked above her. Then it had begun to open, and they had wakened her, jostling her awake to share in the muted excitement and wonder as the tiny petals gradually and slowly uncurled in the silent room to expose the starred wonder, cupped in white. There was the yellow manger with the star of Bethlehem above it, so pure and perfect and marvelous that she almost expected to see the Christ child himself on the golden bed.

The impossible blooms still swung above her in the dark treetops. She stared at them in horror—lush, overripe, oversized blossoms with the jungle around them and an ocean across the way. The voices from the party next door came to her, rising now in an increasing crescendo so that broken words and phrases leaped at her over the darkness:

"You're drunk, Bertha. Drunk as a skunk, or otherwise I'd have to bash your face in."

"But darling, surely you know that sort of thing isn't *art*."

"Baby. Baby. Baby."

"Would you just shut up?"

She put both hands over her ears and stood still in the circle of trees, staring at the man in front of her. He was a stranger. So was the world around him—tl lighted patio, the open house of slate ar screen, the bottles on the gleaming ba

She started back across the lawn, ru ning, barking her ankle on a sprinkle slapping at mosquitoes as she went.

"What the hell?" he said behind he

She slammed the door and went in the bedroom, searching frantically f her clothes, throwing what she cou find into her hatbox, grabbing up a ski to go over her shorts.

He was standing in the doorwa "What are you doing?" he said quietl

"I've got to get out of here," she sai "I've got to go . . . home. Don't you s that? I can't stay in this place."

"There isn't any bus back to Daytor at this hour," he said. "I'll drive yo back in the morning."

"Not Daytona," she said desperatel "Not Florida. Home. I've got to g back to where it's quiet and cold, whe flowers are flowers, not monstro growths, where ——"

"You *are* in a state," he said.

She stared at him, able, in that m ment, to see him, not as a contemptib object, an instrument for her self-hatre not as a pitiable object to salve her co science. But only as an aging, tired, rath ordinary man, who had nothing whats ever to do with her.

"I can wait at the bus station," sh said. The panic left her as quickly as had come, leaving only tiredness, a bon tiredness that made her wonder how sh had held herself together through th past five years.

"I'll drive you down there," he sai

"That'll be fine," she said quietly. Sh did not need anymore to make gestures She would be glad of the ride.

Going down the drive, she looked the plants above her, but they were onl that now, white flowers on dark tree Rather beautiful really.

They drove past the parked cars the party and back out onto the hig way. Ahead of them neon winked fro downtown, bridge lights shone onto th bay.

"You really aren't much, are you? he said, guiding the car carefully throug the intersections that led downtown.

She waited for the words to sear he give her the sense of pain they had a the times before, when Kim had sai them first to pay her back for lovin him, the other times when she had soug them out. They meant nothing at al She shrugged. "I guess not," she said.

She got out of the car into the lights the bus station. He handed her hatbo through the window. She turned awa from him and went into the bus statio She did not even glance back.

The lights inside were harsh, the st tion bare. She walked across it to th small caged window, her sandals sla ping on the terrazzo floor.

"I want a ticket," she said.

"Where to, lady?" The ticket sell looked old and tired in the harsh ligh

"North," she said.

"Where north, lady?" he said. "A most anyplace is north from here."

"Then it doesn't matter, does it?" sh said. "Just give me a ticket on the ne bus."

"That'll be for Waycross, Georgia.

"That'll do to start." She took th ticket and pushed the money under th barrier. Then she went to sit on th empty bench under the wall clock, hol ing the small yellow square of freedo lightly in her outstretched hand. EN



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REMEMBER CHARLIE MOCK?

continued from page 83

I was putting on my stockings when Christy appeared at the door. "Daddy," she said to Ben, "I have something to ask you—could you come into my room for a minute?" She gave me an "Oh-hello-Mother-so-you're-here-too" look.

Turning back to my mirror I studied the face of my eldest, distantly mirrored beside my own, and saw that she would soon be beautiful. There was a look of Gran about her—the tip-tilted yet aristocratic nose, the clear, serene eyes. She was almost sixteen. And I thought about Gran's cameo—the one she'd given me when *I* was sixteen.

Ben had followed Christy out of the room, and I could hear them going down the hall. I opened my jewelry box to look for the cameo, but instead my fingers touched the slick surface of a snapshot. I brought it out. There we were, Charlie and I, laughing into each other's faces. The photograph had been taken the spring I was seventeen.

Maybe it had just been my spring to fall in love—it was that perfect a season. Everything bloomed as it should—the white-petaled pears, the young-green old apple trees, the delicate cherry and the intensely pink flowering peach. And suddenly, after a night of rain, the white lacy beauty of dogwood appeared throughout the woods. Everywhere were smells of flowering and everywhere the sounds of birds. It would have been unnatural *not* to fall in love, that perfect spring of my seventeenth year.

Actually, I'd had my eye on Charlie for a long time. I used to see him at football games—the crowd roaring with one voice like some giant beast, and the throb of the band making an answering throb in your chest cavity. And there would be Charlie in his white flannels and cheer-leader sweater, waving his giant megaphone, his movements graceful and controlled and just plain sexy.

I would watch him out of the corner of my eye at the university dances. Everything about those dances was suffused with an unaccustomed glamour: the gymnasium, which had been decorated to look like some huge, splendid nightclub; the ordinary girls, who suddenly looked beautiful in their long formals, with flowers in their hair; the stag line, where boys stood in their splendid tuxes or tails with their eyes sweeping hungrily over you. And there would be Charlie, alone and uncommitted; his old-young face crisscrossed by a hundred tiny wrinkles, his mouth set in an enchanting grin.

I felt sure that Charlie would notice how the stag line kept rushing me, but he never did: it was as a wallflower that I finally attracted his notice. One of Charlie's really substantial qualities was his kindness to wallflowers. At that spring dance I had excused myself from a particularly obnoxious freshman who wouldn't quit cutting in and had gone to the ladies' room. When I came back, I sat down uncertainly on a folding chair, and, presto, there was Charlie.

It's hard to explain Charlie's fascination. In a roomful of men, many of them handsomer or taller than he, Charlie attracted all eyes. He had an electric quality, a suggestion of movement even in repose, an air of sharing a private joke with life. I remember what fun it was to walk across campus with him and have everybody—literally everybody—greet him, the girls looking at me with envy and admiration, the boys calling, "Keep ole Cholly there in line, Buff."

I see Charlie and me most clearly walking down Jefferson Street after the early Sunday movie, when through the sullen stillness of the Sunday afternoon his laughter would ring out, brought forth by some remark of mine such as, "Oh, Charlie, will you *behave!*" He would talk wildly in tones for all to hear. Passing the Campus Men's Shop (Charlie had dubbed it "The Sartor Resartus") he would proclaim: "The Sartor Resartus Clothier—the best little haberdashery, the most magnificent emporium east of the Big Wade River, west of Slow Creek junction, south of the town of Reynolds and north of Giant Step Mountain." (In short, the *only* one.) Most often, we'd end up at my house. "Cosset me with posset, Gran o' my heart," Charlie would cry; and Gran, ordinarily not one to have her dignity trifled with, would bustle off into the kitchen to prepare us a feast: cedar-chip slivers of Smithfield ham on a plate with beaten biscuits, miniature chess pies, and sliced pound cake alternating with fruitcake on an oblong silver dish.

Gran had a special feeling for Charlie. It was almost romantic, as though long ago in another life she had loved him too. And I would catch her looking at me with a deep pitying love, as though she *knew* I was bound to get hurt.

I've often wondered what would have happened to Charlie and me if the war hadn't come along. By then I was in my sophomore year, and Charlie h graduated. He hadn't gone back hon to Virginia with his folks when th came down for his graduation. He h decided to stay on in Hopeville awhil clerking part time at the Sartor Resart and taking up tickets at the Camp Theater, which gave us free passes.

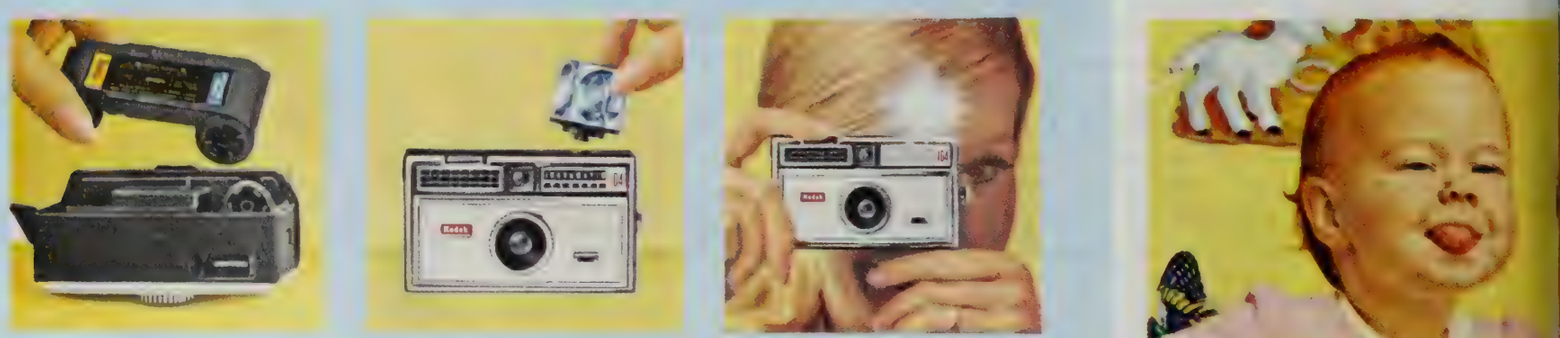
It was a Sunday like a hundr others. We had just come out of t early movie, leaving the smells of po corn and dirty socks and the stude jeers and catcalls, which periodical made the sound track useless. We we shivering a little, though the sun, I r member, was especially bright f December. I was experiencing that u real feeling I always had when I can out of the theater into the blinding su light and my own ordinary world agai I always expected it at least to be *da* outside and maybe even full of Lond fog and mysterious mackintoshe strangers hailing hansom cabs.

As Charlie and I tried to deci whether to go to the malt shop or hon for a Gran special, up ran a funn looking little Kappa, shouting: "Choll did you hear—the Japs bombed Pea Harbor?"

A dark look shadowed Charlie's fac and he crushed out the cigarette he ha just lit. "Damn," he said. "Damn it all

He took my arm and we walked dow Jefferson Street. At our gateway, Cha lie stopped, hoisting a foot onto the ro wall and pinching off bits of the browne bush that in spring would once mo bloom with lilacs.

"Well, Buff," he said, more resigned than anything else, "I guess we might well get married."



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It wasn't much of a proposal, but somehow I knew it was the best Charlie would ever do. I accepted. We kissed briefly, and Charlie turned back toward campus.

Something prevented my telling Gran about Charlie and me. Besides, it wasn't really the moment. She had just heard the news, and was glued to the radio waiting for H.V. Kaltenborn to enlighten her further.

The trouble with trying to figure out my marriage to Charlie is that I'm not the same *me* now. It was I who proposed that we get married secretly. Not that I really preferred it that way. But soon after that Pearl Harbor Sunday it became apparent Charlie was dragging his feet. He had to clear up certain things before he could take on a wife, he said. I didn't speculate then upon what the "certain things" were, though I had a pretty good idea that they concerned his "women."

"All right, Charlie," I said to him one day, "we'll get married *secretly*. Only you and I will know anything about it except maybe Mary Jo, who'd die before she'd tell. We'll elope to South Carolina. It won't be hard to keep from people, and you can get things settled and I'll be figuring out how to tell Gran, and for a while—maybe until the war's over—we'll go our separate ways, but each of us will know we're married, and *that's* what's important!"

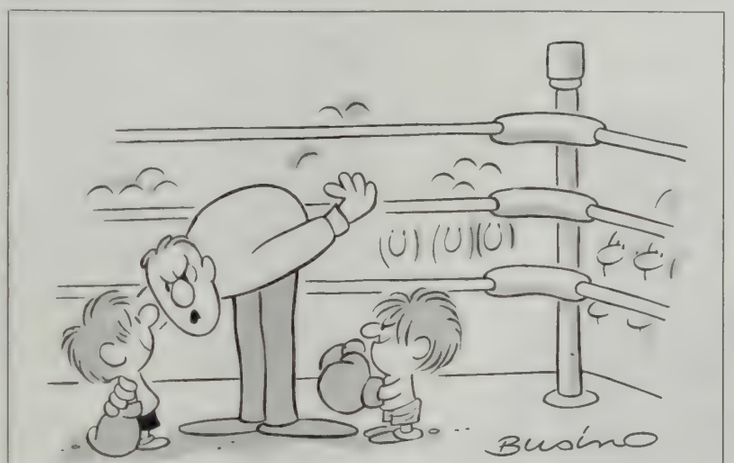
I could see that Charlie liked this; he loved intrigue. And this was a halfway in, halfway out—he wasn't totally committed. He agreed to elope—and left the planning to me.

The first thing I did was to talk it over with Mary Jo. Spring vacation came in March that year, and nothing could be more logical than that we spend it in Spartanburg with Mary Jo's aunt. The vagueness that afflicted all her female relatives played into our hands; it never occurred to them to make firm plans or to talk everything over on long distance. Mary Jo simply wrote her aunt that she was coming down for spring holidays and that I was visiting friends in South Carolina but would spend the first night at the aunt's house.

The aunt's answering postcard read: "My, how grand to see you again! And dear little Buff, though I suppose she's not little any more. We will await you eagerly. Love, Aunt Bess." There was my name for all to see, and yet no clue to Gran that I wouldn't be staying. It couldn't have been better.

Charlie, in his second-hand yellow convertible, met me in Chesterfield, South Carolina, where we were married, and we honeymooned in a town whose name I can't remember. But I do remember the name of the shabby, once-elegant old hotel where we stayed—the Wakefield. Elderly permanent residents rocked on the double verandas, and Charlie made up wild stories about their pasts.

The nights were filled with passion and a surprising tenderness; and Charlie and I for these too few days were close and happy together. At mealtimes in the echoing dining room Charlie would talk his nonsense, and I would collapse in helpless laughter. But in the early morning I would wake up to find him perched on the window seat, looking out over the town square, his face grim and brooding.



"Why didn't you think of that before?"

We returned to Hopeville, separately, on the last day of spring holidays. It was as though I'd never been away, as though nothing had happened. On Remembrance Lane even the war seemed remote; but on campus uniforms were everywhere. The Navy had taken over Lowrie Hall, and Army barracks were being built on the old, abandoned football field. Charlie, waiting for the Army Air Corps to call him, became preoccupied and elusive, as though escaping both love and death; and I felt lonely and frightened. We saw each other less and less on campus, but met with fair regularity at the Marlowe Hotel, Mary Jo always covering for me with Gran. Since people saw us less and less openly together, the rumor got started that we'd broken up. Charlie was elated. Let everyone think we'd broken up; they wouldn't be suspicious, and then we could see each other, privately, more and more. Even then I wondered if the cause of his elation wasn't something quite different.

Everyone accepted our breakup—I guess they'd been expecting it all along. But Gran seemed hurt and puzzled at the news, and at times I felt her watching me intently. With the burden of my secret I felt walled off from her, and our old close relationship declined. I started going out again, while Charlie worked hard at re-establishing his reputation as a ladies' man. Among all the *(continued)*









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talk of "Cholly's women" I heard of "Cholly's new girl," a pretty redhead.

Charlie was called up early in June, and we spent our last night together at the Marlowe Hotel. I couldn't see him off in Hopeville, because there was a grand send-off at the railroad station, with all of his old buddies serenading him. Mary Jo went down; and yes, she admitted when I questioned her, the redhead had been there, trying valiantly to be gay, but breaking down as Charlie's train pulled out.

As for me, I rode the bus over to Reynolds and boarded Charlie's train there, riding to Richmond with him, weeping quietly all the way.

After Charlie went overseas I heard from him only sporadically. His letters were gay, friendly, affectionate—letters you'd write to an old girl friend, but hardly to your wife. Somehow I learned to live without Charlie, keeping busy and trying not to brood, and before I knew it a whole year had passed. It was at the very beginning of my senior year, the day I'd been elected class secretary and was rushing home to tell Gran, when I saw Mary Jo, anguished and excited, standing in front of the Confederate statue where we always met. I'm not one of those people who know "the minute I saw her face." I even felt a little annoyed at her for dragging me off when I wanted to get home to Gran and be rejoiced over.

We went into Mary Jo's house and into Mary Jo's little-girl room. She closed the door, handed me an air-mail special-delivery letter, and collapsed on the bed, sobbing. The letter was from a boy stationed at Fort Benning whose sister was married to Charlie's brother.

It was a typical soldier-to-his-girl-back-home letter, and I skimmed it hurriedly, looking for the bad news that I thought would concern Mary Jo, not me. At the bottom I came to a paragraph in a different color ink, written in a hasty scrawl: "Couldn't finish this last night," it read, "but must get it off to you right away now because Caroline just called me to say that Charlie Mock was reported killed in action somewhere in the South Pacific. Tell Buff—I hear they'd broken up."

I folded the letter and replaced it carefully in its envelope. I remember thinking, before numbing grief took over, that Charlie hadn't even listed me as next of kin. I'd had to hear of his death by happenstance. He'd kept his secret well—even from the Air Corps.

I left Mary Jo's pink-and-white valentine of a room, the sound of her weeping following me down the stairs. I thought of what people used to say about us when we were little: "Hit Buff and Mary Jo cries."

I walked back up Jefferson Street and made the turn down Remembrance Lane, past houses full of memories, until I entered the gate where Charlie had proposed to me. Everything I saw was dull and gray; it was as if I, not Charlie, had died. Other things returned to me, but I was never again to feel that joyous meaningless happiness that comes to you when you are young.

For a long time after Charlie's death I simply went through the motions of living. I remember that my arms felt heavy and useless and that I had to sit down a lot. I would fall into bed at night and go leadenly to sleep, as though drugged with a powerful narcotic; only to wake up well before daylight, at first feeling alive and well and then remembering, and dying all over again.

Several times I was tempted to confess everything to Gran, but all I could do was say casually once, "Gran, you remember Charlie Mock, the boy I used to go with? Mary Jo told me he was killed in a plane crash."

"Oh, *no*." Gran was shocked, but no more so, I thought, than she'd been at the news about the Peabody boy who was killed in action at almost the same time. And yet after that I'd catch her looking at me in an odd pitying way.

Mary Jo tried to persuade me to declare myself as Charlie's widow. She had a strong money-minded streak, and one of the things she said was: "Buff, you could get a pension for *life* and all sorts of benefits." More tempting was her argument that "Charlie's *family* could mean so much to you now." I longed to cling to someone who had loved Charlie, but I felt I would only be a burden to them. I was pretty noble then, too, and I thought since Charlie hadn't seen fit to declare me, I shouldn't declare myself. And in a peculiar way that I can't possibly explain, I felt that keeping quiet was part of my war effort, like giving blood or serving at the USO.

I might have gone on indefinitely in this zombi-like state but for a lucky thing: Soon after Christmas I got undulant fever. Of all the diseases that could have come my way, this one was

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provided an excuse. People
onder Buff acted so funny—
she had undulant fever."
fter I was well, they would
Buff, she's never been the
she had undulant fever."
best thing about my illness
let me return to childhood
merciful weeks, where there
ir or anguish or even any
ter I got home from the in-
ran took such loving care of
s she had when I was little.
better, Gran would bring her
ny room and we would talk.
ular time that I remember,
aking a hat for me and one
o and had a big basketful of
l trimmings. She had deter-
et me up and out again by
the hats were a symbol of
ination.
a mystery about this day
ver completely cleared up in
nd: I *think* that Gran said to
it would be well for you to
in." It's that word "again"
es me. Did she say, "Buff,
would be well for you to
d my *mind* supplied the
r did she actually say it?
ext words were clear enough.
r wise to marry the Prince
in your life—the disillusion-
must come to marriage is al-
of a shock when you've
r romantic love. Better to
young memory *separate* and
like a rare jewel that you
but can secretly enjoy and
quietly away again."

I came back to the world
g. I enrolled for a course in
sity summer school, and,
was good to be back on cam-
now and then some boy's
d have the ring of Charlie's,
Professor's Walk as through
nd of a telescope I would see
ming toward me. I knew it
rlie, but as the figure came
uld imagine the resemblance
d stronger: the jaunty gait,
grace, the angle of the over-
would sometimes keep the
act until the moment of pass-
en quickly I would drop my
anting to look into the face
ot his.
me graduation and Mary Jo's
d the end of the war all at
me, and for a brief time I was
ck into a spate of grieving.
though, I was able to cry a
that helped. "Alma Mater,
Star" wrings tears from the
eart; and a maid of honor
at I was) can be expected to
at her best friend's wedding.
Charlie's returning class-
l fraternity brothers began
out erecting a memorial to
e were many ideas, ranging
blime to the ridiculous. After
ce with the chairman of the
and grounds committee, the
us of the memorialists decided
ng willow tree. And it was as
ything else, I suppose. Planted
th campus, it bore a modest
ich read:

IN MEMORIAM
HOOPER MOCK, CLASS OF 1941
D STATES ARMY AIR CORPS
IN ACTION AUGUST 28, 1943

But the real memorial to Charlie was the legend he left behind. He became the symbol of all the carefree, prewar college days. Everyone had known him and everyone remembered him. He was the thing that everyone had in common.

"Ole Cholly," someone would say. "Ole Cholly Mock." Sentimental, a little maudlin. "Did you ever hear about the time Cholly . . ." And out would come another Charlie Mock story. Some were true and some were apocryphal, most of them concerning his ability to hold liquor and to get disentangled from women. Charlie's death itself was the inspiration for a series of such stories—conflicting explanations for his kamikaze-like dive at a Japanese warship: Some said it was a sudden impulse of heroism; others, that there was a leak in his gas tank and he couldn't get back to his base anyway, so he decided to go down with a useful purpose. Still others said he was stunting and the whole thing was a fantastic accident. To each of these explanations, someone would say: "Just *like* ole Cholly." And I guess that each of them was.

That fall I enrolled in commerce school to fit myself for a job. And almost at once I met Ben. He was in Personnel 308 and sat beside the window where the light sharply etched the outline of his face. His expression was serious but not without humor, showing steadiness and responsibility. There was nothing of Charlie about him, to be sure, but I felt a pull toward him and knew that I would not mind his kissing me. *(continued)*



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One day he stopped by my desk and asked: "Would you care to go to the malt shop with me?" I looked up, surprised. He was so *big*—both broad and tall. There was no touch of the collegiate about his clothes: He wore a business suit with a veteran's button in the lapel, and he was clutching a well-worn briefcase, obviously inherited. He looked as though his very life depended on my accepting his invitation; as though, with all his strength, he was afraid of being turned down. I soon put him at ease about that, but it was harder to convince him as time went on that it was all right for him to fall in love with me. But finally he admitted he had and asked me to marry him, and *this* proposal was straight from the heart.

We went to Sea Island, Georgia, for our honeymoon, and once more the nights were filled with a sweet, tender passion and the days with happy companionship, not too different, really, from the earlier time with Charlie, but without the underlying sadness. I was happy again, and for quite a long time I thought I'd forgotten Charlie.

Ben landed a good job right after he'd received his degree, and his company kept promoting him. We started out in Reynolds and then began a steady progress north: to Richmond, Baltimore and, finally, Newark, New Jersey. And there were the babies, one born in every place we lived and sometimes two. I was going to the hospital for my fifth child when I got the telegram about Gran.

It was after Gran's death that Charlie began coming back to me so strongly. Gran had been my last real link with the past, and now that I could no longer go back to her, I became reminiscent, thinking about all sorts of things I'd not thought of for years—but mostly thinking of *Charlie*. Sometimes he returned unbidden with one of those old songs—*Tangerine, Chattanooga Choo-Choo, Elmer's Tune, Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*—the gay ones more than the sad ones. Sometimes I'd deliberately conjure him up—while I did the ironing, maybe. He was the touch of glamour in my life. And yet, these memories didn't make me love Ben any the less. He was the present, but there was Charlie, the past, too. It's funny how you can live in two worlds and not get them mixed up, even in your own mind.

The Old Grad Party was in New York. I regretted going the minute I walked in. Gathered there were people I had never liked or ones I'd never known; some I'd known but didn't recognize now, and those who had known me but did not recognize *me*. It was a little ghostly, really, like seeing the dead come back to life. Ben and I got separated, and I was left alone with a rather large glass of sherry. I began to get woozy, and finding myself a handsome red-leather chair well away from the center of the party, I sank down into it. I roused to the sound of two voices. The first one, brandy-thick, said: "'Member ole Cholly Mock?"

"Remember him? Man, I *roomed* with him!"

I listened as the two ex-roommates told the familiar tales about Charlie: how he'd win a hundred dollars at poker one night and spend it on a girl the next; how he'd been behind the stunt of running up the Nazi flag on the bell tower; how in gratitude for special coaching he'd presented his English prof with a fifth of Scotch. And then I heard the second voice say: "Ever hear about Cholly's funeral?"

"No."

"I guess I should call it a memorial service. Anyway, it was one of those quiet family affairs. It seems that word had leaked back to Cholly's family that Cholly was engaged. But I never believed it—Old Cholly was too shrewd for that. Anyway, the family thought they should find out who the girl was and invite her to the service. So they went over all the letters that had been sent to them with Charlie's personal effects, and there were *six* girls who sounded like they were engaged to him. So—now, mind you, I got this from a *close* friend of his family—they put all six names in a hat and they *drew* one." (Loud guffaws). "And they wrote the girl, and she came, and she cried and said how she'd loved Charlie and all, but they were sure *she* wasn't the one." More laughter and then the usual line, "Just like old Cholly," as though *he* were the one who had dreamed up this final colossal joke.

The tale could be one of the apocryphal ones, but somehow it sounded authentic. I felt a faint hurt, indefinite and unlocalized. But time and the sherry were working as anesthetics. I thought mainly of how lucky it was that I hadn't heard this particular anecdote sooner—say, while I was recovering from the adulant fever. And I felt a wistful regret that I'd lost that lottery.

As the voices moved slowly to another part of the room, I drifted into a sherry-induced trance and saw before me the ghost of Charlie Mock. But this time it was not the Charlie-I-had-known but the Charlie-who-might-have-been, a late arrival at the Old Grad Party. Remnants of the old charm were there. He still looked jaunty, but there was a sad lost look deep within his eyes that you sometimes see in the eyes of children. As I gazed at this apparition, I suddenly saw what my life with Charlie would have been like: hanging around his old fraternity house as long as anyone there remembered him; looking wistfully at the co-eds. I would have been one who kept us going—*me*, pounding a typewriter in DuBose Hall or running a rooming house. All the crises of family life—births and illnesses and financial upsets—would have been borne by me. I couldn't have been any other way. For Charlie had reached his highest pinnacle when he left the campus to go into the Air Corps. The future could have been nothing but anticlimax.

As I absorbed this new bit of wisdom, I saw leaning over me not the ghost of Charlie—but the real Ben. I looked at my husband and saw how kind the eyes were, how solid and weight-bearing the shoulders. He didn't have Charlie's gaiety or wit or fascination for women, but he had something Charlie didn't have and never could have acquired: the homing instinct.

All at once the past and present resolved themselves and it came to me clearly that Charlie was only a *symbol*, the symbol of my youth—that poignant, not-quite-lived-out part of my life that was lost so abruptly.

And now Ben was saying: "Honey, what do you say we head home now?"

I thought with longing of our big four-poster bed that had once been Gran's, and felt the warmth and comfort of lying there with him, his arm around me, not in passion but in a comforting comradeship.

I rose and took his arm. And for me this was the moment when Charlie Mock began to die. END



We've always taken great pride in our modern up-to-date moving equipment.

At the time this picture was taken, 61 years ago, we were starting to put our faithful draft horses out to pasture.

One of their replacements was this 1904 Knox, a dandy little 2-cylinder job. Actually we weren't getting much extra in the way of horsepower. But it was the first motorized covered moving van in the country, and Grandfather Bekins was mighty proud of it.

We're still proud. Because Bekins still has a way of coming up with "firsts."

For example, not long ago we helped develop the first moving van especially designed to carry delicate equipment cross country. No springs. The contents ride, jolt free, on a cushion of compressed air.

If a $500,000 computor gets there in one piece, you can be pretty confident your favorite china and glassware will too.

To keep this modern equipment of ours in top condition, to avoid breakdowns and unnecessary delays, we've built up the largest maintenance operation owned by any company in the moving business.

Because in this business there's only one way to stay ahead: keep moving.

BEKINS VAN LINES

Devilish new way to diet... MOTT'S "Forbidden Foods"

Eat 3-course, 300-calorie meals of "forbidden food" and lose up to 5 pounds a week.

It's wicked. It's wonderful. And it works. You can slim down sizes smaller by eating delicious Mott's Figure Control® Meals. Meals of "forbidden food" like spaghetti and meatballs. Casseroles. Chicken a la king. Appetizer and dessert, too. That's because each meal has less than 300 calories—even though each meal has 3 complete courses!

Who could feel ravenous when each meal is one and one half pounds of deliciousness? Who could be bored when there are seven different meals to choose from?



Mott's pares the calories down in 48 other Figure Control Foods, too. Foods you can buy separately, like breakfast drinks. Salad dressings. Pancake syrup. Fruits. Mott's famous no-calorie sweetener. All are high in satisfying flavor—low in fattening calories.

Diet this devilish new way. *Lose up to 5 pounds a week* by eating a Mott's Figure Control Meal for lunch and dinner. And slim breakfast down to 300 calories with Mott's Figure Control Foods. Start tomorrow. Eat that "forbidden food." See for yourself—it's great to be a loser with Mott's!

MOTT'S FIGURE CONTROL MEALS

3 courses... less than 300 calories

©Duffy-Mott Co., 370 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

Banana Bonanza

By Carol J. Wolfe

No abracadabra is needed nor a sparkling touch of a magic wand to turn bananas into delicious drinks, vegetables or entrées. They can be eaten in more ways than seem credible. Fry them, broil them, bake them, "ice" them or eat them out of hand. They are delicious any way you try them.

In Europe fresh bananas receive a ceremonial treatment: they're carefully eaten with knife and fork. But the all-American favorite way will always be the practical grab-it-and-eat-it, use-your-fingers treatment.

Anything this good should not be mistreated. Once bananas are exposed to air they will start to lose their natural creamy color. To help prevent discoloration, brush them or dip them in canned pineapple juice, fresh or canned grapefruit, orange, lemon or lime juice. Even though treated with care, bananas should still be eaten as soon as possible after they ripen.

Bananas are a natural for the breakfast table. Serve them with milk and cream, ready-to-eat cereal or other fruits. Fold them into waffle or pancake batter. And now bananas come right inside ready-to-eat cereal packages, thanks to the new freeze-drying method.

But don't stop with breakfast! Serve bananas at any time of day. Turn them into a vegetable by frying slightly green-tipped or all-yellow ones in butter or margarine until tender—easily pierced with a fork—turning occasionally. Be careful not to overcook and turn them soggy. Sprinkle with salt if you like. Fried bananas make an excellent partner for fish, meat, poultry, vegetables or eggs.

For an entrée, arrange green-tipped or all-yellow bananas on a broiler rack or in a pan. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle lightly with salt. Broil 3–4 inches from heat until browned and tender (about 4 minutes per side). Slice and top with crisp slices of fried bacon.

For desserts, fold, mix or whip bananas into batters and mixes. Add a spectacular touch to gelatin desserts by folding in thinly sliced bananas when gelatin is slightly set, then chill until thoroughly set. Whip leftover mashed bananas with heavy cream and use as a topping for ice cream or cake.

Incorporate mashed bananas into cake, cookies, biscuit, muffin and quick-bread batters—it works wonders as a liquid. Not only does it add sweet and mellow flavor, but it also helps baked goods stay fresh and moist.

Hungry? Want a banana? Try some of our all-new recipes:

SUPERFAST BANANA BAVARIAN

A new technique that will save you numerous steps and minutes—and it tastes oh-so-elegant.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 Tb. cold water
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup hot milk
¼ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
½ cup mashed banana (1 large banana)
¾ tsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

In a large mixing bowl, soak 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 1 tablespoon cold water. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Heat and add ½ cup hot milk; mix well with rotary beater. Add ¼ cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup mashed banana, ¾ teaspoon lemon rind and mix again with rotary beater. Set aside. Whip 1 cup heavy cream in chilled mixing bowl with chilled beater. Fold whipped cream gently and thoroughly into banana mixture. Pour into serving dish and chill. (To speed up chilling, place in freezer 10 minutes, then finish in refrigerator—about another 30 minutes.) Delicious as is, or serve with your favorite fruit. Serves 6.

WALDORF SALAD À LA BANANE

Adding banana to a Waldorf salad makes a great change!

1 large red apple, unpared and diced
½ cup sliced celery
½ cup broken walnuts
2 medium-ripe bananas
1 Tb. lemon juice
¼ cup heavy cream
½ cup mayonnaise
Lettuce

Combine 1 large diced unpared red apple, ½ cup sliced celery, ½ cup broken walnuts and 1½ medium-ripe bananas, sliced. Pour 1 tablespoon lemon juice over all. Whip ¼ cup heavy cream with ½ cup mayonnaise and ½ of a banana, mashed. Chill. Toss salad with dressing and serve on a bed of lettuce. Serves 6.

BANANA BREAD

Most banana breads take about an hour and a half to bake. But we've created one that takes only about 40 minutes. And we think it's even more delicious than the ones that take longer!

1¾ cups sifted flour
1 Tb. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅓ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
¾ tsp. grated lemon rind
2 eggs, beaten
1¼ cups mashed bananas

Sift together 1¾ cups sifted flour, 1 tablespoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat ⅓ cup shortening in mixing bowl until creamy. Add ⅔ cup sugar, ¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 2 beaten eggs. Mix until blended. Mix in 1¼ cups mashed bananas. Add flour mixture and beat *only* until well blended: about 30 seconds with an electric mixer. Turn batter into a greased 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pan and bake at 400° for 40 minutes or until bread tests done.

BANANA FRITTERS

You'll find this is a stiff batter—but it gives you the crispest, most delicious crust ever!

1 cup sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
⅓ cup milk
2 tsp. cooking oil
2 to 3 medium bananas
Flour
Oil for deep-fat frying
Confectioners' sugar and/or cinnamon (optional)

Sift together 1 cup sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ cup sugar. Combine 1 well-beaten egg, ⅓ cup milk and 2 teaspoons cooking oil. Add liquid mixture to dry ingredients and mix well. Peel bananas and cut each into 3 or 4 diagonal pieces. Roll each piece in flour; shake off excess. Roll each piece in batter. Heat oil for deep-fat frying to moderately high temperature (375°). Then place coated bananas in hot oil, turning to brown evenly. Takes about 2–3 minutes. Remove with slotted spoon and place on absorbent paper. Serve with sausage, ham or bacon, or sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and/or cinnamon. Serve warm. Makes about 8 medium-sized fritters.

See! Today's Cascade stops spots before they start!



Some dishwasher detergents allow water drops to form on dishes. These drops dry into ugly spots!



Today's Cascade has Chlorosheen to make water rinse off in clear sheets. Drops don't form, so dishes dry spotless!

You discover how beautifully spotfree your dishes can be when you discover today's Cascade! No more ugly spots. No more towel touch-ups. Just sparkling dishes you're proud to take straight from your dishwasher to your table! Only today's Cascade has Chlorosheen to stop spots before they start! Its amazing "sheeting action" lets dishes dry spotless!

Cascade actually protects fine china patterns too. Every dishwasher maker recommends it. And more women prefer it. Today's Cascade ... wow!



ANANA-STUFFED PANCAKES

urprise awaits your family hen you serve our stuffed ancakes. Especially nice for runch.

ancake batter for 6 large (8-inch) pancakes
Tb. sugar
tsp. ground cinnamon
tsp. ground nutmeg
tsp. salt
Tb. lemon juice
medium bananas, sliced thin
utter or margarine, softened
onfectioners' sugar

repare pancake batter for 6 arge pancakes, following di- ections on pancake-mix pack- ge. Prepare filling by com- ining 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ easpoon ground cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 table- poon lemon juice. Fold in 4 hinly sliced medium bananas. Grease and heat an 8-inch fry- ng pan. Make 6 large pan- akes, greasing pan for each one. As each is done, spread with butter or margarine, fill with banana mixture and roll up gently. Sprinkle with con- fectioners' sugar. Put in oven to keep warm while you pre- pare remaining pancakes, or serve immediately.

TRINIDAD BETTY

Here's the English and Scot- tish influence along with the tropical taste of bananas, brown sugar and spice.

1 cup fresh bread crumbs
1 cup quick-cooking oats
½ cup flaked coconut
⅓ cup butter or margarine
6 thinly sliced bananas
⅓ cup brown sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg

In a medium-sized bowl, toss 1 cup fresh bread crumbs with 1 cup quick-cooking oats, ½ cup flaked coconut and ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine. In a large bowl, toss 6 thinly sliced bananas with ⅓ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Grease a 1½-quart casserole. Sprinkle bottom with a third of the bread-crumb mixture. Add half of banana mixture. Top with another third of bread-crumb mixture. Then add rest of banana mixture and top with last of bread-crumb mixture. Bake, covered, at 375° for 20 minutes. Remove cover and bake 15 minutes more. Makes 6 servings.

BANANA SPLIT SPECIAL

Want a touch of something different? Try marinating your bananas in orange and lemon juice.

1 quart vanilla ice cream
1 pint strawberry ice cream
6 firm bananas, split
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¾ cup chocolate syrup
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Crushed pretzels or nuts
Fruit for topping

Split 6 bananas lengthwise, put them in a large shallow dish and let them marinate in 1 cup orange juice and ¼ cup lemon juice for 15–20 minutes. Drain. Put 2 banana halves in each of 6 serving dishes. Top them with two heaping scoops of vanilla ice cream and one of strawberry. Pour 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup over each serving.

Finally, top with whipped cream and crushed pretzels or nuts, and/or your favorite fruit. Will serve 6.

BANANA-CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

Takes almost no time at all to please the family—especially the kids—with this easy recipe.

1 (3⅞-oz.) pkg. chocolate pudding mix
2 or 3 bananas, sliced
Lemon juice
8-inch baked pie shell
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Prepare a 3⅝-oz. pkg. chocolate pudding mix, follow pkg. directions. Cool the chocolate pudding.

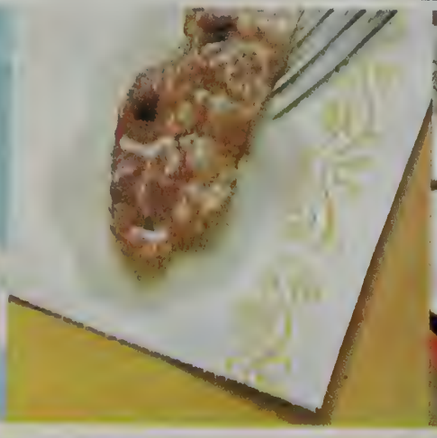
Pour a quarter of the cooled filling into an 8-inch baked pie shell. Cover the filling with sliced bananas. Pour rest of filling over bananas and decorate the top by lining the border of crust with more banana slices that have been brushed with lemon juice. Fill the center of the pie with ½ cup heavy cream, whipped. **END**

Of course you're attracted to new Gala's pretty borders—but more important . . .

there's no softer . . .



no thirstier . . .



no stronger paper towel



Border to border, new Gala is the hardest-working paper towel you can buy. And that's the real beauty of it.



AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

Two layers thick



America's beautiful Gardeners



need America's beautiful Gloves



for Beautiful Hands

Green Thumb, the delight of gardeners everywhere. Kitten soft, yet outwear all of similar price. Washable. Only $1.29. Or pick a pair of Stretch Green Thumbs in yellow, pink or blue. Miracle fabric stretches to snug fit, yet feather light and cool. Washable, too, and only $1.49. Look for both where garden supplies are sold.

green thumb®

by Edmont inc

COSHOCTON, OHIO

Whatever Happened to...

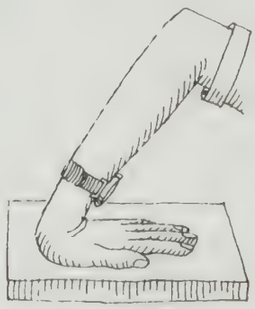
A collection of things remembered because they were important to us.

By MARCIA SELIGSON, MORT GERBERG, AVERY CORMAN

?



Adenoids . . . and what were they anyway?



BEING DOUBLE-JOINTED



your mother telling you not to swallow gum because your insides would stick together



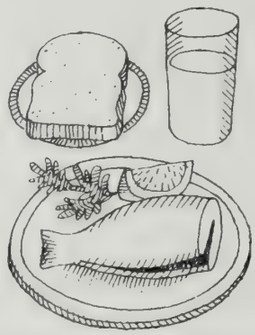
sticking maple-leaf pods on your nose to make pug noses

From the book "Whatever Happened To . . .?" ©1965 by Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Inc., Los Angeles.

Illustrations by John E. Johnson



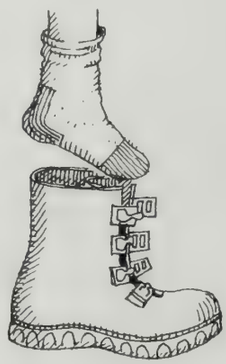
being blackboard monitor and clapping the erasers together to get chalk on a kid you didn't like



when you were eating fish, you kept a piece of bread nearby in case you swallowed a bone



wearing a rabbit's foot for luck, and there was always a smart aleck who said, "It wasn't so lucky for the rabbit."



GALOSHES . . . and they were really ugly and never fit and they had big buckles on them, but once you got them on, you stepped in the slush or the snow and it didn't matter because you had your galoshes on, and when you tried to take them off, your foot came out of your shoe



worrying about your glasses when you were going to kiss . . . or worrying about missing



the Grippe



eating something without knowing how many calories it had, or caring, or even knowing what a calorie was



living at home until you got married

(*continued*)



ONE-CRUST PIE, THE GOLD MEDAL WONDRA WAY

1 cup Gold Medal Wondra Flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/3 cup plus 1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons water

Heat oven to 475°.
Stir flour and salt together in large mixer bowl.
Add shortening; mix at low speed, about 1 minute, scraping bowl constantly.
Add water; continue mixing until all flour is moistened and dough begins to gather into beaters, about 1 minute. Scrape bowl constantly.
Gather dough together (1 to 2 teaspoons water may be added, if needed); press firmly into a ball. Flatten.
Roll on lightly floured surface 1½ inches larger than inverted 8-inch or 9-inch pie pan. Ease into pan; flute and prick well.
Bake 10 to 12 minutes.

BETTY CROCKER INTERRUPTS THIS MAGAZINE TO ANNOUNCE...

now—the tenderest pie crust is the easiest to make!



Incredible? Only until you try it with Gold Medal Wondra Instantized Flour. The new "beat-it-in-a-mixer" Wondra Way. Betty Crocker proved it makes the tenderest, flakiest pie crust by far. And in half the time. Reason? Never before Gold Medal Wondra could pastry take a beating in a mixer, without fear of overhandling.

The Wondra Way pie crust is just one of Betty Crocker's many incredible shortcut baking recipes packed in new Gold Medal Wondra!



Duffy-Mott Co., 370 Lexington Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

New apple idea from Mott's...

...how can you go wrong? Fruit Treats are dreamy as a dessert, terrific as a topping, super as a side dish. Five gobble-up-good combinations: apricot, raspberry, strawberry, cherry or pineapple. Enjoy 'em!



New **MOTT'S FRUIT TREATS**

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO . . .
continued



people having dogs that weren't poodles—and if they didn't know what they had, it was a Spitz



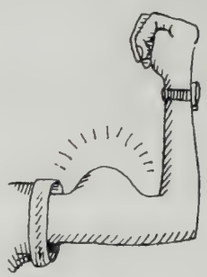
horsehair crinolines that little girls wore, and the wider you could make your dress, the better it was



T.L. T.S. T.S. on you
No backs
Step on a crack, break your back
Takes one to know one
Finders keepers, losers weepers
Whatever you say, it's double
I have permission
Two for flinching
Ink-a-bink, a bottle of ink
I'll get my big brother after you
Here's the church and here's the steeple, open the door, here's the people
You can't make me. It's a free country



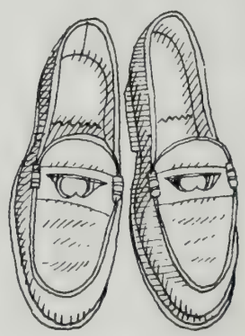
mailing painted turtles to people



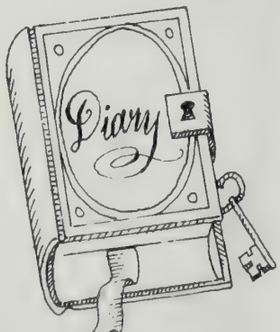
making a muscle



being happy with a little box of raisins



putting pennies in your loafers



keeping a diary with a lock—and writing your innermost secrets

all the other things you remember now and then that are gone and will never come back



French's mashed potatoes tast
many husbands think they're h



(Keep it your secret!)



ANISH BLUE CHEESE



Flavor is the secret of French's goodness. The homer
tasting flavor of French's Mashed Potato. Let your hus
discover it. He has? Then he knows about French's Mas
What should you do? Reach for the white package
the Idaho potato on front. From French's with fla

Is it too late for you to believe in an honest cake?

Like our Famous Chocolate Refrigerator Cake made with mountains of pure dairy fresh whipping cream. The kind that only comes from cows. And Famous chocolate wafers. The ® kind that only comes from Nabisco.

We made the cream cake honest. Because we suspect you've had your fill of the other kind.

Sure, a real chocolate refrigerator cake is going to cost more money. But if our PASTRY CHEF cream cakes and cream pies cost 89 cents* that's because it takes 89 cents not to compromise an honest cake. Or an honest pie.

Imagine how much you'd have to leave out to sell them for 39¢.



Dolly-M

New apple idea fro

...how can you go wrong? Fruit Treats are terrific as a topping, super as a side dish. combinations: apricot, raspberry, strawberry

Enjoy 'em!



New **MOTT'S FRUI**

New from Nabisco.
A cake made with pure whipping cream.

Wish You Were Here

BY BARBARA WALTERS

More trophies from television's liveliest big-name hunter, reporter Barbara Walters of NBC-TV's Today *show.*

In the Great Society, we hear, even a status symbol can get escalated. When word leaked out that there are now *three* portable TV sets in every room at the LBJ ranch, two top New York decorators told us they received orders from several well-heeled clients, all demanding Johnson-style triple-TV installations in their homes. The President's three-set setup lets him keep an eye on all the networks at once— in case one of them comes up with a major scoop. But for the average three-TV household, it could start a new family spectator sport: Mom, Dad and the kids all glued to separate programs, and nobody budging from the living-room couch.

Here's a beauty secret you might be better off *not* knowing. Comedienne Phyllis Diller told us the whole hair-raising truth about her fantastic hairdo—she keeps it that way by massaging it nightly with a gadget that looks like a plastic shower nozzle, which she found at the five-and-dime store. "My hair may look a fright, but it's so healthy it can beat any ten wigs in town." And all this time we thought she combed it with an egg-beater!

With women talking so freely about hair—true and false—it's only logical that men do the same. Even actors—who used to think a thick part in the hair was worth two parts



Barbara Walters

in a hit show. Frank Sinatra and Sean Connery both admit, with a casual shrug, that they wear hairpieces, and while I was interviewing suave Rex Harrison, he suddenly rose and said, "Excuse me—I'll be back in a minute. I've just got to go put my hair on."

Anyone with sensitivity, and a gift for peering beneath the surface, knows that being the child of a celebrity quite often brings more problems than advantages. We were moved by the honesty and simplicity of Mrs. Frances "Scottie" Lanahan, daughter of the late revered author, F. Scott Fitzgerald and his beautiful but troubled wife, Zelda. Pale, blond and delicately pretty, Mrs. Lanahan chain-smoked as she talked with us of her new book, *Letters to His Daughter,* which is just that, a collection of her father's letters written to her when she was a youngster.

"I think the saddest thing about my father's life," she told us, "at least in his later years, was that he could never find even one copy of his books in any bookstore he visited. Often the clerk had never even heard of F. Scott Fitzgerald."

"You write yourself, don't you?" we asked, remembering having heard that Mrs. Lanahan had written two as yet unproduced plays.

"Yes, I do write," she replied, "but I can never write a line without somehow comparing it to my father's work, or wondering what he might have thought of it."

When you are a writer, and you have the name of F. Scott Fitzgerald to live up to, that can certainly be a problem.

Mrs. John Lindsay, wife of New York's newest and America's most famous mayor, is that rarity in political circles, a thoroughly candid woman.

"What would you do," we asked her recently, "if you were invited to a dinner party and found yourself seated next to your husband's former political rival, William Buckley?"

Expecting the usual assurances that campaigns are campaigns and all is forgiven, we were surprised and amused by Mrs. Lindsay's quick comeback: "No problem at all," she said, "I'd get the flu."

And when we asked her what her least favorite question from reporters was, she replied: "Just don't ask me my favorite recipe. I'm *not* the world's greatest cook, and I refuse to pretend I have a head full of recipes, even though I'm told it would be good for my image!"

Mrs. Lindsay is so refreshingly honest that she would probably admit to chopping down a cherry tree if she ever had. As we recall from our history books, that kind of honesty didn't hurt George Washington's political image either.



It's In Your Mind

Useful News of Psychology and Psychiatry

By BARBARA SEAMAN

Where There's Smoke: Professor Bernard Mausner, Chairman of the Psychology Department at Beaver College, has been attempting to help the United States Public Health Service to discover how people may be influenced to stop smoking, to protect their own health. At a recent symposium Dr. Mausner reported that merely educating people to the ill effects of smoking bears little fruit. Even after they understand how smoking may shorten their life, most smokers make little effort to cut consumption. If, however, a respected authority figure such as a trusted personal physician directly urges a patient to stop smoking, his "commitment to change" may become stronger.

Two other noted social psychologists are less optimistic. Professor Muzafer Sherif of the University of Oklahoma says, "The highly committed person, exposed to an extremely discrepant communication, will *never* react to it by changing his attitude." Instead, according to Dr. Sherif's research, he will feel irritated and uneasy, will talk to his friends about it, and will derogate the source of the communication. Professor Lawrence Le Fave of Indiana State finds that many people rely on humor to defend themselves against unwanted change. When they do not wish to follow the advice of an authority, they often make light of his statements or brush them off as "irony."

Better a Plain Jane Than Shrinking Violet: If you select a rare or unusual name for your baby, you may handicap him socially; the naming of a child "may actually set the stage for his later social interaction with his peers." This is the finding of Dr. John W. McDavid, a psychology professor at the University of Miami, who has been correlating the popularity of 4th and 5th graders with the "social desirability" of their given names. Children seem to confuse the label (name) with the thing (person) and to give another child's name great weight in assessing his attractiveness.

A child's first name may sometimes influence his popularity more than any other single factor: more than his intelligence alone, or his socio-economic status, scholastic success, physical attractiveness, good personal and social adjustment, physical health, or appropriate behavior. Dr. McDavid believes that if he knows a child's first name he can improve his prediction of the child's popularity by 40 percent without knowing any other facts about the child.

As Young as You Feel: Perhaps poets understand love better than doctors and psychologists, after all. In any case, poets and others of romantic inclination are apparently more successful at making love last. This is one of the findings in Dr. Isadore Rubin's new book *Sexual Life After Sixty.*

Dr. Rubin queried 832 aging persons, all listed in *Who's Who in America,* about their sex lives. He found that even among those aged 75 to 92 about half were still sexually active. The oldest married male who reported regular sex activity was a 92-year-old clergyman. In general, clergymen and artists led in maintaining an active romantic life. Doctors and editors ranked last.

In light of such findings it is not surprising that the American Psychological Association recently called aging research "the new frontier." At the association's 1965 annual meeting, Dr. Muriel F. Oberleder of the New York City Community Mental Health Board, was among the experts who decried "stereotyped notions" about aging that still prevail in this country. Watch for more evidence, in the near future, that aging need not bring so much of a decline as many people expect and fear.

Honeymoon Hands Under the Table: What happens when newlyweds disagree, even though both are right? Do they work toward a mutual solution of their differences or do they usually go away mad? Dr. Arden A. Flint, a psychologist at the National Institute of Mental Health, finds that some couples like to cooperate, while others, apparently, prefer to argue. And they would sooner mistrust each other than a stranger.

Dr. Flint seats newlywed pairs at a T-shaped table, and instructs husband and wife to reach through a hole in the table top and identify a small plastic object by touch. They must then reach mutual agreement as to the shape of the object. The couples are led to understand that each will be given the same object to identify, but from time to time they are really given different ones.

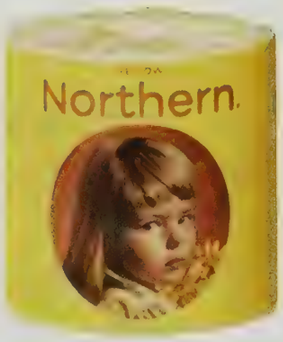
When this happens, some couples question the test procedure. Others only question the judgment of their own spouse. It never occurs to many couples that both could be right and that the investigator is fooling them. They may "whine that the partner is unfair and mean," resort to illogical arguments, or just try to change the subject. Newlyweds who flunk this little test might be well advised to take a warning from it. Perhaps they permit themselves to be drawn into arguments too easily.

Speak Softly and Carry a Big Gavel: Dr. Eric Berne, the psychiatrist who wrote the best-selling *Games People Play,* has been investigating the difference between "effective" and "ineffective" groups. He finds that no organization, not even a volunteer or service group, can do its job properly unless the members know where they stand.

Most people have what Dr. Berne calls a "hunger" for both leadership and structure. Therefore it is essential that leaders of any group be strong, effective, and forthright. They must be unafraid of provoking some hostilities. They must always reward competence, not friendship. Leaders should never descend to politicking or petty social intrigues. They should be available to all members of the group, be willing to hear suggestions seriously, and in turn, make it clear to every member exactly what his or her functions are. Overlapping and unnecessary functions must be eliminated. When splintering or differences of opinion occur, the leader or leaders must bring opposing factions together, to settle their differences in an above-board manner. When an ineffective group becomes effective, some members who were not really interested in achievement may leave. On the other hand, says Dr. Berne, the group will keep the more serious workers, who may have been drifting away. **END**



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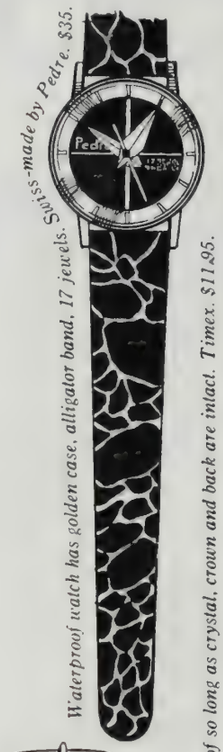
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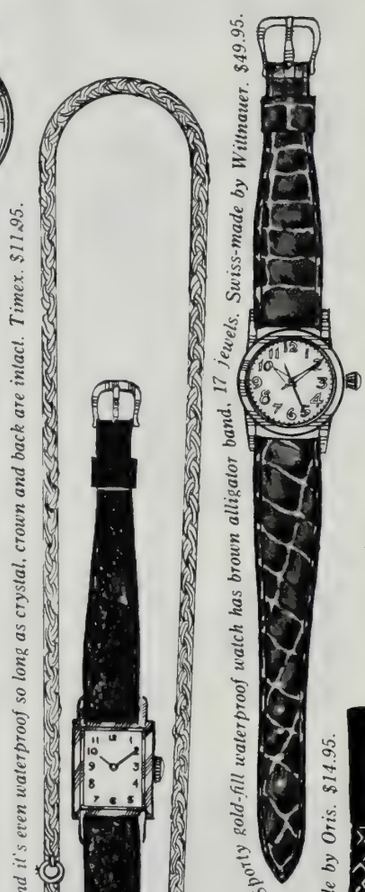
Up to the Minute

BY MARGERY MARKS

Not just a necessity, watches now count as fashion accessories. Here, a morn-till-night selection to choose from—each offering special features, surprisingly low prices and a variety of fashionable shapes and sizes.



Waterproof watch has golden case, alligator band. 17 jewels. Swiss-made by Pedre. $35.



Sporty gold-fill waterproof watch has brown alligator band. 17 jewels. Swiss-made by Wittnauer. $49.95.

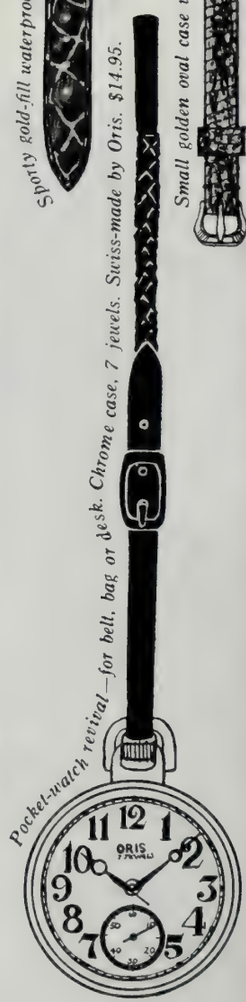


Small golden oval case with white face, lizard-grained strap, 7 jewels. Swiss-made. By Caravelle. $17.95.

Golden case with white face, black suede band, and it's even waterproof so long as crystal, crown and back are intact. Timex. $11.95.



Sporty gold-fill waterproof watch with chrome case, regulation European dial, cowhide band. Swiss-made by Sheffield. $12.50.



Pocket-watch revival—for belt, bag or desk. Chrome case, 7 jewels. Swiss-made by Oris. $14.95.

Antiqued golden pendant has open filigree pattern, faceted crystal, and twisted rope-like chain. 7 jewels. It's Swiss-made by Belforte. $17.95.

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Ways to Wash Windows

When windows have been cleaned, everything has an extra glitter—your room inside and the world outside. Here are some practical tips that will help make the job easier and more efficient.

Time for "doing the windows" multiplies fast. We found it took six to eight minutes to finish each side of a four-foot-square window, but it took one person three hours to complete 11 windows, counting trips with gear from window to window and going back for that inevitable streak. A speedier way, and pleasanter, is to make it a twosome. Partly it's companionship that speeds the work, but also a partner points out spots the other missed on his side of the glass.

If you're really pressed for time or simply don't have the energy, consider paying to have them done. In one area we checked, charges for an average window ranged from 60 cents (by a handyman) to two dollars (by a professional cleaning service). A money-saving compromise could be to have professionals do the high or hard-to-reach windows and do the rest yourself.

There are products to help with every window-washing problem, and cleaning time is shorter if you assemble all t needed materials before you start. Sp cial glass cleaners (creamy or liquid) c through grease and grime effectivel and keep windows clean longer becau they leave no dirt-collecting film. Son people like cleaners with a powder base that loosens gritty dirt on the ou side of windows. Others prefer liquic for removing smoggy film. Both types cleaners come in spray containers at slight additional cost.

Wiping materials should be chose carefully: best are absorbent materia such as old sheeting, cheesecloth, pape towels or unglazed newspapers. Don use synthetic fabrics that won't absorl or garments with buttons or zippers tha may scratch. Whatever you use, do hav a generous supply: dirty polishing cloth leave telltale streaks.

Before you start, plan your work s that you follow the shade. Solutions ap plied to windows in the sun may dry s fast they streak, and glare disguise some dirt. You'll squint less and be cooler

Clean frames, sills and tracks of slid ing doors or windows first to avoi smudging the glass. Use a vacuum cleaner crevice tool to dust narrow grooves of sliding-door and windo tracks. If track is still clogged, use thin, stiff brush to loosen dust. (Th brush of a typewriter pencil-eraser i handy, and its eraser will loosen som spots on glass without scratching.)

For painted wood or metal frames use a general-purpose household cleane (diluted as manufacturer suggests). I caked-on grime or dirt remains, use plastic-mesh scrubber or nylon-mesh covered sponge dipped in detergent These clean without cutting through th protective finish. If the surface finish o an aluminum frame is wearing thin brush on lacquer or rub with wax afte cleaning for protection.

Wash the insides of windows first then outside; if you see missed spots reach them easily when you go back in side. Hint: make strokes in different di rections outside than inside as a clue t what you've missed.

For hard-to-reach, outside windows use a long-handled, soft brush dippe in general-purpose cleaning solution o ammonia water. Flush surface with enough water to float away soil. A handy device for tall windows is a brush with a handle that extends to 15 feet and fits the end of a garden hose. After washing, wipe with a flexible-bladed squeegee, also on a long handle, and overlap strokes as you wipe. For added sparkle, go over glass you can reach with dry paper towels or a damp chamois.

For washing the outside of windows from the inside, there's a 2-foot tool that has a sponge at one end, a wiping blade at the other, and is thin enough to slide between double-hung windows.

A ladder is essential for washing the inside of high windows. But, for safety's sake, use one high enough so you don't need to stand on the top step; move the ladder often so you won't lose your balance. Collect all your gear in a light basket or plastic pail and hang it at the top of the ladder to eliminate trips up and down. (If your ladder has no hook for a pail, bend a wire coat hanger to serve as a holder.)

Small windowpanes are easier to clean with a spray; one wipe is all that's needed in the tight little spaces. Woodwork may be discolored by spray, so protect it by holding a cardboard shield against the edge of the glass. END



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Tell Me Where It Hurts

By Phyllis Wright, M. D.

If you think you're having trouble diagnosing your child's ailments, you'll be relieved by this doctor's personal confession.

As a pediatrician, mother of two, and wife of a professor of pediatrics, I couldn't want to go so far as to contend that our family gets the *worst* medical care in our community. We do, however, have the most arguments about it. Ours is *not* the "shoemaker's children" type of problem in which the kindly physician-father offers medical assistance to every case within a radius of 100 miles but draws a blank where his own family is concerned. Instead, my husband and I differ from diagnostic one-upmanship, intensified by a basic reluctance to admit an outside physician (less prejudiced and therefore more qualified) into the act.

When attempting to cope intramurally with illnesses in our children, their father and I arrive at our diagnoses by different methods. Unfortunately, we quite frequently make different diagnoses, too. He uses what is known within our profession as the Academic Approach. He carefully assembles all the evidence, deliberates for an indeterminate amount of time and finally makes the professorial pronouncement that it is a Viral Infection and will therefore not respond to any form of therapy except puncture of time and an aspirin tablet. I, on the other hand, rely largely on the "look in their eyes," aided by a liberal amount of woman's intuition and a firm grip on the penicillin bottle.

When our daughter was three years old she had what appeared to be a cold. However, I was able to make the earliest diagnosis of pneumonia on record (and without benefit of stethoscope) by the simple expedient of noticing that she wasn't watching the cartoons on TV. Five hours, a medical history, physical examination, urinalysis, blood count, blood culture, throat culture and two chest films later she was approved for an oxygen tent.

One weekend at the age of seven she developed a roaring sore throat, worthy in my eyes only of a beta hemolytic streptococcus and therefore deserving of penicillin. I made such a fuss about it for two days that my husband, more to silence me than for any other reason, reluctantly took her down to the emergency room of our university hospital. They were gone for hours, and when they finally returned I greeted them anxiously.

"What took you so long?" I asked.

"I was talking to the intern," he replied in the tone of one who had just had a consultation with Hippocrates.

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h," I said testily, suppressing an overpowering desire to point out that *I* have a rank of associate professor, "and what did the intern allow?"

"He says there is a lot of *strep* around!"

"Yes, go on."

"Well, we did a white count . . . it was sixteen thousand!"

"Oh, honey," I said, turning sympathetically to Carol, "you had a penicillin shot!"

"No I didn't, Mommy," she assured me happily. "Daddy and I are going to wait for the *culture* now!"

(Two days later the culture plate was so hemolyzed by a luxuriant growth of streptococci that we could read the fine print on the penicillin bottle through it.)

My brilliant diagnostic acumen seems to fail me completely, on the other hand, when I turn it introspectively on myself. There was the time I singlehandedly threw the U.S. Armed Forces Hospital, the Miyako Hotel, and, in fact, the whole city of Kyoto, Japan, into chaos. While on a trip I developed what was unquestionably (to me) the first case of smallpox in the history of American personnel overseas. I had ensconced myself in the Contagious Disease Unit of the Army hospital, with special nurses around the clock, and was busily writing my will when my husband arrived. He studied my rash for a few moments and cleared the air by announcing that I had the chicken pox. This courageous liberation of the city of Kyoto has not to my knowledge appeared in any chronicle of the postwar years of Japan.

A few weeks ago I was in a barn sitting on a horse that the riding instructor had gravely assured me was "safe for a CHILD!" While reflectively chewing on his bit the beast gently lowered his head and managed to impale one of his teeth on a ring attached to his running martingale. He promptly went berserk in a frenzied attempt to unhook his tooth and flung me 15 feet. Carol had been watching on the sidelines and came up to help the riding instructor dust me off and set me on my feet. In answer to Carol's question concerning my state of health, I lied bravely through clenched teeth that I was probably going to live. Poor child, I thought, I mustn't frighten her about horses, just as she is learning to ride. I apparently overdid it, as she began dancing around me with the heartlessness and enthusiasm of youth. "Oh, Mommy, MOMMY!" she bubbled happily. "Can we BUY him?"

"You've probably fractured your sacrum," my husband concluded, after poking the small of my back.

"It FEELS more like a sacroiliac separation," I muttered between yelps of pain. I had no idea what a sacroiliac separation is supposed to feel like, but I wasn't going to let him scoop me on the diagnosis.

After some more spirited arguments on the relative merits of hot packs versus ice bags, and which of the pain-killing drugs in our sample supply would afford the most relief, we had to break with family tradition. For once we would seek Outside Help. We decided to call an orthopedist.

I rather favored a handsome type I had once worked with in our local county hospital, but my husband picked up the phone and called a colleague in the medical school. I looked forward to having him pass a healing hand over my bruised back, but he is also the Academic type and preferred to study the X rays instead of the patient. Without ever seeing me, he telephoned to say (did I detect a tiny note of disappointment?) the films revealed no interesting fractures OR separations and that he was sending over some muscle-relaxant pills.

Unfortunately, while I was fixing myself a stiff potion of medicinal alcohol with which to wash down the pills, the dog ate them. I didn't mind because we have been waiting two years for this particular dog to relax (he is especially spastic even for a young Irish setter). The next time I ran across the orthopedist I was able to assure him that the "pills had helped a lot," but I didn't feel I should elaborate.

The dog seems much improved, but as for my own problems, I shall seek solace in the venerable cliché, "Physician, heal thyself!" I hope that somehow, in time to come, my husband and I will begin to live by that ancient dictum. Especially since we did buy that energetic horse, after all.

END

Phyllis Wright, M.D., is a Los Angeles pediatrician who writes the Journal's monthly column, "Medicine Today."



Whiff that pleasant orange fragrance as you open the bottle.

Relieve children's fever and aches with the Children's Aspirin more doctors recommend

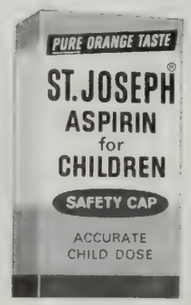


In a national survey, it was picked 4 to 1 by children's doctors who recommended a brand.

Tastes Better—*more acceptable to children because of its pure (not artificial) orange flavor.*

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Mothers, here's important news. A new survey has been conducted among America's children's doctors. Almost one-third replied. Of these, over *90% stated they opposed adding ingredients—drugs such as nasal decongestants—to children's aspirin.* (Be sure to read "Caution" required on packages of such products.)

Yes, these pediatricians overwhelmingly favor *pure* aspirin. And the brand that is recommended most often—by far—is St. Joseph Aspirin For Children!

Children like its orange flavor. More important to you is the pure quality of this little tablet. That's why St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is the *preferred* way to relieve aches, pains, fevers caused by colds.

Remember, it contains no decongestants, no drugs that can make children nervous, wakeful. Get St. Joseph Aspirin For Children—the mother and child favorite.

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A box of 10 MEDS is yours free, when you buy a box of 40. Try the small box. If for any reason you're not completely satisfied, simply return the large box to us and you'll receive a full refund. Look for this offer in your store.

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how much easier MEDS are to use because of the exclusive glossy-coated applicator and slim plunger. Enjoy the extra reassurance of the soft fabric covering which prevents fluff-off. Know the wonderful confidence of having the greatest protection that any tampon can offer to you.

THE SECRET DRAMA

continued from page 89

the following Sunday to become the commission's chairman.

The full membership of the commission remains unknown. However, 57 members from 20 countries have been identified. There are sociologists, physicians, economists, biologists, moral theologians, parish priests, four married couples (from the United States, Canada France and India) as well as one unmarried woman, a statistician from the Philippines. Certainly there has never been a group like it in the history of the Church. It is the first Papal commission where scientists debate on equal footing with theologians. It is the first whose majority consists of laymen. And it is the first to include women, a fact that even the Pope had difficulty adjusting to; when he received the group for an audience, he repeatedly addressed them as "Dear Sons."

The married couples, including three doctors and their spouses who have been instructing other couples in the rhythm method of birth control, impressed the commission particularly. Dr. John Marshall, a British physician member of the group who attended without his wife, said that the husband-and-wife teams gave the commissioners "great pause." As Dr. Marshall put it, "What they said had the ring of common truth."

The truth was human, and it was hard. It had to be, coming as it did from such commissioners as Patrick Crowley who, with his wife Patricia, is executive secretary of the Family Life Movement in Chicago. Mr. Crowley told about husbands who told him they had had no sexual relations with their wives for two or three years because they feared further pregnancies. "When you meet Catholic couples like that in person," he says, "you can feel the tension. It's terrible. It's no atmosphere in which to raise the children they do have."

Last March 25, these highly diverse representatives of diverse cultures and diverse professions converged on Rome for their first full meeting. They were delighted to come, and for a very promising—even liberating—reason. "Only two sides ever got heard before," said an American physician member, "the professional Catholics and the Planned Parenthood people. You'd think it was a duel between the Pope and Dr. Alan Guttmacher [the president of Planned Parenthood]. But, of the 57 members of the commission, only about six are adamantly against birth control. And only about six are in favor of any and all kinds of birth control. The rest of us are in the large middle group that sees this as a very broad problem."

All the commissioners checked into a school building on the outskirts of the city, the Collegio San José, just completed as a seminary for Spanish theological students. The building looked like any contemporary Italian institutional structure. It was not yet in operation, and so Vatican officials hoped that no one would notice that anything unusual was happening there.

For four days and nights the commission members lived secretly, debated, slept, and ate within the confines of the building—except the five women members, who were not allowed to sleep in the Collegio. Husbands and wives separated every evening. The men went to sleep in their own small single-bed

What a stomach specialist says about HEARTBURN

In tests at a famous medical center, a prominent stomach specialist was amazed to find a small, inexpensive pill was outstandingly effective in neutralizing the hot burning acids associated with heartburn.

The specialist was amazed because the pill was Tums. Tums actually worked better than every leading prescription-type pill and liquid tested.

The medicine that's hard to believe till you try it

Tums special formula of Calcium Carbonate and two Magnesium Compounds was found to be particularly effective in providing fast relief from excess acids, also continued relief.

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ms. The women were taken a nearby convent for the ght and for breakfast.

The atmosphere was one of tense concentration and hard ork. Every morning the embers met for Mass at 30. There were morning and ternoon coffee breaks, which ere supposed to last 10 min-es, but usually stretched to alf an hour while the com-issioners huddled informally r shop talk. Coffee was served ith very rich, sweet cookies. t dinner, they sat 10 at a ble. The Collegio was run by panish nuns, and so the food as Spanish, highly seasoned nd containing too much fish r the liking of some of the nferees. Wine was served *fore* the 8 P.M. dinner, but ere was no attempt to hold n American-style cocktail our. The day finished with a eech on some pertinent topic at occupied the rest of the ening. Every night, at 10, e Collegio doors were locked. "We began to feel out of uch with the world," says American college professor. Several of us escaped one vening, and went down to sit a sidewalk café and watch e crazy Italian traffic—just escape from the intensity of e atmosphere." These es-apees had to pay the Col-gio porter time and a half to eep the door open until 11.

The influence of the Amer-an delegation upon the com-ission was strong, and the roup reflected every shade of atholic theological opinion nd professional expertise in e United States. To begin ith, the U.S. delegation was e largest. Besides the chair-an, Archbishop Binz, the nservative Father Ford, Monsignor Kelly, and the rowleys from Chicago, it in-uded Donald Barrett, a so-logist from Notre Dame niversity; Dr. André Helli-ers, a gynecologist from Johns Hopkins University; Dr. John . Cavanagh, a Washington, .C., psychiatrist; and Thomas urch, a demographer from eorgetown University, now leave at the University of alifornia, who is only 31 ears old.

The Americans were im-ortant on other counts. The ey roles of Father Ford and Monsignor Kelly have already een noted (the liberals be-came particularly annoyed with Father Ford, and charged hat he was actively lobbying against them on "the fourth floor"—the site of the Pope's atican offices). The scientific apers delivered by American elegates also dealt with some f the most crucial subjects. It as the Americans who raised heir voices against the trans-ation and interpreting ser-ices. And, finally, it was the rincipal outside consultant of he commission, John T. Noonan Jr., a Notre Dame University law professor, who possibly made a greater impact on the delegates than any other individual.

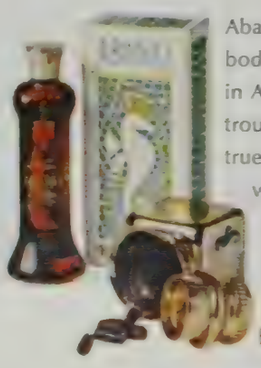
[illegible] more informal way—were Mr. and Mrs. Crowley.

"We are the only pedestrians on the commission," says Patrick Crowley. "Everyone else was there in the capacity of an expert in medicine, social science or theology. The other three couples were doctors and spouses. We felt we would have nothing to contribute unless we could report on the experience of some of the thousands of Catholic couples whom we represent."

The Crowleys solicited expressions of opinion from couples in the Christian Family Movement. They confess that they themselves were shocked to discover how much difficulty couples have had with the rhythm method of (*continued*)



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Abandon your cares to Abano. Abano Bath Oil *smooths* your body...its fragrance *soothes* your soul. Drift in Abano—slowly breathe in Abano's exotic fragrance—and feel trouble-making tensions glide away. You find again your own true core of serenity. You emerge, renewed for living, wrapped in a silken robe of lasting fragrance.

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contraception, the only one the Church considers licit, apart from self-denial. "The letters would break your heart," Mrs. Crowley says. "They represent so much anguish and suffering. When there is this much widespread unhappiness, this much that is destructive of the very ideals of marriage the Church wants to preserve, something is wrong."

The Crowleys took copies of several hundred letters to Rome for distribution to other commission members. While nothing in the letters would surprise a parish priest, they may well have been eye-openers for moral theologians and scholars whose lives are remote from family problems.

The 57 commission members were all a bit stiff and formal with one another at first. As one American put it, "You'd look a bit askance at your neighbor, thinking, 'He's a Spanish Jesuit. I won't be able to communicate with him.'" But the close association and the strong desire to solve the problem broke down some of the formality.

The Crowleys tried to bring greater warmth into the daily Masses by suggesting that the entire group sing—although it was quickly discovered that the repertoire had to be limited: the only hymns that people from 20 countries knew in common were the familiar Latin ones, *Salve Regina* and *Tantum Ergo*. It was the Crowleys, too, who suggested that commissioners learn more about each other by making a deliberate attempt to circulate and not always sit with the same colleagues at meals.

The commission's women membe too, made a historic contribution, a they were deeply grateful for the atte tion that the male commissioners d voted to the ideas of the women. "Th were receptive to what the wom thought and felt," reports Mrs. Crowle "They realize this is, in large measure woman's problem." Indeed, the wom had several private sessions amo themselves after they returned to t convent in the evenings, and th drafted a petition to the chairman as ing that even more married couples appointed to the commission.

The commission could well be grat ful for these leavening influences, b cause its business sessions were nece sarily formal. After Mass and breakfa members settled down to section mee ings: theologians in one classroom, do tors and other scientists in anothe social scientists in still another. T rooms were furnished with chai equipped with lift-up arms for not taking. The doctors found that the a rangement of the chairs in long ro made it difficult to hear the speake from the rear of the room, and so th arranged their chairs in a large circle.

Each commission member had be assigned a subject in advance, and ea had prepared a paper. Father Ford d livered a talk on the history of t rhythm method. Dr. Helligers, who is associate professor of obstetrics a gynecology, delivered an all-inclusi paper on known methods of birth co trol, covering statistics on the effectiv ness of each method as well as t advantages and disadvantages of eac Dr. Cavanagh, the psychiatrist, e plained what is known about the phy iologic action of birth-control pills.

A secretary kept minutes for each the three groups and presented a sur mary at the afternoon sessions of the f commission. At each of these meetings, particular subsection was in charge, a questions were allowed only in writin

In keeping with the procedures European scientific meetings, no o was allowed to speak after the present tion except those who had previous given their names to the chairman f inclusion on a list of those who want the floor. One American placed his nam on every list, although he never knew advance if he wanted to speak or not. " was a precaution, in case I heard a 'Catholic biology' that needed to be s straight," he said. Those permitted speak were allowed only five minutes.

Many currents and cross-curren quickly appeared among commissio members. As one of them put it, "T French still remember when the Pap See was on their territory, and they ha a suspicion that the Italians don't kno how to run the Church. American Cat olics, with their breezy acceptance of r ligious freedom for all denomination seem very strange to the Spanish."

Another delegate says, "A statemen on conjugal love is all right to have, b it's pretty hard to apply it uniformly a couple living in the slums of Bogotá, rich Italian family and a middle-cla American couple. Even we Westerne don't understand one another when w talk about love. The French are wil They have a full-blown mystique abo sex and love: Their expositions we poetry and prose—absolutely incompr hensible to an Anglo-Saxon."



The Westerners were taken aback by
e depth of the differences between
ir culture and that of the Asians and
icans. In discussing the ideals of mar-
ge, for example, they were surprised
realize how little personal choice there
even today in Indian marriages; al-
st all are still arranged by the par-
s. They were surprised to learn how
ch the Africans still prize large fam-
s as a status symbol. And they were
cked by the widespread practice of
rtion in Japan.

National and cultural differences were
deeper than the differences between
resentatives of different disciplines.
eologians talked about contraception
ng "against nature." Scientists asked,
What do you mean by nature? Isn't
ch of man's activity interfering with
ure—from building dams to perform-
surgery?" The unsuccessful attempt
reconcile these viewpoints was de-
ibed as one of the commission's
st perplexing problems.

One French Jesuit proposed, as a so-
ion to the population problem of
lia, that the government raise the
al age for marriage from 14 to 21. He
d it would cut the fertility by about
to 30 percent. Social scientists were
rified. The average age of marriage in
lia is about 15 or 16, they said. If you
ke it illegal for people to marry at the
that is their cultural norm, you will
ourage illegitimacy.

n spite of their differences, most of
commission members managed to
rn from one another. The amount of
tual information collected and pre-
ted, was, in itself, staggering—a
npendium of all the laws of all the
ntries of the world relating to ster-
ation, abortion and birth control;
rent figures and projections on world
ulation and food production; data on
th-control programs, from English
thm clinics to Korean centers for in-
ting intrauterine devices (I.U.D.'s).

"The problem is not just whether the
urch should endorse a particular form
contraception," says a Dutch gyne-
logist, "but also how the world's pop-
tion can be effectively controlled."

ne of the most impressive experi-
es for many commission members
s to learn how the Church arrived at
current stand on birth control. Law
torian Noonan was brought in to
ke a presentation based on his book,
*ntraception, a History of Its Treat-
nt by the Catholic Theologians and
nonists.*

Noonan spent an evening with the
nmission explaining that the early
ristian Church existed in a pagan
rld where abortion and infanticide
re commonplace. Early Christian doc-
ne on the sacredness of each indi-
ual life was revolutionary in its time.
e early Church also had to contend
h two groups of its own members
ose ideas about sex and procreation
re unorthodox. One group thought all
ual intercourse was sinful and that all
ristians should be virgins. The other
ieved that Christ had freed his fol-
ers from all the laws of Moses and
t unlimited sexual freedom was
refore permissible. Obviously, either
these beliefs could be quite damaging
society. Looking for a rational posi-
n between these two extremes, the
urch fathers proclaimed that it was
ht and proper for people to marry and
have sexual intercourse, for the pur-
e of having children.

"It may be difficult to understand the tenacity with which the theologians clung to the rule that sexual intercourse is for generative purposes only," Noonan says. "But this difficulty arises from underestimating the strength of the attack made on the value of procreation."

In accepting the fact that both sexual activity and procreation are natural, the Church ruled that people could not indulge in the first and take measures to prevent the second. Since sexual intercourse always precedes conception, that must be its divine purpose. By this reasoning, contraception is against the natural law. According to theologians, natural law is that part of God's plan for the world that man can grasp by reason, in contrast to what he must take on faith.

Noonan points out that the values the Church was trying to defend are those that all civilized men would still defend—the goodness of procreation and the sanctity of life. The question for the Papal commission to study, he says, is not: "Are some acts intrinsically against nature?" It is rather, "Are the rules once necessary to protect these values still necessary today?"

For many commission members, Noonan's point of view was illuminating. One American said, "We came to see our task as something much larger than the consideration of the pill. We believe the Church needs to rethink its whole doctrine on love and marriage."

The commission members are justified in assuming that Pope Paul expected them to make a profound and searching inquiry into the whole question of marriage. In the audience that he gave them at the start of their deliberations, he said, "The problem can be summed up thus: Which form and according to which norms should married people in the activity of their mutual love perform that service of life to which their vocation calls them?" He also asked them to examine the problems "in complete objectivity and liberty of spirit."

But, for some of the theologians, the idea of starting fresh was highly objectionable. The conservative point of view is this: If the Church could have misled the faithful on so grave a matter, with such grave consequences and for so long a period, what value or reliability could be attached to any of her moral teaching?

The conservatives see no way that the Church can retreat from the solemn statement made by Pope Pius XI in 1930, shortly after the Anglican Church accepted the idea of limiting family size. Pius XI made a formal pronouncement on chaste marriage, referred to as *Casti Connubii*, and it is just about impossible to find a loophole in it. He said:

"Since, therefore, openly departing from the uninterrupted Christian tradition, some recently have judged it possible solemnly to declare another doctrine regarding this question, the Catholic Church, to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals, standing erect in the midst of the moral ruin that surrounds her, in order that she may preserve the chastity of the nuptial union from being defiled by this foul stain, raises her voice in token of her divine ambassadorship and through our mouth proclaims anew: any use whatever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its (*continued*)

sweet STORY



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natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin."

Monsignor Kelly's secret statement to the commission was particularly impassioned in its appeal to adhere to tradition.

"Contraceptionists want our doctrine changed absolutely to admit as right what we hitherto have condemned as wrong," he said. "They take no note of what effect on Catholic membership or practice such a revolutionary change would bring. They talk as if deciding the crucial moral issue can be done after the manner of politicians balancing groups against each other and choosing the way out which alienates the fewest. This is not how moral decisions should be reached. There is noted here, too, a tendency to deny the existence of an intrinsically evil moral act, to downgrade or dismiss Catholic moral doctrine and to look with favor on what can only be described as 'situation ethics.'"

Another conservative commission member was even more outspoken. In an interview with the *Journal* he said, "The Church has had a doctrine revolving around the protection of life in its ... beginnings, and that has ... the context of the formulat... of the past. If anyone thi... the Church is going to st... up and say the hell with C... *Connubii*, he's crazy!"

Liberal theologians are ... struggling with the questio... what to do with *Casti C... nubii*. Was Pius XI speak... infallibly when he made ... statement? He did not ... specify. However, so sole... were his terms that so... theologians regard his wo... as having been spoken ... *cathedra* (from the thron... Did Pius XI himself consi... it an infallible utterance? T... language of *Casti Connubi*... certainly unhesitating and u... equivocal.

One of the foremost mod... theologists, the Rev. Fath... Edward Schillebeeckx of t... Catholic University in Nijm... gen, the Netherlands, has s... that *Casti Connubii* cannot ... reformed, only interpreted d... ferently. But many on t... commission feel that this ... not a forthright approach. T... liberal Bishop Reuss says, ... am afraid of such an approac... I would like to examine *Ca... Connubii* in the light of wh... we now know to be a differe... set of facts, and then say flat ... that it was either right ... wrong. That's the only cle... way of acting. To attempt ... give the impression that the ... is really no change is som... what dishonest."

Other liberals argue that th... Church has already broke... away from *Casti Connubii* b... accepting the rhythm metho... of regulating conception. Ha... ing intercourse only during th... infertile days of a woman's ... cycle is, in itself, a frustratio... of the "natural power to ger... erate life." They ask: Why ... any form of fertility contr... any more sinful than any othe... form?

These liberals are answere... by others who also want ... change but who feel that ther... are moral differences amon... the various methods of birth ... control. Here the commission's ... scientists found themselves on ... the spot because they coul... not answer many of the theolo... gians' questions about how ... various techniques of birth ... control work.

In the early days of the pil... it was thought that its hor... mone-like constituents simply ... suppressed ovulation. Now ... there is medical evidence that ... this may not be its only ac... tion. Some women taking the ... pill may nevertheless ovulate ... sometimes. But they almost ... never become pregnant be... cause the medication also ... changes the cervical mucus, ... making it harder for the sperm ... to reach the ovum. And it ... affects the lining of the uterus ... so that a fertilized ovum could ... not implant and grow. If the

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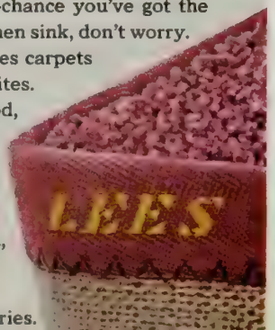
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l causes a barrier between the sperm
l the ovum, how is it any different
rally from a diaphragm? And if it
ises the uterus to reject a fertilized
um, then how is it any different from
abortion? Besides, as we have seen,
medical men on the commission
uld not endorse the pill anyway, be-
se no one yet knows what its effects
ght be if used over a woman's entire
productive years.

The sociologists on the commission
o felt that the pill is not the answer to
e world's population problem. It is too
pensive for the poor people in the
derdeveloped countries. The routine
taking it is too complicated for many
nple, uneducated people. And, finally,
takes a high degree of motivation to
ntinue it month after month. Most of
e women in Puerto Rico who took
rt in the original clinical trials of the
lls are reported to have stopped com-
g to the clinics for their medication.

Most of the social scientists are hope-
l about the intrauterine devices, called
U.D.'s. A small plastic loop or coil,
ce inserted in the uterus, prevents
egnancy as long as it remains in
ace. It can be removed, and the
oman's fertility is restored. In India,
orea, and other populous Asian coun-
ies, the I.U.D.'s seem to be the best
rrent answer. One of the commis-
on's demographers says, "The I.U.D.
the simplest and most effective fer-
lity control, and the most reversible in
e event a couple decides to have more
ildren."

But the theologians ask, "How does
e I.U.D. work?"

Some scientific evidence indicates that
e presence of this foreign object in the
terus prevents the fertilized ovum from
nplanting. If that is its mode of action,
en technically it is producing an
ortion.

Right now, in the United States alone,
x crash programs are trying to find the
nswer to this question, one of the com-
ission members informed his col-
agues. Three of the projects are
eaded by Catholics. Their answers will
e crucial because, as an American
ember of the commission explains:

"One of the problems that we liberal
atholics on the commission have is
at the conservatives see the Church's
egative stand on contraception as the
uter bulwark against abortion. Unfor-
nately, the same group that is leading
he fight for contraception is also lead-
g the fight for liberalizing the abor-
ion laws. Every time Alan Guttmacher
of Planned Parenthood] opens his
outh, we shudder."

Aspects of world politics were also
iscussed behind the closed doors of the
Collegio. The Catholic Church looks to
great period of growth in the African
ountries as their peoples there drift
way from their simple tribal beliefs and
heir reliance on magic. And the Afri-
ans on the commission were among the
nost adamant against any change in
doctrine.

They said, in effect: "We have
rought our people into the Church only
within the last hundred years or so. We
re your newest converts. And one argu-
nent that convinced us to join the
Church is that it is eternal and unchang-
ng. We cannot justify a change to our
nembers."

A recent survey in one African coun-
ry showed that a majority of the peo-
le thought a good family consisted of nine or more children. Africans respect a man who has a large family, and they feel children are needed to work the land and to take care of the parents in their old age. Furthermore, they are suspicious of Western attempts to teach them birth control. The idea smacks of white imperialism trying to keep down the numbers of black men.

"People in the United States tend to think that this country need only make birth-control information available in the underdeveloped countries and the world's population problems will be solved," says one American. "But it isn't that simple."

As the four days of discussion drew to a close, commission members realized that their task was far from finished. There were some points on which there was substantial agreement. But there were also many unresolved questions.

On the whole, the doctors agreed that for some couples the rhythm method of fertility control is not adequate. As one psychiatrist expressed it, "Those couples who have ten safe days a month should be able to get along all right. But there are some who have only two safe days. Their frustrations can be destructive of the whole marital relationship. Beyond that, marriage and morality are both weakened when the fear of pregnancy looms larger than the love of spouse."

Sadly, however, the doctors were forced to concede that they did not yet have any satisfactory answers. The commission's report (continued)



pointed out that instruction in the rhythm method is better in England, France and Germany than in America, but the truly elusive riddle really lies in the feelings and the intent of the partners in the marital act.

Dr. Marshall, the British physician member, put it this way: "There is something in the marital situation that we have to find, some act of integrity. This is the thing that the commission is trying to figure out. I'm not saying that we have to revert to the old idea that sex to be good must be procreative. But we have got to ask ourselves this question: 'What *does* take away love?'" In the commission's final report to the Pope, almost all the members agreed that the Church should actively promote the values of physical love as a tie between husband and wife that helps to strengthen the marriage. And the Church's doctrine should emphasize the unselfish and generous love that is the ideal of marriage. The concept of responsible parenthood should be stressed, in place of the idea of unlimited fecundity. The commission felt that each couple must determine for themselves how many children they can rear properly. The commission also felt that the Church should do a better job of educating its people in the positive ideals of marriage and should be more involved in research on rhythm and in teaching its techniques.

Dissenting opinions were incorporated in the commission's final report. For example, "On the positive values of sexuality, one theologian had reservations."

Though the commission could not reach any consensus about *Casti Connubii* or about other techniques of birth control besides rhythm, the general tone of its conclusions was broadening and liberalizing. The majority of the members came to feel as does Cardinal Suenens: "The concentration of the past on the biological integrity of the sex act was wrong. What we are concerned with now is a truly human approach, a many-sided approach to this most basic human activity."

The tone of the commission's proceedings was far too liberal to suit the old-guard Vatican officials. Cardinal Ottaviani, Secretary of the Holy Office, and Amleto Giovanni Cardinal Cicognani, head of the Vatican Secretariat of State, are two archconservatives who, according to inside sources, tried to obstruct the work of the commission.

One of the most outspoken commission members, for example, has been the Rev. Father Pierre de Locht, of the National Family Pastoral Center in Brussels. He has been pressing hard for a change in the Church's teaching. He even asks, "Can the Church resolve a question bearing on divine law by disciplinary action when it seems actually incapable of making any basic judgment?" More specifically, he questioned whether the physiologic integrity of the sexual act was the prime value to be upheld in marriage. His free questioning of the status quo earned him a call from Cardinal Ottaviani, who requested him to come to the Holy Office and explain himself.

Another incident deeply resented by the liberals developed about a private statement prepared by 37 American Catholic scholars at a conference at Notre Dame University. The scholars said they were "convinced that the norms established in the past are not definitive but remain open for further development." And they said that the Church's customary arguments for contraception "do not reveal a sufficient grasp of the complexity and the inherent value of sexuality in human life." They sent the text of their eight-point statement to the Papal commission. But it was not acknowledged and did not reach the commission members. Seven months later, they sent it again, this time directly to Cardinal Cicognani. Again the document failed to reach the commission members. Then the Paris edition of *The New York Times* revealed that the document was bottle-necked, and only then was it distributed.

There were those who felt that the translation services were deliberately kept inadequate to obstruct their work. The Vatican provided translators for the meeting, and the commission members spoke in either French or English. But they did not have a simultaneous translation service such as is furnished by the United Nations.

"I would speak several sentences and then wait while the translator repeated the thought in French," an American scientist explained. "We felt that some subtle points might get lost with this system. So we asked the Vatican if we couldn't have a more up-to-date arrangement. Their answer was that it would cost too much."

The Americans have since written the Vatican that, when the commission meets again, they have pledges for $25,000 to cover the cost of simultaneous translations. They report that their offer went unacknowledged.

After the March meeting adjourned, other controversies erupted that also have not become public to date. Several members stayed in Rome an extra day to assist the Rev. Father Henri de Riedmatten, executive secretary of the commission, in going over the minutes. Later this group met again to write the commission's final report for Pope Paul.

"The eighty-three-page document was given to the Holy Father without any of us having a chance to review it and see if we had been accurately represented," said one American. "I found several errors in it—not terribly serious ones—but, still, I would have liked not to have been misquoted."

Behind-the-scenes maneuvers to obstruct changes in Church doctrine really got under way in earnest once the fourth session of the Ecumenical Council was convened last September. According to Canon Heylen, Pope Paul had by that time begun to agree with his conservative adviser, Cardinal Ottaviani, that the open disagreement over birth control was a threat to the authority of the Church. To settle the question Pope Paul decided to give the Papal commission's report to the bishops to see if he and they could come to some agreement about where the Church stood.

An early copy of this document fell into the hands of Bishop Reuss. He was appalled to discover that the printed report was not at all a fair reflection of the commission's reformist tendencies.

For example, the original report stated that "doctors said they had reservations about the anovulant pills, since their long-term and side effects are still under doubt from a medical standpoint, and many of them prefer the simple condom." In the printed report, reference to the condom was deleted.

The original report also said that the commission agreed that the conjugal act ought to be "*unitivus*," that is uniting in its effect, while opinion was split over the question of whether it must also be "*inseminativus*." A majority believed that it need not be capable of producing insemination. The report that



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Bishop Reuss had in hand, however, said that the commission had all agreed that the conjugal act ought to be both "*unitivus et inseminativus.*"

That was enough for the liberal bishop. He hurried up to the Pope's private chambers on the fourth floor of the Vatican Palace and stated his objections. His quick indignation persuaded Pope Paul not to distribute the "edited" report. But the Pope still felt that the matter should not be left hanging fire. He summoned his old friend, Cardinal Suenens, and asked him, "What would you say if you were in my position?"

The Cardinal summoned several expert theologians, and together they wrote a five-page document which, says Canon Heylen, "emphasized the continuity of the Church's teaching on the value of life, but was not closed to practical change."

"A very good text," said Pope Paul, "but I must read it with a peaceful mind." So Cardinal Suenens left it with him, and presumably, the Pope sent it to the Holy Office for review. The five-page statement was not heard of again.

Meanwhile, the Ecumenical Council had a group working on its own document about marriage and the family. It was to be a chapter within a statement on the Church in the modern world. This group, called the conciliar commission, had been previously asked by Pope Paul to leave the question of contraception out of their document, Schema 13, because he was taking sole responsibility for this momentous decision. But Pope Paul apparently began to regret that he had placed himself on the spot. He asked four archconservatives from the Papal commission to sit with the conciliar commission in the final editing of Schema 13.

That action drew a protest from some of the bishops on the conciliar commission. And this protest resulted in an invitation of four liberal theologians from the Papal commission to help with Schema 13.

The eight theologians could no more agree while sitting with the conciliar commission than they could earlier when they met at the Spanish seminary. Furthermore, their presence was resented by the men on the conciliar commission who had been working for a long time on Schema 13. And, finally, it would have been against the Council rules to make substantial changes at that stage in the writing of Schema 13, since it had already had its final floor debate and been approved in substance by the Council.

Schema 13, as then written, embodied many of the ideas that the Papal commission had discussed. It supported the principle that strengthening the bond of conjugal love is as much part of the purpose of marriage as having children. And it emphasized the idea of responsible parenthood. But it did not settle the question of birth control.

In an unprecedented move the Pontiff sent the conciliar commission a set of modifications that would have the Council reaffirm *Casti Connubii*. The reaction was dramatic. One conservative cardinal cried, "Now Christ has spoken!" The counter-reaction was even more surprising since, in effect, it was directed against the Pope himself. The Council's lay auditors began drafting a letter of protest. Telegrams poured in from Catholic university groups.

Father de Riedmatten, Cardinal Suenens and other liberals called upon Pope Paul. They told him that if his modifications were written into Schema 13 there would be no further need of the Papal commission, since the discussion would be closed. They also warned him that hundreds of the Ecumenical Council fathers might vote down the entire document if it were so altered.

The Pope reconsidered and sent word to the conciliar commission that he had meant to say nothing definitive; they should feel free to use other expressions than those he had suggested.

The result was a remarkable compromise. The council document said Catholics should avoid "methods of birth control which are found blameworthy by the teaching authority of the Church." But what methods are "blameworthy"? To explain, the commission drafted an equivocal footnote, referring to (1) a statement from Pius XI's *Casti Connubii* (which did not even approve of rhythm), (2) to Pius XII's revolutionary address of 1951 (which approved of rhythm but no other means), and (3) to Pope Paul's statement in which he described his own doubts, sufficient to warrant an advisory commission of experts. The council footnote, furthermore, approved this commission's study.

For the Council, therefore, the question of licit birth-control methods remained an open one. Would it be open for the Pope as well? Cardinal Ottaviani thought not. He wrote to the Pope, "I did all possible to have the commission accept the modifications of Your Holiness, but I was always in the minority. Father Ford could not approve the attitude of the theological commission in this matter." The Cardinal also enclosed a one-page critique of the commission's work, written by Father Ford. But on the bottom of the Cardinal's letter, the Pope wrote: "We accept the commission's handling of the modifications." And so the Council adjourned, leaving the matter of birth control still an open question, after all.

What will the Pope do next? When he addressed the full meeting of the birth-control commission a year ago he appeared to be calling upon the members to help him make a change and to make it rapidly.

He said: "It is a problem which rouses world opinion as much as it justly preoccupies married people and their pastors. . . . But We ask you urgently not to lose sight of the pressing need of a situation which asks of the Church and of her Supreme Authority to give guidance without ambiguity. Consciences of men cannot be left exposed to uncertainties which today very often prevent married life from developing fully according to the Lord's plan. Moreover, in addition to these pressing questions of married couples, also certain economic and social problems have arisen. . . . Countries which know the serious difficulties of sociological character should raise their voices among you, and laymen, especially married couples, should have qualified representatives."

With that sort of charge to his commission, its members felt entitled to ask themselves: did he expect them to reaffirm *Casti Connubii?*

Some members wonder whether Pope Paul may be even more concerned about the Church's posture of hesitation than about the actual decision on contraception. Other members believe that the ambiguity of the present situation is a necessary evolutionary stage; that any hard and fast decision at this moment in history would trample on the consciences and the feelings of too many millions.

But what of the Pope's last directive that the traditional norms of the Church are still in effect while the matter is under study? There is a growing consensus among progressives (*continued*)



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If you have arthritis, see your doctor now. Recently, the nation's arthritis specialists heard results of tests confirming that Bufferin®, already known to relieve minor arthritis pain, also reduced arthritis swelling and inflammation.

In one test, a jeweler's ring couldn't slip onto the swollen finger of an arthritis patient. Under a doctor's supervision, Bufferin was administered in regular continuous doses, and the ring slipped on the finger easily.

Another test measured the ability of the patient to move his finger joints. Still another test involved the strength of his hand grip. In both these tests—as well as the ring test—doctors saw significant physical improvement in almost every case studied.

If you suffer painful arthritis swelling and inflammation, first see your doctor. Taken under his care, Bufferin can play an important part in his treatment. And it's good to know you can take the full arthritic doses he may prescribe without the stomach irritation simple aspirin can often cause.

Bufferin...a leader in arthritis research.



Bufferin analgesic
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Wet away dry skin



New beauty breakthrough. Now you can keep your skin looking dewy-fresh and oh so lovely with Polyderm Compensating Cream. How? Polyderm not only "wets" your skin with rich emollient oils, but also gives your skin the benefits of a unique softening ingredient found only in Polyderm. For a younger, smoother, softer-looking complexion, morning and night just smooth on Polyderm Compensating Cream. It is just one from the complete line of Polyderm products, all especially formulated by Prince Matchabelli for the effective treatment of dry skin. Polyderm is now available at fine cosmetic counters. From 2.00 to 7.50.

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that this was a pastoral directive, not a doctrinal statement. And pastoral directives are subject to interpretation and to common-sense judgments. "These are only norms which have to be interpreted," says Father Häring, one of the Church's leading moral theologians. Canon Heylen agrees: "For example, the Church decrees pastorally that its members should go to Mass on Sunday or abstain from meat on Friday. But if I am ill, I can certainly use my own judgment and stay home from Mass on Sunday—or eat meat on Friday."

Bishop Reuss says, "I do not think that we can or should conceal the fact from the people that there is some doubt in the Church on this question. And I have told my priests so."

In his instructions to the priests of his diocese, Bishop Reuss says that the clergyman should try particularly to help couples for whom "the rhythm method does not present a valid solution. They must be told that there is at least a doubt as to whether their failure signifies the loss of their state of grace.

"We're still in limbo," says Bishop Reuss. Given the present doubt, this may be an acceptable resting place. Pope Paul might not gain by deciding the question—either way—before more scientific data are in. Many believe, therefore, that the ambiguity of the present situation is an evolutionary stage during which devout couples themselves must make their own judgments.

Meanwhile, members of the Papal commission, as of the first part of this year, were still awaiting a call to reassemble and continue their work. Many have been in correspondence with one another. Some have met in small groups. But they feel that their task is unfinished. They are eager to get on with it. They hope they will soon be able to d so, even though the conservative bu reaucracy of the Vatican may be alarme by the intellectual freedom of the com mission, and it is these officials wh must pass on the outlay of funds fo calling a meeting and disbursing trave ing expenses of commission member

"Four days was just enough time t get the questions out on the table, t define the scope of the problems," say Mrs. Crowley. "We are all willing t stay longer and continue working."

Dr. Marshall says, "The trouble is w feel a real sense of urgency about this and yet, quite honestly, I can say tha I haven't got any clear conclusions."

Some commission members believ that the Pope may not speak out fo months, or even years. Others wonde whether he will ever define the situatio further or will let couples be guided b their individual consciences, much a Canon Heylen, Canon de Locht, Fathe Häring and Bishop Reuss have sug gested. At that, the commission ha already unanimously recommended tha the Pope, under all circumstance should do no more than issue guidanc on principles, not on specific methods o contraception.

Will research scientists find a simple easy test for ovulation so that th rhythm method will require only a fe days' predictable abstinence? Can th precise action of the I.U.D.'s be defined Should the Church be in dialogue wit other denominations about all of thes questions—the Protestants, and eve the Moslems and the Hindus? Should th Church and the proponents of planne parenthood meet together to discus population problems?

All of these and other questions con tinue to trouble members of the Papa commission. And they continue to be special burden of Pope Paul VI. **EN**



"Frankly, dear, I think I liked it better before you quit smoking."



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A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

Help for Psoriasis Sufferers

Psoriasis Shadow (Scales, Redness, Itch) Often Responds to Combined Medication

Are you in the "psoriasis shadow"? Blessed temporary relief you never thought possible may be yours by using Psorex as directed. Many psoriasis sufferers have found in the medication Psorex a highly effective combination of not one, but *two* basic ingredients to help remove the crusty scales, the redness, the itch . . . help smoothe the way to more normal looking skin. That's what makes Psorex so effective — the medicinal action of a pharmaceutical *combination:* purified coal tar and *allantoin*. This *combined medication* has helped many psoriasis sufferers. If you are in the "psoriasis shadow", perhaps Psorex can help you get a little more sunshine into your life. Gentle, soothing Psorex cream is actually pleasant to use, is available without a prescription at all drug counters. Try it today. For temporary relief, *rub Psorex on, rub relief in!* And tell that to every psoriasis sufferer you know.

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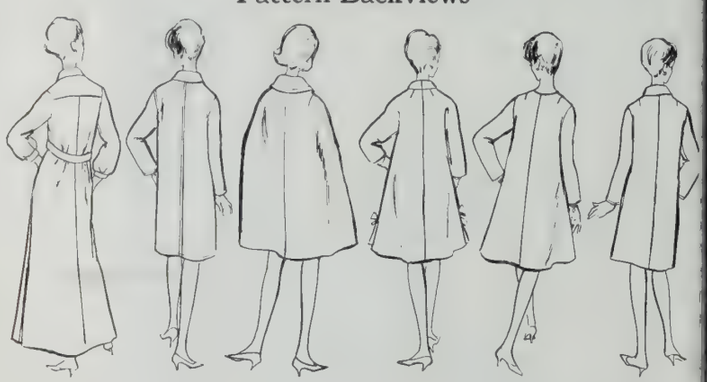
Forecast: Spring will put you in the limelight. Here, a wrap-front coat bordered in Trapunto stitching in shining night-bright lime of water-repellent nylon by Earl-Glo. Vogue Design 6615.



Forecast: Tattersall check will be one of this spring's freshest rain-checking patterns. Here it is in a sportive coat cut like a classic bathrobe. Of fabric-backed vinyl by Comarra. Vogue Design 6734.

Accessory Information for Pages 96–99: All jewelry by Arpad; all stockings by Beautiful Bryans. **Page 96:** Purse by Koret; gloves, Wear Right; shoes, Herbert Levine; umbrella, Henryson. **Page 97:** Shoes by Herbert Levine; umbrella, Polan Katz. **Page 98:** Hat by Madcaps; shoes, Golo; umbrella, Polan Katz; matching purse, Linda Heller Designs. **Page 99:** Rainhat by Therese Ahrens; matching umbrella, Polan Katz.

Pattern Backviews



1551 6616 6032 6730 6615 6734

VOGUE PARIS ORIGINAL 1551 Dress and coat by Nina Ricci. 10–18. $3.50; Canada, $3.85. Size 14 coat requires 3½ yards of 54-in. fabric without nap; dress, 3⅜ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap. **VOGUE 6616** Double-breasted coat. 10–18. $2; in Canada, $2.20. The coat requires 3¾ yards of 42/43-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **VOGUE 6032** Cape. 10–12, 14–16, or 18–20. $1.50; Canada, $1.65. The cape requires 3⅛ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. **VOGUE 6730** Flared coat. 10–18. $2; in Canada, $2.20. Coat (without bows) requires 4 yards of 45-in. fabric without nap for size 14. **VOGUE 6615** Coat. 10–18. $2; in Canada, $2.20. Coat without collar requires 3½ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap for size 14. **VOGUE 6734** Robe. 10–20. $1; in Canada, $1.10. Coat from the robe pattern requires 3 yards of 54-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

Tips For Working With Vinyl Fabrics

Use a loose tension on your sewing machine. • If the fabric sticks while stitching, place between two pieces of wax paper. This is especially necessary for foam-backed fabrics. After stitching, tear away the paper. • Open all major seams and topstitch to make them lie flat. • On fabrics where buttonholes cannot be made, we suggest cord loops for closings. • For invisible stitching on print vinyls, use transparent nylon thread. • Do not iron vinyl. • Use only a damp cloth for cleaning. Check cleaning instructions when purchasing fabric.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store that sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada: P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. *California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

ued from page 78

's-hair coat, and we wore those
e duration. We were poor, cer-
, and the war brought us close to
but no poorer or hungrier than
families in that time and place.
e house of my childhood has not
ed much. Squat and square, two
s high, its stucco walls painted
eian red, it stands in a little garden
ill high above the
of Naples. It con-
four apartments,
a floor. My moth-
father, Domenico
i, the head of the
hold, had rented
of the top-floor
ments. (At the age
he still lives there
my maiden Aunt
.) Eight of us shared
rooms. I slept in a
le bed between my
dparents. My
er, Maria and Aunt
had the room be-
, and next to them
my uncles, Mario
Guido. The fourth
served as a com-
ion living-dining
, and during the
it often sheltered
bors who had been
ed out. We had no
ub and no hot wa-
o wash, you heated
r from the kitchen
nd poured it into
rthenware caldron
nough to sit in. The
r of the house evi-
y intended to sup-
bathtubs, because
of them lay in the
yard for years, but
how he never got
nd to installing
. As they filled up
dirt, they made
eed beds. I planted
rs, beans and to-
es, but I was so
whelmed by the
cle of growth that
uld pick them as
as a tendril showed.

though the grown-
all found jobs, I
t that their com-
l pay came to more
2,000 lire (about
then) a month. My
dfather was a fore-
at the Ansaldo arms
t, Pozzuoli's biggest
stry. Aunt Dora was
enographer, Uncle
io a carpenter, and Uncle Guido an
untant. My mother, a gifted pianist
had won a teacher's diploma when
was only 16, gave lessons and some-
s entertained the customers of the
-air restaurant across the way from
e. She tried to teach me, but she was
mpatient. Had the lessons continued,
skull would have been covered with
ps, because whenever I made a
ake she would rap it.
ow and then she received a visitor
Rome, a lean, dark, quick-witted
of enormous charm. He once gave
pair of roller skates and a toy auto-
ile. They are the only gifts he ever
gave me, and I still have them. I don't know exactly when I became aware—although I think I sensed it from the beginning—that this man, Riccardo Scicolone, though not married to my mother, was my father.

My mother, Romilda Villani, was, and still is, a beautiful woman. In her youth she bore a striking resemblance to Greta Garbo, so much so that when she entered a contest staged in Naples by M-G-M to find a double for Garbo in the film version of Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*, she placed first out of 350 competitors. Her resulting local fame drew mobs whenever she appeared on the street, and the police had to protect her. M-G-M offered her a Hollywood contract. The idea appalled her parents. My Grandmother Luisa, already convinced that Rudolph Valentino had been poisoned, warned her, "Garbo's friends are sure to poison you, too." Mother didn't need much dissuasion. The prospect of going alone to America scared her. She turned down the contract and went to Rome instead to film several tests for an Italian producer. One test required her to be passionately kissed by a long-lost lover. Grandfather Domenico, who was chaperoning her, wouldn't hear of a stranger touching her. If she must be kissed, he insisted, let one of her own brothers play the part. So Guido arrived, only to have everybody realize at the last minute that a passionate embrace between brother and sister would be even more awkward. Mother went through the love scene without physical contact. At any rate, I don't think she had much chance of succeeding as an actress. You have to take yourself too seriously. We are, the best of us, like children, vain and self-preoccupied, always living in front of a mirror. Mother's sense of the ridiculous kept intruding. In the film test, for example, when she was supposed to open a door, find her lover behind it and exclaim, "You—here!" the sight of Guido staring back at her open-mouthed, reduced her to laughter.

Years later, my plump, pretty sister Maria also tried the movies. She failed for the opposite reason. She took herself too seriously. She could hardly say "*Buon giorno, signore*" without the tone and gestures of high tragedy.

Soon after Mother returned home, her resemblance to Garbo won her a starring part in a touring music-hall revue. Costumed as Queen Christina, she played a scene from the film of the same name. The illusion proved so perfect that at the end she had to walk through the audience speaking in her Neapolitan dialect to show she wasn't Garbo.

It was on tour in Rome that she met Riccardo Scicolone. He then called himself a construction engineer. He had studied for the profession at a university, but left after three years because his father could no longer afford the cost, and as far as I know he never constructed anything. He lived precariously, drifting from one odd job to another, usually involving salesmanship. He is a dashing man, *simpatico*, an extrovert with a winning smile on his handsome Roman face, and mother fell desperately in love with him. Yet, even as a child, I sensed he was not the kind you could depend on—he had a sly, indirect way about him in contrast to my mother's candor and aggressiveness, and it amazed me that she did not realize it from the start.

A few weeks after they met she discovered she was pregnant. To a Neapolitan of her time and class, with its almost medieval social attitudes, nothing worse could have happened. The war shattered many of those attitudes and led to a looser moral code. But in Mother's day, Neapolitan families considered a girl who lost her virginity before marriage forever ruined. Her seducer risked death from the men of her family. My grandparents, however, never turned against Mother. They resigned themselves, and when the time came, they made a home for her and her baby.

My mother and father went on living together in Rome. He recognized me legally as his child and gave me his name, but he showed no inclination to marry my mother. She did once manage to get him as far as the altar. She was kneeling there when my father suddenly drew the priest aside. She never learned what he told him, but the upshot was that the priest refused to perform the ceremony.

Mother continued, with the aid of tight corsets, to impersonate Garbo at Rome's *Teatro Adriana* until her eighth month, and so, contrary to what people think, I actually have appeared on the stage. In the maternity (*continued*)

A modern medical answer for muscular

Low Back Pain



■ Back specialists report most backaches are due to weak, tense muscles, emotional stress and strain—and not to slipped discs. To relieve such aching backs doctors now recommend the pain-relieving compound in today's Anacin®. In fact, two out of three doctors call it the greatest pain fighter ever discovered.

In minutes Anacin deadens the pain, helps reduce swollen tissues and so...eases muscular tension... lets stiff muscles loosen up. Then Anacin keeps on giving continuous relief for hours.

Only today's Anacin has this special fortified formula to relieve low back pain. Anacin is strongest in the pain-relieving medication doctors recommend most—it gives you *extra power* to relieve pain. Chronic backache sufferers should greatly benefit by the regular use of Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets.

ward, following delivery, Mother was terrified because she had heard that the nurses sometimes got the babies mixed up, but when they brought me to her, she recognized me immediately, or so she claims, because I uttered a cry that sounded to her like "Mama!" I often tease her by telling her, "Maybe I'm not your daughter, after all." And she replies, "You must be. You have the some nature, part practical, part romantic."

But Mother and I are different in at least one respect. Mother can't forget an injury. Though she went on loving my father, she never forgave him; while I, whom he never treated like a daughter, forgave him long ago. I had to, because I couldn't stand the poison of bitterness. I tried to find excuses for him. Maybe, I told myself, he wasn't wholly to blame. Maybe there were factors beyond my understanding.

I came into the world a puny, sickly creature. The wet nurse Mother hired, when poor health caused her own breasts to go dry, used to say, "Sophia was the ugliest baby I ever saw in my life."

Two months after my birth a woman in the boardinghouse, where my mother and father occupied one tiny, wretched room, tried to kill me. When they went to work, they would leave me in her care. One morning they woke up to find me screaming and flushed with fever. My frantic mother asked the woman what she had fed me the night before.

"Lentils and tomatoes" was her answer.

"To a baby her age! Are you insane? She could die."

The woman shrugged. "You should thank me. You'd be better off with the kid dead."

My parents glared at her, speechless, paralyzed with horror. The doctor they sent for told them the food had produced a violent intestinal inflammation. He left some medicine, which had no effect. I grew worse by the hour.

When trouble befalls Neapolitans, they turn instinctively to their family. Mother wired home, saying we were arriving on the next train. Before we left the boardinghouse my father took his revenge. During the absence of the woman who had neglected me, he smashed every window and piece of glass in her place.

By the time we reached Naples I was half-dead. My grandparents met us at the station. They then had a house in the city itself, near the bay. It was a crowded, grimy district, and the doctor who examined me declared that unless I breathed purer air I wouldn't survive. Within a week Grandfather Domenico found the apartment in Pozzuoli, seven miles away. The first morning I opened my eyes there I smiled, and everybody knew I would pull through.

After depositing us in Naples, my father hurried back to Rome. The family's anger, the icy looks, their ways of making him feel like a scoundrelly outsider, hardly encouraged him to linger. He went to live with his mother, after whom I had been christened Sofia (but in her resentment my mother would call me by another name—Lella, short for Rafaella). Occasionally he sent a few lire and at irregular intervals up to the war he would spend a day or two in Pozzuoli. If too many weeks passed without word from him, and mother needed to discuss some problem concerning me, she would wire him that I was seriously ill. Sometimes he ignored the appeal, sometimes he came. Seeing that nothing ailed me, he would fly into a rage and leave at once. I barely existed for him. Among the few times I remember him taking any notice of me was when he would tease me about my ears, which in childhood looked very big because my face was so thin. "*Te li troverai*," he would say, an expression of his meaning, "You'll always be able to rely on them."

During one particularly difficult period, Mother went to Rome to find him, taking me along. We called at Grandmother Scicolone's house, where eventually he showed up. He greeted us coldly, stayed 10 minutes and vanished. Grandmother Scicolone gave me a glass of milk. That was all. We returned to Pozzuoli, poorer by the train fare.

My formal education began at the age of five in a parochial school run by nuns, and ended at 14 in a state high school. Throughout those years I was kept painfully aware of my situation as a child rejected by her own father. I would catch the other pupils exchanging knowing glances, hear them whispering behind my back, and even when I was not the object of their gossip, I imagined I was. I wished I had no father at all rather than one who was always coming and going, leaving me disappointed and confused. I felt constantly guilty without understanding what wrong I could have committed. My odd looks increased my sense of estrangement. I was thin and stringy, all eyes, ears and nose. My schoolmates called me *stuzzicadente* (toothpick). While my mother's youth, beauty and talent filled me with pride, at the same time I shrank from anything that set me apart, and so I really wanted her to be more like the typical Neapolitan mother, a stout, grayhaired simple housewife instead of Greta Garbo's double.

At first, in my need to be accepted, I was gregarious. The bigger the crowd the better. But with the whispers and sly glances I grew timid, and when I was big enough to go to school alone, I would arrive early enough so as to avoid the others in the street, or late, after they had all taken their seats. There was a special group, foundlings and orphans, who boarded at the parochial school and sat together in the last row of the classroom. I would sit with them, drawn by a mixture of curiosity and pity and a desire to help them, and also because, being much worse off than I, they made me feel privileged.

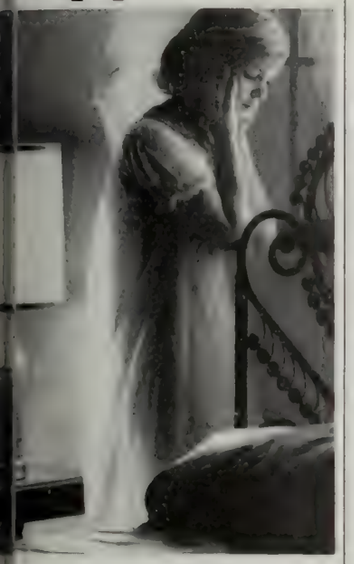
Though no outstanding student, I was obedient and conscientious. The nuns kept a willow switch by the blackboard to whack unruly or inattentive children, but they never had to use it on me. Nobody took greater pains with homework. I actually enjoyed it. Mother couldn't afford the price of ink, and I wrote my papers with a cheap aniline dye. The work so absorbed me that one day, absently reaching for a glass of water, I swallowed some of the aniline, horribly staining my mouth.

During the sizzling summer months the family passed the evenings in the larger bedroom because it opened on two corridors, admitting a cross-draft. The winter gathering place was the kitchen, the only warm room. I made my theatrical debut with the kitchen table as a stage. The audience consisted of my grandparents, my aunt, my uncles and the family cat. I sang and danced to my mother's piano accompaniment.

Like most Neapolitans, we were all hams at heart, especially Grandmother Luisa. If we opposed her wishes, she would rush to a window, fling it open and cry, "Very well, there's nothing left to do but throw myself out." We would wait in silence, refusing to give her the



Are you a woman with a sleep problem?



Here's what you can do about it!

It's a medical fact that, as a woman, you may suffer more from sleeplessness than a man. Why? Because a woman's natural sensitivity and anxiety and simple "tensions" and tensions often keep you from falling asleep at night. Perhaps you have found that some nights you sleep . . . other nights you're unable to get the sleep you need. The many sleepless nights you go through make more acute the problem often creates.

Now a gentle and effective sleep-aid has been developed that eases nervous tensions, relaxes you and lets you drift off into restful sleep. It is called Sominex and it works without habit-forming drugs.

Helps Restore Your Normal Sleep Pattern

Simply take two Sominex tablets before preparing for bed. Sominex is completely safe, taken as directed. And it is absolutely not habit-forming. Sominex simply breaks the pattern of sleeplessness, starting with that all important good night's sleep.

What's more, during the night, you'll be alert to any emergency. You'll wake up if the children need you. And in the morning, you'll get up thoroughly refreshed, without a groggy drugged feeling. Sominex is available at all drug counters without prescription.

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Sominex was tested in three leading hospitals and among hundreds of private patients and proved wonderfully effective in aiding sleep.

slightest satisfaction, as she warmed to her role. At the climax she would tearfully recite an inventory of the possessions she intended to leave us in her will—her brooch, her earrings, a portrait of Grandfather Domenico. When that failed to move anybody, she would slam the window shut and, still smoldering, go bustling about her household chores.

I adored her, and for a long while after she died of a coronary attack at 54—I was then 19—I couldn't face, psychologically, the fact of her absence. It is still hard for me to accept the possibility that a person I love might die before me. The idea that I would never see them again, that I could not know what happened to them in afterlife, has always tormented me. I would rather die first. Next to my mother, my grandmother was the greatest influence in my childhood. I always did my homework in the kitchen to be near her while she prepared the family meals. When I finished, she would tell me stories in Pozzuoli dialect, which is much broader than Neapolitan. She was a magnificent cook, and if I am no mean one myself, I owe it to what she taught me. The indispensable ingredient of all good home cooking, I learned from her, is love—love for the art itself and for those you are cooking for.

For lunch Grandmother Luisa generally cooked beans, ladling them onto thin slices of warm, fresh bread and topping them with her superb tomato sauce. At night the hard-working men of the family needed heartier fare, and she would serve *pasta* in one of an infinite variety of shapes and sauces. Meat we had only once a week, on Sunday. Grandmother would rise at dawn to begin a veal *ragù* (stew). I have never tasted anything more delicious.

While the *ragù* simmered, we would all go to Mass at the Church of the Madonna del Carmine and afterward stroll through the cobblestoned little *piazza*, with its statue of the Madonna perched atop a tall, white shaft. No people take greater pleasure than we Italians in aimless strolling or just standing around, arguing, gossiping and gazing at members of the opposite sex. My favorite part of town was the harbor. I never tired of watching the fishermen haul in their catch, and in my imagination I would choose from the market stalls the salty, tangy delicacies so often missing from our table—squid and cockleshells and mussels.

If I dwell on memories of food, it is because I seldom had enough as a child. I suppose I am a bit neurotic about it. I will probably never get over the wonder at being able to order anything I want when I want. I tend to express my affection for people dear to me in terms of Italian dishes. Carlo Ponti, who comes first in my life, is my little *melanzana Parmigiana* (eggplant Parmesan); Cary Grant, whom I once thought of marrying is *polpettina di carne con zucchine* (meat patties with squash); Marcello Mastroianni, the co-star of my best pictures, *pasta e fagiòli* (noodles and string beans).

Spaghetti, the commonest Italian staple, yet one that my family lacked the means to buy during a large part of my childhood, has become for me a psychological necessity, a symbol of security. When traveling, I always take along several packets of a made-in-Italy brand. I often cook it (*continued*)

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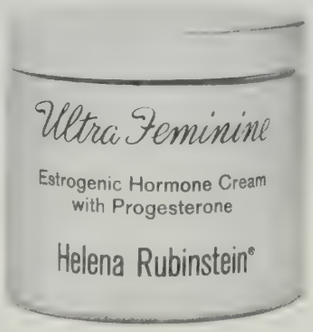
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SOPHIA LOREN *continued*

for Carlo when we eat at home alone, and I have cooked it for movie casts on location everywhere from the Arizona desert to the plains of Spain. My passion for the stuff had a curious effect on the Israeli spaghetti industry. Midway through the shooting of *Judith* in Haifa my supply ran out and I bought a native variety. Following the directions on the box, I boiled it 12 minutes. The result was a pulpy mess instead of proper spaghetti *al dente*, that is, solid to the teeth. I experimented until I established seven minutes as the right timing. Next day I mentioned my discovery in an interview. It brought letters from droves of grateful Israeli housewives. Since then, I understand, the country's spaghetti industry has been flourishing.

I consider it my duty to humanity to reveal the best way to treat spaghetti—which was my Grandmother Luisa's way. Please listen. First rule: Use lots of water, at least 10 quarts to a pound of spaghetti. When it's boiling, and not before, salt to taste. Slide in the spaghetti. When *al dente*, the color should be a light yellow throughout, with no white spots. White spots mean it is undercooked. But don't judge by color alone. Bite off a piece. If the texture satisfies, pour a quart of cold water into the pot to stop the cooking instantly.

You should, meanwhile, have combined about two tablespoons of butter, plenty of whipped cream and a quarter pound of grated Parmesan cheese i large bowl. The bowl must be wa otherwise the butter will stick. (Rese another quarter pound of cheese to at table. And never pre-grate Parmes It goes stale quickly. Buy it in a sir chunk and grate as needed.) Add spaghetti and toss. Serve on warm pla

The soul of spaghetti, of course, is sauce. This you can make hours or e days beforehand, keep chilled and h at the last minute. A sauce I parti larly like has a meat-and-tomato ba Don't hold me to the exact quantity each ingredient. In Pozzuoli we did waste money on scales and measur cups. We relied on instinct. The follo ing, however, should serve at least f people:

- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 5 slices bacon, cut up fine
- 2 cloves garlic, one whole, one minced
- 1 medium-size onion, chopped
- 2 carrots, chopped
- 12 slices round steak, about ¼ in thick
- 12 small cubes Gruyère cheese
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 8 medium-size tomatoes, peeled and cut up
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- ½ cup Marsala, white or red wi or cognac
- 4 leaves of basil, chopped.

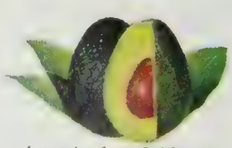
In a saucepan, over a low flame, he the oil, butter and bacon. Add the oni and carrots and the whole clove of g lic, removing the garlic after the flav has blended in.

On each slice of meat, place a pinch the minced garlic and a cube of Gruyè



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SWING INTO SPRING

pages 84–87

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RED, WHITE AND WHAT?

Page 90—Dining Room: White on red bamboo-patterned wallpaper, $12 a roll, from Philip Graf*. Brass bamboo table with glass shelves, $250, from Yale R. Burge Reproductions, Inc.*. Flower-printed red calico (made into tablecloth), $4.50 yd. from Boussac of France*. White Flokati rug, 9 x 12 ft., $295, from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St., New York City. Queen Anne pattern Armetale plates, $10 ea., from The Ship's Store, The Boathouse Restaurant, 161 E. 54th St., New York City.

Page 91—Living Room: Brass-trimmed polished aluminum coffee table with glass top, $435, from John Vesey, Inc.*. Red and white "Foliage" printed cotton, $9.75 yd., from Woodson Wallpapers Inc.*

*Available through decorators or the decorating department of local stores.

d sprinkle with parsley. Roll up and ure with toothpicks.

When the oil is hot, add the meat. hen the meat is almost cooked, add e tomatoes. Cover and simmer two urs. Toward the end add the salt and pper. A few minutes before removing, d the Marsala and the basil.

Ecco!

I also feel duty-bound to dispel a pop- ar misconception about pizza. You n't need a brick oven or, in fact, any en. Neapolitan pizza, far the best kind, u fry. For a generous ur-person pizza throw ur fistfuls of flour onto read board and shape to a mound. Make a le in the center. Melt cake of yeast in a cup warm water, salt the ter and pour into the le. Knead the mix- reuntil firmand putty- e. Cover with a moist th to make the yeast rk. When the dough s risen, cut it into all pieces, knead them gether, flatten and ape into a pie 10 inches ound and about a arter of an inch thick. The filling is a matter taste, and the choice endless—mozzarella eese, sweet or sharp usage, anchovies, to- atoes. Whatever you oose, season with basil. Now pour two table- oons of olive oil into 12-inch cast-iron fry- g pan. When the oil is t, add the pie. Fry 10 15 minutes over a edium flame until lden brown. Serve im- ediately.

But such food, alas, reatens the figure. I and 5-feet-8 in bare et, measure 38-24-38, d, being big-boned, y ideal weight is 145 unds. If the scales ow a pound more, I ip meals altogether til the excess vanishes, sually a matter of 24 urs. The discomfort, ychological as well as ysical, is intense, but prefer it to a planned ily regimen, which unges me into a black pression and inter- res with my work. I erform no morning cal- thenics either, though know I should. Too nely and boring. I try to make up for by climbing stairs instead of taking evators. I ride horseback occasionally d swim. Hard to believe, isn't it, that was ever called *stuzzicadenti?*

During one of my father's visits to ozzuoli in 1938 he left my mother an- her living souvenir. She became preg- ant with Maria. But he was less willing an ever to marry Mother. Not long fter the birth, she received an extraor- inary letter from him, urging her to me to Rome. He had become involved ith another girl, a 20-year-old Milanese. If you don't come," he wrote, "I'll be forced to marry her." What would force him to do this when he had so blithely abandoned my mother, he never made clear. She wrote back: "I'm not coming. You'll have to decide for yourself." His marriage followed.

My father refused to recognize Maria as he had me, and she bore the maternal name of Villani. In response to my mother's pleas to legitimize her, he pretended to believe he was not the father. His wife no doubt harassed him. No doubt she didn't wish her legitimate child to share his name with his natural children. Of all the movie roles I have played—38 in 13 years—I never felt more closely identified than I did with the unmarried mother, Philomena, in *Marriage—Italian Style.* I saw my own mother in Philomena's poignant struggle to win a name, a home and a father for her children.

With the war we slid from poverty into destitution. There were days when we had nothing to fill our bellies except a government ration of ersatz black bread. The soft part stuck to your knife and tasted so vile you could barely choke it down. Maria and I ate only the crust. The soft part we molded into dolls and set them to harden in the sun. Eventually hunger drove us to eat our dolls.

The Allied bombers began attacking the Naples area toward the end of 1942, and they returned frequently by day and by night until the city fell a year later. At first I was more thrilled than scared. I was so small that I didn't grasp the reality of death and destruction. I saw only beauty and wonder in the flares the raiders dropped to light up their targets, turning the sky golden, in the thunder of their engines and the answering clatter of the ack-ack batteries, in the flowerlike puffs of smoke . . . it reminded me of the raucous, colorful annual festival of San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples.

When the sirens screamed, I didn't share the general panic—people dashing about insane with terror or rooted, petrified, to the spot, and when Mother hustled Maria and me to the air-raid shelter, I pulled back, crying, "I want to watch the fireworks."

But as the raids increased, the enchantment wore off. Two or three times a night the sirens would jolt us awake. Shivering in our blacked-out bedroom, fighting exhaustion, we would jump into our clothes, grab a blanket and hurry to the shelter.

The constant tension and lack of sleep soon frayed our nerves. Finally, Mother announced to us, "There's no use waiting for the bombs at home, risking our lives getting to the shelter. From now on we'll spend the whole night there."

Everybody, we discovered, had already had the same idea. In fact, we were the last family in Pozzuoli to sleep under our own roof. The shelter was the Cumana railway tunnel between Pozzuoli and Naples. You could stay there only during certain hours without danger of being crushed to death by train wheels. You entered in the late afternoon after the last train of the day had rattled through, and you left before 4 A.M., when the first train came. Dug out of rock, the tunnel exuded moisture from every crack, and was so narrow that only early arrivals could find space for their mattresses. Latecomers slept leaning against the damp rock walls.

Strangely, the welter of bodies comforted me. Despite the stench of stale sweat and soiled old clothes, the babies bawling and the old folks coughing and groaning in their sleep, all those hundreds huddled together, hiding from war and death, gave me a feeling of warm, human solidarity. I sometimes dream of the Cumana tunnel and the protective wall of bodies around me, and, with nostalgia, I look for familiar faces.

Hunger bit so deep that not even the sirens could disperse the bread queues. Pretending not to hear, we would wait our turn, our eyes glued to the half-lowered bakery shutter, measuring the distance to the head of the line and hating the people closer to it. At a signal from inside the bakery the first in line would scuttle under the shutter to reappear a moment later clutching a precious loaf of black bread. The queue would surge forward another few inches. Usually the bread ran out before we all got our ration.

Bombs destroyed the water mains, adding thirst to hunger. Parched mobs besieged the public fountains with pans and bottles, hoping to catch a few drops, and as long as a trickle remained, they defied the threat of death from the sky. When it rained, we put (*continued*)

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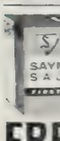
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containers out of doors, then let the water stand until the dust and grime of the smoke-laden air settled to the bottom. Many people got typhoid, including my sister Maria. For years she suffered from one ailment or another.

One morning in the fall of 1943 we emerged from the tunnel, after a night of repeated air raids, to learn that a bridge near our house had taken a direct hit. With our hearts in our mouths, we rushed to see what had happened to the house. It was no longer habitable. Huge holes gaped in the walls, doors and windows were shattered and the roof scorched. In any case we would have had to evacuate Pozzuoli, for Allied troops were approaching by sea under a cover of naval fire. Grandmother Luisa came from a family of well-to-do beer brewers who lived in the Monte Santo quarter of Naples, and we decided to ask them for lodging. The train to Naples still functioned, but the trip was risky, because the Germans were rounding up all the men, killing those they suspected of being partisans and forcing others into labor battalions.

Outside Naples German soldiers stopped the train and started through the cars with drawn pistols. Grandfather Domenico had little to fear. He was too old for the labor battalions. Uncle Guido was already in Naples. But Uncle Mario they were sure to take. Some nuns were sitting opposite us, fingering their rosaries. One of them calmly raised her skirts, motioned to Mario to duck under them, and resumed her prayers. The Germans passed by, ignoring her.

No open arms welcomed us at the home of our relatives. Though they had accumulated a hoard of black-market food, including biscuits, candies and other marvels I had forgotten existed, they didn't care to share them with us. Grudgingly they offered us beds, but left us to forage for our own sustenance.

Mother didn't hesitate to steal from them. The Naples water supply was also low, and our relations hid the bottles they managed to buy under the beds. Mother tapped a cousin's supply. She drank none of it herself, but doled it out spoonful by spoonful to Mar and me.

One morning, when we had eaten almost nothing for two days, Mother disappeared. She returned two hours later carrying a piece of cheese between two halves of a bread loaf. We couldn't believe our eyes. I asked her where she found it. She turned aside, ashamed. Then, squaring her shoulders, she faced me with a determination to make me a partner in her struggle, to help me understand the meaning of survival. That mingled expression of pride and shame come back to me when, in the movie *Two Women*, I played the mother who shepherds her war-shattered daughter through anguish into maturity. "From a girl on her way to work," my mother said. "She had this bread and cheese for her lunch. I stopped her and I lied to her. I told her my children were dying of starvation. She handed it to me with tears in her eyes. Eat it. It cost me dear.

The German occupation of Naples ended in an orgy of plunder and butchery. I saw homes looted. I saw civilians murdered. And I saw children fight back with hand grenades, which the partisans had given them. Later, as an actress, there was a trick I taught myself when playing intensely emotional scenes. At first I had made the mistake of exhausting all my feeling in the first take. I didn't know how to control myself, how to cope with my limitations. I would have nothing left, no tears to shed, for a second take, let alone a third or fourth. Then I discovered that if each time I focused my mind on a different but equally moving real experience, I could sustain the emotion through a dozen takes. I don't mean necessarily an experience that had directly involved me or even one similar to the situation before the camera, but something I had seen or read that produced a relevant emotion. In *Two Women* I drew on my memories of the occupation.

You may recall the scene where the





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mother and daughter stagger blindly along a road, after they were raped by Moroccan soldiers. A French officer rolls toward them in a jeep. The mother screams at him, pointing to her dazed, bleeding daughter, "Look what your men have done!" The officer drives on. Raging, cursing, the mother hurls stones after the jeep. In the best take, the one they printed, to sharpen my fury at the officer's callous indifference, I thought of a contrasting act of bravery I witnessed from the balcony of our relatives' house. A group of Neapolitans were advancing through the street below, hugging the shadows of the buildings. A boy of about 10 walked ahead of them, holding a grenade. Suddenly, out of an alley a few feet away burst a German patrol. The Neapolitans turned and fled. To cover their retreat, the boy stood and heaved the grenade. The range was too short. He was blown to bits with the patrol. In later years I thought of that boy often.

The first Allied troops I saw were Scots, brawny, ruddy giants in kilts, and I laughed so hard I got a pain in my stomach. Wherever they went, bands of small boys tagged after them, dying to find out what they wore underneath. To my astonishment, I was informed that by tradition they wore nothing.

At the outset of the liberation, civilian food supplies dwindled almost to zero. A Scottish sergeant gave me a can of instant coffee, cookies and a box of candies, which kept Maria and me going for a week. Then glacéed fruits, of all things, came into the black market. Mother bartered some clothes against a couple of pounds, and we subsisted on the sugary stuff for a month. With the establishment of the American units, we began to eat more normally. Every GI, it seemed, wanted to share his rations with the starving Neapolitans.

During a German air raid a shell fragment pierced my jaw. In the shelter my mother stanched the bleeding by keeping her coat pressed to the spot. After the all-clear, a GI drove me to his dispensary where a doctor disinfected and dressed the wound. I was nine years old, but I still bear the scar under my chin.

When we finally returned to Pozzuoli, we found that what the bombs had spared looters had wrecked. They had smashed the furniture they couldn't carry away, torn mirrors and pictures from their frames, and ripped apart the mattresses, presumably searching for hidden banknotes. Tacking paper over the paneless windows and bricking up the holes in the holes, we began life again from scratch. Mother gave piano lessons. I went to high school.

About the only thought my father had ever expressed concerning my future was that I should become a local schoolteacher. Mother agreed, and sent me to a state school specializing in teachers' training. All my father really wanted, I later realized, was to keep me in obscurity, away from Rome and out of his life. More than anything else, that knowledge goaded me into asserting my personality and developing my theatrical bent. But for a while no other profession occurred to me, and so I accepted the idea of myself as a teacher.

Four years of undernourishment had not improved my appearance. The taller I grew, the thinner. From head to toe my proportions were hopelessly wrong, my features too big for my face, my arms too long, my bust too angular. It pained me to look in the mirror. But (*continued*)



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toward my 13th year I observed a gratifying change. The toothpick began developing curves. I noticed boys noticing me—a delicious sensation. Walking through town became a pleasure.

At school there was a daily gym class, consisting mostly of calisthenics. I wore a short sport skirt and, as I did bends and dips, it hitched up, exposing my bare legs. I wondered why Professor Guido, the blond, blue-eyed athlete who supervised the class, made me repeat the exercises so often. One Sunday he called on Mother to ask for my hand. Thirteen was considered a marriageable age in Naples, but not by her. She showed him the door. I ran into Professor Guido not long ago. The girl he did marry, he told me, blushing, had presented him with three sets of twins.

The first boy I thought I loved was a neighbor of 18, five years older than I, named Maurizio. (Boys my own age never appealed to me.) We were strolling along a back road one twilight when Maurizio began breathing hard and his eyes went glassy. He grabbed my hands, spun me around, and planted a ferocious kiss full on my lips. I fled, horrified, and I never again saw him alone.

About then I discovered the movies. Every Saturday I would badger my long-suffering Aunt Dora into taking me to Pozzuoli's *Sala Roma* and force her to sit through two or three showings. The idol of my adolescence was Tyrone Power. I saw *Blood and Sand*, co-starring him and Rita Hayworth, 10 times. Had anybody been able to convince m that one day I would actually meet hin in Rome, I would have swooned with joy

September 15, 1949, five days befor my 14th birthday. I underline the date because it marks the event that set m on the path toward moviedom. At tha time, beauty contests were the rage al over Italy. Some 100,000 girls entere them every year. In Naples, the news paper *Il Mattino* announced a contest t elect the "Queen of the Sea" and 1 "Sea Princesses." The prizes include 100,000 lire (roughly $160) for th queen, 25,000 lire ($40) for each prin cess, and assorted merchandise fo every winner. When I declared my in tention of competing, the family spli into two camps. Mother supported me But my grandparents wailed that suc self-exhibition would degrade me in th eyes of all Pozzuoli; no decent ma would want to marry me. I calmed them by listing the prizes, a fortune by ou standards, and convention gave way t neediness.

No high-society matrons ever worke harder to groom a debutante tha Grandmother Luisa, Mother and Aun Dora worked to beautify me for the con test. Night and day they argued ove every minute detail of my get-up. Wha they finally assembled would probably not have met the approval of my present couturier, Marc Bohan of Christia Dior. It consisted of a shocking-pink faille décolletage with a long, frilly trai and white shoes topped by pink feath ers. I felt like a clown, and on the sub way into Naples I wrapped my over coat tightly around me so the shocking pink wouldn't shock anybody.

As I waited in the wings of the *Teatr Metropolitano* quaking with fright, ev ery one of the 364 other contestants looked to me ravishing and exquisitely gowned. The curtain rose, and we paraded slowly across the stage before an ogling jury. I tripped over my train Halfway past the jury stand, I heard a juror remark, with a chuckle, "Un usual type . . . interesting . . . those prominent cheekbones."

The queen's crown went to a girl who billed herself as "La Stella." By a nar row margin I placed among the prin cesses. In addition to the 25,000 lire, I won 28 rolls of wallpaper, a length of dress material and a dinner service. The wall paper, sepia with a motif of green leaves, still decorates the Villani living room.

My grandparents' fears for my rep utation proved well founded. It suffered a distinct decline. Scornful shouts of "princess!", hoots and laughter greeted me at school. By now I had rejected teaching as my future profession, and I used this mockery as a pretext to drop out. For a time I sulked at home, re luctant to show my face in public.

Mother, at heart always the frus trated actress, cherished the secret hope that one day I would triumph where she had failed, and encouraged me to study drama. An actor named Pino Serpe, whom she knew slightly, had opened what he called "The Experimental Center," and she sent me to him. The Center's name was somewhat grandiose for the one room in a Naples office build ing where he taught six pupils.

I had no money to spare for tuition, but he took a liking to me and let me attend free of charge. Now and then I would bring him a cake, a bottle of wine or some salami.



It's the woman in you...

that needs 50% more iron than a man
(every day)

The truth is, the very day you became a woman you had a normally greater need for iron than men. And you will, all through the child-bearing years.

Yet many women "walk a fine line" in getting their iron. Food preferences, dieting or too-busy schedules may actually result in getting less —instead of more—iron-rich foods than men.

Iron is as essential to good health as the air you breathe. It is iron that carries oxygen through your system to help power muscles and nerves. When you don't get enough iron, you run the risk that your body will not get enough vital oxygen.

New One-A-Day® (Brand) Multiple Vitamins Plus Iron give you the "cushion of iron" you may need. Each tablet provides a full day's supply of iron. And you get all the vitamins you normally need to take, too.

Be sure you get the 50% more iron your woman's body needs to help you stay healthy. Take One-A-Day Vitamins Plus Iron. Every day.

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New companion product to famous One-A-Day® (BRAND) Multiple Vitamins

ONE-A-DAY® (BRAND) MULTIPLE VITAMINS PLUS IRON

Maestro Serpe's technique was remote from The Method. Psychological insight formed no part of his course. Neither did diction nor posture. He concentrated entirely on facial expression. Each pupil got a manual that listed various emotions and how to register them. For example, "*Disgust.* Turn down mouth, raise both eyebrows. . . . *Irony.* Smile with one side of the mouth only, raise one eyebrow. . . . *Determination.* Frown, clench teeth, tighten the lips. . . . *Joy.* Throw back head, open mouth wide in roar of laughter."

After I had been contorting my facial muscles for six months, Serpe drew my attention to an ad in a movie trade magazine. The super-colossal spectacle, *Quo Vadis*, was about to go before the cameras in Rome's *Cinecitta* studios and needed thousands of extras. I showed the ad to Mother. Without hesitation she proposed that we both try our luck. So, spending the last of my beauty-contest prize money on third-class train tickets and packing our scanty wardrobe in a straw bag, we set out amid the tears and dire warnings of the entire Villani clan.

The moment we reached Rome Mother telephoned my father. She felt he should know our plans and accept some responsibility. She got an icy reception.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "And why did you bring the child? She's too young. She'll get into all kinds of trouble."

"We have to work," Mother told him. "We haven't a lira. What else can we do?"

"Do as you please. You know my opinion. Sofia ought to stay in Naples and go on to school until she has her teacher's diploma. I wash my hands of you both."

A cousin of Mother's agreed to put us up until we could afford our own place. Next morning, we applied at the casting office, and we were both hired. At that instant an extraordinary, terrible coincidence turned my face crimson with shame. As the casting supervisor called out, "Sofia Scicolone," a woman broke from the queue, yelling, "You have no right to that name! You're no daughter of his! The name belongs to my children!" It was my father's young wife, who also happened to be looking for a movie job. Flinging insults at Mother and me, she vanished into the crowd.

The director, Mervyn LeRoy, arrived, and began assigning the extras to their positions on the set. When he came to me, he paused and asked in English, "Do you speak English?" I spoke hardly a word, but that much I could understand. "Oh yes, yes," I lied. "Do you like the picture business?" I nodded, barely catching his meaning. "Ever been in pictures before?" I nodded again, now completely lost. "Where did you learn English?" "Yes," I said, and knew from his laugh I had goofed. But he didn't fire me.



"Never mind the theatrics—let's have the total!"

I met Mervyn LeRoy again last summer on the Riviera, where *Lady L.* was being filmed, with me playing the wicked Romain Gary heroine. The occasion of our encounter was a party in the royal palace of Monaco, to which Princess Grace had invited me. My English is now fluent. "Of course, Sophia," he said, "I knew you had talent the first time you spoke to me—in English."

In two days' work at *Cinecitia*, Mother and I earned 21,000 lire ($35) between us. "See how easy it is," she said. "We'll make our fortune here." But her optimism was premature. The third day they had no work for us. As we were wondering where to turn next, a letter came from home. Maria was sick again.

My sister's chronic disorders were not entirely physical. The stigma of illegitimacy hurt her deeply. I at least bore my father's name. Maria was nobody's daughter. The humiliation, the taunts of other children, damaged her psychologically as well as physically. She lagged at the bottom of her class, and eventually she left school. I promised myself that if I ever had the money, I would enable Mother to hire a lawyer to file suit against my father, compelling him to recognize Maria. (*continued*)

behold! **shrimps celestial** boiled waterlessly in a "bag" of Reynolds Wrap®. why, specifically, Reynolds Wrap? because Reynolds Wrap is **oven-tempered for flexible strength.** oven-tempered for a special resistance to tearing. a special kind of strength that seals tight, holds firm. re-usable, too. no wonder more women buy **Reynolds Wrap** than all other foils combined.



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SHRIMP CELESTIAL
(Individual serving, main dish)

8 medium shrimp, cleaned and deveined
1 tablespoon chopped scallions
⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
8 thin slices water chestnuts (or cucumber, or radish, or celery, or Chinese snow peas.)
12 thin carrot slices
¼ teaspoon minced garlic
⅓ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon margarine or butter
Reynolds Wrap

Arrange shrimp with the other ingredients in center of a 12-inch square of Reynolds Wrap. Bring up foil and pinch top to make a tight bag. Place in pot containing 1 inch boiling water, cover tightly and cook 15 minutes. (Or place on shallow pan and bake 15 to 20 minutes in 400° oven.) Makes its own delicious juices! Serve right in the foil, with French bread for dunking. Soy sauce on the side.

SOPHIA LOREN *continued*

Mother returned to Pozzuoli, leaving me with her cousins. But I had outstayed my welcome. They no longer invited me to their table, not even for a cup of coffee. I ate my meals out. Now that I was on my own for the first time, Rome seemed hostile to me. It was August, 1950, and the summer holidays had emptied the sweltering city. As I dragged myself from one job possibility to another, my high heels sank into the bubbling asphalt. I persuaded a fashion photographer to make, on credit, some full-length portraits of me wearing a bikini, and I then hawked the pictures around magazine offices. I found few takers. At the famous spa, Salsomaggiore, I entered another beauty contest, this one to elect "Miss Italy." I lied about my age because the contest was open only to girls over 16. I came away with a tiny cash bonus and the consolation title of "Miss Eleganza." I applied for a scholarship at a film acting school. They rejected me. They said I wasn't photogenic.

Many people, nevertheless, assured me I was beautiful, and indeed I began to *feel* beautiful. My once-skinny body had filled and rounded a lot. My face was adjusting to my big mouth and long nose. Judged separately, none of my features was exactly classical ("She has the neck of a Neapolitan giraffe," a director once said), but they formed a harmonious ensemble of irregularities.

Could I qualify for the *fumetti?* Mother, who had come back from Rome bringing Maria with her, doubted it. "You're too nervous," she said. "You can't hold still long enough. You switch from laughter to tears like lightning. For the *fumetti* you have to freeze and stay frozen two, three, four minutes. The ideal is a waxwork."

I tried. My training at Serpe's Experimental Center helped. Mother would read a ranting speech from some blood-and-thunder melodrama and repeat it slowly while I, standing before a mirror, would strive for the appropriate expression. When she cried, "That's it! Hold it!" I would turn to stone, and she would time me with a stopwatch. I gradually worked up from 15 seconds to three minutes of freezing in attitudes of terror, contempt, grief.

Thus equipped, I reported to the offices of *Il Sogno* (The Dream), one of Rome's leading *fumetti* magazines. A seedy, wizened little old man surveyed every inch of me. "Did you bring a sheet?" he asked at length. *Filthy beast!* I thought. He hastened to explain that *Il Sogno* planned to photograph a serial revolving around a harem, and models who provided their own costume—in this case, a sheet—would get extra pay.

PORTABLE APPLIANCE DIV., MANSFIELD, OHIO



This new Westinghouse upright converts to a canister in ten seconds.

The Westinghouse Converto-Vac isn't just a powerful upright. It isn't just a complete canister. It's both.

To start with, we built our vacuum with two motors instead of one. The first controls the suction, lifting dirt into the hidden, disposable bag. The second operates the carpet agitator bar, because the way a carpet agitator works is vital in an upright. (This one's tougher on dirt and softer on carpets.)

Then there's a full-view carpet level headlight, a full-bag indicator, and a lightweight removable handle.

A flick of the wrist and that handle comes off, converting our upright to a canister. A switch changes the motor over for canister cleaning.

A resilient Nyaflex hose snaps into the front and there —you're ready for any above-the-floor job.

We designed a whole new set of optional canister attachments too. A triangular dusting brush that swivels. An upholstery nozzle. A crevice tool. A combination floor and rug tool with a special edger that gets in tight against the wall. Even a tool caddy for easy storage.

Look at the first real convertible vacuum ever made. The Westinghouse Converto-Vac.

Special Home Trial Offer:
During February and March, participating Westinghouse dealers invite you to take a Converto-Vac home for two weeks. If you're not convinced that it's the most versatile, most efficient vacuum cleaner you've ever owned, return it and get your money back.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse

CHARADES

By Jean Todd Freeman

But we are playing more than the game. You stand
Amused yet serious, acting "carols and lauds."
Your team surprisingly guesses. My team applauds.
As I cross to take my turn you touch my hand.
I am Anna Karenina. See me fall
Before the onrushing train? I spill my blood.
For a moment it is too real; my closed eyes flood
As I feel your eyes, searching and guessing all.
For it is a different game we two are playing,
A darker charade. Our masks must stay in place,
And no one must guess the asking in your face,
And no one remark the yes my heart is saying,
And no one but you and I will ever discover
There is no winning this game, my loser, my lover.

Under my *fumetti* name of Sofia Lazzaro, I ran through the whole manual of frozen expressions from joy to despair, portraying a gallery of sexy heroines—an Egyptian belly dancer, an Arabian princess, a gypsy, an Italian vamp. My earnings, which averaged 3,000 lire ($5) a day, kept Mother, Maria and me eating fairly regularly and paid the rent on a hall bedroom barely big enough for the three of us. But *fumetti* fans are fickle, always demanding new faces, and soon I found myself at liberty again.

After three months of pickings so thin that often our only meal of the day was a single order of minestrone divided three ways, I landed my first speaking part, about five lines. The not very elevating vehicle concerned an unwed

mother who falls into the clutches of a white-slave ring. Bit parts in some dozen grade-C movies followed. They served mainly to create a demand among movie-magazine editors for movie stills of me. I posed clad in a bath towel, brandishing an eel; being lassoed by Indians; having my brassiere adjusted by a costume designer. I appeared on the cover of one magazine with my skirts raised too high for the sensibilities of the Italian police. They confiscated the issue. I set these facts down without pride—and without apologies either. Like most beginners in the movie business, I listened to the advice of publicity men, who stressed the importance of keeping my face and name before the public, no matter what silly stunts I had to perform. They lacked imagination, I know it now, and at that age I lacked mature judgment. But I don't believe those cheesecake photographs were degrading to me or harmful to others.

We heard from my father indirectly through a police commissioner. What sort of existence were we leading in Rome, the commissioner asked us. How did we earn our living? My father, it seemed, had complained about our continued presence. I can only guess what he said to the police. Behind it, I'm sure, lay his wife's jealousy, her fear that he might go back to Mother. At any rate, the complaint had no effect. We satisfied the commissioner that we were not apt to become public charges, nor were we leading immoral lives.

We later confronted my father. "Sofia has no chances in the movies," he told Mother. "You're destroying her life the way you destroyed your own. You don't belong here, either of you." But we assured him we had no intention of giving up.

One night I accompanied some friends to the Colle Opio, an open-air nightclub, where a "Miss Roma" beauty contest was under way. It turned out to be the most important night of my life. As I watched the contestants display their assets, with no desire to compete myself after my defeat at Salsomaggiore, the headwaiter bent over me and whispered, "One of the jurors has been studying you. He wonders why you don't participate, because he thinks you have an excellent chance of winning.

"Which juror?" I asked.

"Carlo Ponti."

I knew the name well, of course. Carlo Ponti had produced some of Italy's best postwar films. Encouragement from such a source was irresistible, and I stepped up to the platform. I didn't win. I placed second. Disgusted, I rejoined my companions. A few minutes later a short, stocky man without much hair, a man some 20 years older than I, appeared at my side. "I'm Carlo Ponti," he said. I looked into a pair of twinkling brown eyes and a thousand-candlepower smile. "I'd like to talk to you. Shall we walk a bit?"

I got up, standing as tall as he, and we moved away from the table into a garden. A soft breeze ruffled the leaves. The air was velvety, the sky cloudless, the moon full. "Would you like to be in pictures?" he asked. "I can help you." He named some of the stars he had helped—Alida Valli, Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Mangano. "You have a distinctive quality. Quite different from anybody on the screen today."

I had heard it all before. I waited for the usual question: "What are you doing tonight?" But he merely handed me his business card, and suggested I drop around at his office.

Was this one different? I wondered. So, I thought, all he sees is my long nose. "Certainly not!" I retorted. "I'll keep the nose nature gave me."

My little show of spirit tickled him. His enormous smile seemed to light up the whole room, and I smiled back. We spent a lot of time together after that.

Neither before nor since I met Carlo have I belonged to any other man. Physically I matured late for a Neapolitan girl—at 16, after we met. Furthermore, our relationship began in no blinding passion. We did not, in fact, consummate our love for four years. Real love, I believe, is an act of reciprocal gratitude that develops slowly.

His quiet self-confidence gave me confidence. I went to his office the following morning. Our talk was brief and to the point. He arranged for an immediate screen test. I had no scene to play. He only wanted to know how I photographed. When I met him again later in the day, he looked puzzled. The test had flopped. "Your face is extraordinary," he said. "It fascinates me. Possibly your nose is a trifle too long. Maybe you should have it shortened."

For a while I stopped seeing Carlo. I shrank from the kind of situation that had brought my mother so much misery. I knew he was married, with two children, unhappily married, but if his home was to break up, I wanted no responsibility for it. As much as I loved him, I tried to put him out of my mind.

It was not Carlo but a producer at the Titanus studio, Goffredo Lombardo, who gave me my first starring part, as well as the new name of Loren, in the skin-diving color film, *Africa Under the Sea*. I couldn't swim a stroke, a deficiency I carefully omitted to mention. At the moment of truth I shut my eyes, prayed and jumped. I sank like a stone, and was hauled out coughing up half the Mediterranean. Lombardo decided it would be cheaper to teach me to swim than to start all over with another star. By the end of the shooting I was swimming for fun. It remains my favorite sport

Having nearly drowned in my first leading role, I nearly froze to death in my second—the tragic Abyssinian heroine of a color-film version of Verdi's *Aïda* (which fell to me only because the actress the studio really wanted, Gina Lollobrigida, considered it beneath her). Never did such glorious sounds issue from so untrained a throat. Of course, they were not mine. Scantily clad, my skin darkened, I merely mouthed the words, while the magnificent voice of Renata Tebaldi was dubbed in. (Years later, when I visited her backstage at the Vienna Opera, she said it had been a fair exchange—my face and figure for her voice, though she is herself a beautiful woman.) The filming took place in winter in an unheated studio, and, to dispel the clouds of steam that came out of my mouth whenever I opened it, a makeup man kept a hair dryer pointed at my lips.

Carlo, whom I had not seen for three months, showed up on the set one morning, watched a few takes, and waited for me in my dressing room. Would I dine with him that night? A business matter. I accepted, and over liqueurs at the famous Ranieri restaurant he offered me a seven-year contract with the Ponti-De Laurentiis studio. I refused. I pointed out that, as the husband of the star, Silvana Mangano, his partner Dino De Laurentiis could be expected to push her career ahead of mine. But I did agree to sign a contract with Carlo alone. By Italian standards, the terms he submitted to me next day were generous for an unknown actress— (*continued*)



This is pepperoni: Italian sausage with its own special seasonings.

The spice, tang and sizzle of pepperoni pizza,

now in a mix.

Only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee®, with his special skill and know-how, could make it.

From Chef's mix you make a crispy, one-step crust. Add Chef's brand-new pizza sauce with lively slices of pepperoni, cheese topping; bake. In minutes, a sizzling pepperoni pizza. It's one of America's favorites. **Chef Boy-Ar-Dee**





What good is a dishwasher detergent if it's no good in your water?

Every dishwasher detergent manufacturer knows that no *one* dishwasher detergent works equally well in all kinds of water. Yet nobody does anything about it — except the makers of FINISH. They have developed special formulas of FINISH for different types of water. Before they send your Special Formula FINISH into your area they test it in various types of water prevalent in your area. **They make sure that your Special Formula FINISH washes dishes cleaner and shines glasses brighter than any other detergent.**

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SOPHIA LOREN *continued*

500,000 lire (about $800) a month and the right to retain all the money I might make if released to another studio. In the joy of the first security I had ever known, I made a down payment on a four-room flat with kitchen, bath and terrace, and moved Mother and Maria in with me.

My dependence on Carlo was too strong, and we began seeing each other regularly again. He comes from Milan and, like many Milanese, is reserved, reluctant to talk about himself. But I needed to understand his way of life and thinking, and I kept questioning him. One evening we were discussing the pitfalls of marriage. He said that if he were free, he would never remarry. He meant it at the time, I'm certain, and I felt sick inside. My impulse was to break off then and there forever. But I knew it was no use. I knew I would call him, if he didn't call me. Not for several years did he speak of divorcing his wife, Giuliana, and marrying me.

(To Be Concluded in Next Month's Journal)

PRINCE PHILIP

continued from page 100

children. There are questions, he believes, that we should all ask ourselves about our boys and girls. Are they being brought up, really brought up? Are they learning to know good from evil, falseness from truth? Will they work without someone compelling them, work for the satisfaction of working? Are they learning to discipline themselves, know their strengths from their weaknesses? Are they fit as they can be, physically, mentally, emotionally, for life? If they are not learning these things, they are not being brought up, they are being left to drift.

Many of us fall into despair over our sons and daughters while they are going through what are called the "loutish years" in boys, the "difficult years" in girls. The despair is justified because nowadays these are exceedingly dangerous years that can deform a young life, and it is here that some of Prince Philip's ideas can help. Nobody interested in making something, a project or a craft, will want to break things, destroy, be a hooligan. No one organizing something with his whole heart, planning an expedition or a campaign, has time to be bloody-minded—that is the sort of mind that comes from boredom. No one who is giving voluntary service to children, or old or sick people, can avoid learning patience and responsibility. Not all young people will respond to these ideas, of course. Many make a principle of boycotting them, but every year more and more join in.

"You can't please all people all the time," said the Lord Mayor to Prince Philip, welcoming him back to London after a tour of 36,000 miles. "You do not please the halfhearted, the defeatists, the players for safety. But you delight and thrill the eager, the energetic and the brave; the men and women (and boys and girls) who look to the future."

You, readers of these pages, may perhaps feel that, as an Englishwoman, I am writing propaganda. You are wrong. You may feel that, as an Englishwoman, I have the traditional love of royalty at heart. You are wrong. You may think I admire, respect, and like Prince Philip. You are right. I do. **END**

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HOME
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN READ
APRIL 1966

JOURNAL

35¢



HIA LORENITES ABOUT MEN IN LIFE
Ponti,
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HILIES WHO ND TOO MUCH:
ere Does Money Go?
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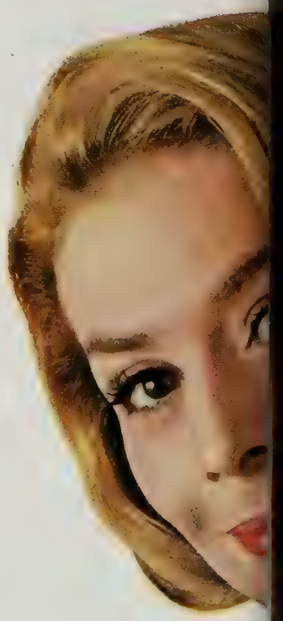
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Book Bonus
Kitchen Madonna"
umer Godden

THAT KEDS LOOK



...is the fun look, the light-hearted look so right for this summer. The new three-eyelet LO-GO shown here in sage green introduces a sleek low silhouette you'll love at first sight. It has fashion's new crescent toe—not too pointed, not too round. And it has more talent than just good looks; new fabric that wears three times longer, and a sole that's lighter, yet tougher, than even last year's.



Look at the new Keds® Big-Zip. (Its bold new zipper is fun for children, practical for mothers). And what could be more important than super-quality in a child's shoe? You'll get extra long wear, unmatched Keds fit, plus shock-proof arch cushion.



LO-GO OXFORD



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BIG-ZIP

Are you the same blonde he toasted last week?

(...or has your shampoo faded the shade?)



If you lighten or color your hair use this special colorfast shampoo that hairdressers use...

Won't change hair color.

Lively blondes, vivid brunettes, rich redheads—if you lighten or color your hair, here's a shampoo specially created for you. It won't dull, won't cloud, won't change your exciting hair color. It's colorfast—very different from other leading shampoos. World-famous hairdressers recommend it. Love its gentle ways. They know it leaves hair soft, lustrous, bouncy — really shining-clean. It lifts the dirt but won't change hair color. Choose from two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair. Clairol Green for red, brown, black shades of tints and lasting rinses.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEE



Blue for blondes Green for brunettes

CLAIROL® SHAMPOO

the colorfast shampoo — won't change hair color

ol Inc. 1966



Fashion flips over Tulips by Helena Rubinstein

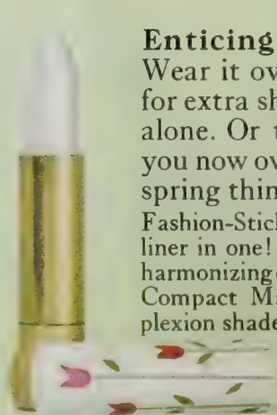
New colors for lips and fingertips. Ever so enticing...with icing!



Fresh new Tulips (and we mean *fresh!*) just about as tame as tiger lilies (grrr!). Frankly these colors were so torrid we iced them (enticed them!) for your own good.

Pick them in Creamy or Super-Rich formulas.

Peach Icing.
Honey Icing
Pink Icing



Enticing Icing (pure). Wear it over Tulip colors for extra shimmer. Wear it alone. Or turn the colors you now own into the real spring thing.

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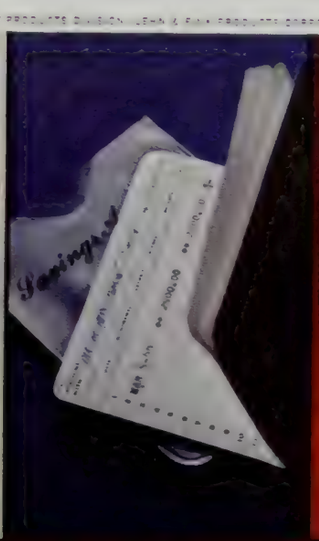
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1. Hand print your name and address on an official entry blank or plain piece of paper.
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3. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: Lysol "Brighten Your Life" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 468, New York, New York 10046. Entries must be postmarked by May 31, 1966 and received by June 7, 1966.
4. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Only one prize to a family. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Lysol Winners' List, P.O. Box 29, New York, N.Y. 10046.
5. No alternate prizes will be awarded to Sweepstakes winners.
6. Sweepstakes open to all persons in the U.S. except employees of Lehn & Fink, its advertising agency, its food brokers, its contest agencies and their families. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local regulations apply. Residents of Missouri should disregard Rule #2.



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OUR READERS WRITE US

The Greens

Dear Editors: I was very interested to read the Greens' story (February *Journal*—HOW AMERICA LIVES) because my husband and I also became self-imposed exiles for several years after our marriage. In 1946, my husband heard about a fish-and-tackle shop apparently for rent in a town called Anoka, Minnesota. He knew just enough stories about lost hunters surviving in the North Woods on two flints and a tin of Spam to make the whole idea seem feasible.

After we passed Duluth, Minnesota, it took us two days of backwoods roads, drenching rains and odd nighttime noises before we got to Anoka. The shop was there all right, all six square feet of it, and the Indian in charge seemed to understand English well enough to procure a reasonably legal looking document, leasing us the premises for the summer. Total cost—$85. Three months stretched into five years. We received 20 or 25 customers that first summer. We discovered that we were qualified to tend the town's one bar, clerk at the post office, guide fishing trips, teach school and, on one occasion, shoot a bothersome wolf for pay. This town had everything: an average of one bear a week coming right up to the back door; moose; five feet of snow in winter; glorious, wildflower summers; authentic fur trappers; even a town witch who was supposed to have some connection with the spirits of dead Indians.

We loved it, even though there were times when we would have been delighted to be back in the grimy, anxiety-driven "rat race" in a comfy, two-room slum. But these moments always came when we didn't have enough money for gas to get us back to New York.

Oddly enough, we left the country for the same reasons that the Greens left the city. We wanted to have a family, and thought we owed our future children more than a backwoods village in Minnesota. Now, I sometimes wonder if they could possibly have had more than what that village offered.

MRS. H. R. SORTORE
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Editors: Your article leads one to the false conclusion that anyone with courage, patience, hard work and a sense of humor could make the transition from city to country life. Let us take notice that the Greens had an exceptional status in life and income as well.

My husband and I both left the big-city rat race to settle in a rural area. We would raise our family in no big city. However, we are both professional people. Without a large bank balance, profession or skill, it would be difficult for a "working man" to contemplate such a move, let alone make one.

BETTY LOU WILLAND
Oglesby, Ill.

The Matlocks

Dear Editors: My wife Jean and I fee that the story about our family in you November HOW AMERICA LIVES (BLACK AND WHITE: THE TWO WORLDS OF ROBERT MATLOCK) was very well done However, we feel it necessary to clarify a statement, misinterpreted by our friends and others, about my hopes that the home next door is not sold to another Negro family. The Centinela Bay Human Relations Committee, of which I am chairman, is committed to assisting minority families who desire and can afford to locate in suburban communities on the next block or on the next street (better still, in a new neighborhood) of a newly desegregated community, rather than next door, across the street or initially on the same block. Our committee knows that the location of a Negro family in close proximity to another in a recently desegregated community tends to intensify the anxieties of Caucasian families in the neighborhood and that this fear may manifest itself in "panic sell" or, worse, open hostility to "black invaders."

ROBERT E. MATLOCK
Gardena, Calif.

The Kennedys

Dear Editors: I admit that I bought the new February *Journal* for its cover, and then turned *immediately* to the article about Mrs. Kennedy. My own eagerness caused a certain (spurious) philosophical train of thought as to why Americans should be so anxious to read *more* about a subject which has already inundated the market (but which market apparently keeps gasping for more). I suppose we take to the Kennedys with such rapacity because we are so hungry for *style* and some kind of elegance in our lives and they obviously have so much of both.

I thought this article a success because I saw more of a life I'd not-so-secretly like to live, and, besides, Mrs. Kennedy is the closest thing we'll ever have to a real Renaissance kind of princess.

LAURA STEVENS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editors: In Maud Shaw's MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE AND JOHN-JOHN (January), mention is made of John-John's falling and knocking out a tooth. It was stated the reason the tooth was not replaced was because of the danger of tetanus. Replacement of traumatically evulsed teeth is a standard procedure in many dental offices and has been used for years without deleterious effects. While the possibility of tetanus infection exists, modern methods of immunization are available to obviate this danger. To my knowledge, no cases of tetanus have been reported following reimplantation of teeth.

COL. ROBERT B. SHIRA
President, American Society of Oral Surgeons
New York, N.Y.

The Burtons

Dear Editors: About Dorothy Cameron Disney's article on the Burtons in WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?—February *Journal*): I found the article fascinating . . . a devastating commentary on marriage in this country.

DR. T. M. FORSTER
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Dear Editors: I think the article is a red herring.

MRS. B. P. CARDOW
Tucson, Ariz.



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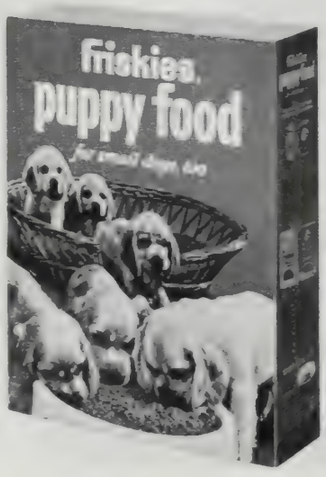
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Pet News



An exclusive, new 500-unit housing project in Griggsville, Ill. (pop. 1200), is strictly for the birds. And to be eligible to live in this first high-rise birdhouse, you have to be a purple martin.

It all started a few years ago, when Griggsville citizens learned that in order to live, purple martins (cousins of the famous swallows of Capistrano) have to consume their own weight in insects *every day*. This takes care of about 2000 mosquitoes a day—per bird—or 400 flies and a few gnats or wasps. Purple martins, in keeping with their passion for exterminating insects, prefer clean, well-ventilated birdhouses. For would-be martin communities, Trio Manufacturing Co. in Griggsville has built a six-story, 36-compartment aluminum house that rests on a telescoping pole. Cranked up, the house is 15 feet tall—away from the dust on the ground and high enough to permit a good view (martins also have a fondness for people-watching). So far, the purple martins have faithfully returned to their castle-in-the-sky each season.

Local citizens are so pleased with the campaign to lure martins they are beginning to worry that there won't be enough insects in town next summer—when the purple martins come back to Griggsville.

An animal travel agency in Westerly, R.I., says the pet jet set is a fast-growing crowd. Bed Rock Dogs International handles travel arrangements for all kinds of pets, though dogs remain the most widely traveled group. Not that they are the most *sophisticated*—most dogs, according to the agency, dislike flying and need tranquilizers before taking off. John F. Sullivan, president of Bed Rock, thinks cats are the best four-footed travelers, and birds, of course, are pretty blasé about the whole tiresome business. Bed Rock has planned trips for turtles, geese, canaries, and at least one ram.

For a fee that usually ranges from $15 to $25, the firm handles all the forms required at both ends of the trip, keeps track of quarantine regulations all over the world, and advises pet owners on the best routes—which are not always the shortest—for international migrating animals.

One hundred years ago, on April 10, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded. Celebrations coming up this month include an Easter Sunday brunch and pet parade at Delmonico's in New York. And on April 9, the U.S. Post Office will issue a commemorative stamp in honor of the humane movement's centennial.

To top off the festivities, winning pictures in the A.S.P.C.A.'s Animal Photo Contest will be on display at New York's Rockefeller Center. For losers, and anyone else who'd like to take winning pictures, the A.S.P.C.A. offers a few surprising tips: (1) Use a prop—a new toy, or anything the pet *doesn't* know; he'll stay busy exploring it. (2) Put two animals together—or an animal and a child—to keep each other busy. (3) Smear food on the child's cheek; that will keep Fido interested. (4) Get the camera as close as possible—and at pet's eye level. (5) Snap your fingers or make funny loud noises to make Fang look alert.

One final, last-resort suggestion from Kodak on the best way to get an irresistible photo of a frisky pet that simply *won't* cooperate: Snap him while he's fast asleep. *There*—did you ever see a more angelic-looking animal?

Elsa, possibly the world's most lionized beast, has finally been captured on the screen in *Born Free*, adapted from Joy Adamson's best seller about the lioness who purred. For those who didn't read the book, the Adamson family adopted Elsa as a cub, gave her free run of their house, finally had to teach her how to kill for food before they could set her free in the Kenya jungle. The film includes some great scenes of high-jumping gazelles, stampeding elephants and galloping giraffes, but Elsa—riding on top of a truck, swimming in the Indian Ocean, sleeping through all the excitement when Adamson (Bill Travers) goes out in the jungle to shoot a lion—steals the whole show. **END**

Drawing by Werner Kappes



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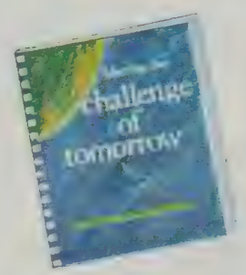
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A fresh look at food!



by James Beard

America's foremost cook-author

Coax along your creative flair and you'll never lack admirers. No matter how old you grow. I've seen lives transformed by learning what happens when you add subtle changes to everyday foods.

Want exquisite taste? Start with the freshest ingredients like fresh meat, full of natural flavor juices. Then guard those juices the best way — not just in the cooking but in the storing. For my money, you can't beat Baggies® plastic bags—the big Food Wrap Size — for holding in that fresh flavor. They're moisture-proof so flavor juices can't drain away (the way they can in aluminum foil, butcher or wax paper).



Today's term: au jus: That's French for pan juices only (no other sauces or gravy). And believe me, the best pan juices result from meats kept juicy from the start. Roast beef is best served this way. Let potatoes brown in the juice the last hour. Add glazed carrots and radish roses.



Some of the best things come in big boxes. Like the 20-inch Jumbo Baggies. Ever made up hors d'oeuvres ahead or a big bowl of crisp salad and keep them fresh this way?

Here's a zippy tip for that salad dressing. Add 2 tsp. of hot mustard to 1 cup of mayonnaise.

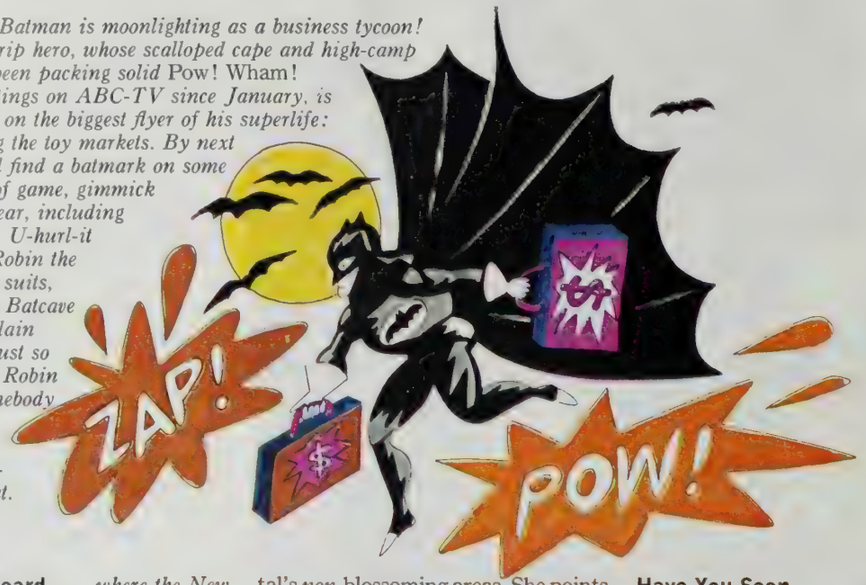
Good cooking to you.

James Beard



Have You Heard?

Great Scott! Batman is moonlighting as a business tycoon! The comic-strip hero, whose scalloped cape and high-camp capers have been packing solid Pow! Wham! *and* Zap! *ratings on ABC-TV since January, is about to take on the biggest flyer of his superlife: c-r-r-r-acking the toy markets. By next month, you'll find a batmark on some 58 varieties of game, gimmick and gadget gear, including Bat-T-shirts, U-hurl-it Batarangs, Robin the Boy Wonder suits, experimental Batcave kits. Also villain costumes— just so Batman and Robin will have somebody to yell "Take that, you blankety-blank . . ." at.*



Have You Heard . . . *where the New Sound's next big twang is coming from? The folk and the rock are both facing East—priming for an invasion of* Indian sitars. *The sitar, a magnificently complicated Oriental guitar, is already being fingered by such pop-star strummers as England's "Yardbirds" and Beatle George Harrison.*

Actually, the Yardbirds haven't quite mastered the inscrutable sitar themselves—they recruited an Indian, one Diwan Motihar, to thwack it for their last hit record.

Motihar, a regular with an Indian musical group led by John Mayer, can be spotted in a couple of background shots in Help!, *the Beatles' latest flick. It was in* Help! *that Harrison got hooked on the Indian sound, decided to Beatle-ize it. (No word yet on the world's first electronic sitar, but it* must *be coming soon.)*

Have You Circled . . .

April 1—April Fooling aside, send a small boy on a wild badger chase today. First prize: Brock, the enchanting badger hero of *Ben and Brock*, a lark of a storybook by Ernest Shepard—the artist whose pen helped create Winnie the Pooh. (Doubleday, $2.95.)

April 3—Can't make it to New York's Radio City Music Hall for the Easter pageant this year? Catch it on NBC-TV tonight—Rockettes, hymns and all. P.S. For extra kicks, Mary Martin will be on the chorus line.

April 5—Got Form 1040 handy? Old receipts, bills and W-2's in order? Money in the bank? Lucky you—it's time to warm up for April 15—with a one-hour, short-form, National Income Tax Test. CBS-TV tonight.

April 8—Start National Panic Week right; go see *Lord Love a Duck*, an insanely funny movie about young love and lunacy of all ages. Even Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall are hilarious. George Axelrod's screenplay is supposed to be a "black comedy," but black, schmack—as long as you're laughing.

April 10—It's cherry blossom time in Washington; watch Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson taking the Easter air—on behalf of beautification for the capital's *non*-blossoming areas. She points a First Lady-like finger at urban blight, Potomac pollution and at what's to be done about them. ABC-TV.

April 18—Can Julie Christie be everybody's Darling at age 24? Will Richard Burton come in out of the cold? Can a multimillion-dollar Hollywood spectacular fight a Russian revolution in Spain, and win a Czar's ransom in Oscars? Find out tonight—at the 38th annual Academy Awards Sweepstakes (ABC-TV). Starring the usual cast of thousands. And Bob Hope as Bob Hope.

April 20—Find out just how beautiful life can be—for a Polish girl who grew up to be beauty tycoon, business genius, self-made multimillionairess and international celebrity (and stayed that way for 94 astonishing years). The late Helena Rubinstein's autobiography, *My Life for Beauty* (Simon & Schuster, $6), completed just before her death last year, tells what it was like to be "Madame"—hostess to Hemingway and Joyce; model for Picasso and Dali. P.S.: Madame's fantastic $3 million collection of paintings and art objects goes on the auction block in New York today. As for Madame's legend—that ought to go on as long as women long to be rich and beautiful.

April 22—Princess Grace is back—and TV's got her (but just for tonight). Her serene highness does a serene walk-on "cameo" in *Poppies Are Also Flowers*, fourth "special" (and first color show) in a series of dramas about the U.N. *Poppies* has to do with U.N. agents cracking down on a ring of international narcotics peddlers. Besides the Princess, the 2-hour show (ABC-TV) packs in Marcello Mastroianni, Rita Hayworth, Yul Brynner, Omar Sharif, Trevor Howard, Angie Dickinson, Eli Wallach, E. G. Marshall, Hugh Griffith, Trini Lopez, a story by Ian Fleming and producer-director Terence Young, who made James Bond a movie star.

Have You Seen . . .



the world's first genuine diamond necklace valued at $168,000—wearing a price tag of seven cents? *Lorelei Lee and other collectors, please note: The tiny, diamond-rich African state of Sierra Leone has just "mined" this dazzling bargain. It's the nation's first* airmail postage stamp, *shaped like a black diamond, and decked with a flawless photo of a fabulous necklace designed by Harry Winston (seven huge teardrop diamonds and zillions of smaller, equally blinding specimens). Indulgent husbands and admirers may also splurge on the 15-cent version (same necklace, but with Sierra Leone spelled out in bronze, instead of emerald green). The stamps are self-adhesive (peel before use—and please don't lick the diamonds).*

Have You Heard . . . *If you're feeling brave, red-blooded, adventurous and hungry enough to fight a bull, there's only one place to go for lunch today: the new Cortijo La Morena restaurant in Texcoco, near Mexico City. It's absolutely the* only *place where a fun-loving, plucky diner can order a do-it-yourself bullfight with dessert. The management will cheerfully provide a bullring-side table, matador costume and cape, short course in the art of the ring (by a resident pro), mariachi players, and a 25-meter arena in which to pit your cape and footwork against El Toro. No swordplay allowed; El Toro always returns to the corral alive. So far, El Tourist does, too. Cost of the outing: $52, complete. Olé, anyone?*



By Lois Benjamin



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'action insert' opens when you bend, closes when you stand

NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA

'Concertina'* comes in more than a dozen styles—in firm power net, with extra long legs, and zipper closing—or, as shown, a sheath of lightest "Lycra". (Power Net Elastic: Nylon, Acetate, "Lycra" Spandex. Satin Elastic: Acetate, Cotton "Lycra" Spandex, Nylon.) Small to X-Large. 6.95 to 15.00. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1966 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, active sportswear. **This is the dream you can be-with** maidenform®



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the most protective napkin.

Modess... because



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People who know say French's Spaghetti Sauce Mix tastes as good as homemade. About the only sure way you can tell the difference is to time it. If the sauce takes just 15 minutes to stir up instead of 4 hours, it's probably made with French's zesty Spaghetti Sauce Mix. It's the liveliest thing that ever happened to spaghetti! Try all 16 of French's Sauce and Gravy Mixes.



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TABLE FOR TWO

MENU

ONION SOUP

ROTISSERIED CHICKEN

GREEN BEANS AND ALMONDS

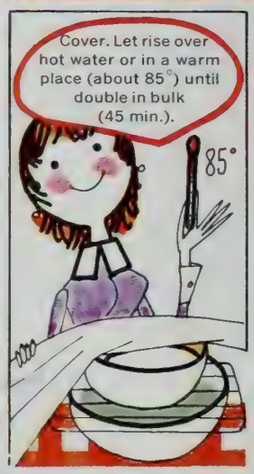
HOT HOMEMADE BREAD

STRAWBERRIES IN ORANGE JUICE

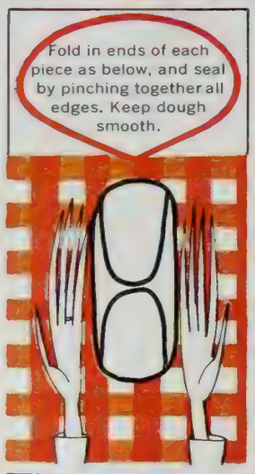
BROWNIES

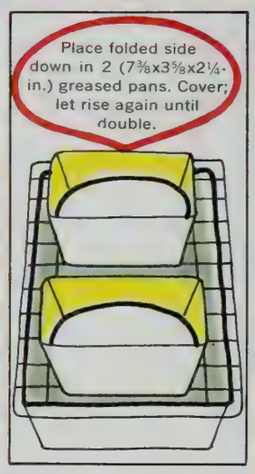
















SHOPPING LIST

BROWNIES

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

ORANGE JUICE

1 (13¾-oz.) PKG. HOT ROLL MIX

FROZEN GREEN BEANS

TOASTED SLIVERED ALMONDS

CHICKEN (RAW OR COOKED)

ONION SOUP

ON HAND

EGGS

SALT

PEPPER

BUTTER OR MARGARINE

FLOUR



No color added

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Isn't this a beautiful French living room?



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Hide-A-Bed Sofa

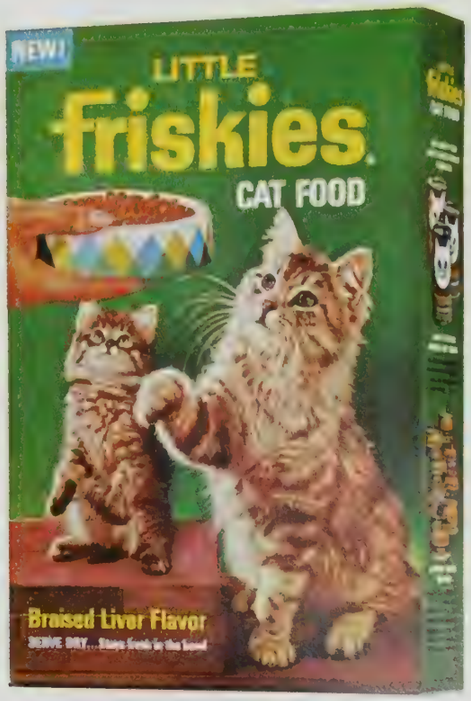
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These are *main meal* cat foods! So fully nourishing you never need to feed your cat anything else. You serve them straight from the box–with no water to add and no mixing necessary. And they stay fresh in the bowl, so they're always appetizing.

There's variety too. Because Little Friskies still comes in original Ocean Fish Flavor (dressed up in a new package), as well as new Country Chicken and new Braised Liver Flavors! Only Little Friskies offers your cat all three of her favorite flavors. So better get her a box of each. From a world leader in nutrition– Carnation



Medicine Today by Phyllis Wright, M.D., with Victor

Instant Sleep: Will the ancient dream come true?

Investigators in the two dozen or more sleep research laboratories throughout the nation haven't been getting much (sleep), to judge by the huge volume of data they have been accumulating lately. During the past 10 years, research into the "lost third" of our lives has become one of the most wide-awake fields in medical science. Even what we found out yesterday may turn out not to be true tomorrow.

Among the most exciting recent findings is one that may make instant sleep—one of mankind's oldest dreams—a reality at last. According to a series of studies of human and animal subjects, which involved brain-wave recordings (electroencephalograms, or EEG's), there are several distinct and identifiable stages of sleep. The first period is a pleasant state of awakeness in which the subject has closed his eyes, relaxed his muscles and made his mind a blank. His EEG changes in this period, from the rapid low-voltage brain waves of the alertly concentrating awake person to the slower alpha brain waves.

Next comes drowsiness, with even slower waves appearing on the EEG. The subject then passes into the first stage of "true sleep"—characterized by low-voltage fast waves again (more like the wide-awake state and therefore called by some, paradoxical sleep). In this stage, rapid eyeball movements occur, and if the subject is awakened he will report that he has been dreaming.

Next the subject passes into stage II sleep and then on into the deep sleep of stage III and IV, each with characteristic EEG patterns. Normal sleepers drift back and forth from one stage to another, experiencing prolonged periods of deep-state III and IV sleep early in the night and lightening into dreaming sleep more frequently toward morning. Bed-wetting, sleepwalking and sleep-talking occur usually in deep sleep (stage IV) and *not* during dreaming sleep, as was previously supposed.

In a study in San Francisco, Dr. Joseph Kamiya showed that volunteer subjects could be taught to recognize the exact moment when their brains were emitting the alpha rhythms of relaxation (the earliest period of preparing for sleep). Then they learned to "turn on" these alpha waves at will, much in the manner of Zen Buddhist monks who alpha-wave themselves into periods of sustained meditation. Does this mean that with practice we could all learn to induce instant sleep? Most sleep researchers are still dubious, pointing out that the alpha-wave stage is really a *wakeful*, not a sleeping, stage. They admit that it might be a beginning, however.

Such energetic people as President Kennedy and Napoleon were app ently better able to cope with hausting schedules because of th special ability to catnap at will. All us would benefit if we could acqu the gift of turning on instant sle especially jet-weary travelers (wh internal time clocks are thrown out adjustment by trips across ti zones). Until science comes up wit more foolproof formula, the best vice on how to fall asleep quickly s seems to be the formula offered Dr. Kamiya: Get comfortable, ma your mind a blank, and relax *all* y muscles, beginning at the tip of y toes and working gradually upwa remembering to unclench your j and unsquinch your eyes—and h that your alpha waves will take from there.

While Dr. Kamiya and others st up nights working on the falli asleep problem, other researchers concentrating on the question *staying* asleep.

A study at the University of C cago involved "good sleepers" a "poor sleepers" in an attempt to f out whether all-night restlessness i real problem, or merely someth people imagine. The results show that the group who complained "poor sleeping" actually did sl less. They took twice as long to get sleep in the first place, awaker twice as often, and thrashed arou more all night than the "g sleepers."

As for those who still wish th could sleep "like a baby," the co forting word on that front is t babies don't sleep much better th you do. Dr. A. H. Parmelee's rec studies of sleep patterns in newb infants showed that the longest av age period of continuous sleep only four hours at a time. *Four*-ye old children apparently can maint the longest period of deep unint rupted sleep of anybody.

It seems almost incredible that percent of U.S. communities are s without fluoridated drinking wa even though it has been available 15 years. All surveys to date sho striking decrease in tooth de among youngsters who recei fluorides. In my own personal se of two cases (my two children, a five and eight, have been drink fluoridated water since birth), have a grand total of one small cav so far. In the Well-Baby Clinic at university hospital we prescribe m tivitamin drops to which fluoride been added. Now, a careful th year study of the value of this pr aration has appeared in the latest sue of the *Journal of Pediatric D tistry*. As expected, children who ceived the vitamin-fluoride mixt which is *(continued on page*



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POLYCOLOR is so easy! Just shampoo in about once in 5 weeks *without retouching roots*. There's *no* damaging bleach. And *no* mistakes when used as directed. POLYCOLOR brightens your hair. Blends and evens the tone. Gives life and lustre to otherwise dull hair. POLYCOLOR actually enriches your own natural hair color beautifully without changing it drastically. No wonder your hair looks *truly* natural—it's yours, naturally.



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Aren't you too young to feel so tired?

You notice it day in, day out...even the simplest chores seem to be just too much for you. You get up tired and you go to bed tired. And your mirror tells you that you *look* as tired as you feel.

Of course, there's no single reason for that tired look and feeling. But if you're one of the 40 million women between the ages of 15 and 45 who have a period every month, here is one of the most common reasons why you can have that needless tired feeling. Doctors have proved this beyond doubt: As a woman, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. Thus, without being aware of it, you can lose energy-producing iron. It is this loss of precious blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

Medical Authorities Say: Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Yes, even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. It isn't likely that you eat as much iron-rich foods, so you may develop the kind of iron deficit that drains you of your energy and youth. Why risk having the kind of iron-poor blood that can make you very much less than the woman and wife you could be?

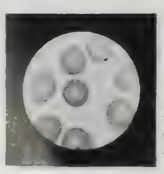
Erase That Tired Look From Your Face And Get Rid Of That Tired Feeling

Don't let the periodic drain of precious blood-iron rob you of a full measure of living, when it's so easy to replace any iron that is lost. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses. Remember, if you've been taking vitamins and still feel tired, vitamins alone can't restore blood-iron. But Geritol *can*. Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calves' liver. In only one day Geritol iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body.

Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is your problem, take Geritol every day. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from the makers.



Pale, Iron-Poor Blood When you're tired and worn-out, your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.



Geritol Iron-Rich Blood Geritol, with its important supply of iron can change iron-poor into good, rich, red blood.

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY

MEDICINE TODAY

continued from page 24

readily available in drugstores on prescription, had 55 percent fewer cavities in their primary teeth and 36 percent fewer in their permanent teeth.

No one knows how many women actually have babies by artificial insemination, but persuading a good clinic to perform this procedure is not easy. Doctors at the University of Arkansas Medical Center in Little Rock interviewed 52 inquiring couples in five years. Only eight wives ultimately were inseminated, four of them successfully.

Artificial insemination should never be permitted, says the center's Dr. Stewart A. Fish, unless the husband completely accepts the fact that he is sterile and sincerely wants his wife to experience childbirth; unless he will completely accept the child as "his," without hostility; and unless he is willing to play a father's role during pregnancy, delivery and subsequent upbringing.

The wife, too, must be without uncertainties, and "the secret," believes Dr. Fish, should be kept eternally from the child, family and friends "to protect the child's emotions" in later years. Despite all the problems, he calls the benefits in successful cases "well worth the effort."

Today's young couples should help stop the population explosion, and this involves more than practicing birth control, according to Dr. Seymour Bronstein of Beekman-Downtown Hospital, New York City. He advocates "a new fashion in family size—a voluntary reduction from the current three or four children to two to three children." Otherwise, the doctor argues, the U.S. population will double in the next 35 years, with "dangers to our social order, health standards and personal freedom."

Meanwhile, the intrauterine contraceptive devices known as IUD's (bows, rings, loops or spirals) have come into wide enough use now for medical comparison. The Lippes loop so far seems "clearly superior," reports Dr. Robert E. Hall of Columbia University. Nevertheless, one woman in four has been abandoning even the loop after a year of use because of side effects, expulsion (some women do not retain these devices), or, in 2.4 cases in 100, unplanned pregnancy. This is "roughly comparable to the first-year abandonment of oral contraceptives," Dr. Hall points out, and may be reduced by future improvements in IUD design.

Does regular breast examination pay? "Yes!" says Dr. Victor A. Gilbertsen of the University of Minnesota. A Cancer Detection Center he heads has given annual examinations to 6,614 women since 1948, and found 43 breast cancers, one per 153 women. Ten-year follow-ups now indicate that the survival rate of the women whose cancers were detected early (and promptly dealt with) has remained about the same as the survival of normal women who never had cancer.

Prematurity takes more infant lives than any other condition, and is just as common today—despite all medical efforts—as it was 60 years ago. While obstetricians continue their efforts to find medical ways to eliminate the problem, they now emphasize that there are two factors that mothers themselves must control. Mothers who smoke more than a pack of cigarettes a day tend to ward premature labor, says Dr. H. Hug Allen of London, Ontario. And th woman who works beyond the thirtiet week of her pregnancy is more likely t have a premature baby. Any pregnan woman with any problem that migh predispose her to deliver prematurel should be discouraged from working, D Allen warns. This would include wome past the usual childbearing age, thos who have had previous premature in fants, and those with complications suc as bleeding.

A recent news item that delighted m soul concerns a careful study of 14 young infants and their mothers tha failed to fix the blame for infant colic o the mothers. I was never able to sub scribe to the current idea that a tens mother causes a colicky baby. (In ou own household it was the other wa around—our colicky baby caused ter sions in ME! How could I *not* get tens when 10 thrashing pounds of stomach ache kept expressing itself at the top i its lungs for several hours at a stretch! Now it turns out that Dr. Jack L. Pars dise, a pediatrician, drew a blank whe he tried to find a correlation between th appearance of colic in infants and undu anxiety and tensions in their mother Nor was there any connection betwee the incidence of colic and other materna factors such as a history of nausea i pregnancy, the degree of maternal emo tional warmth, disappointment in th sex of the baby, the birth order, ma ternal age or allergies in the parents

Last month in the pediatric clinic at th University of California in Los Angele six children were examined to determin the causes of their failure in school. Eac child was studied with a complete hi tory and physical exam, neurologica psychological and intelligence testin and, when indicated, a brain-wave study

Six-year-old John had been exclude from his second year in kindergarten b cause his hyperactive behavior was di rupting the class. His problems we found to stem from brain damage at th time of his premature birth.

Six-year-old Mary, who seemed du in her class, was found to have a pr viously undetected hearing defect.

Brian, aged nine, needed glasses t help him read the blackboard from h seat at the rear of the classroom.

Susan's family had moved so man times that she was struggling to adju to her ninth new school in three year

While of much-above-average intell gence, Scott had been absent so man days with asthmatic attacks that he ha fallen hopelessly behind and, feelin defeated, had given up trying to stud

Margaret was found to have simp mental retardation and benefited fro being placed in a special class for slo learners.

The obvious lesson of these cases that school-adjustment problems ca have many causes, but a good pediatr evaluation can go far in clarifying ther

"Hay-fever" shots (usually begun in th spring) really work, two Harvard do tors found as a result of a rigorous tes They gave true ragweed injections to on group of patients and injections of an i effective substance to another grou When hay-fever season came, the treate group had only half as many sympton (eye watering, itching, sneezing, stuf noses) as the comparison group. EN



Now, 60 second conditioning.

KINDNESS CLAIROL



DOTTED SWEETS.
Carter's new confectionery collection.
Little-girl all the way.
They're softest cotton knits with the daintiness of dotted Swiss.

But they wear...and wash... and wear. And wilt not a whit. (That's Carter's sweet thought for Mother.)
This is total fashion that only Carter's does so well.

Carter's

"Dotted Sweets" in a bevy of crisp colors and styles. Toddlers' sizes 2-4. Girls' sizes 3-6X. From $1.79 to $3.50. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass. 02194.

Coping with Temper Tantrums

First Mother: What do you do when your child has a temper tantrum?
Dr. Bettelheim: How old is the child?
First Mother: He's just three.
Dr. B.: Well, this is certainly the age of the temper tantrum, isn't it? Around this time, they tend to get out of control. It's a devastating experience, to have things suddenly get totally out of hand and overpower you. This is something that doesn't face the infant or very young child. If a baby cries or kicks his feet, you don't call that a temper tantrum. But when the same behavior occurs at age three, or three and a half, when the child can talk and walk, then it's suddenly a temper tantrum.
Mothers: Um-hum.
Dr. B.: It's the child's fear of being out of control, plus his still shaky ability to be *in* control, that exactly characterizes the temper-tantrum stage.
First Mother: A temper tantrum doesn't have to mean that a child holds his breath until he turns blue or stamps or
Dr. B.: No.
First Mother: I mean, the child can be just balking; there's a mild form of it, isn't there?
Dr. B.: Well, I don't know. That sounds like stubbornness, which is again something else. It's typical of the temper tantrum that the child throws himself, in exaggerated form, on the floor, and kicks and screams, isn't it?
Second Mother: My children don't. But I take care of my nephew occasionally for a day or two at a time, and he has terrible tantrums. I've never known quite what to do.
Dr. B.: How old is he?
Second Mother: Just six in August. But this has been going on for some time.
Dr. B.: This is kind of late, six.
Second Mother: It has been going on since he was three, but the reaction of my children—oh, they'll stamp and shout and all that—they think this is fantastic when they watch it.
Dr. B.: What do they say?
Second Mother: They're amazed at first. My three-year-old will occasionally, if she's thwarted or can't have something, do a small imitation. But usually they're intrigued by the whole thing and ask: "What is he doing?" My little girl went over and got a pillow for him and tried to help him that way. This must be what you mean by a real temper tantrum, and I've never seen it before. He verges on hysteria.
Third Mother: Is this a real physical thing he's doing, or is he faking it?
Dr. B.: Oh sure, it's physical. And it's emotional, too. He really means it. You can't fake a temper tantrum.
Fourth Mother: My preschooler doesn't do it, but my older child did have them, mostly stemming from frustration. Before he could sit up, he was frustrated till he could. When he could sit up, he wanted to crawl, and until he could crawl he was furious. And then when he could walk, at nine months, it was grim. After that it happened when he'd had enough walking. Whenever he felt frustrated, he had tantrums.
Dr. B.: This is very interesting. First, most children *do* have temper tantrums. So what you say is interesting because you really recognize that it's a child who wants to do a lot of things who has temper tantrums. In many ways the temper tantrum is therefore a desirable sign. It shows that this is a child who wants to get things, though he can't get them yet. The temper tantrum is usually viewed as something negative. It's true: in many cases there are children who try to get their way no matter what. But this is a different story. This is bullying, or whatever you want to call it. I think we as parents must carefully separate the bullying from the temper tantrums. Because many things can take a similar form but have very different meanings and origins. It's important that *we* act differently, depending on what it is. I wouldn't suggest that we fall for bullying. With this six- or seven-year-old, we don't know if what was originally a temper tantrum hasn't slowly become an effort to bully. But I'm also fascinated by your little daughter's sharp insight in bringing the pillow, which is really very clever. You see, the true temper tantrum can really be a very good sign. That the child wants to do things. He still cannot do them, and therefore gets flooded by disappointment and rage. This child discharges his rage in the only way a small child can discharge it; through locomotor activity; screaming, kicking, hitting, thrashing around. The best we can do, as your little girl suggested, is to see at least that he doesn't hurt himself. The trouble is most parents view the temper tantrum as defiance, and the mother says, "My God! What is that going to develop into?"
Fourth Mother: My son is four by now and he's just interested in everything, and ——
Dr. B.: That's right. And if you squash the temper tantrum, as some parents do, you might squash his desire to go out and get things and do things, even if he's not quite ready for them yet. Generally, in the adult, we consider this a most desirable pattern. We approve of the go-getter. The trouble is that sometimes the temper tantrum disintegrates into bullying on the one hand, or is squashed by the parents on the other, which means that the child has been told, "You must never reach for things you're not ready for."
Fourth Mother: I'm afraid we've squashed ours.
Dr. B.: Reaching for things we're not ready for is naturally frustrating. But the only way (*continued*)

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1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Few grains of salt
1 cup coarsely chopped walnut meats

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SNACK SUGGESTION: spread Eagle Brand on bread. Kids love it.

we can avoid getting frustrated is never to reach for things that are *out* of our reach. The three-year-old, who is right at the age of the temper tantrum, is not only reaching out for things; he cannot really convey to you what he's reaching for. His language ability isn't adequate. If you watch the temper tantrum carefully, you see the following: In the beginning the child has tried to tell you what he's after. But as he proceeds he can no longer do that. Before he can say what he wants, he has to think it. But he's still so poorly developed that when he gets too flooded with anger, his thinking disintegrates. Therefore, we have to help him pull himself together. Since usually, in the temper tantrum, he's trying to reach out for something, the best way to deal with the tantrum is to give him something. It might not be what he was really reaching for. But he might still vaguely remember that he was reaching for something. So when he gets something, he's satisfied, even a little. This is usually called distraction. It really isn't. Parents make the mistake of thinking they've distracted the temper-tantrum child. Actually the child has forgotten what he wanted, but he still remembers he wanted something, and now he's got something. So things are all right again, or at least better.

Fourth Mother: Then there really isn't any point in withholding?

Dr. B.: No, the worst thing you can do is to say, "Well, if you are going to have a tantrum, I won't give it to you."

Third Mother: That's trying to make a power issue out of it?

Dr. B.: That's right.

Fourth Mother: Our children have resorted to door-slamming, but they got that from me. I slam doors.

Dr. B.: Like good children, they follow the example you set. The more impressive your example, the more they'll copy it; there isn't much we can do about that.

Fifth Mother: Is there such a thing as meeting children's needs so adequately that they don't get so frustrated?

Dr. B.: That's practically impossible. It only means the child doesn't react to as many stimuli from his environment as he could. It's true: the placid, passive child is the one who has no or very few and weak tantrums. He's the one who doesn't overreach himself and hence doesn't get frustrated. Maybe he's happier, but he is also less interested and less interesting.

Sixth Mother: You were talking about a three-year-old. Mine is younger.

Dr. B.: Some are precocious.

Sixth Mother: But he goes into the ti form of tantrum—he throws thi around and beats his fists and—

Dr. B.: How old is he?

Sixth Mother: He'll be two this mon

Dr. B.: That's all right, that's not rea too young. What do you do?

Sixth Mother: I wait till it abates a then I try to console him for a while.

Dr. B.: Yes, but I wouldn't wait till abates; I'd get the pillow and make h comfortable.

Sixth Mother: Until it's over?

Dr. B.: Yes, and give him something.

Sixth Mother: Even when it's har less, the effect on *me* is devastating.

Dr. B.: Of course! It stirs up an awf lot in us to watch anyone in a terril rage, especially our own child. It mak us feel helpless and frustrated. We g worried about ourselves, too, as paren How come we didn't do a better job taking care of him so that he wouldn feel so awful? I guess every parent fee the desperation behind wild acting ou whether or not he is consciously awa of it as such. It's painful to see his chi feel so miserable. To this is added t always-present anxiety: Does this me I've failed him as a parent? Then there the honest frustration about what to d Shall we try to stop it? Command hi to stop? Or shall we cuddle him, di tract him, or what?

Actually, once a temper tantrum h reached its climax there is little we ca do but let him scream it out, because h needs the discharge. Try to see that h doesn't hurt himself. Try to talk com fortingly to him. Which doesn't have t mean saying only reassuring things; a least not unless we also give him recog nition in his distress. We can say both that we recognize that things are awfu right now, but that it isn't the end of a things; that we love him and mean t help him, even if he acts like a wil cornered animal. Because we must neve forget, in our reactions to wildness, tha he acts this way only because he fee cornered, and can see no way out. Even tually, after enough discharge, he will b ready to accept the ways out we sugges But since he becomes for a time so un reachable in his tantrum, it is best not t let it build up to the point where he fee helpless and devastating frustration Better that we try to help him reach h goals before things build up to such pitch, or that we give him enough com fort so that his not being able to reach doesn't become so extreme an experienc This we must do when he is only frus trated, when he hasn't yet reached th point where only a most massive bodil discharge can bring him relief. EN



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Everywhere you look—in the streets, on buses and trains, in restaurants—the number of blondes seems to be increasing. And for very good reasons, too. There is, after all, a blonde mystique. And the cosmetics people—often working hand in hand with the salons—have made blondeness almost as simple a matter as using the right product, in the right way, at the right time.

So you're not alone if you think you'd like to be a blonde. In fact, you're in such good company, we've decided to answer, en masse, some of the most-asked questions we receive from would-be blondes. We've included questions, too, from the already blonde—those who are unhappy with the condition of their hair, or dissatisfied with the shade. Or who wonder what to do when blonde hair goes gray.

I'd love to be a blonde, but I'm afraid of a drastic, permanent change. Is there any way I can tell, without bleaching my hair, whether I would look well as a blonde?

Yes. One way—and it's fun as well as informative—is to visit the mobile version of Clairol's World's Fair Color Carousel pavilion. It will be traveling to regional shopping centers—one of them, probably, very near you. When you do visit the Carousel, you'll be able to see yourself in blonde hair (black, brown and red hair, too, if you're curious) by peering into Clairol Hair Color Pre-Vuers. They contain Fashion Tress wigs in different colors. Or you can always try on the blonde wigs in your local department stores and beauty salons.

My natural hair color is a kind of mousy light brown, but in the summer it gets sun-streaked and looks wonderful. Is there any way I can streak my hair myself during the winter?

Yes, Revlon says you can get the streaking benefits of a "summer's worth of sun" with their new Sunnyside Up Shampoo Hair Lightener. Follow the special directions for streaking, and you'll have the same pretty, sun-brightened look you love in the summer. 2½-oz. bottle, $2.

My blonde hair tends to look brassy and a little bit cheap. What can I do about it, short of going back to my natural brown color?

Chances are, you haven't been "toning" your hair. Toners are pale, delicate colors applied to prebleached hair that help you to achieve the exact shade and degree of blondeness you desire. For best results, hair should be bleached one shade—and preferably two shades—lighter than the toner color you plan to use. "Misty Blonde Toners," by Helene Curtis, help you to long-lasting blonde shades and do away with the brassy look you dislike. The real news here, though, is that these toners take only ten minutes to work.

I've been doing a successful job of bleaching and toning my own hair—but lately it's been looking streaky and faded between colorings. Is there something—perhaps a temporary product—I can use to revive the color?

Yes, a very good choice would be Picture Perfect, by Clairol. It's a temporary color rinse that "refreshes" the tint or toner color you use after bleaching; it also removes any unwanted gold highlights, and, depending on the shade you choose, even adds subtle color variations. Best of all, it works in a flash. You simply comb it through your hair after shampooing, and it rinses out with the next shampoo. $1.25 for the 6-oz. size; $2.25 for a pint.

Is there a special hair spray for blondes?

Yes, one good hair spray, New Dawn Holding Hair Spray, has a hint of color in the formula—just enough to brighten your hair and make it prettier. Color doesn't rub off on pillows or clothing, never builds up or flakes, so you can use it often. Since your hair is light, try the blonde formula first—we're told, however, that a contrasting shade (auburn or brown, for example) is sometimes more effective, so experiment. Aerosol can, $1.95.

Is there a special shampoo I can use to put highlights in my blonde hair?

Yes—a good one is Color-Tone Shampoo Concentrate by Helena Rubinstein. The Blonde-Tone formula will wash golden highlights into your hair, and leave it silky-soft and manageable. Or, if your hair is a very light yellow or a platinum blonde shade, try the Silver-Tone formula for pale silver highlights. $2.50.

I'm blonde with just a few gray hairs. Is there anything I can do to disguise them?

Try Shulton's new Tecnique Color-Tone Treatment to blend in the gray. It's a gentle coloring product with ingredients that penetrate the hair shaft and enhance the natural color and quality of your hair. Treatment lasts up to eight weeks, or longer. Complete color treatment, $2.00.

I'm going to a crazy-costume party, and think it would be fun to have my blonde hair match the pink dress I'll wear. How can I have pink hair—for that one evening only?

A temporary color rinse—like Fancifull, by Roux—will give smashing results, especially if your hair is a very light shade of blonde. Try the Barely Pink shade. It rinses on in only four minutes, washes out just as easily, with no lingering traces of color. One pint, $2.25.

My bleached hair has been absolutely lifeless for the last few months. How can I "pick it up"?

For healthy, shiny, revitalized hair, ask for "Suffrage," by L'Oreal of Paris. Its built-in "color screen" (it works on the same principle as a sunscreening lotion or cream) protects hair against fading. It seals out atmospheric moisture, too. **END**



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One of today's finest novelists has written a book so memorable, so meaningful for the Easter season, that we are offering it, before book publication, as a special gift to readers young and old. By Rumer Godden

THE KITCHEN MADONNA

The children did not like it that Marta was unhappy.

"Well, she chose to come, didn't she?" said Janet.

"Haven't you ever chosen to do something and not liked it?" asked Father, and Janet had to admit she had. Gregory had not. "But then Greg hardly ever does anything," Janet could have said. Gregory was a quiet boy, always first at school but oddly out of things at home. "He puts himself out of things," Janet would have said. And Mother complained, "Gregory keeps himself to himself."

Then Marta had come to help in the house, and from the first Gregory had taken an interest in her, which was strange, because he had taken none at all in the much younger Danish Tove and French Babette who had preceded her.

Marta was Ukrainian. "And no wonder she's sad," said Mother. "Think of the history of her country!" But Gregory thought Marta's sadness had nothing to do with her country, it was a sadness of the present; though Marta was in late middle age and Gregory was a small boy, he, too, sometimes felt that brooding unhappiness, especially at twilight. "When Mother is still out," he might have said, only he preferred to keep that thought to himself.

"He never hugs me as Janet does," Mother sighed. "He's so wrapped up in himself that sometimes I wonder if he has a heart—and he's so possessive."

It was true that Gregory was almost fiercely possessive; no one, except Janet now and then if she asked permission, was allowed into his loft; no one must touch his things; his ship picture, his books, his birthday watch, or his cat Rootle. Rootle was called Rootle because Gregory had found him as a starving kitten rootling in a dustbin; he was Gregory's, not Father's or Mother's or Janet's, but, from the first day Marta came, Gregory let her stroke Rootle, even feed him and pick him up.

Marta was a boon to Mother—"She's the best help we have ever had," said Mother. Mother and Father, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, were both architects, which made hard work for Mother, who had the children to look after and the house to run besides the office; often she was kept late, or else had to go away to inspect a house or site, and then she worried. Marta had been with them only three months, but already Mother was looking less harried. Marta was tireless, clean and a beautiful cook.

"Borscht and goulash, yummy!" said Janet. "Stay with us forever," she begged.

To Gregory, the important thing about Marta was that she was always there. When they came down in the morning, Marta was in the kitchen, making coffee and toast, putting out bowls of cereal, heating rolls, setting the table with honey and milk. February and March are dismal months in London, and often the children were chilled when they came in from school, but Marta had a warm fire and their tea ready; to Gregory it was inexpressibly lovely to come home, knowing the house would be lit and welcoming instead of dark, forsaken, with a note telling them to go next door. When they went to bed they knew the house was safe because Marta was downstairs in the kitchen getting dinner ready. She ate her own off a newspaper at one end of the kitchen table. "Marta! You must have a tablecloth," cried Mother, when she discovered this. But Marta said, "I like newspaper. I try read new words." When she had washed up, she went quietly up to bed in her room next to Gregory's and Janet's bedrooms.

"But don't you want to go out?" Mother asked Marta.

"I go out," Marta answered in her slow way; after years in England she still spoke English haltingly. "I go to the shop, take knitting in the gardens. Where else?" asked Marta. She did go to church on Sundays, but this was early in the morning before the family was up. It was peaceful, not continually upsetting as it had been with Tove and Babette, who were always wanting to go out, and had brought their friends to the house—"We were *invaded*," said Gregory; sometimes he used odd expressions for a nine-year-old boy. "Invaded."

"But it's nice to have people," Mother told him. Gregory did not think it nice. With Tove and Babette the house had not felt like the Thomases' own; with Marta it did. Marta, it appeared, did not want friends. The old lady she had worked for in the country had died. "Me there twenty-two years," said Marta.

"You must have liked it, to stay so long," said Gregory jealously.

"No, not like," said Marta.

"Then why did you stay?" demanded Janet.

"Old lady ill. She need Marta," said Marta, as if that settled it.

"We need you, too," said Janet, and the whole of Gregory longed to say that as well. "We need you. Stay with us forever." But he was tongue-tied. And Mother filled him with dread when she sighed and said, "I'm afraid it's too lonely for Marta."

"Make it less lonely," said Gregory. He meant it as a plea, but it sounded like a growl, and Mother did not answer. Besides, how could she make it less lonely? Marta was so heavy and slow, her clothes so old-fashioned, that the other maids and cooks in the square laughed at her. It seemed, too, that she did not want to make friends. And soon it was settled that, when the family was out, Marta was content to be with Rootle.

Marta and Rootle had both suffered from the world; Marta, Mother said, had been a refugee from her village, driven out by soldiers, and had never seen any of her people again. Rootle had been driven out, too, but, unlike Marta, he was skinny, perhaps because he had been so starved. Marta limped from a wound—"They shoot at me," said Marta—and one of Rootle's ears that must have been injured had grown crooked. Marta, though, thought Rootle beautiful, as Gregory did, and she used to talk to him: "*Moja kicia. Kicia.* My kitty. Kitty," she would say, though Rootle was by no means a kitten. Sometimes he answered with a "miaow," but there was something wrong with Rootle's miaow; it was hoarse and stifled, as if those days of being out in the cold and wet had hurt his throat. "But now," said Marta, "he has beautiful big home, *moja kicia.*"

The home was big; Gregory's loft was in the roof; on the next floor were the children's two bedrooms, with Marta's bedroom next to them. The floor below was Mother's and Father's, with their bedroom, dressing room and two workrooms; below that again was the drawing room and the dining room; in the basement Marta had her own sitting room next to the kitchen, but she always sat in the kitchen.

"I like kitchen," said Marta. "In my home," she told the children, "only one room, and that room kitchen."

"One room for everyone to sit in?" asked Janet.

"Sit, cook, eat, wash, sleep, everything," said Marta.

"In a kitchen like this?" asked Janet, marveling. And she asked, "Where were the beds?"

"No like this," said Marta. "No cooker, only big oven, big, big, big! On top of oven big bed all childrens sleep."

"On top of the oven?" asked Gregory and Janet together. "But wasn't it too hot?" asked Gregory. "Didn't they get burnt?"

"Oven have many, many bricks all round. Bricks keep it not too hot; nice, warm," said Marta. "I sleep there when I little. One side of room, big wooden bed, father and mother sleep; mattress straw and there is big pillow, many, many pillow, beautiful pillow." Marta's green eyes were shining. "White linen cases my mother spin, all embroidered red. Other side room, wood table, chairs, stools to sit and eat. Only one window, so little that room always little dark, but fire it shine, pans they shine. Floor is earth," said Marta, and suddenly, as if she were dazed, she looked round the expensive London kitchen with its white paint, white tiles, pale blue Formica, white enamel, silver chromium. "Not like this," said Marta. "Not at all."

Mother had planned the kitchen herself. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" she had said when she showed it to Marta, but Marta had said nothing.

Since Marta came, the kitchen was not quite as beautiful. She brought in a sagging old armchair she had found in the attic room next to Gregory's loft.

"Why that old chair, Marta?"

"I like," said Marta.

Rootle's basket appeared—"Doesn't Gregory mind?" asked Mother. But he did not seem to mind. A row of plants stood in odd saucers and glass jars on the windowsill with a wooden box planted with parsley and chives, while strings of onions hung on a nail by the door. "I'm afraid Marta's not very tidy," said Mother, but Gregory and Janet liked the kitchen far better now. It was cozier.

"It's getting filled," Gregory said one day, but Marta shook her head. "It empty."

Sometimes, in her blunt way, Marta said such things to Gregory. She could say them to him; Janet, like Mother, would have been a little indignant, but

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Illustrations by Guy Deel

Gregory only opened his gray eyes wide behind his spectacles, showing he was interested.

"How can it be empty when it's full of things?"

"It empty," insisted Marta. "Things to fill—here," and she clasped her hands over the bib of her apron. "Kitchen, it feel empty. . . . " She might have said more, but just then Janet came bouncing in, and Marta turned quickly to the pan on the stove.

Gregory never forgot things, and a week later, while he, Janet and Marta were having tea in the kitchen, he took his chance. Marta had made a wonderful cake-tart of apricots glazed with jam, and they had eaten and drunk and laughed. Marta's sallow cheeks were quite red, her eyes, that were often so dull, were bright; there was not a trace of sadness in the air until Gregory asked in his quiet way, "What did you have in your kitchen, Marta, that we don't have in ours?"

For a moment Marta did not speak. Gregory thought she was going to retreat into her silence and, in a voice that Mother had not heard, and Janet seldom had, a voice that coaxed like a beguiling little flute, he said, "Tell us, please tell us, Marta."

Marta twisted her hands in her apron, her cheeks flushed deeper red. Then, "You have no 'good place,'" said Marta.

"No good. . . . What do you mean?" Janet was beginning when Gregory kicked her under the table.

"What is a 'good place,' Marta?"

"In my home, Ukrainian home," said Marta, "we make a good place. In the corner, there," and she showed an angle of the room. "Little place, but it holy because we keep there Our Lady and Holy Child."

"A statue?" asked Janet.

"Not statue." Marta struggled to find words. "Like picture, but more beautiful. Pictures, but prickled with gold," said Marta in a rush.

"*Prickled?*"

"She means crusted," said Gregory.

"Crusted," agreed Marta and the *rrr*'s sounded rich. "With gold and stones, pearls, rubies——"

"*Real* ones?" asked Janet incredulously.

"Sometimes real, sometimes no. In many churches real," said Marta. "In homes, poor homes, not pearls and rubies. This!" and she went to her work basket and brought out a box. In it were beads, big and little, pale yellow, deeper yellow, and a yellow that was almost brown.

"Amber," said Gregory at once. Gregory knew about stones, jewels and semiprecious stones; he loved to pore over them in the Geological Museum.

"Yes, amber," said Marta and again the *r* rolled. "Rub it warm, and it smell good," said Marta. "They find by the river near my home."

"And do they put amber on the pictures?"

"Yes, to make necklace and decorations. They make embroidery on clothes."

"*Clothes* on a picture?"

"Yes, beautiful," said Marta. "The mantle, velvet perhaps, the robe silk. And, in front of picture, every day we put vase flowers and a little litted lamp—lamp glass red like ruby, too. The lamp shine. All day we see. Kitchen dark, but lamp and picture shine. They faces shine, Mother, Baby; they make happy, warm; everywhere you go, they eyes, they look at you. They look. . . ." Marta looked around and once more saw the Thomas kitchen; the glow left her face, and she put her head down and wept.

Janet was shocked into silence—she had not seen a grown person cry—but presently Gregory said, "She means they had a sort of icon."

On Marta's head the skimpy hair was drawn tightly back into a little knob with ugly black hairpins skewered into its dull mouse color; Marta's pale ear lobes were pierced with small gold rings, the worn creases of her neck showed above the carefully turned-down collar. And, looking down at her, Gregory's heart suddenly swelled with an unfamiliar feeling so that he wanted to cry, too, as he had wanted to cry when he found Rootle in the dustbin. He put out his hand and stiffly patted Marta's shoulder—Gregory, who avoided touching anyone. "Don't cry, Marta," he said. "*I* will get you an icon."

"Where are you going?" asked Mother.

"To the museum."

Mother thought Gregory meant the Geological or the Natural History Museum where he often went on Saturday mornings. Both were in Kensington, their own part of London. Gregory loved the museums. He made drawings there of stones and crystals, of fossils and skeletons and brought them back to store in his loft. "But what will you do with them?" asked Janet, who longed to do something with everything, but Gregory did not answer her; he only continued to store away.

"So much goes into Gregory," said Mother, with a sigh, to Father. "Nothing ever comes out. Just the opposite to Janet."

No brother and sister could have been more different. Janet was pretty, a well-grown little girl, plump, with dimples, lively brown eyes, gold-brown curls. Gregory, though older, was frailer, and pale, with thin legs and knobbed knees and strangely large hands with long fingers. "Clever hands," said Mother. His face was small and pale, too, while his big gray eyes were made bigger by dark-rimmed spectacles. When Gregory sat working in his loft, he looked like an old professor.

Museums are the natural haunt of old professors, but this morning Gregory did not roam the Natural History Museum nor the Geological, he meant the British Museum. One of the few people that Gregory ever spoke to, outside the house, was the underkeeper in the fossil room at the Natural History Museum, and he had said, "Icons? You'll have to go to the British Museum for these."

"The British Museum," Gregory told Janet. "That's a long way off. We shall have to change buses," he added. "The fares will be expensive, but we have plenty of money."

"Yes," said Janet sadly.

When Gregory chose, he could make Janet do anything he wanted, and now he had taken all her pocket money. "We have thirty-five shillings between us," he said. "Then we have threepence of mine, nine pennies of yours." And he said, "You can keep your pennies."

"But I want to keep my shillings," protested Janet. "I'm saving up for a pony."

"You mustn't be selfish," said Gregory.

"If you told Mother, she would buy Marta an icon," argued Janet. "Why can't we tell her?"

"You know why."

On that afternoon, when Gregory had patted her, Marta had lifted her head, sniffed loudly and dried her tears on her napkin. "More than twenty-two years," said Marta. "Twenty-two years I away from my home and never think of it. Now . . . it is talking to children," said Marta. "I not talk so much; it bad." And she said, "You must give me deep promise" (she meant solemn). "Your mother so good to me," said Marta. "Your father give so much money. Marta not ungrateful." The *rrr*'s rolled indignantly at the very idea. "Never! Never! Never! I should *die*," said Marta with vehemence, "if they think that. You—kind boy," she said to Gregory. "Perhaps one day God, he send Marta a picture."

But Gregory had made up his mind. "God won't give her that picture, nor Mother, nor Father. I shall," said Gregory.

Gregory was right: the bus was horribly expensive. It was a long, long way. "What time shall we get back?" asked Janet.

"We haven't got there yet," said Gregory.

When they left the bus, they took a wrong turning, and had to ask—"*Twice*," said Janet. She said it feelingly, because Gregory made her ask; he would never speak to anyone if he could help it. But when at last they arrived at the museum and were in the



Candles threw a gold light up so that the faces of the Madonna and Child were lit. "Their eyes do look at you," whispered Janet. "It's Marta's icon!"

ing hall, she refused to ask; museums were gory's territory, and Janet put herself behind a marble statue while Gregory went up to the ormed men at the desk.

anet would have said, "Please, where is the icon n?" But when Gregory was forced to speak, he so clearly and grandly. "Where do you keep your s?" he asked.

fter a long time of wandering through rooms and eries, up flights of stone stairs, a keeper showed n some glass cases. "Are *those* icons?" asked et.

I suppose so," said Gregory.

ut the icons were not in the least like Marta's ription. To the children's eyes, they were dull angular paintings on thick wood, painted and ished with gold. There were several of the Maa and Child—what Janet called "Jesus-ys"—there was Christ on the cross, saints in long s. Some of the colors glowed, but most were oky," said Janet with distaste. One small Maa had a cloak and a robe of turquoise enamel, —"Where is the velvet?" asked Janet. "Where the rubies and pearls? Where is the amber?"

hen Janet was disappointed, her voice rang out, a gentleman who was studying a case of miniajade bottles looked up and came over to them. n't you think they're beautiful?" he asked.

No," said Janet. And she said again, "Where are jewels?"

You mean the clothes and halos are not decorated lver or gold?" he asked.

Yes, sir," said Gregory, as formally as if he were chool.

They're nearly all plain painting," complained et. "And why are they so dark?"

Well, when those paintings were finished," said gentleman, "they were given a coating of oil, and absorbs the dust and incense. These are old s, early Greek and Russian; after centuries of ship naturally the paintings grew dark, but that s to their interest."

anet did not think so.

The bright colors are there underneath," the leman assured her. And he said seriously, "An is more than a painting. It is meant to be a link ween earth and heaven, a window opening onto ed things."

regory thought he understood. That was how had felt to Marta.

Come and look here," said the gentleman, and he the children to a special case. "Our Lady of ev," he said. "She has been loved for more than hundred years. Look at her embroidered cloak."

But it *isn't* embroidered," said Janet. "That's it."

You don't want paintings to be ornamented, ng lady." The gentleman sounded severe.

We do want them to be ornamented," said Janet.

Gregory, ashamed of Janet, said, "You see, it a jeweled icon we were looking for, sir."

I don't think many were jeweled," said the gennan. "Some were enameled; Fabergé, for instance, a fine example."

Fa—bergé?" asked Gregory.

He was a famous jeweler. His icon is exquisite."

Where could we see it?"

I don't think you could; it belongs to the Duke Norfolk, but there may be others. I should ask a eler if I were you."

A *jeweler?*"

Yes, Rostov's, off Regent Street, specialize in ls," said the gentleman. "They might help you—ou must have ornamentation."

We must," said Janet, and Gregory mouthed ut up!" but to the gentleman he said politely, ease, sir, could you write that name down?"

The gentleman took out a silver pencil and a card wrote on it and gave it to Gregory. It seemed as e would make one more attempt to persuade them the beauty of the old icons, but Gregory hastily "Thank you," while Janet slipped behind the es.

For goodness' sake," said Gregory, as they scurd down the gallery, "do you have to be so rude?"

I wasn't rude."

You were." And they started to bicker.

"My legs ache," said Janet on the stairs, and in the hall she rebelled. "I won't go to that jeweler's now. I'm tired and I'm hungry. I want to go home."

"Little softie," said Gregory.

"I'm not a softie."

The quarrel was settled for them as a clock chimed twice. "Two o'clock! It can't be!" And they looked at each other in consternation. "My goodness! What will Mother say?" asked Janet.

"Extremely, extremely naughty," said Mother.

Gregory and Janet had not arrived home until four o'clock; in his worry, Gregory had got them onto a bus going the wrong way, which nearly doubled the journey. "Naughty, deceitful and thoughtless," said Mother. "Marta was half out of her mind with worry when you didn't come back for lunch." Mother was really angry. Gregory's pocket money was stopped for two weeks and they were both sent to bed. "I don't care," said Janet. "My legs still ache." Gregory did not care either. He had the card and the address the gentleman had written: ROSTOV, COURT JEWELLERS. 9 PANTON PLACE, REGENT STREET. Court Jewellers! Even the words seemed to glitter. "I expect they make crowns," he told Janet, and added, "I shall go to Rostov's next Saturday."

In the morning, though, Father gave Gregory a good talking to. "London is a big city," said Father. "Bigger than you think, and easy to get lost in. Nine and seven years old is too young to go exploring. Are you listening, Gregory?" Father must have caught a faraway look on Gregory's face. "Our square, the streets around it and the park. Nowhere else, Gregory, do you hear me?" asked Father sharply.

"Yes, Father." Gregory had heard and wished he had not. When he came out of Father's room, he looked thoughtful and unhappy. Then he sighed and said, "I'm afraid I shall have to be disobedient."

"Why?" asked Janet. And Gregory made one of his old-fashioned remarks: "There is no other course open to me; but you needn't be," he said. And when Saturday came, he told Janet to stay with Marta.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to get into trouble."

"If you get into trouble," said Janet, "I don't see why I shouldn't."

They found Rostov's, a big shop with a façade that seemed to be made of dark-gray marble, but at the shop door Gregory quailed. It was not like the door of any of the shops in their familiar High Street, set open or swinging cheerfully to and fro. The door was of plate glass with a crest and firmly shut. It was a minute or two before Gregory gathered up enough courage to push it open. Then he and Janet jumped; sitting on a stool just inside was a man in uniform.

"He was a doorman, a kind of keeper-guard," Gregory told Janet afterward.

"A guard, as if they didn't want people to come in," said Janet. It seemed to her a very queer shop.

The doorman got up as they came hesitatingly in. "What do you want, son?"

Gregory did not answer. He stood on a deep crimson carpet and blinked in the brilliance of light. The shop seemed to spread away on all sides, wall after wall lined with lit cases, glass counters lit, too, and all filled with sparkling things. Several men in dark suits stood behind the counters. One was talking to a lady; she seemed the only customer in the shop; the rest were simply standing. It was so quiet that, above the murmur of the lady's and gentleman's voices, the children could hear clocks ticking, innumerable clocks. "Let's go," whispered Janet, but Gregory was not afraid. This was Rostov's just as he had dreamed. "We want," said Gregory, "to see the owner of this shop." His voice, in its clearness and grandeur, reached all round the room, even to where an older man with white hair was writing at a desk at the back. He looked up.

"The owner, eh?" The big doorman looked down at Gregory with amusement.

"Yes. The owner or one of his men." And Gregory walked up to the counter. Janet followed and stood by the glass case, her eyes growing rounder as she looked at the things inside.

"Yes?" asked the young man behind the counter.

Gregory was going to speak, when Janet, being Janet, spoiled everything. She looked up at the young man and asked in an awed voice, "Do you sell crowns?" Then, as Gregory's elbow drove sharply into her ribs, Janet whispered, "But you said they might. *You* said it."

"I know I did, but not here."

A ripple of laughter ran round the men; then the young man leaned forward and spoke to Janet in the voice grown people use when they speak to little children. "Crowns? Why, yes. For princesses and fairy queens."

Janet's pink face went pinker, but Gregory turned scarlet and then white, which meant he had lost his temper. "We didn't come here to be laughed at," he said.

Gregory was not four feet tall, but there was dignity in his anger, and the white-haired man got up from his desk and joined the young man behind the counter. "That will do, Mr. Needham," he said. And he asked Gregory, "What did you come for?" There was not a hint of laughter in his voice.

"I was told," said Gregory, still haughty, "that you sell icons."

"We do, but what kind of icons are you interested in?"

"Not Greek or Russian," said Gregory. "At least, not early Greek or Russian. Later, ornamented icons," said Gregory. "Have you any examples of Fabergé?"

"Fabergé?" The man's eyebrows went up; he exchanged glances with Mr. Needham, who openly stared. Then, "We haven't a Fabergé, I'm sorry to say," said the older man and, ordering Mr. Needham as Gregory would have ordered Janet, he said, "Show the young gentleman what we have."

Mr. Needham led the way across the room and opened a glass wall case. There the icons were; after the museum, the children recognized them instantly, though most were brighter, their colors more clear. Alone on one shelf was an icon of the Mother and Child that riveted Gregory's attention. "Look," he whispered to Janet. "Look." The Mother had a gold crown with, behind it, a circle of stars; the Baby, nestling against her, had a smaller crown. The cloak was blue and studded with silver, and in her hand the Mother held a silver bell banded with pinhead red stones. "Are the stones rubies?" whispered Janet. She was sure they were rubies, but—"Garnets more likely," said Gregory. They gazed and gazed until . . . "That's the one," said Gregory aloud, and told Mr. Needham, "I should like to look at that icon, please."

"You can look at it on the shelf," said Mr. Needham.

"I need to look at it close," said Gregory.

Once again, "Mr. Needham," said the older man, and, reluctantly, Mr. Needham lifted out the icon and laid it in front of Gregory. Janet crowded up to see, but Mr. Needham kept his hands each side of it as if he were afraid the children might touch it.

"It hasn't many jewels," said Janet. "Would Marta like it?"

"Who could help liking it?" Gregory answered, almost absently: so this is what an icon could be like. His eyes went from it to the other icons; none was as beautiful. "This is *the* one," said Gregory.

Before he could stop her, Janet had seized his purse out of his hand. "We have spent a lot on buses," she told Mr. Needham, "but we have more than thirty shillings left. Does this icon cost more than that?"

"It costs four hundred and thirty-eight guineas," said Mr. Needham, and again that ripple of laughter ran round the shop.

Gregory did not know how he got outside; he only remembered that there was a buzzing in his ears as he dragged Janet across the crimson carpet. "Wait a minute, boy," he heard the older man say, but Gregory wrenched open the door, pulled Janet through it and slammed it shut. In the street it had begun to rain; he walked so fast that Janet had to trot to keep up with him. "Idiot! Silly idiot," said Gregory, but Janet had no idea what she had done. Her face looked bewildered as she trotted, the rain

wetting her hair. She held the purse out toward him; he took it and thrust it out of sight. *Thirty shillings. No wonder they laughed! But it wasn't Janet's fault,* he thought. *It was mine for going into a shop like that. How could I have been so silly?* Yet, as he asked that, he remembered the beauty of the Mother's face, the stars around her, the red stones in the orb, the deep blue of the cloak, and he slackened his pace. *At least I have seen it,* thought Gregory.

"Greg," Janet said piteously, "please, Greg. It's raining *very* hard."

It was. Janet's hair was beginning to look streaked—she was not even wearing a beret—and as she spoke a drop ran off the end of her snub nose. Even when Gregory was cross he was a careful brother, and now he looked down the small dark street. "There's a church," he said. "Anyone can go into a church. Quick, run in there."

The church was dark, made darker by the rain, but, when they had shaken the drops out of their eyes, they saw they were only in the vestibule. "It's got a shop," whispered Janet. "Nonsense," said Gregory. "Churches don't have shops." But at one side there *was* a sort of shop, full of statues and books and candlesticks. Beyond, in the church itself, they could see a vaulted roof and pillars and, as they walked timidly into it, they saw gold after gold glow, made by candles burning in candlestands all along the walls. Janet pulled Gregory's sleeve. "Look, that's what Marta told us about," she said. "Little lights in red lamps."

In front of a statue two lights burned in small glasses. "Ruby red," said Gregory, but Janet had disappeared. Gregory turned irritably to look for her, but in a moment she was back. "Greg," she said, "they have those lamps in the shop." Gregory came to look, and Janet was right. The lamps were just as Marta had described them, a glass lamp deep red or sapphire blue in a silvered holder; in each was a round wax light with a wick, like a big night-light. "Let's buy one for Marta," whispered Janet. And she said, "*They* couldn't cost guineas."

The lamps were four shillings and sixpence each. "We can do that," said Gregory, and a ruby-red one, with its light, was wrapped in newspaper. Gregory carefully paid out four shillings and sixpence. "Now we have only one pound, six shillings and a few pennies left," he said. "We can't buy an icon for that, and what use is a lamp without one?"

All the same, the finding of the lamp cheered the day. He carefully wrapped the shillings and the pennies in the pound note, put them in his purse and put that in his pocket.

It was still deluging outside and, to pass the time, Gregory and Janet began to walk round the church. Suddenly Gregory stopped, his fingers digging into Janet's arm. Hanging against a pillar was a picture. "Or not a picture," whispered Janet. It was a Madonna and Child, a Jesus-Mary, in a heavy painted frame, but both Mother and Child stood out of the picture—"Because they are dressed," whispered Gregory—dressed as Marta had described them. The crowns were gold lace carefully cut; the veil and cloak were blue edged with silver and stuck with sequins and beads that glittered. The Mother's robe was red, patterned with silver, and the Child's small robe was red, too, covered with silver and beads. OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA, QUEEN OF POLAND, said a notice under the picture.

"That's Marta's country," said Gregory. "Poland and the Ukraine are almost the same."

"Their eyes *do* look at you," whispered Janet. And then she said, "It's Marta's icon."

In her excitement, she had raised her voice. "Hush!" said Gregory. Then he whispered, "It's not an icon." He stepped closer to look. "We were wrong. It wasn't an icon Marta wanted, it was a dressed-up picture." He looked at the picture carefully. "Their clothes are cut out like paper dolls' clothes," he told Janet. "I could make that," said Gregory.

"But you don't make things," Janet objected. "You never did."

"Only because I didn't want to," said Gregory. Gazing at the picture, he began to plan. "I shall need glue," he said, "and pieces of cloth, red and blue and dark blue. What sort of cloth?"

"It looks like silk," said Janet. "I think," she said, straining up to look, "that at the back it's velvet."

"Velvet's terribly expensive," said Gregory, frowning, "and then we have the picture to buy. We should have to buy a picture to dress up."

They stayed, planning, until the rain stopped and they could come out of the church to go home. They both felt warm and cheered—until they got on the bus. When the conductress came along to take their fares, Gregory put his hand in his pocket to find his purse, and his face went white. He had put his purse not into his shorts pocket but into the pocket of his raincoat—the one with the hole. The purse must have dropped through, in the church, on the pavement, or on the road when they ran for the bus. The conductress was holding out her hand for the money. "Come on. We'll have to get off," said Gregory, but Janet put her hand in her own pocket. "You gave me back my pennies, remember," she said. As they were half-fares, Janet's pennies took them all the way home. "With one penny over," said Janet, looking at it. It did not seem much left over from thirty-five shillings. "And your threepence, my ninepence," said Janet.

"Shouldn't we go back to the church?" Gregory had asked. But Janet said, "We should be late for lunch. We can't tell Mother because we shouldn't have gone by ourselves." The loss of the money was the finishing touch to a dismaying morning. Janet began to cry, and even Gregory had to blink back tears.

Gregory slipped out next afternoon, although it was Sunday, and went back to the church to hunt for his purse. There was no sign of it. Our Lady of Czestochowa was on her pillar, smiling above her candles as if nothing had happened. "I can't make a picture of you now," Gregory told her. It was odd how much he minded this. "I can't make a picture. I have no money." She went on smiling above the candles.

Gregory and Janet loved to make Marta tell them stories about her home on the outskirts of the little town of Lutynka by the big river—"Between river and forest," said Marta. She told them about her mother, who had taught her to sew and spin and embroider and bake, as well as to cut wood and fetch water and grass and herbs for the goat. Gregory and Janet liked to hear about the goat, and the great horse Kary, which means "black," and about the baby piglet Marta had brought up in the kitchen. Best of all they liked to hear about the wolves. "Tell us about the wolves," they would beg.

The wolves were "a real, and deadly menace," said Gregory, thrilled. Marta had a card in her workbasket, which was where, as well as the amber beads, she kept her prayer book, her Sunday earrings and the amethyst cross the old lady she had worked for had given her. The card was for Candlemas—"We don't have cards for that in England," Father said when they told him—and it showed the Virgin Mary going out in the snow, with a lighted candle to keep back a pack of wolves from a snowy village. "We prayed that she could keep them away, because the wolves, they really come," Marta told the children. "Sometimes the whole town be cut off. Wolves stop all traffic. Wolves get on the roofs, the barn, the stable, and dig thatch up to reach horses and cows. I, in my bed, I tremble," said Marta, rolling her *rrr*'s. "I think they get Kary, but my father he make his roof walls strong, strong!" said Marta.

The landowners, Marta said, would hunt the wolves. "Make a big hunt. Twenty-two sleighs, good horse to each. Horse must be good," she would emphasize. "Good and obedient. Kary very good and obedient. Three mens on each sleigh; one to guard horse—he only have pistol—the others have guns, gun with three barrels, one for bullet, two for shots, and they have sabers." Marta was getting excited. "And they take a bag, and in bag five or six piglet."

"Oh, no!" cried Janet, quailing.

"Not to throw to wolves," Marta assured her. "No! Only to make noise. Listen! The mens, they drive sleigh by forest, along forest edge, and, presently, they see eyes. Eyes!"

"Wolves," whispered Gregory, pressing his hands between his knees in excitement, while Janet crept nearer to Marta.

"Wolves," said Marta, "and the mens, they pinch the little pigs, who squeal. At once more wolves. Then slowly, slowly, each sleigh he drive further and further away, going away further from forest, and the wolves come after; two hundred wolves, five hundred, six hundred. Some packs a thousand," said Marta. "But you must know when to shoot, and, suddenly, leading man he shoot—bullet!"

The word crashed into the kitchen so that the children jumped. "Bullet. As each wolf he fall, other wolves devour," said Marta, rising up behind the kitchen table. "And now they taste blood, they come nearer, come and come. When all bullets gone and wolves are nearer, shots. Shot, shot, shot!" Marta turned on her heels, firing. "And horses they go fast. Twenty, thirty, hundred wolves fall. They stop, eat and come on. Now so close, only pistol." Marta whipped out an imaginary pistol. "Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!" She shot the frying pan, the plate rack, the sink. "Still wolves come, close up on sleighs. Then saber. Cut! Cut! Cut!" Marta's arms whirled until she hit the saucepans with a clash that made the children leap in their chairs. "More wolves killed by saber than by shot," panted Marta. "Hundreds killed, and then hunt over and sleighs gallop for home. A-aah! That is a hunt!" said Marta.

Janet had nightmares, and Mother said there must be no more stories about wolves, but, in daylight, Janet begged for them. "And about Kary and your mother and your little pig."

But there came a day when the children could see Marta had been weeping. She scarcely spoke as she gave them their tea, and they did not speak either. It was a dark, windy afternoon; the white and metal kitchen shone bleakly, and after tea Gregory went up to his loft.

Usually the loft consoled him. It had been given to him by Father for his own; and Father had made him a drawing table like his architect's one; Gregory had a T-square and a case of instruments, a row of shelves for his books and paints, and a deep cupboard where he kept his collections. Above the shelves was his ship picture, a painting of a little ship plowing along in a rough sea under a pale blue sky with cotton wool clouds. Gregory loved it as he loved his watch and Rootie. But, this afternoon, they and the loft were no comfort; Gregory kept seeing Marta's face, feeling her silence. He ached because Marta was unhappy. Rootie seemed to know something was wrong; he rubbed Gregory's cheek with his crooked ear.

Janet had stayed sitting at the kitchen table; she was quite silent, which was extraordinary for Janet. At last she got up and climbed the stairs to the loft. She did not knock, but went straight in, and for once Gregory did not order her out. He was sitting at his table, in the half-dark, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands, hunched and staring. Before him on the table was the little glass lamp.

Janet said, "If you gave Marta the lamp it might cheer her up."

"A lamp's no good without a dressed-up picture." And Gregory said bitterly, "It was a fool thing to think of giving her one."

"It wasn't," said Janet. And Gregory lifted his head. He did not often let his young sister contradict him.

"It was, if I can't make it," said Gregory.

"You can make it."

"How can I make it without any money?"

"You can make it with think," said Janet.

It was not what she meant to say, yet oddly it said what she meant.

"How can you make things with think?" asked Gregory. He said it scornfully, but now he came to consider it, that is how things are made.

It was as if Janet had opened a little door in his mind, a door that had been shut, and once again he glimpsed the picture.

"Stupid, what should I do for silk and velvet?" he asked; though he had said "Stupid," the idea had begun to grow.

"There are bits of stuff in the rag bag," said Janet, "and we can ask people for more."

Madame Ginette's voice was gentle as she said, "But, mon petit, the princess's hats are the same as anybody's—the same as your mother's."



"And gold lace for crowns?" asked Gregory.

"We could find some white lace and paint it. There's gold paint left over from Christmas."

"Sequins?"

"There's an old sequin evening bag in the dressing-up box. We could take a few sequins off that."

Gregory had not unhunched himself, but his head was still up. He looked round the loft as if he were looking for ideas. Then, "I could take my ship picture out of its frame, paint the frame and use that," he said.

"Your ship picture frame?" Janet's breath was almost taken away.

"Yes, why not?"

"You mean . . . you would give it for Marta's Jesus-Mary?" asked Janet, astounded.

"The frame would look nice," said Gregory, ignoring her, "if I painted it gold." He stopped short and ducked his head again. "But it's no use."

"Why is it no use?"

"What would we do for a Jesus-Mary picture?"

Janet had not thought of that. "Could we . . . take one out of a book?"

"What book? If we took one out of Father's art books, we should catch it. No, it's no good," said Gregory. "You have to have a picture before you can even start." He kicked the table leg. "Pictures cost money, and we haven't any money now."

There was a dismal silence until—"If you took a picture out of a newspaper you wouldn't have to buy it, would you?" asked Janet suddenly.

"Out of a *newspaper?*"

"Yes, I've just remembered. There was a big Jesus-Mary in the paper."

"When?"

"The day before yesterday, I think."

"Quick." Gregory was out of his chair. "Bet you Marta has used it for the fire, or she wrapped up something for the dustbin. Bound to," said Gregory. But Marta had not—*The Times* was there in the box under the stairs where old newspapers were kept. Janet was right; it was a Jesus-Mary or, rather, a photograph of one:

"'Our Lady of the Unfading Flower,'" read out Gregory, "'by Pietro Cosiro, late sixteenth century. This rare painting has recently been cleaned and restored, and is now back on view in Milan.'"

"Our Lady of the Unfading Flower." Gregory carried the newspaper back to the loft and snapped on the light as he explored the photograph. Was it big enough? Clear enough? To his eyes it was prettier than Our Lady of Czestochowa; the Mother was plumper, softer, wearing a long veil; the Child in her arms was laughing.

The flower was a tall one. "A sort of lily," said Janet; it stood at the side of the picture. "As if it were growing in the air."

The picture was clear and not too small for Gregory's unaccustomed hand to dress, and easy to cut out.

He laid it on his table and studied it again. Janet would have rushed to get some scraps and started straight away on cutting out and sticking, but Gregory took his time. Presently he raised the center flap of his table and pinned the cut-out picture on the slant. At last he said, "I shall need some stiff white paper, tracing paper and a carbon."

"Why?" asked Janet.

"Don't talk so much. Go and get them."

It was not easy to trace the dark newspaper photograph, but slowly, Gregory succeeded in finding the outlines of the two figures, of their faces and hands, of veil and robes and hair, while Janet watched fascinated. Once again Gregory did not order her out; he only said, "Don't breathe down my neck."

Soon Janet was sent for the typewriter carbon, and when she brought it, Gregory lifted the picture to one side, then carefully pinned the stiff white paper, the carbon and tracing paper onto the board and went over his traced lines with a thick pencil. When he lifted the tracing and carbon away, there, to Janet's admiration, was the picture's outline in thick blue lines on the white paper—Mother, Child, veil, cloak and all. He studied the blue and white shapes, then began to cut them up. "Cut them up?" asked Janet, bewildered. "Why?"

"They are my templates," he said, finally.

"Templates?"

"Like Father makes when he wants a pattern: sizes and shapes of what I shall need. You see, we shall have to try pieces of stuff over and over again. These will make their shapes. Now I need a piece of cardboard," said Gregory, "to fit the frame."

"Use the cardboard at the back of the ship picture," suggested Janet. But it was bedtime before they could do any more. Next day, the next-door children came to tea—"Bother," said Gregory—and the next, Mother took him to the dentist; it was not until Saturday that Gregory was able to go back to the loft and work on the Madonna.

To get the ship painting out of the frame was not difficult; but when the Madonna was laid on the cardboard, she did not fit it; the newspaper picture was smaller than the frame by more than an inch each way. "What will you do about that?" asked Janet.

"Make a border," said Gregory. He said it without thinking, then saw that it was exactly what he would have to do. Janet still breathed down his neck as he worked, but Gregory was patient with her and let her stay. He even let her go on with her questions.

"What will you do about the hands?"

"Cut them out and stick them over the clothes."

"Will you give them hair? Real hair?"

"I don't know," said Gregory.

"What will you ——"

But Gregory, for the moment, had finished. "Come and look for pieces of cloth," he said.

The right pieces were difficult to find. Everything they tried somehow did not fit. Gregory went through the ragbag, but there were no bits of silk or velvet or brocade; the nearest was some green velveteen; the rest were scraps of striped flannel from old pajamas, pieces of linen from worn-out pillow cases, colored cottons from summer dresses. "All so ordinary," Gregory said disgustedly.

"We're an ordinary family," said Janet. She was getting tired of Gregory's fussiness. "You want scraps from queens and princesses," she said indignantly and stopped. "Greg, there *is* a princess who buys her hats from Madame Ginette."

"Madame Ginette?"

"You know, who makes Mother's hats. She's always telling Mother about her precious princess." Janet mimicked an old Frenchwoman: "The princess ordered ten hats when she went to America."

"Well?" asked Gregory, as if to say, "what has this to do with the picture?"

"Once, when I went with Mother, Madame Ginette gave me a piece of ribbon, all embroidered with roses. She said it was for my dolls. Her shop is only in the Crescent. She might give us scraps."

"Go and ask her," commanded Gregory.

"I wouldn't dare," said Janet. "She's frightening, like an old witch. Besides, today's Saturday. She's shut."

"And she'll be shut tomorrow, Sunday. Two whole days to wait," said Gregory. "You must ask her on Monday."

"I can't. It's dancing-class afternoon," said Janet, hedging.

"Pestering nuisance," Gregory grumbled.

"I can't help it." Then Janet swallowed and said, "If you'll come with me, I'll ask her, but you'll have to wait till Tuesday."

By Monday afternoon, though, Gregory felt he could not wait. All the weekend he had had visions of princesses' hats in gold and silver and pearls and, when Janet, escorted by Marta with her dancing shoes and hairbrush in a case, had gone to her class, Gregory let himself out the front door.

Madame Ginette was at the end of the Crescent in a little row of shops; not like the shops in the High Street, but smaller and obviously more expensive. Gregory's step grew slower and slower. To go into any shop was bad; to go into a woman's shop was dreadful.

In the window were two hats; one, in black with feathers, Gregory dismissed, but the other was blue on a gold model. *If I had a bit of that blue,* thought Gregory. Blue and gold, he felt, were his colors. Gregory drew a deep breath and went in.

The door had a jangling bell, and, as Gregory set it jangling, a dark little old woman appeared in the shop so quickly that she might have been a cork

popped from a bottle. It was a tiny room, lined with mirrors and filled with hats. Gregory felt more and more of an interloper; then Madame Ginette came nearer, and he smelled a familiar smell: Madame had been eating onions and smoking a cigarette; at once the little shop felt more homely. Nor did Madame Ginette look grand, not at all like someone who made hats for a princess, Gregory thought. She was dressed in black with a darned black cardigan, wore felt slippers and her stockings were wrinkled; she was also wearing a thimble.

"A very unexpected customer," she said, only she said "vairy."

"I'm not a customer," said Gregory. He had taken off his cap and was scarlet to his ears.

"Then?"

"I am Gregory Thomas. You make hats for my mother."

"Ah! The dear Mrs. Thomas. You have a message for me? Yes?"

"No," said Gregory. He stood twisting his cap helplessly. "I . . . I . . . " Then, "Madame," he burst out, "would you, could you, give me some bits and pieces of cloth left over from your princess's hats?"

"My princess? Why the princess?" Gregory could not answer, and Madame Ginette asked, "Do you like her so much?"

"I don't know her," said Gregory.

"Then why?"

"I need," said Gregory, suddenly finding his tongue and his coaxing flute voice, "I need some beautiful, wonderful scraps."

Perhaps the vision of splendor that Gregory so plainly saw touched the old Frenchwoman, because her voice was gentle as she said, "But, *mon petit*, the princess's hats are the same as anybody else's; the same as your mother's," only she said "mozzer's."

"No," said Gregory, unbelievingly.

"But yes. That black one in the window is for her."

Black! It was another dream exploded. Gregory managed to say, "I . . . I'm sorry I bothered you. Good-bye," as he went toward the door.

But Madame Ginette stopped him. "That does not mean I do not have beautiful scraps, but you must tell me for what you want them: tell me exactly," only she said "ezactly." She added, "You, a boy, do not make doll clothes, no?"

"No!" said Gregory with such repugnance that she laughed. Gregory looked up at her and said, "I should have to know first that you can keep a secret."

Madame Ginette lifted a finger, spat on it, and drew it across her throat. For the first time Gregory smiled, and then he, who never, as Mother complained, told anyone anything, told Madame Ginette about Marta, the "good place" and the Kitchen Madonna.

"Great heavens, gracious me!" said Janet.

On Gregory's table was a heap of scraps: velvet and silk and taffeta and muslin; bits of ribbon and cord, gold thread and embroidery silk; odds and ends of flowers and lace. "*Where* did you get them?"

"From Madame Ginette."

"But . . . did *you* go to Madame Ginette?"

"Obviously," said Gregory.

"You . . . went . . . to . . . Madame Ginette's *alone?*" Janet surveyed this astonishingly changed brother.

"Why not?"

"But . . . wasn't she frightening?"

"Not at all. I like her."

"But you don't like people."

"I like Madame Ginette. She's a nice old bird," said Gregory carelessly.

"Old bir—" Janet's voice failed her.

"I have promised to show her the picture when it is finished," said Gregory.

Among the scraps was a piece of wide blue silk ribbon. Royal blue seemed right for a queenly cloak, and there were snippets of lace that, painted gold, would make the crowns.

"Now you can get on," said Janet. But Gregory still pieced colors together, trying them against the Madonna's face and hands, then discarding them. "*When* are you going to find something that will *do?*" Janet asked, exasperated.

"It mustn't *do*. It must be right."

He was so slow that Janet almost lost interest. "You've had her more than a week and not a single thing is stuck."

Gregory did not tell Janet, but his difficulty was the background. *I want it to look like the sky,* he told himself, but nothing looked like the sky. Janet brought a square of pale blue velvet she had traded for at school. "I gave a pencil sharpener for it," she said. And, as if she had caught Gregory's thought, "It is the color of the sky." But when the velvet was laid round the Madonna, it did not look at all like the sky; it looked like a piece of velvet, and it was far too thick. Janet almost cried with disappointment.

"That comes of using a newspaper picture," said Gregory.

"Perhaps you ought to use paper," said Janet. "I know where there's a sky," she said.

"Where?"

"In your ship picture."

It was Gregory's turn to have his breath taken away. "My ship picture?"

"It's a beautiful sky, and nice crisp paper," said Janet calmly. "And the picture's not much use without the frame, is it? You might as well cut it up."

When Janet had gone, Gregory looked at his ship picture. He looked at it for a long time, then picked up the scissors. There was a pang when he saw the little steamer fall away onto the table, but—"This is a more important picture," he told Rootle. Rootle had a way of knowing when Gregory was troubled, and he wrapped his tail round his paws as he sat, and blinked at Gregory as if he understood. When Gregory had fitted the sky round the Mother and Child, the pale blue painted sky with its clouds looked exactly right; they gave depth to the whole picture. It was the first right step, and almost at once he found the next; a piece of coral-colored muslin that, he suddenly saw, would make the veil and the Baby's robe. He laid it beside Madame Ginette's royal blue ribbon, and again it looked right: the blue for the Mother's robe, the coral for the Child and the veil, and Gregory drew a breath of satisfaction.

He had begun.

There were never any hours more peaceful than those Gregory spent with the Madonna in his loft. As he worked, her eyes seemed to dwell on him, encouraging him, as did the Child's. Marta said they looked at you, thought Gregory, and she was right. He ran up to the loft directly he had had his tea, and nowadays he hardly ever asked his question, "Is Mother in?" In fact it was the other way about: "What *is* Gregory doing?" asked Mother. "We never see him nowadays."

"Hush," said Janet, and Mother hushed.

Janet got tired of the picture and went to play next door. "I can't work at that Madonna forever," she said, but Rootle often took her place. When he wanted attention, Rootle had a way of sitting down on anything Gregory was working on, but he never sat on the picture that was growing, nor on the newspaper one. It was as if he knew he must respect them, and he would sit in his neat way, tail round paws, on the far side of the table, watching Gregory's hands. Only now and then would he put out a paw and dab at a scrap.

Though it was peaceful, the work was intricate, and Gregory often felt his hands were all thumbs, though to Janet he seemed wonderfully deft.

When the robes and veil were on, Gregory painted the folds in Chinese white. Then he painted the newspaper faces and hands, mixing his paint to a rosy peach. When he came to the eyes his hand trembled so much that he decided to leave them alone. "I don't want to spoil the way they have of looking," he told Janet.

"Wouldn't you like some real hair, doll's hair, to stick on?" asked Janet; she was longing for him to use real hair, and brought two of her dolls up to the loft ready to sacrifice their wigs, but Gregory only took one lock of brown hair from one of them and teased it into wisps, curling them lightly on the Baby's head. Janet's dolls were useful; one of her girl dolls had a necklace of the smallest crystal and yellow beads; the yellow ones looked very much like Marta's amber.

As Gregory worked, he could see the picture growing under his hands, the figures beginning to stand out, and an answering pride and warmth seemed to make him inspired. The halos behind the heads he painted in gilt—"They're only a background for the crowns"—and before he made the crowns he disobeyed again—"I have to," said Gregory—and went back to the church to have another look at Our Lady of Czestochowa. He stayed so long gazing at her that two or three people paused, as if they were struck by what they thought was a small boy's devotion, but—"My Madonna is prettier than you," Gregory was telling the picture, and "I wonder if I can make my crowns look as good as that?"

He shaped the crowns from an inch or two of Madame Ginette's lace and gilded them, then glued them onto the heads over the golden halos. At first he thought the crowns stood out too much—"And the Baby's is a bit crooked," Gregory told Rootle, annoyed—but no, they made the picture more alive.

Now the anxious part was over and it was fun; onto points of glue put on with a pin, Gregory dropped the crystal and amber beads with Mother's eyebrow tweezers until the veil and the Child's robe were beaded, the Child's robe more stiffly—"Covered with beads," said Janet. Gregory let her drop some, and even let her put a few crystal beads on the crowns.

For the flower that gave the picture its name, "Our Lady of the Unfading Flower," he used a Japanese water flower, drying it carefully when it had opened out, and sticking it down. Janet liked its gaudy colors. "It doesn't look too grown-up for us or for Marta," she said. "What will you use for the border?"

It took Gregory a long time to think of the border, and when it came, it came by accident. He had tried braid, bits of ribbon, and none of them looked right until, to help him in his solitude, Janet brought him a bag of toffees. Among the gaudy papers they were wrapped in were a few metal papers, shining in jewel colors. Unwrapped and smoothed out, the papers lost their creases and, cut in half, they filled the depth of the border space and made a shining checkered edge. *These are what I shall use,* thought Gregory, but this brought a problem. "Money again," Gregory told Rootle, and sighed.

He went to the sweetshop. What made him decide to carry out this business, too, without Janet he did not know, but he went alone and stood studying the toffees in their big glass scoop. As well as green, blue and pink metal-wrapped ones there were some red—*Rubies,* thought Gregory—and purple ones like amethysts. He stayed looking at them until the sweetshop woman said, "Yes, dear?"

Gregory and Janet knew her well, though Gregory did not know her name; with Janet she was firm friends, but Gregory had never spoken to her. She always gave Janet one or two extra sweets and now and again a lollipop, but she weighed out Gregory's quarter pounds or gave him a candy bar without speaking. She was a big woman; her blue apron bulged as she stood behind the counter and when she smiled, though it was a friendly smile, she showed big white teeth. Gregory almost went away to fetch Janet, but—"Yes, dear? What is it you want?" the sweetshop woman was saying.

Gregory took a deep gulp and went up to the counter where he slowly unstrapped his watch; he was glad the shop was empty. "May I speak to you?" asked Gregory and he laid his watch down on the counter. "This is my birthday watch," he said. "It's silver, with fifteen jewels. Could I leave it with you as a hostage?" He was not sure he had the right word. "A hostage for a pound of those toffees."

"But . . . *dear!*" said the woman, her whole attention caught. "Dear! This watch is worth far more than a pound of toffees."

"Yes, that's why I thought you would let me have them," said Gregory.

"But *dear!*" said the sweetshop woman again. "I'm sure your mother wouldn't like it."

"Mother's out," said Gregory. And he said rapidly, "Even if she was in, I couldn't ask her. I can't ask

her because she would want to know why Janet and I haven't any money and then she would have to know—everything—and I can't tell her for reasons. . . ." And before Gregory knew it, just as he had told Madame Ginette, he told the sweetshop woman all about Marta and the "good place" and the Kitchen Madonna.

"Well, knock me flat!" said the sweetshop woman when he had finished. "Who would ever have thought you were that kind of a boy. Proper stuck up I thought you were: never a word for anybody. Not like your little sister at all, and now . . . well, I never!" There was a pause in which she seemed to be making up her mind. "But I can't take your watch, dearie. It wouldn't be right." And she handed it back to Gregory.

"*Please*, please, I would make it right," said Gregory.

But she shook her head. "No, love, but I'll tell you what I'll do. Look, I'll write on this paper, 'I.O.U. 4/8½d one pound of toffees'—that's what they are by the pound—and you sign and put your address and then you pay me back as soon as you can."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you, Mrs. . . ." Gregory wished he knew her name.

"Mrs. Bartholomew's the name," said the sweetshop woman. "But they call me Barty."

"Thank you, Barty," said Gregory. And then, as she began to weigh the toffees out, he said anxiously, "Could you make sure that a . . ." He did not know quite how to put it, and then two unusual words came to him, unusual even for Gregory. "Could you make sure that a goodly proportion of these shiny jewely paper ones go in?"

The woman glanced at Gregory, and perhaps those funny old-fashioned words or the earnestness of his face touched her; she put in two whole handfuls of the jewel-wrapped toffees, enough to cover the back of the picture as well. Then, "Do you think," she said like a child herself, "when this wonder of a picture is finished, you could bring it and show it to me?"

There came a day when the last sequin and bead had been dropped into place—"And stuck, thank goodness," said Gregory—the last square of toffee paper filled into the border. The picture had only to be fitted into the newly painted frame and it was finished. "Finished!" said Gregory. He could hardly believe it. He was tired—and a little regretful. *There will be nothing to do*, he thought, as he went downstairs for tea.

"Rootle!" cried Gregory. "*Rootle!*"

He and Janet had come upstairs after tea—"Just to have another look before the Madonna goes into her frame," Gregory had said. Now they stood inside the door, gazing with horrified eyes. Rootle was lying where he had never been before, right on the picture. 'And he has been out in the muddy garden, and in the coal shed," wailed Janet. She dared not move to see what damage he had done—but Gregory, his face knotted into anguish with temper and dismay, came forward with an avenging hand. The blow caught Rootle on the side of his head, so that he shook it, dazed, but he did not dive off the table, only stiffened and gave his miaow. Then Gregory saw what he had not seen before: though Rootle quivered, he was staring into the distance, his back turned on them, and the tip of his tail twitched to and fro, to and fro. *He's angry*, thought Gregory, and his own anger melted. *Angry and hurt*, and, as Gregory thought that, Rootle lifted his chin and gave his poor cut-off miaow again. It was too much for Gregory. He had been going to give Rootle another cuff; now, though his eyes stung with tears, he went and gathered Rootle up in his arms.

"Look!" said Janet in an appalled whisper. "Look!" The marks of four dirty paws were printed clearly on the picture; one, luckily, was on the border; the next across the flower stem. "His hind paws," said Janet. One front paw mark was in the middle of a cloud, the other was on the veil, and that was a perfect one like a five-leafed clover. On the Madonna's cheek was a smudge. "He must have put out a paw and touched it," said Janet. And she exploded, "Bad cat. Bad, wicked, horrible cat!"

"Don't," said Gregory. "Don't." Don't you see, it's my fault, he wanted to say, but did not trust himself to speak. Tears slid down his face—tears not only for the picture. *Rootle sits on my work when he wants me to notice him*, thought Gregory. *I had forgotten him. I shut him out of the loft. Once I cuffed him because he kept pushing his face into mine as he always does when he wants love—I hurt his poor ear and for days I have left all his feeding to Marta. No wonder*, thought Gregory, *no wonder*. Rootle was tense in his arms—*As he used to be, when we were strangers*, thought Gregory. He could feel Rootle quivering, and—"I'm sorry," he whispered, while his tears ran down the lean tabby back. "I'm sorry."

"You're saying sorry to Rootle," said Janet, her voice shrill. "Sorry to Rootle when he has spoilt your picture!"

"Don't *shriek*," said Gregory. "It won't be quite spoilt."

"How not—if it is?"

"Because I won't let it be," flashed Gregory. Rootle was growing warm, softening in his arms. "People who work ought to *think*," said Gregory, and, as soon as he said it, he remembered how much he had minded when he could not be with Mother. *And I was worse, much worse to Rootle*, he thought. *I was unkind.*

"But what are you going to *do?*" asked Janet. Usually she was the obstinate one, while Gregory gave up at the least obstacle or else flung away in a temper. Now, as Janet cried, "Look at the cloud. Just look at it," a stiffening, an obstinacy came up in him. The paw print looked big and black in the cloud's whiteness. "You can't do anything about that," declared Janet.

"I can," said Gregory.

"What?"

"I . . . I'll put another cloud over it," said Gregory with sudden inspiration. He set Rootle gently down and found what was left of the ship picture. There was another bit of cotton-wool cloud in it, fleecy white, and he cut it out and laid it over the other.

"A cloud on top of a cloud?" asked Janet doubtfully.

"H'm!" said Gregory. "It looks as if it were just stuck there." Then he said slowly, "There were clouds in one of those icons at Rostov's."

"Not plain clouds; they had angels looking out of them."

"Cherubs," corrected Gregory. "Where are the Christmas cards?" He sent Janet to fetch them, and turned them all out on the floor, with bits of tinsel and Christmas wrappings. Rootle, who was frisky now, jumped in amongst them and hid himself in wrapping paper, and Gregory remembered to give him a pat as he looked. "There was a card with cherubs," he said. Then, "Here it is. It's by a real painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Five angel cherubs," said Gregory. "Do you think we could cut it up?"

Mother was not in to ask, so Gregory cut out the biggest angel and tucked it half in, half out of the new cloud, gluing them both down. "But that's splendid. Splendid!" cried Janet. She could have clapped, especially when Gregory got out his mapping pen and drew fine gold rays round the cherub's head.

"Isn't it too much gold?" he asked.

"Marta said, 'prickled with gold,'" Janet reminded him. "And she likes angels. Put another one, looking round the flower stem, over that bottom paw print." Gregory managed to lift the flower stem and slide the cherub behind the stem and glue it in place. "That corner was empty; now it looks right," said Janet. The print on the border was easy—Gregory stuck a new toffee paper over it—but they were silent when they came to the print on the veil. Then, "Could the Madonna have a cherub on her veil?" asked Janet.

"No, she couldn't," said Gregory. They both gazed at the print, which was the firmest of all; Rootle's five pads showed clearly. "Like a flower," said Janet. "Greg, couldn't she have a flowered veil?"

"Flowered?"

"Yes. If you made some more prints, just like that. Not many. One or two, so that the whole veil looks patterned? Make them in dark paint."

"H'm," said Gregory, and he paid Janet a compliment. "You're not so silly, sometimes."

From his paintbox Gregory mixed the color of Rootle's coal-mud and, his hand trembling, copied as best he could the mark of Rootle's print, making one pattern on the head, one half off the shoulder, part of one by the hand. He trembled—"Because *I* might have spoilt it, more than Rootle"—and Janet looked on with dry lips. Rootle still played on the floor.

"It looks patterned," said Janet, when Gregory had finished the veil. "Patterned but . . . it's plain."

"Plain because the flowers are black," said Gregory.

As they looked, there came, from the floor, a little tinkling sound. Rootle had found a glass tube of silver glitter frost and was batting it backward and forward across the floor with his paw. "Rootle, you can't have that," said Janet and picked it up. As she brought it to the table the stopper fell out and a small cascade of silver fell on Gregory's paper, a dust of silver spangles that glittered in the light. "There!" said Gregory and Janet in one breath.

They had both seen it at once. "You must frost the flowers over," cried Janet.

She was ready to shake the silver out, but—"Wait," said Gregory. "Wait. I have to put glue on them first. How else will it stick, stupid?"

Janet could scarcely wait while, with the glue brush, he went meticulously over the prints, Rootle's and the painted ones. "Now shake, but not too much; gently. *Gently!*" said Gregory as Janet sprinkled each mark with a shining silver dust. After a minute or two, Gregory lifted the picture and shook it. A few loose particles of silver floated down, but the rest stayed and shone. "It looks better, far better than ever," said Janet. "It's prickled from top to bottom. It's perfect," she said.

"There's still that smudge on her cheek," said Gregory.

Both of them gazed at it. Then Janet said, "She's a Kitchen Madonna. She *ought* to have a smudge on her cheek!"

It was on Easter Saturday that Gregory fastened the Madonna into the ship picture's gilded frame. Outside, the neighborhood gardens were filled with spring sunshine, and in the flower beds, daffodils were out, shaking their trumpets in the wind. The house seemed filled with light—"And Easter happiness," said Janet. *Perhaps*, thought Gregory. *Perhaps Marta will soon be happy, too.* "We'll give her the picture on Easter Sunday," he said.

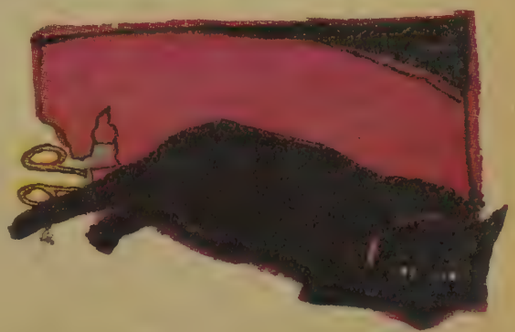
He backed the picture with a cardboard sheet and, taking care not to shake it so as not to jar loose any beads or silver dust, he gently hammered the pin nails in again with Father's smallest hammer. When he had knocked them flat, he covered the joint between cardboard and frame with brown-paper sealing strips, as it had been covered before. Then he made a patchwork of toffee papers so that—"The back looks almost as nice as the front," said Janet.

For a finishing touch, in his best script, Gregory wrote a label with the picture's name: OUR LADY OF THE UNFADING FLOWER, BY PIETRO COSIRO. But underneath he wrote: A KITCHEN MADONNA FOR MARTA.

"You are invited," said Janet at the drawing-room door, "to a private view in Gregory's loft, to see what he has made."

"Gregory has *made* something?" asked Mother,

The children gazed with horrified eyes; Rootle was lying right on the picture. "Bad cat!" cried Janet.



as if she did not believe it, and Father put down his spectacles. "Made something?"

"Yes." Janet looked unusually clean and tidy, but now she became Janet again. "Don't be cross with Gregory for being disobedient," she pleaded with them. "And don't, please don't ask him where his ship picture has gone."

The loft had been swept and tidied; the carton of scraps pushed into the cupboard, the snippets and bits of silver and paper that had littered the floor, gathered up. The paint and glue were on their shelf, the brushes standing in a jar of turpentine. It was Gregory's tidy way, though Janet had grown impatient. "Why?" she had asked.

"We want them to look at the picture," said Gregory, "not bother about the loft."

The picture lay on the slanted table; its colors and sequins and silver glitter flashed under the electric light; the Madonna's eyes looked out in their quiet way, while the Child seemed to smile. When Mother and Father came in, they stood and gazed and gazed until—"Gregory made *that?*" asked Mother.

"All out of his own head," said Janet. "Every little bit himself."

"You helped a lot," said Gregory.

"But it's your picture," said Janet. "Listen! Listen, Mother," and the story came tumbling out, Janet telling first, Gregory interrupting. They told it from the beginning: Marta's unhappiness: the British Museum: Fabergé and his fine example: the young man in the shop. "Rostov's—whew!" said Father, and Gregory winced again as he remembered it. "I'm sorry, Dad," he said. "But you see I had to go." Janet had already gone on to the rain that drove them into the church and was telling about the shop in the church and the lamp and the picture on the pillar: "Our Lady of C-Z-E-S-T-O-C-H-O-W-A." Gregory had to spell it out to them; he did not know how to pronounce it. "That must be a copy of the famous picture," said Mother. "It's in Poland."

"It said, 'Queen of Poland,'" said Janet.

When they came to the loss of the money, Mother might have said, "That comes of disobeying," but she did not.

"Because of Janet," said Gregory—and Janet glowed with pleasure—"because of Janet I found a way to make the picture after all."

Rootle had come up, too, and took up his station on the table. He was purring while Mother sat down to look at the picture, poring over it. Now that she looked at it closely she could see it might have been made by a boy: the Child's crown was slightly crooked, one of the patternings on the Madonna's veil seemed too large, one of the Madonna's cheeks had a smudge, two of the edging papers were slightly out of line, but—"Made by a boy with imagination and love," said Mother, reaching for Father's hand. "Oh, Gregory! Gregory!" she said, and she burst into tears.

Janet stopped talking at once. The stiffness came back into Gregory. "But I didn't do anything wrong," he said. "Except when we went to Rostov's shop and when I went back to the church. It's only a Kitchen Madonna," said Gregory, getting more worried. "All made out of nothing. I didn't spend anything: only Janet's pocket money for paint and a few other supplies; and the toffees, of course, but I'll pay that back soon."

He could not think of anything he had done that was so very wrong, except his disobedience—*But they haven't scolded me for that*, thought Gregory. "Why are you so miserable? What have I *done?*" he asked almost in a wail.

"What have you done?" said Mother through her tears. "Lots of things. You began by sharing Rootle with Marta. You gave up your ship picture to make this one for Marta. You were ready to give up your watch, and here we all are in your loft, where you would never let us in."

"I come in and out all the time now," Janet boasted.

"Yes!" said Mother. "You let us in, Greg, and you have come out"—which they did not understand. "I'm not crying because I'm miserable," said Mother. "I'm crying because I'm happy." And she put her arms round Gregory and held him close, as if he were Janet—and "Gregory let her," said Janet.

"Why didn't you light the little light for them to see it all complete?" asked Janet afterward. But Gregory shook his head. "The first one to light that light must be Marta."

It was decided to wait until after tea on Easter Sunday when all the family were in. "Then we can all be in it," said Mother.

She inveigled Marta upstairs by pretending she wanted to go through the linen cupboard, and when they were out of the way, Father, Gregory and Janet tiptoed into the kitchen.

Gregory knew where the "good place" should be—in the angle of the wall was a small shelf on which the coffeepot always stood. "But it can stand somewhere else," said Gregory, and Mother agreed. Now he and



It was not until Marta was alone with the children that she lit the lamp, and when she did, there was an unexpected beauty. The whole picture was bathed in gold, and the eyes looked and looked.

Janet washed the white paint of the shelf and put a length of red velvet along it—Mother had found it—and on the velvet laid a mat of crocheted white lace. "Marta will like the red showing through the lace," she said. At the right height on the wall Father hung the picture.

Janet filled a miniature silver vase with primroses and stood it to one side, and in front of the picture was the little red lamp, its wick ready. Gregory put a box of matches on the table. "Now!" Janet called upstairs to Mother.

"Marta," said Mother, putting down the sheet she was holding. "Marta, I hear you are sad in our kitchen because there is no 'good place.'"

"*Matko Bozka!* Mother of God!" Marta's pale face flamed crimson. "The children! They tell you. Ah! They should not have said!"

"They would not have said if there was no 'good place' now," said Mother, putting her hand on Marta's arm. "At least we hope it is a 'good place.' Gregory made it for you. Don't be cross with them. Come and see."

She turned Marta toward the stairs.

Mother had wept when she saw the picture, but when Marta saw the 'good place,' she stood quite still. Then slowly she lifted her hands and her whole face was transformed. "*Matko Bozka!*" breathed Marta, but in a very different way from the way she had said it upstairs. She took one step nearer. "*Matko Bozka!*" she breathed again, and then she began to speak. None of them could understand the words she said, but even Janet knew it was a prayer or a hymn of thanksgiving and praise. It was loud, ringing, so loud that Rootle got up out of his basket and came first to Marta and then to Gregory and rubbed himself against their legs, adding his purring to Marta's praise. The strange words filled the kitchen: "*Matko Bozka zmiluj sie nad nami. . . .*"

And, though he could not understand one of them, they seemed to go deep into Gregory, thrilling him so that he tingled. When the prayer was finished, Marta broke into laughter, happy, exulting laughter. "Now Marta never unhappy, never no more!" She threw her arms round each of them in turn and kissed them, even Father.

It was quite a time before the kitchen was quiet enough for Mother to tell Marta the history of the Madonna. "You mustn't thank us," said Mother, and Marta's eyes did have tears in them as the story was told again, and she looked at Gregory in much the same way as she had looked at the picture, in wonder and thanksgiving.

When Mother had finished, Marta went up to him; for a moment Gregory wondered what she was going to do—he had shrunk a little under those exuberant kisses—but Marta only put out her hand and took his. Then very gravely she shook it.

"As if I were a grown-up gentleman," said Gregory.

It was not until Marta was alone with the children that she lit the lamp. "My little litted lamp," said Marta, and when she did it, there was an unexpected beauty, something extra, like a gift. Under the electric lights of the loft and kitchen, the picture had scintillated and shone, but in the softer glow of the lamp it changed, and now Gregory saw why these pictures were made with cloth; their richness of color sprang into life, but the folds and edges were shadowed, making the figures look alive. Here and there a sequin shone like a jewel, the silver sparkled softly, the crowns were rich, the whole picture was bathed in gold, and the eyes looked and looked.

"Gregory," Janet called from her room when they were in bed. "Gregory, you know what? I think your picture's better than the ones in the museum."

"Don't be an idiot," said Gregory, but he was pleased.

"It is, and *much* better than the four hundred and thirty-eight guineas one in the jewel shop!"

"Don't be a silly idiot," said Gregory, but he was more pleased.

"Gregory," she called a little later, as if she had been thinking. "Gregory, what will you make now?"

"I think I shall make a picture for Madame Ginette," said Gregory. "A hat-shop Madonna. And I shall make one for Barty."

"Do you call Mrs. Bartholomew—Barty?" asked Janet.

"Yes, she's my friend," said Gregory, absently. "She would like a sweetshop Madonna; we could make it out of the wrappings of all kinds of different sweets. I might make one for Mother, but, heck, she mustn't cry. I shall make dozens of Madonnas," said Gregory, lying on his back, Rootle curled up against him. "Better and better Madonnas, more and more beautiful. Probably someday some of them will go in the Museum. Rostov's might sell them." And Gregory saw Mr. Needham bowing low to him. "I might be as famous as Fabergé," said Gregory with a yawn, and he turned over on his side to dream. END

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Q: Our 16-year-old daughter attends a high school that requires all students to take a course in "family finance"—this, in addition to a half dozen other required courses. Do you think the subject is really important enough to be an academic requirement?

A: Yes, if the course is taught interestingly and realistically. Consider the following:

If your daughter is "average," she'll be married before she's 21. This means, probably, that in only a few years, she and her husband will be setting up housekeeping (and borrowing the money to do so), starting to raise a family and planning to educate the children. The results of wandering unprepared into the world of home mortgages, credit, interest and investment planning can be disastrous.

The average American family has a lifetime income of about $300,000, but little or no guidance (outside of its own financial mistakes) on how to spend this enormous sum.

Q: I am a married woman of 48, and have recently enrolled in college to get a degree that will qualify me for social work. I find, though, that college is more expensive than I'd anticipated. I'm wondering now whether it will be worth it to continue studying, or whether I should quit school and get an ordinary job. What do you think?

A: Keep studying if you possibly can. Regardless of how old you are, a college degree will help you land a better, more rewarding job with a higher salary. And, as a college graduate, you will also have a better chance for further on-the-job training.

Q: I'm only 41, but am wondering what moves to make now to supplement Social Security benefit payments when I retire in 20 years or so. How much extra income will I need?

A: You should start a regular savings plan immediately. The goal: to accumulate a nest egg that will give you an income at least twice as great as your anticipated Social Security benefits.

On the average, only one third of retirement income today comes from Social Security. The rest comes from such sources as earnings, dividends on securities and life-insurance policies, interest on savings, annuities, and pensions.

Social Security is only the *foundation* on which to build a retirement income that will permit you to be financially independent and to live with dignity in your later years.

Q: My husband believes in keeping extra cash at home for emergencies—but every week this money is spent foolishly. I feel we should put more of each paycheck in the bank—thus saving more—instead of keeping cash at home for emergencies that never seem to materialize. Who's right?

A: You are. Keep a minimum of cash at home—no more than you need for day-to-day necessities and to cover minor, unforeseeable emergencies.

You're right, too, about how to save. There are three secrets to building a nest egg: The first is to think of savings as a fixed expense that must be met just as you meet other fixed expenses (such as rent, gas and electricity). The second is to follow a regular program of saving specified amounts week a week, month after mo The third is to put the mo into your savings acco as soon as the paychec cashed—this way you your husband don't run risk of frittering the mo away in dribs and dr



BY SYLVIA PORTER

Q: In order to help ease strain on us, our son w to take a part-time job w he goes to college next How much real income such a job produce, and the return be worth it view of the potential st time he'll lose?

A: Your son can expect to average from $30 $500 a year at a part-time job in college. Million students now depend on part-time work to h them meet the steep cost of higher education. I unless his earnings are really crucial to the fa budget—particularly during his first two year college—he's much better off devoting all his e gies to full-time study.

If your son is enterprising, he may be able to e and save, up to $700 on a summer job. And n now, in April, is not too early for him to begin in tigating next summer's job possibilities.

Q: We need to borrow $3,000 to pay for our s college tuition. We could get the money through installment loan—or we could get it by refinan the mortgage on our home. Which is best?

A: If you refinance your mortgage over a 10-y period in order to raise the $3,000 today, you'll able to repay the loan in very low monthly inst ments. Millions of American families are now fina ing everything from education to swimming pool these "painless" repayment terms.

It is estimated that borrowing via mortgages non-home purposes is now running at an unpr dented $12 billion a year.

But before you make this choice, consider comparative costs. By borrowing the $3,000 c 2½-year installment loan, you'll pay at least 6 cent interest in advance, bringing your true inte rate to about double 6 percent. By refinancing y mortgage to get the $3,000, you'll pay a minin simple interest rate of 6 percent a year over a year period. Here's how these charges at th percent level mount up:

	2½-year loan	10-y mort
Monthly repayment	$115	$33
Total interest	$450	$997

In addition to the whopping $99 in interest you would pay by refin ing your home mortgage, you would have to pay $125 to $25 closing costs. Thus, the total co refinancing your mortgage woul nearly three times as much as the of a conventional short-term loar

Q: My husband wants to invest s of our savings in common stocks. our total yearly income is only $ 000, and I'm inclined to think th this income level the stock mark out of our league. Am I right?

A: No. Eleven million, or more 50 percent of all American inve in the stock market, have house incomes (*continued on page*



Clairol thinks if you're lucky enough to be a blonde ***(one way or another)*** *you ought to make up like one.*

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P.S. There is Clairol Make-Up for Redheads, for Brownettes, and for Brunettes, too. But that's another look entirely.

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AMY VANDERBILT

Family Reunion

Q: Every year my husband's family has a reunion. The young widow of one brother has continued coming to these reunions, but now she is engaged to a man the family does not like. Is it proper to invite her to come with her children, but without her fiancé, as my mother-in-law insists?

A: Suggest to your mother-in-law that she should accept the fiancé for the sake of the daughter-in-law she likes, and the children. He may fit in better than you imagine, but if not, you can always reconsider before inviting him to the next reunion.

Working Woman's Name

Q: How does a woman in business who prefers to call herself Mrs. Joanne White use the name in the return address on an envelope? Also, how do you address the *inside* envelope of a wedding invitation to the Rev. and Mrs. John R. Smith?

A: On a return address, printed or handwritten, a woman always uses her title, Mrs. or Miss. Therefore, in this case it should be Mrs. Joanne White. A man does not use his title on return addresses; his name should read simply Joseph Adam White, or, especially on business stationery, Joseph A. White.

The inside envelope of a formal invitation addressed to a clergyman and his wife reads: The Rev. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith.

Handwriting

Q: My own handwriting is far from legible (as you can see), but the writing of my children is literally chicken tracks. An English friend tells me that over there, there is a movement to improve not only the handwriting of children but also of adults. I believe this is called Italic writing. Is it taught in this country?

A: It seems certain that much of American handwriting is poor or downright illegible—note how many applications read "please print." Most of us use a variation, depending on our personalities, of the cursive or Palmer method taught so widely in the public schools in the past. In our modern age of haste and efficiency, the loops of the cursive style are difficult to control and the handwriting tends to disintegrate. Printing, especially for an extended communication, is not very practical, either.

Once mastered, Italic handwriting has the legibility of printing and the additional advantages of beauty, speed and individuality. It is a graceful writing in what is called "simple forms and simple joins," based on 15th- and 16-century manuscripts. (Actually most of the alphabets used in our modern printing are based on those same manuscripts and have maintained a standard of legibility throughout the centuries.) Learning Italic writing is easy and fun. I have seen examples of this script written by children as young as five, and many of my adult English friends have changed over to this style. In New York it is taught at Cooper Union. The Rochester Institute of Technology has done considerable work on the subject, too. For more information, send 25c in coin to Committee for Italic Handwriting, Dept. A, Caledonia, N.Y.

Running Interference

Q: How should a gentleman escort a lady through a very dense crowd? During a theater intermission recently my friend felt ill and wanted some fresh air. As I went with her to the door, it was difficult for us to stay together. People on every side were pushing, rushing and shoving. Should I precede or follow her in such a case? My mother said that I should follow right behind her with my hand lightly on her elbow, but I feel that she would be "running interference" for me that way. I want to be there helping, but I don't know the right way.

A: In all cases of danger or in any crowded circumstance the man always goes first. The sensible thing in this case would have been for you to have gone first to make way for her, and to have taken her by the hand so that she could follow closely.

Wedding Problems

Q: I am an Episcopalian marrying a man with no church affiliation. I understand that he must be baptized if we are to be married in my church. If this is so, must he have godparents?

A: In an Episcopal wedding ceremony, only one of the couple must have been previously baptized. If your fiancé should choose to be baptized, however, he does not need godparents, but ought to have a witness or two.

Q: I am getting married in May at a Nuptial Mass at 11 in the morning. Would it be appropriate for my mother and the groom's mother to wear floor-length gowns?

A: The ceremony is so early that long dresses would look out of place. Occasionally mothers wear long dresses for late-afternoon or evening weddings, but the majority choose street-length dresses or cocktail suits. This seems to me more practical.

Surprise Parties

Q: Shouldn't a hostess, when inviting a guest for dinner, say whether or not there will be other guests? I have had the irritating experience of arriving at what I expected to be an informal dinner, only to find many other guests. To find oneself at a large party, without having been warned ahead of time, can ruin the enjoyment of the evening. I have also accepted invitations to dinner where the only other guest was someone with whom I would not have chosen to spend the evening, had I known in time to refuse. I always tell my guests who my other guests will be.

A: The hostess should certainly tell the people she is inviting what kind of party she plans. If it will be a big party, she should say so. Sometimes she may wish to mention the names of one or two guests who are coming, especially if she knows the person she is inviting might particularly enjoy meeting or seeing them again. However, she certainly should not be expected to give her entire guest list, and it would be rude for a guest to ask her hostess who else she is inviting. Guests must take their chances on encountering someone they may not particularly like; in social circumstances we should all be able to get along with others. A hostess, by the way, should feel confident that her friends will accept her invitation without having to know who else has been asked. "Name dropping" as a bait to inveigle guests into coming is in very poor taste.

Initialed Handkerchiefs

Q: When you order initialed handkerchiefs for a man and intend to use only one initial, which should be used? Which initial for a woman's handkerchief?

A: A man's handkerchief carries his last initial; a woman's her first.

A Stepmother's Name

Q: I am the new stepmother of a 13-year-old girl. Must I insist on being called "Mother"? How should she introduce me?

A: Your stepdaughter should introduce you as "my stepmother." You should not insist that she call you "Mother" (although in time she may well want to). Stepmothers are usually called by their given names or by a pet name, unless the children are infants when she assumes her new role. In this case, "Mother" seems to come more easily.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to Journal *readers: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*

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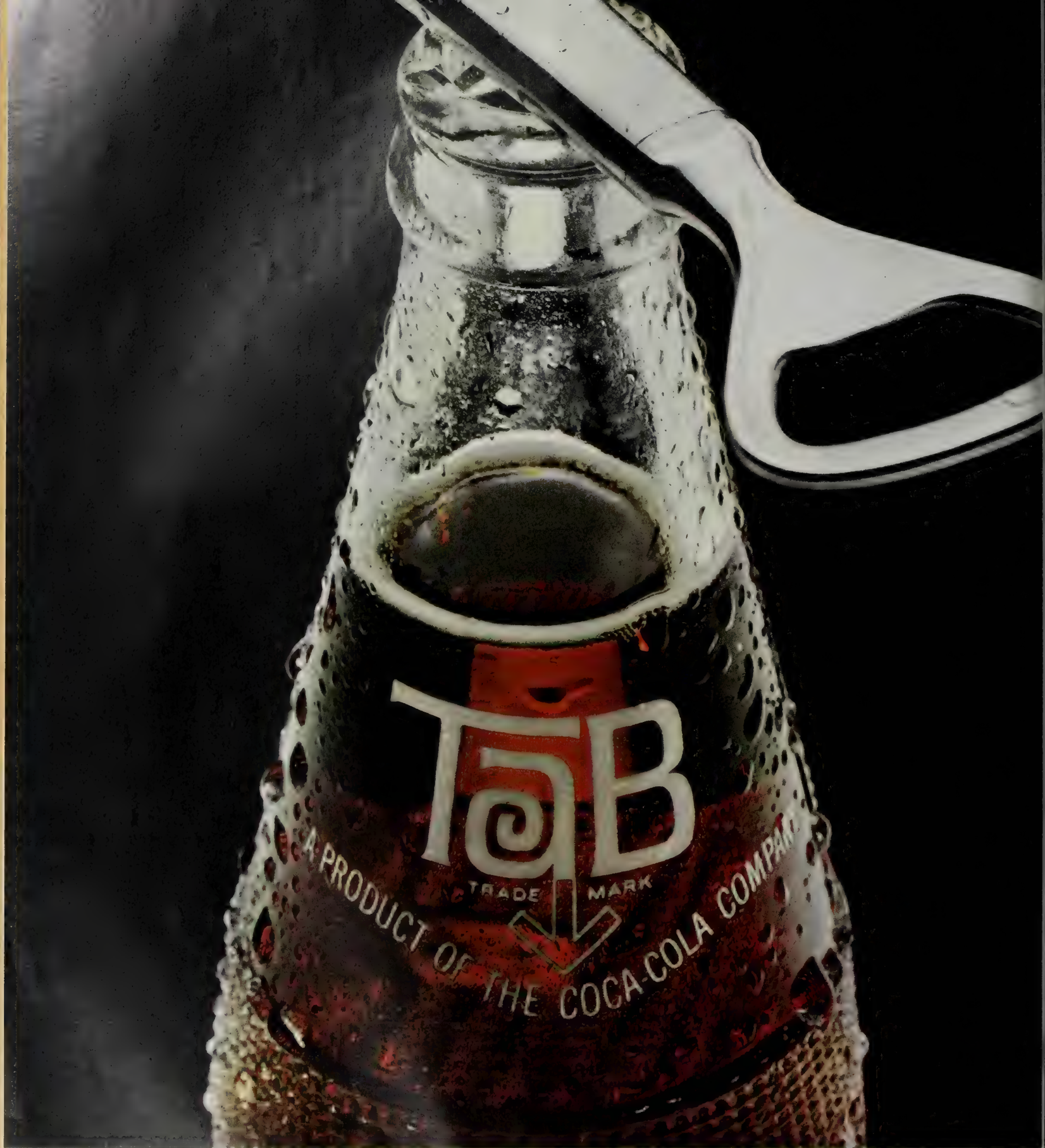


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The Vanishing Art of Sweet Talk

BY RUSSELL BAKER

To make love, in any man's language, all a woman needs is the knack—of sounding as adorable as she looks.

At a party I met a woman of unutterable beauty. Before a word was spoken you wanted to be in love with her. Then she opened her mouth and destroyed the evening.

"How many children do you have?" she asked.

Nothing less than full confession was possible with this woman. Yes, I have children. Yes, they brush their little teeth three times a day. No, my wife is not employed. I work for Consolidated Dynamics. No, I have no stock in A.T.&T., and yes, you are quite right, I am merely a drab husband and nothing, nothing is ever possible between us, thank God, because you aren't a woman. You're just another of those census takers who have been murdering evenings for me all my life.

It was unjust, of course, to detest this woman. What she desperately needed were sympathy and help. For, like millions of American women today, she suffered from that most tragic of all feminine disabilities—conversational inadequacy. Years of repression, inhibition and taboos had created fears in her subconscious that made it impossible for her either to gain fulfillment or to satisfy her partner in the conversational act.

To such women, conversation often seems a nasty, unnatural activity forced upon them by a male-dominated society. And so, out of terror and hostility, they deny themselves the joy of one of nature's noblest pleasures by retaliating against their partners with such conversation wreckers as, "How many children do you have?" "You've been drinking again," and "How do I know you really love me?"

Can these women be helped? Of course they can, if they will only put aside fear and ignorance and recognize that conversation is a perfectly normal and healthy pastime. Indeed, smooth and conversational technique is absolutely essential to any successful transaction between man and woman, be it marriage, romance, light flirtation or lunch at the drugstore counter.

First of all, the woman must understand something of the rich diversity of the female conversational organs. These include not only such physiological marvels as the larynx, the glottis, the palate and the lips, but also the volume modulator, the whine suppressor and the screech muffler.

The untutored woman who flings herself into conversation with nasal brayings, keens that can slice cheese or a voice that sounds like walnut shells going through a meat grinder will repel her partner and render him incapable of engaging even in low-level foretalk. This is because the male ear is exquisitely sensitive to feminine pitch. A little-understood mechanism linking the male ear to the male terror glands cuts in the instant it detects a feminine voice that sounds like Adolf Hitler and fills the male impulse cavity with overpowering urges to run.

If, for some reason, running is out of the question, as in marriage for example, the male will seek release in screams or low groans. If the condition is not corrected, he may start seeking casual conversational adventures with women who have taken the trouble to master their screech mufflers.

Along with shattering voice, the most common cause of female conversational failure is poor taste. The successful feminine conversationalist realizes that the male is a creature of exceedingly delicate aesthetic sensi-



bilities. It is the nature of woman to inject conversation with utterances so coarse and gross to the male sensibility that he loses all zest for continuing the discussion.

No wife, for example, should expect a satisfying conversational experience with a husband if she greets him on his arrival home with the question: "What is that red stuff on your collar?" Any woman who would utter such a question at the start of conversation doesn't deserve a good conversation. The woman who has mastered her art knows that, instead of making some offensive remark about her husband's collar, she should say, "Darling, slip out of that dirty old shirt right away so I can wash it while you're telling me all you've done today for the children and me."

Here is a brief, and by no means all-inclusive, list of similarly offensive utterances to be avoided, no matter how great the temptation:

1. "Have you ever thought of elevator heels?"
2. "But you're old enough to be my father!"
3. "Mother's coming for a three-week visit."
4. "The termite inspector was here today, and guess what!"
5. "So you finally decided to come home!"

Women need not be ashamed of their natural desire to make such utterances, for they are the signs of a wholesome and healthy femininity. They must, however, learn to suppress this desire if they expect conversation to be entirely satisfying. No woman who thinks selfishly only of her own conversational satisfaction can hope for a meaningful exchange if she ignores her partner's taste in discussion topics. Remember, as the Hindus said centuries ago, it takes two to talk.

For each of the odious conversation lines listed above, there are perfectly good substitute strokes that will arouse and thrill the male instead of disgusting him. For example:

1. "Why are shorter men always so much more virile?"
2. "I'm so tired of silly immature boys with no gray in their hair."
3. "Surprise, darling! I've been saving coins in the cookie jar, and we're going to Jamaica for three weeks!"
4. "The termite inspector was next door at the Dombeys' today, and it couldn't have been funnier."
5. "Why don't you make us both a little drink?"

From all this it should be obvious that the female role in conversation is that of the active partner, the aggressor. This does not mean that the woman should be an inquisitor or a district attorney. Quite the contrary. The sophisticated conversational partner senses the mood of the male and artfully guides him to talk the role of debonair and charming man-of-the-world, long-suffering father, unappreciated employee or dynamic romantic, depending upon his mood at the time conversation begins.

Being the active partner does not mean that the woman should force conversation day and evening without cease. The male conversational appetites are quite different from the woman's. Some women have been known capable of talking without pause for days on end. The male is quite another creature. After a particularly satisfying evening of mutual dilation upon his many excellences, he may not desire conversation again for two or three days.

In determining whether the male is ready for conversation, the woman should not hesitate to employ the delicate techniques of foretalk. She might, for example, open with some tentative little remark such as, "Gosh, I was lucky to have married you." If the husband shows no sign of ego tumescence, or if he responds by saying, "I'm going to watch football today," the wife should find some housework to do.

The most common feminine error during the period of foretalk is to subject her partner to withering cross-examination. It is, again, a perfectly normal feminine urge. Meeting a man for the first time, she wants to know immediately what possible future they may have together.

Is he employed? Where? How much does he earn? Is he already married? Is it an indissoluble (*continued*)

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THE LOST ART

continued

case? How many children does he have?

This leads to the tragedy of all those unutterable beauties, glimpsed longingly at parties, who, on first opening their mouths, murder conversation with, "How many children do you have?"

The joyful feminine conversationalist never makes such mistakes. She knows that the strange man with the provocative glance is also interested in future possibilities, but not—at that moment anyhow—in the same future possibilities that interest her. She knows that a skillful act of conversation can often lead him to ponder the future that does interest her, and she knows that clumsy, inept foretalk can only foreclose the possibility of any future whatsoever.

Thus, instead of opening with "How many children do you have?" she murmurs, "Let us walk together in the garden and watch the moon rise through the leaves of the chestnut trees." *That* is foretalk.

Though conversation, as it progresses, may disclose that their only possible future is a mutual conversational escape from the host's tedium through the dessert course, the evening will not have been destroyed for either.

The man will have had the chance to feel poignant about all the women who can never enjoy the power of his charm. The woman will have had the gratification of making an impossible man feel the sweet languor of post-conversational *tristesse*.

It is one of the ironies of American society that the millions of marriage manuals flooding the mails and bookshops virtually ignore the subject of conversation and its techniques. In these manuals love is usually reduced to an industrial process that suggests a mechanic's guide to auto maintenance.

A successful relationship with a man takes more than that. It is all very well to know about rotating the tires every 10,000 miles and putting anti-rust in the cooling system, but the manuals should frankly tell women that the amount of time they will spend at the mechanics of love is negligible compared to the time they will have to spend just talking to the men in their lives.

Why should women be ashamed to try mastering the pleasures possible in these continual encounters?

After all, as the sage Vatsyana wrote long ago, "Sex isn't everything." **END**

THE BRIDGE

By Dorothy Hilliard Moffatt

The way I walk I see my mother
walking,
The feet secure and firm upon the
ground.
The way I talk I hear my daughter
talking
And hear my mother's echo in the
sound.
The way she thought I find myself
now thinking,
The generations linking
In a firm continuum of mind.
The bridge of immortality I'm walking,
The voice before me echoing behind.





Cushion her first step...

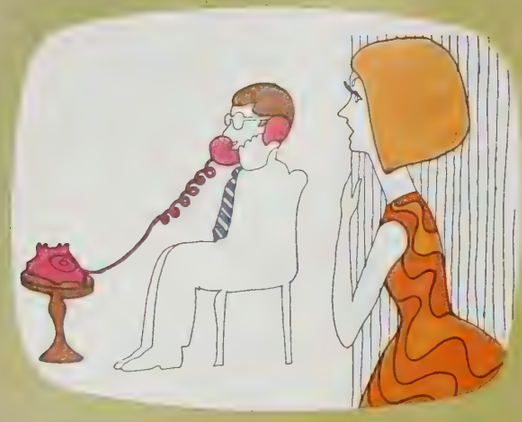
Congoleum-Nairn has cushioned its beautiful new vinyl floors—and even a baby can tell these floors are softer. Cushioning also makes Congoleum-Nairn's new vinyls warm. Quiet. Scratch and scuff resistant. Even easier to clean. Want a cushion in your floor? Just insist on Congoleum-Nairn cushioned vinyls.

Floor shown (#8060) is 6', 9' or 12' seamless Vinyl Cushionflor®. Incredibly inexpensive! Needs no cementing down!
For free samples, write Congoleum-Nairn, Box 319, Kearny, N. J. To find your nearest dealer, look in the Yellow Pages.

Congoleum-Nairn

AS THE POT BOILS

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON, HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR



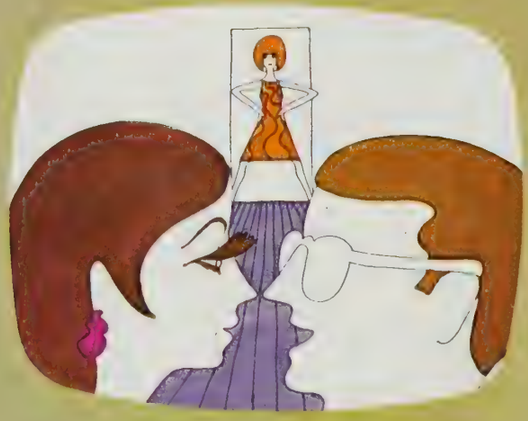
VIDEO
Medium close-up: house of Cynthia and Henry Cook; Henry on phone, overheard by Cynthia.

AUDIO
Announcer: A shadow of her former self, harried young housewife Cynthia Cook is at the breaking point. Husband Henry's king-size appetite has kept her in the kitchen from morning to midnight, for most of their married life. For months, Cynthia has felt that Henry has been neglecting her; she fears that he is attracted to their beautiful neighbor, Gloria Smart. Her suspicions are confirmed on a Saturday morning when she overhears Henry ask to see Gloria—alone.
Henry: I'll see you at three, Gloria.



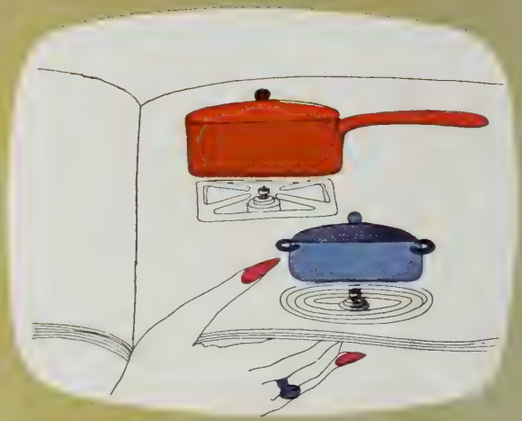
VIDEO
Cynthia's kitchen; Cynthia and friend, Louise Friendly, sipping coffee.

AUDIO
Announcer: In a panic, Cynthia phones her friend, Louise Friendly, asking her to hurry over.
Louise: Cynthia, dear. What's the matter?
Cynthia: Oh, I don't see how I can go on. I overheard Henry make a date to see Gloria today. She's so glamorous and exciting, I hardly blame him. By comparison, I'm about as alluring as a potato peel—I just can't seem to get out of this kitchen these days.
Louise: Well, there's only one thing to do. Go there and confront them both.



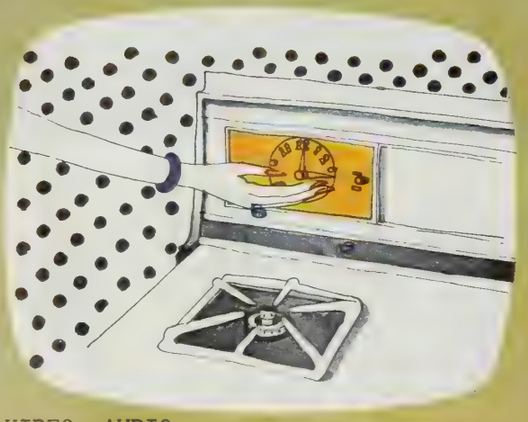
VIDEO
Cut to Gloria's house. Close-up of Gloria and Henry, as Cynthia enters unnoticed.

AUDIO
Henry: Gloria, you're wonderful. Why haven't I had the courage to see you sooner?
Cynthia (from the door): I hope the two of you can explain this!
Gloria and Henry (together): How ridiculous!
Henry: Darling, I'm here to see Gloria because you've been looking so frazzled lately. I thought she might be able to help.
Gloria: And I was just telling Henry my secret for success and happiness—Programmed Cooking. Come into the kitchen and I'll show you.



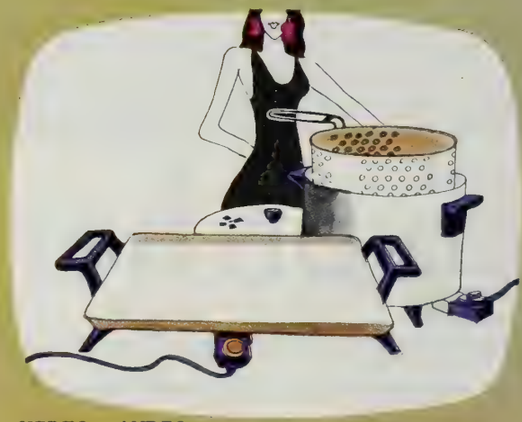
VIDEO
Close-up: Gloria is holding magazine.

AUDIO
Gloria: I found this article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, telling how some of the new gas- and electric-range units have sensor-operated heat regulators—actually disks mounted on springs that press against the bottom of a pan, measure the heat, and keep it at whatever level you've set. This means you can leave a pot roast simmering for hours unattended, or bake a batch of evenly browned pancakes. Flat-bottomed pans work best because they touch the sensors; medium-weight aluminum ones heat evenly.



VIDEO
Gloria, now demonstrating the timed top burner of her gas range.

AUDIO
Gloria: This very new time control is teamed with an automatic burner. I set an aluminum pot on the burner, adjust time and temperature control, and, when food has cooked for the preset time, heat automatically lowers to serving temperature so that food stays hot and good until dinnertime. You see, I can leave the kitchen for short periods—get absorbed in a book, do my nails, visit with a neighbor—and never have to worry about burning things. It's changed my life.



VIDEO
Now, Gloria demonstrates her automatic plug-in cookers.

AUDIO
Gloria: These time-savers give controlled heat—and there's no installation expense, because they plug right into the wall outlet. One of the secrets of perfect deep-fat fried food is keeping the fat at just the right temperature. This deep-fat fryer does exactly that. And with this griddle, hamburgers are grilled brown outside, rare inside. There are other automatic plug-in cookers—from corn poppers to tea kettles—many with Teflon linings and removable controls for easy washing.

(continued)

Illustrations by Isadore Seltzer

REE You May Have Already Won $100 a Month For Life! FREE

"101 Incomes For Life" are reserved for winners (in the all-new, 1966 Longines Symphonette Sweepstakes! (Say "YES" to the invitation below, and you have already "won" a valuable FREE record album!)



Yes, The Longines Symphonette invites you to enter its newest, most exciting sweepstakes ever! Incomes of $100 a month for life! $500 a Year for Life! $250 a Year for Life! $100 a Year for Life! And — other prizes. More than 70,000 chances to win!

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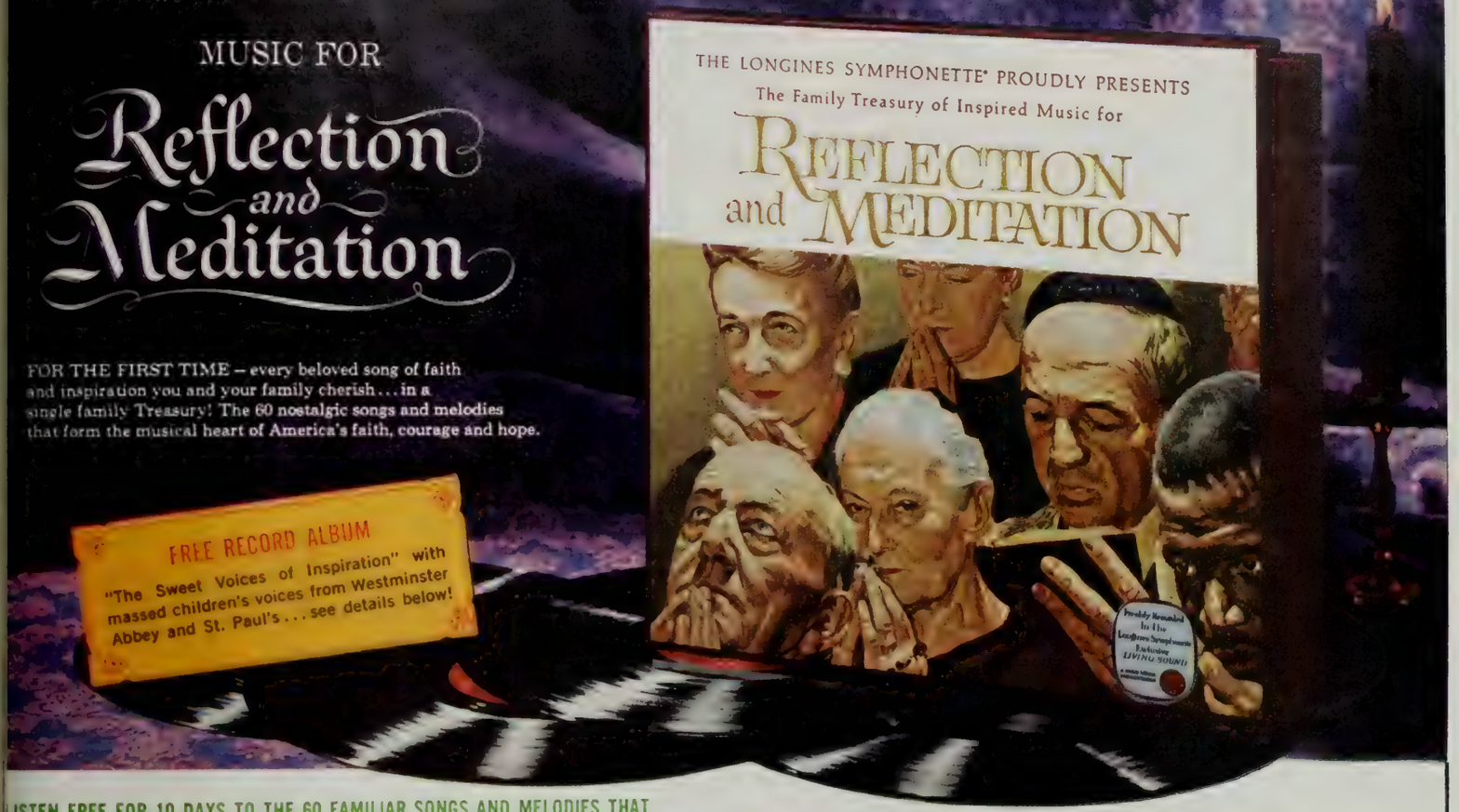
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Yes, The Longines Symphonette, The Singing Choraliers and The Cathedral Chorus transport you to a nostalgic musical world where faith, courage and hope are a way of life! Five purest vinyl records bring inspiring moments for **Meditation** and **Reflection** with such sweeping selections as **"May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You", "Battle Hymn Of The Republic", "Climb Every Mountain", "Because", "Bless This House", "Nearer My God To Thee", "The Rosary", "Kol Nidre", "Now The Day Is Over"** and many more! Just mail card or coupon for FREE 10 day audition in your own home . . . keep FREE "Sweet Voices of Inspiration" record even if you return five-record Treasury and owe nothing. **Music for "Reflection and Meditation" belongs in every home record library!**

CHECK YES ON ATTACHED CARD FOR FREE TRIAL AND FREE RECORD ALBUM!
Send card today to find out if you are already a WINNER

Your FREE record album (yours to keep forever) is "THE SWEET VOICES OF INSPIRATION" featuring the massed children's voices from Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's in London, with The Longines Symphonette. 13 selections include: **"Prayer Of Thanksgiving", "When You Wish Upon A Star", "Auld Lang Syne", "Brahm's Lullaby"** and many more! Just check **YES** on Official Entry Card attached, get FREE record album, listen FREE to the Family Treasury of Music for "Reflection and Meditation"... and find out if your Lucky Number has already won a valuable prize! The Treasury is not available in stores anywhere—and you can own it for as little as $5 a month and save up to 50% of what you'd expect to pay in fine record stores! Act at once and find out if you have already won!

ARE THESE THE SONGS YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH YOUR FAMILY?
(Just a few of 60!)

I Believe
The Perfect Day
The Hills Of Home
Deep River
He
Eternal Father
The Lord's Prayer
The Lost Chord
I Love You Truly
The Angelus
Tomorrow Is A Lovely Day
Invictus
Trees
Faith Of Our Fathers
Lead Kindly Light
Steal Away
God Is Ever Beside Me
Pilgrim's Chorus
In A Monastery Garden
You'll Never Walk Alone
Calm As The Night
Abide With Me
Love Divine All Love Excelling
Go Down, Moses
Roll Jordan Roll
The Bells Of St. Mary's
Song Of Songs
I Heard A Forest Praying
Homing
Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life
Morning (Peer Gynt Suite)
Bird Songs At Eventide
Softly, Now The Light Of Day
Count Your Blessings
Carillon
Because
Eli, Eli
Goin' Home (New World Symphony)
Bless This House
Serenade
Now The Day Is Over

How sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years of age or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card). Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed envelope!

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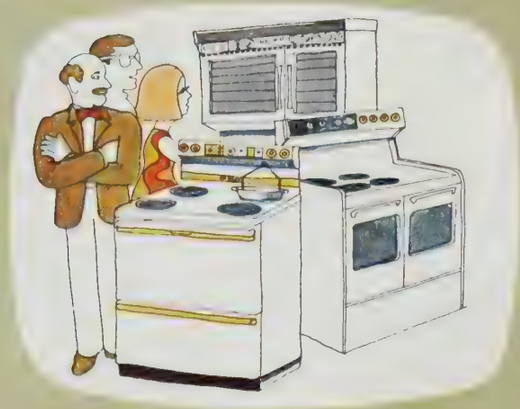
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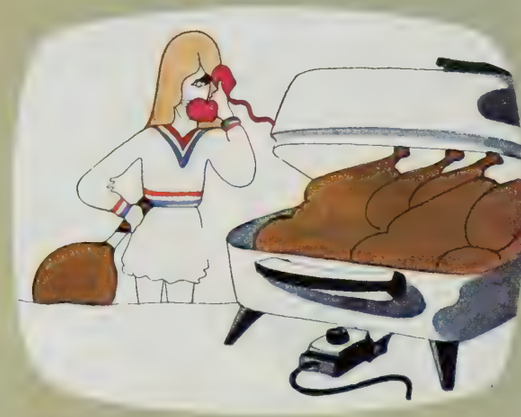
VIDEO	AUDIO
Close-up of electric pressure cooker.	*Gloria:* When I'm planning a pressure-cooked dinner, I can be free for most of the afternoon. Pressure-cooked dinners are delicious, and ready to serve in an hour at most. This is because the cooker cooks at temperatures hotter than the boiling point—therefore, much faster. With this new model, I put a pressure regulator on the vent opening immediately after sealing the lid, let the cooker heat to proper level, set the time control. Temperature is maintained for the full cooking time—3 minutes for asparagus, 45 for corned beef.



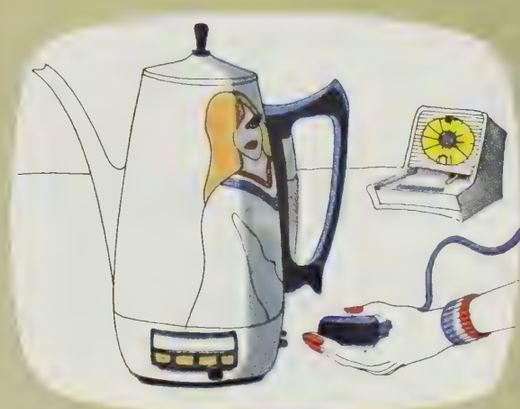
VIDEO	AUDIO
Close-up: Cynthia throws her arms around Henry.	*Henry:* You see, darling, because of all these wonderful appliances, Gloria has more time to spend on herself and her husband—and everyone knows she's one of the best cooks in town. I want you to have the same advantages, so you can do all the things you haven't got time for now—you can even start playing tennis again. *Cynthia:* Wheee! I feel better already. And to think I suspected you and Gloria. When can we shop for *my Programmed Kitchen?* *Henry:* Let's go now.



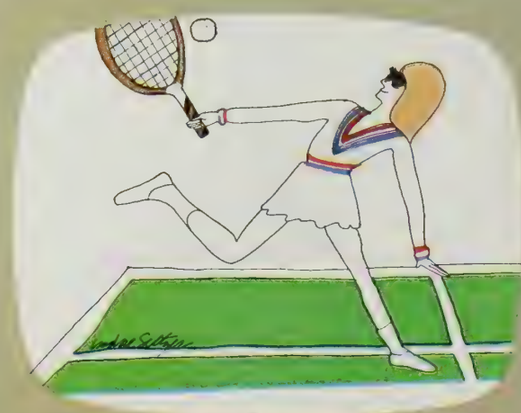
VIDEO	AUDIO
Long shot: Henry, Cynthia, salesman in store. Salesman demonstrates two ovens and a surface unit.	*Salesman:* New oven controls reduce heat automatically when food has cooked a preset time, then maintain serving temperature without overcooking—just in case meals have to be delayed. One system begins cooking immediately when food is placed in oven. Another can be set to turn itself on and off at any preselected time and temperature. One electric oven cooks at very low temperatures for 8 to 14 hours—an excellent way to tender-roast meat. Another range has an automatic stirrer that fits into utensils for smoothing gravies and sauces.



VIDEO	AUDIO
Cut to Cynthia's kitchen, two months later; Cynthia on phone, rosy-cheeked, healthy, beautiful.	(Phone rings. Man's voice is heard.) *Cynthia:* Yes, see you on the courts in ten minutes—after I put the finishing touches on Henry's dinner. (She hangs up; then, thinking aloud): Am I delighted with this plug-in frypan! First I'll brown the chicken—without spattering—on the high-heat setting. Then I'll close the lid, set the control at 325° so that flavors blend and chicken cooks till tender. When I get back, I'll turn it down to 180°, just right for keeping it warm until whenever Henry comes home for dinner.



VIDEO	AUDIO
Close-up: timer and automatic coffee-maker.	*Cynthia* (still thinking aloud): And I guess I might as well set up the automatic coffeepot for dinner, too. Such a marvelous idea—just plug the coffee-maker into this timer, set the timer to start brewing in a couple of hours. When I'm ready to serve coffee, it will be as fresh and hot as if it were made just minutes before. Well, I'm off to the courts.



VIDEO	AUDIO
Long shot: Cynthia, playing a brilliant game of tennis.	*Announcer:* Cynthia Cook, no longer the harried housewife, has been rejuvenated by Programmed Cooking. Once again she is an active, well-informed and attractive young woman, enjoying to the hilt her new-found freedom from the kitchen. The question is now: Is Cynthia too free? And who is her tennis partner?

Shopping Information on page 135.

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Permanent Press keeps the creases in. RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and dryers have special cycles that take the wrinkles out!

Washing clothes in hot water removes the wrinkles as well as the dirt. But you can put new wrinkles in when heated clothes are spun. That is why our special settings for Permanent Press introduce the cold water gradually before the spinning cycle. This gives your Permanent Press clothes the care garment manufacturers recommend. They are never crushed or spun while hot. No one else makes washers that work this way. Just us.

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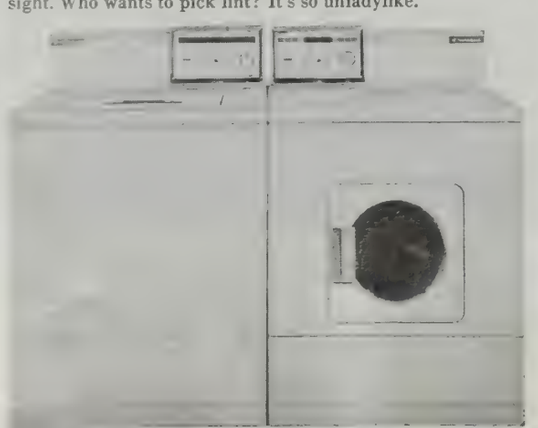


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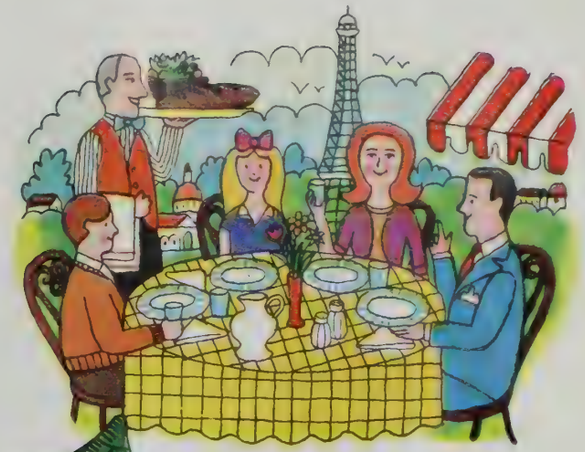
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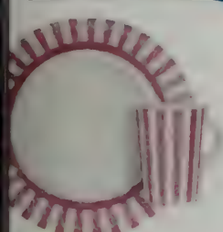


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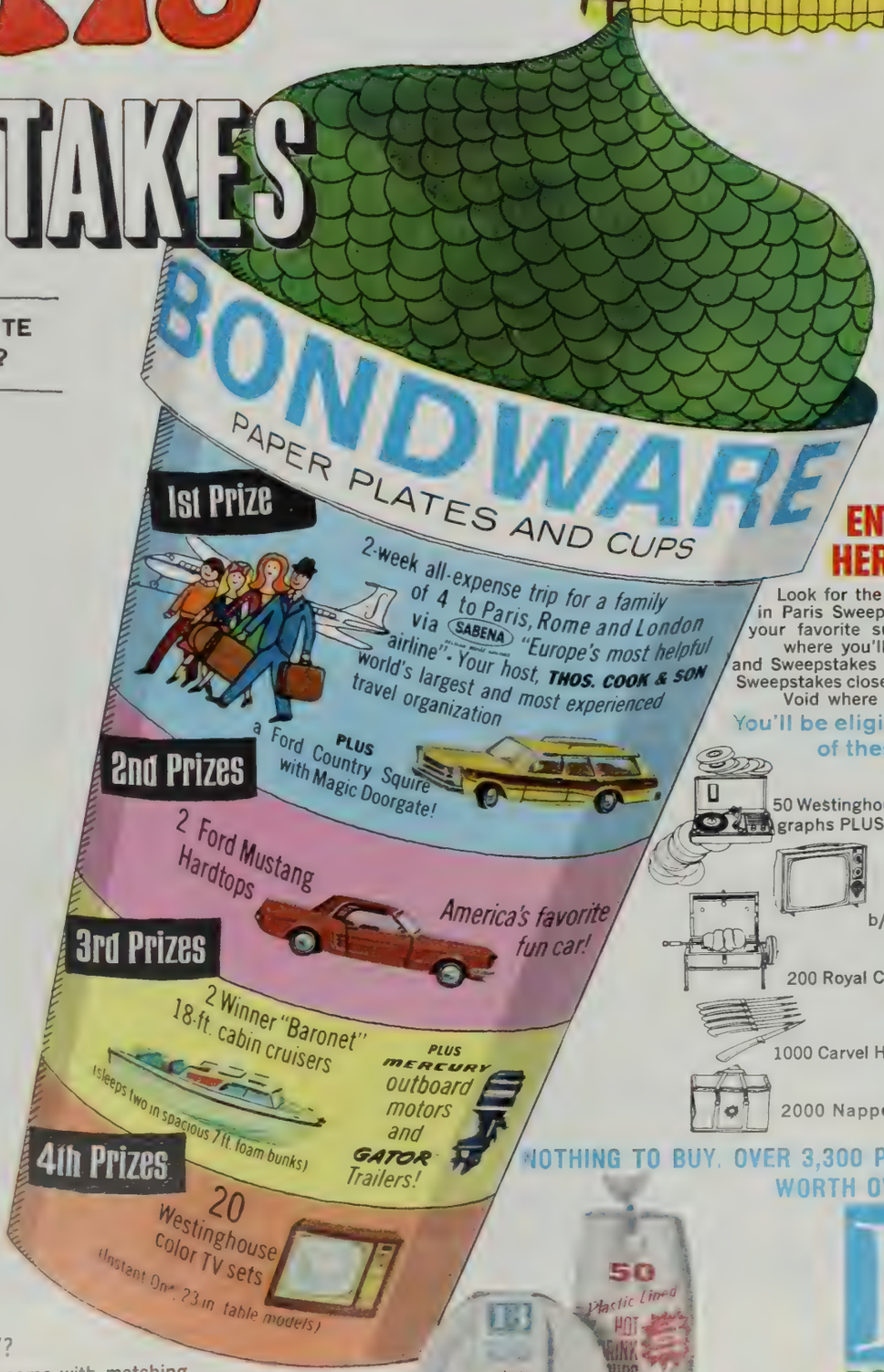


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Helena Rubinstein, Fifth Avenue, New York

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Greta's Husband Was Cold

From the beginning of history, the woman who took a mate placed her future, her security and her children—indeed almost literally her life—in his hands. If she could not depend on his devotion, the consequences might be serious, even fatal. No wonder she wants, even today, to be assured that she can count on him—that he still loves her. How can she know, unless he tells her so? Many a man replies that actions speak louder than words. But she must have both! Why should a man be so stubborn as to refuse his wife this assurance? There can be many reasons, but none is good enough. The one who, like Thad in this case, simply won't tell his wife that he loves her—tell her continually and convincingly—is doing both her and himself and their offspring real damage. Thad had to learn this the hard way. The counselor was Marcus Berkov.

PAUL POPENOE, SC. D.
Founder and president,
The American Institute of
Family Relations

"Last night my husband threw away my most expensive and most becoming dress," said 24-year-old Greta, a blazingly beautiful redhead and former airline stewardess now eight months married. "Thad and I were in the midst of a furious quarrel—at least I was furious—and suddenly I couldn't stand his bland and obstinate calm. He looked utterly unmoved and uninvolved, like somebody who had dropped in from outer space.

"Well, I decided to close the performance right then. I quit screaming, stepped out of my clothes and bounced into the shower—zing! I intended to regain my cool composure and show Thad two could play that maddening 'don't-care' game of his.

"The shower dampened my temper and I remembered how much I loved Thad, what a gorgeous man he was. Anyway, I wrapped myself in a huge pink towel, a souvenir from our honeymoon hotel. I sprayed perfume with wild abandon, tousled my hair, put on fresh lipstick.

"Prepared to be sunny and sweet and sexy as all get out, I strutted into the living room. We live in a beach cottage built on pilings at the edge of the Pacific; outside the surf was booming, and moonlight was pouring through an open window. All this was lost on Thad. He had dismissed me from his mind and comfortably settled down to read—as though he were a bachelor again glad of it.

"Feeling foolish and humili the way I always feel when ignores my seductive moods, I and stared at him. But he re to look up. I wondered if some was wrong with me or if some was wrong with him. Was I ugly unattractive, too bold and pu Or was he inhumanly cold?

"And then I suddenly misse dress I'd tossed toward a cha that mad dash for the showe wasn't on the chair. It wasn't on the floor. It wasn't anywher

"I bought that dress a year a my last flight to Paris, very prob my last overseas flight in this Thad admired the cut and color when I asked where he'd put dress, he jerked his thumb at open window. He had thrown dress into the sea. The tide wa ceding and the dress was gone.

"His explanation? He was fe with my messiness, my moods tantrums, and wanted to teach to stop tossing my possessions the floor whenever I was bore tired or angry. Unless I stopped ing like a spoiled, untidy child began to hang up my clothes grown woman should, said Tha might soon find myself witho stitch to wear.

"I do throw things, and thrown things at him. But wasn't angry. He spoke with usual calm, and as though he dealing with an idiot. As for I blew my top again. I screamed he didn't love me or he wou treat me with such condescen and contempt. I told him I cou live without love, that I was lea I jerked on some clothes, stuff few things in a bag, flung myse my car and drove off. I didn't very fast or very far.

"Although I should be asham admit it, I was halfway hopefu would follow. It was ridiculou lunatic hope. In the past months I have left Thad three ti Each time I swallowed my pride went back on my own. Not once he ask me not to leave or ask m return. Nevertheless, he declare loves me—in his own way.

"According to Thad, I'm o emotional about everything and temperament is normal. Maybe But maybe he is underemotional less interested in love and affec than the average husband of twe eight. Last night (contin

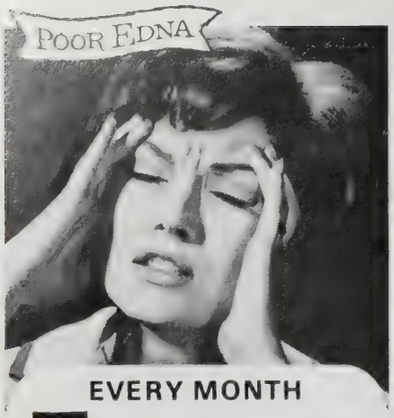
This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 couns It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported her drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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HAPPY

AND COMFORTABLE WITH

MIDOL



CAN THIS MARRIAGE? *continued*

I stayed away two hours, parked in the moonlight on the lonesome beach, and my absence didn't worry Thad a scrap. When I finally went home and crept into bed beside him, he was sound asleep. Or else he pretended to be asleep.

"Thad is crushingly, shatteringly honest. I'm not. He and I are opposites in nearly every way you can mention. I like excitement. I like people. I like talk—I can hardly wait for him in the evening so I can tell-tell-tell the day's events—but Thad doles out conversation as though any extra word might be used against him. He is a real miser with compliments and praise. I'm not. One night not long ago I told him he had gorgeous eyes, which is the truth, and he told me my mascara was smeared. End of conversation. End of evening. He picked out a book from his enormous library—he reads incessantly—and I went to bed and cried.

"Thad and I have no friends among couples our age; we're miles from civilization. Except during the summer season, our section of the beach is deserted. We took over the cottage, which belongs to my father-in-law, because the rent was low. Our low rent is supposed to compensate Thad for his low salary—or that's my private theory.

"Thad has a high-sounding title in his father's fantastically successful construction company, but he acts as an all-around errand boy. My father-in-law struck it rich soon after Thad's mother died years ago, and has been on a prolonged youth kick ever since. At the age of forty-nine my father-in-law excels in judo and is a whiz at karate. He fights with cops or outraces them in his souped-up sports car. He has been married four or five times up to now and, boy, is he self-centered!

"My father-in-law gave Thad a job and the fancy title for a wedding present, but not one share of stock in the company. Yet when I remarked on the puniness of the gift, Thad immediately shut me up. He can't abide criticism of his father, although I know the two of them have had their troubles.

"Actually, I have never dared ask Thad the exact size of his paycheck for fear of raising a ruckus. Moreover, I doubt he would tell me. Thad is anything but one of those characters willing to be pushed around and maneuvered by me or any other woman.

"When we met ten months ago I was tentatively engaged to somebody else, but it was one of those arrangements girls don't take seriously. As an airline stewardess, I was flying high and was high on myself. At that time Thad was grounded, both figuratively and literally. He'd had some sort of falling out with his father, which he has never discussed with me, and was working for peanuts in the baggage department at a Los Angeles airfield.

"Another stewardess introduced us just as I was taking off for Honolulu. I promised to have dinner with him when I came back ten days later, thinking maybe I will, maybe I won't. The return trip to California was rugged. By the time I turned in my flight report and checked in at the hotel I was exhausted, and by then I had practically forgotten Thad's existence. Anyhow, I told the desk clerk to say I had been called out of town, flopped down on the bed in my room and fell asleep.

"I woke to thunderous knocking and Thad's shouts from the hall. I didn't answer. I supposed he would go [illegible] I was mistaken. There was an [illegible] penser down the hall, and he wa[illegible] supplied with ammunition. Ice [illegible] came flying through the transom in[illegible] room like hail—the bed was o[illegible] direct line of fire—as he yelled f[illegible] to let him in before he crashed [illegible] didn't budge. Then he went to w[illegible] the door with a screwdriver.

"I wriggled to the floor and [illegible] under the bed just as Thad lifte[illegible] door completely from its hinge[illegible] came into the room, switched o[illegible] lights and walked straight to the[illegible] as though he was guided by the [illegible] mering of my heart. I was scar[illegible] death. He reached under the [illegible] grabbed my wrist, hauled me ou[illegible] to my feet. He spanked me o[illegible] bottom—just one spank—and to[illegible] never again to accept a dinner i[illegible] tion from a good, well-meaning gu[illegible] then stand him up. With that, he t[illegible] and walked out of the room.

"You won't believe what I did. [illegible] out in the hall and after him, a[illegible] way to the elevator. I begged [illegible] chance to explain. Eventually he [illegible] me out to dinner. Rather I took [illegible] He handed me the bill to pay.

"I fell in love with him that [illegible] night, or thought I did. I was [illegible]

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NEVER

By Scott Forbes

Once the heart is given,
Once the words are said,
Ecstasy and heaven
And hell until you're dead.

Who can count the cost,
Who dares define desire
When fire turns to frost,
When frost turns to fire.

Never any middle
Where peace and comfort lie,
Love remains a riddle
To the day you die.

whelmed by his forcefulness and [illegible] looks, and, later, enchanted by [illegible] talents as an athlete. Thad swims [illegible] a fish. He is a beautiful skier. He p[illegible] tennis like a Davis Cup star. Du[illegible] our brief courtship—we were acquai[illegible] just six weeks before our marriage [illegible] took me sailing on his father's b[illegible] taught me surfboarding and bough[illegible] skis. We spent two weekends at [illegible] father's mountain lodge. When I [illegible] peared in stretch pants that T[illegible] considered too tight, he forced m[illegible] change. It thrilled me to obey.

"Thad was the first person I had [illegible] met in my whole life who wouldn' [illegible] me get away with a single thing, not [illegible] thing, and I was fascinated by [illegible] novelty. My hard-working paren[illegible] both are teachers—were middle-a[illegible] when I was born, and I'm an only ch[illegible] My parents gave me everything in [illegible] son, more than they could afford. I [illegible] sent to an expensive college, altho[illegible] I'm dumb scholastically and didn't [illegible] serve their financial sacrifice. At col[illegible] I was carried along by hordes of b[illegible] friends who helped me on term pap[illegible] and saw me through to my degree.

"Thad made me quit the airline [illegible] fore our marriage, drafted my lette[illegible] resignation and mailed (contin[illegible]



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it. I thanked him meekly when he then allowed me to accept a low-paying job with a little travel agency. But I am grateful I'm not stuck alone on the beach all day.

"I hate our cottage. Thad works impossibly long hours, and I finish early. When it gets dark and he isn't there, I listen to the racket of the surf and I picture burglars, rapists, murderers lurking outside and ready to pounce. Every night I go around and turn on lights until our place glitters like a Christmas tree, and I'm still scared.

"I didn't expect my married life to begin in isolation and fear and loneliness. Nearly all our social activities are dependent on my father-in-law and his present wife, who invite us to some swank place perhaps twice a month. Usually after these foursomes Thad and I have a fight. We fight about the size of the electric bills, my bum housekeeping, millions of trivialities.

"Still and all, I've come back to Thad three times in the course of our eight embattled months together. In many ways, important ways, I think he and I suit each other. In many ways I need Thad. I'm flighty, inclined to rush off on crazy tangents, and he steadies me.

"Thad's silences and his calm can drive me nuts, but, like my parents, he is a good, straight thinker and I have learned a great deal from him. I depend on his strength and his judgment. When I'm with him, I'm a better person, less tricky, more honest.

"Our man-woman relationship is our one real stumbling block. I cannot understand his stingy and seldom lovemaking. Thad has a terrific physical attraction for me, and I truly believe I'm attractive to him—but apparently not enough. If he makes love to me once a week, he is satisfied and then—speaking frankly—it's no great event for either of us. We don't lose ourselves in each other. Often, in our most intimate moments, Thad is afraid of real closeness, afraid of becoming involved.

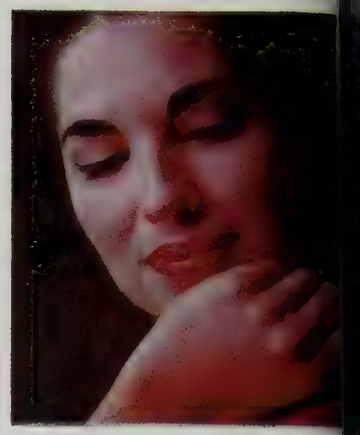
"Recently I spoke of my wish for a child, and he quickly said we were young enough to postpone the responsibility. His father's wife is just my age and has two children, and Thad is wonderfully paternal and tender with his little stepsisters. Yet he was unwilling to commit himself to becoming the father of a child, my child.

"It's not that I'm in any physical need of sex or suffering from a touch of nymphomania. But I'm like all women. I desperately want my (*continued*)

The Ten-Years-Is-a-Long-Time Love Song

By Elizabeth McFarland

Dear, if I cease to make
Sweet music for your sake,
The reason should not break
Your heart:
Song that once rippled throat
With gay, incredulous note,
Joy that once soared (I quote)
"A thing apart,"
Repeated, have become
Softer than heartbeat's drum,
The calm recurrent hum
Of love's sweet tone.
And you, who miss my praise—
O accompanist of days,
Whatever music plays
The song's your own!



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Green Thumb, the delight of garde everywhere. Kitten soft, yet outwear a similar price. Washable. Only $1.29. Or a pair of Stretch Green Thumbs in yel pink or blue. Miracle fabric stretche snug fit, yet feather light and cool. Wa ble, too, and only $1.49. Look for where garden supplies are sold.

green thumb

by Edmont inc

COSHOCTON, OHIO

Every child had better take this test before he's five.

Better Vision Institute

A child's eyes may look clear and bright. He may play, watch television, enjoy his picture books—all in what seems a perfectly normal way.

Yet he may be developing a serious, sometimes tragic eye disorder that can plague him the rest of his life.

This disorder—known as amblyopia—is a loss of vision in one eye, even though the eye appears normal in all other ways. Tens of thousands of children fall victim to amblyopia every year.

And the parents never know it's happening.

The story is this. A newborn baby's eyes aren't fully developed. His vision is blurred and indistinct. It doesn't matter if they both point at the same object, so they're free to wander independently. Until he's about 3 to 4 months old this is normal.

At around 3 to 4 months, his eyes develop the physical equipment they need for seeing fine detail. He's ready to begin learning the basic skills of seeing. He must learn to *fixate*, so each eye points accurately at the object he wants to see. To *focus*, so he sees the object clearly at any distance. To *fuse*, so the images from both eyes merge into one visual impression in his mind.

No child is born with these skills. It takes many months to learn them. By the time he's 5 or 6 years old, if all goes well, they're completely automatic.

With some children, though, all does *not* go well.

For one reason or another it may be impossible to fixate both eyes on the same object. Perhaps the eye muscles are out of balance. Perhaps there is a lot of farsightedness, and the child crosses an eye while struggling to clear his vision. Perhaps one eye is farsighted and the other nearsighted.

Whatever the reason, the child's brain receives two incompatible images. Try as it will, it can't fuse them. And when the brain can't get clear, single vision using both eyes together, it must rely on using only one eye and suppressing the image from the other.



When the child uses one eye exclusively, the unused eye stops developing normally. Actually, it may even begin to *lose* some of the vision it has already acquired.

The child may grow up deprived of normal binocular vision. He may have trouble in school. Or in any activity that depends on good vision with both eyes. He may be exposed to accidents. Later in life, should disease or injury ever impair the vision in his better eye, he could indeed be in real trouble.

It usually doesn't have to happen.

In most cases amblyopia can be prevented. If. If the trouble is caught and treated in time.

The best time is as soon as possible after the age of 6 months and preferably no later than four years. From 6 months on, the child's visual reflexes can be reliably tested. And the chances are best for rechannelling them if they're on the wrong track.

After that, it gets tougher. The longer amblyopia goes neglected, the more firmly it becomes established, the harder it is to restore all the vision that has been lost. In time it may become impossible.

Now comes the question in your mind: What about *my* child?

This about your child: If you haven't already done so, make a date to have his eyes examined professionally. (*Note: If a child's eyes continue to wander independently at six months of age, or show other signs of trouble in seeing, don't wait. He needs immediate examination.*)

An important step the trained examiner may take is the "cover test" shown here. It is one of the first checks in determining how well the two eyes work together.

An opaque cover is moved from one eye to the other, while the child looks at an object. The examiner watches his eyes closely.

Do they both fixate properly, and remain looking steadily in the same direction?

Or does one eye seem to have trouble when uncovered, as if it were groping for the object without quite being able to locate it? Does it move out of position, even slightly, when covered and back again when uncovered? Either of these may be the sign of an amblyopic eye which, if left uncared for, could become worse.

Obviously, amblyopia isn't the only reason for having a thorough examination of your child's eyes. His *total* visual ability should be checked.

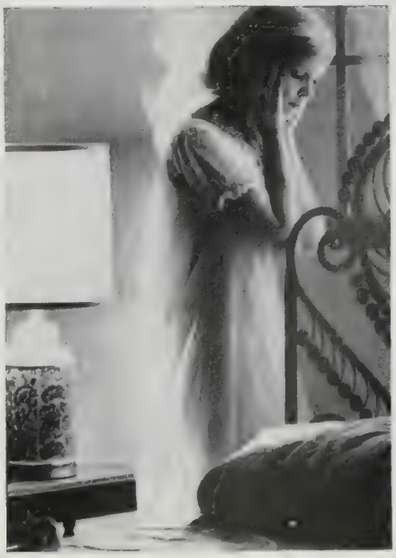
The reason, once you think about it, makes good sense. A child won't tell you something is wrong with the way he sees. How can he? He has no way of knowing it himself. He assumes, naturally enough, that the way *he* sees is the way *everyone* sees.

How does *your* child see? Without a complete eye examination, how can you know?

This may take as much as an hour. Not very long, is it, compared to the chance of a lifetime of grief?

©Better Vision Institute

Why women have a special sleep problem...



...and what you can do about it! It's a medical fact that, as a woman, you may suffer more from sleeplessness than a man. That's because a woman's natural sensitivity and anxiety and simple "nerves" and tensions often keep you from falling asleep at night. Perhaps you have found that some nights you sleep . . . other nights you're unable to get the sleep you need. The more sleepless nights you go through the more acute the problem often becomes.

Now a gentle and effective sleeping aid has been developed that eases away tensions, relaxes you and lets you drift off into restful sleep. It is called Sominex and it works without bromides, barbiturates or habit-forming drugs.

Helps Restore Your Normal Sleep Pattern

Simply take two Sominex tablets before preparing for bed. Sominex is 100% safe, taken as directed. And it is absolutely not habit-forming. Sominex simply breaks the pattern of sleeplessness, starting with that one vital good night's sleep.

What's more, during the night, you'll be alert to any emergency. You'll wake up if the children need you. And in the morning, you'll get up thoroughly refreshed, without a dull, drugged feeling. Sominex is available at all drug counters without a prescription.

Hospital Tested, Hospital Proved

Sominex was tested in three leading hospitals and among hundreds of private patients and proved wonderfully effective in aiding sleep.

husband to want me and let me know it either in loving action or with loving words. I receive no such reassurance from Thad."

"Greta complains I'm unemotional and cold," said 28-year-old Thad, a handsome six-footer whose dark good looks were in striking contrast to his wife's fairness. "In her opinion, marriage should be a steaming jungle of high jinks and hysteria accompanied by never-ending avowals of mad love. She gets her ideas from the movies and TV, from reading silly books, talking to silly girls. I'm a bullheaded guy. The more Greta clamors for me to say I adore her, the less I'm inclined to say it. The more she puts on the heat, the less warmth I seem to feel.

"It really bugs me when she builds up a public love scene with a part written in for me. The other morning we stopped for gas, and she leaned languorously against my shoulder, blew cigarette smoke in my ear and then bit it. The filling-station operator grinned a big grin at me. He thought she was cute—Greta is cute-looking—and that I was lucky. I felt otherwise. I wondered what movies she had seen recently.

"Greta knows public displays of affection set my teeth on edge, but that doesn't deter her. Not long ago my father took us and his present wife to a nightclub opening. Darned if Greta didn't grab my hand and plunk it on her knee just because our host and hostess were billing and cooing and making a spectacle of themselves. I wasn't about to join in their merry little game—as I emphatically made plain.

"My reaction embarrassed Greta, I'm sure. But she embarrassed me, and threw a blight on the party—which she had promoted—by rolling her eyes at my father and asking why he had neglected to give his son a few lessons in the arts of love. Probably her remark was intended as a joke, but I didn't appreciate the humor, and neither did he. She drops hints to everybody, including her parents, that I'm a disappointment in the sex department. She drops even stronger hints to me, and then seems surprised that her critiques don't put me in a go-go mood.

"I'll admit it is possible, perhaps likely, that I'm short on warmth and feeling, the way she thinks. I don't cozy up to all humanity like Greta; I'd rather be an observer than a participant. I know I will never be the life of the party. I'm not sorry. Why should I be? Why should I dive headlong into mobs of folks, listen to their problems and burden myself with unwanted intimacies?

"Frankly I don't trust most people, especially people who talk too much. Greta can talk for hours about nothing whatever. She has a good, sharp brain—but seldom indeed cracks a serious book. She would rather gabble about romance, analyze my romantic limitations, and try to trap me into uncomfortable, interminable and inconclusive discussions on that point.

"Maybe my sex drive is lower than the average. Maybe I'm missing something. Who is to decide? What is average? Even Kinsey, after all his research, couldn't arrive at a comprehensive definition of the average libido.

"When I'm tired or abstracted or worried—working for my dad is no cinch—sex has small appeal for me, that's for sure. If Greta makes a rush at me the minute I step inside door, I'm not attracted. I'm hungry food, a nice, clean house, relaxation peace. I'm not hungry for turmoil.

"I got my fill of that as a kid. mother died when I was five years Afterward I was shuttled around an a flock of aunts and uncles, all conflicting notions of behavior. I also exposed to a long and lively s of my father's girl friends, and tw his three subsequent and even liv wives. In any household headed by father, I could be certain of melodra confusion, uproar. My father is e able, a fun-loving, trouble-prone, E Flynn type. At night I frequently w to the sounds of a woman shrieking laughter or shrieking with pain rage. As a small boy, it was hard for to distinguish the difference.

"Father alternated between knee at the feet of his newest lady love w he showered her with jewels, and bl ening her eyes before he shoved her in the cold. One night he hurled a co tion of perfume bottles through a w dow; I can still remember the nois the shattering glass and the overpo ing mixture of scents.

"In those days I was terrified of h and yet I yearned for his approval a child I never got it. One time wh was six years old he parked me movie, provided me with a bag of dogs, while he took his current girl fri to dinner. Both of them forgot about Waiting outside hours later I ate last hot dog, the marquee lights w out, and I began to cry. The p arrived and gathered me in. I pla dumb and wouldn't answer quest for fear of getting my father in bad w the law. In the wee hours of the m ing Father abruptly recalled he ha son and tracked me down. I was pared to be greeted as a junior-s hero, but my valiant attempt to up the family honor misfired. Father furious because I had refused to tell name and phone number, and beat

"When I eventually made it to lege, I was determined to inject discip and order and at least a smidgen of s into my chaotic life. I went for sound-mind-in-sound-body bit—wh in my case meant tennis, sailing, fenc This didn't eliminate girls. I wa obliged to call a dozen phone numb like some of my classmates befor scored. Girls discovered and chased girls in quantity, girls as pretty prettier than Greta, although I woul tell her so. Naturally I got a boot fr my feminine cheering section, but I them on my own terms.

"I majored in philosophy. My thi ing was influenced by the teaching the Greeks, Aristotle in particular. Fr Aristotle I adopted the concept t happiness is the supreme end of m that man finds happiness only by putt his actions into the proper order, an or in which the mind must rule and sub the emotions. I still try very hard reach decisions calmly and logically ther than emotionally and impulsiv Generally I succeed.

"Greta likes to think I overpowe her, carried her off in a high fine tem like some Greek god. She delights to the story of our first date—with bellishments and most inaccurately. S I was annoyed by the lockout; I annoyed that (*continued on page 1*

Fed up with expensive wrinkle-smoothers?



Here's how to smooth over tired lines, wrinkles



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The world's smartest women use—and keep using—Sudden Beauty. It smooths over tired lines and wrinkles, so they seem to vanish for hours. And because Sudden Beauty is a *complete* facial treatment, it deep cleans... stimulates... firms up skin for hours ...and gives the skin a finer-looking texture, too. Make Sudden Beauty yours... today!



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THE OVERSPENDERS

(How America Lives)

Living beyond your means? So does everybody mentioned in this article. A famous author examines a national phenomenon—and himself.

BY JOHN GUNTHER If you live beyond your income, I'm afraid you're just like me. And almost everybody else. Of course—like everybody else—I have a superb excuse. Being a writer, I live on royalties from books and payments for magazine articles, which are never fully predictable. I seldom know in advance what my income is going to be. If a new book sells well, I'm full of money—at least for the time being. But if it's a flop, I'm broke.

Inevitably, I suppose, this makes me an overspender, and overspending—which is no more or less than a fancy word for getting into debt—has become a challenging national phenomenon. Ours is a notoriously affluent society, but millions of good Americans have to borrow regularly, in order to come out even at the end of the month and make ends meet. And ends never do meet if the debt is serious.

But—once again like everybody else—I prefer to think that there are different types of overspenders. My wife and I try our best to make careful estimates, work out a budget, and live within our projected means. But something maddeningly unexpected always seems to crop up at the last moment to upset our calculations, no matter how conservative we make them. And sometimes we have to be tided over by a windfall or a loan from the bank.

Where does this place me among the two major types of overspending families whom the *Ladies' Home Journal* has been studying throughout the country and whom we will be meeting in this article? First, I think there are the normal, worthy citizens who, because of rising prices and other reasons, cannot live on their incomes no matter how they scrimp and save. They are obliged to plunge into debt just to keep afloat, perhaps because of some medical or other emergency. Second are those who live deliberately beyond their means—again for a variety of reasons—and don't give a hoot until their position becomes desperate, and maybe not even then. They spend habitually more than they earn, and say, "So what!"

In my own case overspending rises, I fear, partly from a natural, but regrettable, tendency to extravagance in certain fields. My wife and I allot a small, fixed sum every month for miscellaneous cash expenses—"spending money"—almost like children being given an allowance. We began recently in the interest of economy to check up on this item with cold eyes, and found to our horror that in my wife's case 62 percent of our allocated spending money, and in my case 75 percent, went to taxis. Monstrous!

Emergencies—sudden unexpected calls for money—are a serious problem, too. These can range from an expensive bout with the dentist to an assessment for back taxes to complicated items in the realm of what is euphemistically called "upkeep." Scarcely a month goes by without some whopping bill for something in this sphere that was altogether unanticipated. Last week it was weather stripping to keep cold air from blasting me out of the room I use for an office. The

John Gunther is the author of "Inside Europe," "Inside U.S.A.," "Inside Russia Today," and many other best sellers.

THE OVERSPENDERS

Some people have excellent reasons for being in debt. Others merely think they have. And then there are those like the Simchowitz family (right) who say, "We're not going to sit home putting every penny into a jar."



old windowsills had deteriorated. The bill will be something like $250.

This week we indulged in a wild caprice and bought an absurd-looking small dog, even though I don't like most dogs, because our 10-year-old son wanted one. Of course, this ranks as a luxury, an extravagance. But what about books and magazines, on which we probably spend $100 a month? They are essential to my work. What about theater tickets, dinner in expensive restaurants, flowers, and a custom-built hi-fi? Well, we have cut down drastically on going to Broadway shows and dining out, but recently we did succumb to irresistible desire and indulged ourselves with a stereo phonograph set. We have been married 18 years, and never had a hi-fi or stereo before.

I will return to my own frailties and alibis before this somewhat delicate discussion is over. For the present, the important point is that overspending has become a way of life—for me and such other upstanding citizens as Joseph Simchowitz.

Joe is 35, keen and affable, a crack salesman and responsible executive, a vice president and sales manager of Sterling and Sterling, Inc., of Great Neck, Long Island, an insurance company that employs 40 people. He sold about a million dollars' worth of insurance last year, and his commissions came to $23,000. By any standard this would seem to be a good income, but the Simchowitzes can't live on it.

Joe's wife, Elaine, is a pretty, dark-haired girl who grew up in Brooklyn, as did he. They met on a blind date, and have been married 14 years. Their children are Marc, 12, Stuart, nine, Mitchell, four, and their cozy relationship is that of a typical American family. Both are well educated. Joe is a graduate of the School of Business Administration of New York University, where he took a major in business administration, a minor in economics. Elaine, majoring in art, spent two years at Hunter College in New York City.

The Simchowitz house in Holliswood, Queens, New York, is three-storied, has 12 rooms, and is 60 years old. "We were looking for a white elephant," Elaine says, "and we got it. But we didn't really want a compact house. This is just what we were looking for." They moved in in 1962 from the flat they had had in Jackson Heights, and they love their new neighborhood; it has interesting people, and the nearby shops are enticing. Their parents live nearby, and the childrens' doctor, dentist and orthodontist are all no more than 15 minutes away.

The Simchowitzes are pleasant people who live a pleasant life. They have two cars—a 1962 Chevrolet convertible, which Elaine drives, and a 1963 Fiat, Joe's. They are already preparing for their eldest son's Bar Mitzvah, and hope to have 200 guests at a sit-down garden party for the occasion. The party may cost as much as $2,000, Elaine thinks. "All Marc will need is a bride to make it a wedding," she says with a laugh.

All the children are getting a sound education, and little Mitchell has already entered nursery school. Marc plays the drums (the outlay for instruments came to $400), and his music lessons cost about $250 a year. Stuart takes tuition in art—another $250. All three children go to a summer camp in Pennsylvania, the cost of which is around $1,500 for the three—not including extras like instruction in horseback riding and the expenses of the parents' weekend visit in midsummer.

The Simchowitz family has so many credit cards and charge accounts they actually don't know how many—probably dozens. They like people, go to a steady round of parties, and entertain at home. In August, 1964, they took a two-week holiday in Mexico, which they estimate cost $2,000. Joe belongs to a tennis

club, donates generously to the Jewish Center. Elaine continues to take art lessons.

All in all, the Simchowitzes lead an ideal life except for one thing—they can't afford it.

They are always running a little behind, even though Joe is neither reckless nor improvident. Their house cost $35,000, but they still owe $24,000 on the mortgage, which they are paying off at a rate of $225 a month. They have what they describe as "a perpetual bank loan of about $1,000," and, last year, Joe had to borrow about $1,000 from his future earnings at his company to keep even. Luckily such borrowing is easy, because he is entitled to draw against his commissions that are bound to come in in the course of next year. But the net result, caused mainly by high living costs, is that the Simchowitzes cannot quite make ends meet—even at $23,000 a year!—and find it impossible to save.

This is the way their annual budget looks:

House payments	$2,700
Federal and state income taxes	2,400
Religious donations	600
Telephone	360
Heat	450
Gas and electricity	300
Household expenses for Elaine (food, part-time servant)	5,200
Insurance (life, property, automobile)	3,000
Summer camp for 3 children	1,500
Automobile expenses	500
Business expenses (entertainment, meals, etc.)	2,500
Clothes	1,500
Miscellaneous (including medical expenses)	1,500
Vacation (including plane, hotels, child care)	2,000
Total	24,510

One big drain is the house. "The number of fixtures we put into this place is fantastic," says Elaine. "It's a bottomless pit." There has been no end to the furniture and improvements they have put in, from new plastic countertops in the kitchen to replacing window-seat cushions throughout the house. "The cushions were green," says Elaine, "and they had to go. I can't stand green." They are short, however, on rugs and drapes, which will have to wait. Last year the family spent an estimated $1,000 in wallpapering, $200 for a bookcase unit for the otherwise unfurnished library, $400 for a chest for the almost bare dining room, and additional sums for fixtures, antiques and works of art, including an original Chagall lithograph.

Another severe expense is medical care. Joe considers that doctors' bills have been the main reason for his having to draw against future earnings. "I should put the family doctor on a retainer," he says ruefully. Then, too, the daily routine of the household costs more than they anticipated, and the children are always asking for more money to supplement their allowances, which run between 35 and 75 cents a week. One principal problem, Joe thinks, is that Elaine finds it impossible to stick to her household allotment of $100 a week for food and the wages of a part-time cleaning woman. Sometimes extra help is needed—to serve at a dinner party, clean windows, or wax the floors; outside help is necessary for the garden, too. Elaine would like to have a steady maid (*continued on page 124*)

WHY THESE FAMILIES CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET

Caught in the spending trap: Four couples tell how they plunged in—and how they hope to get out

How can you spot an overspender? Sometimes, as with Martin and Joyce Abramowitz, of New York City, there is no dramatic symptom. Maybe there never will be. So far, nothing worse happens to the Abramowitzes than an uncomfortable, end-of-every-month squeeze: empty pockets and the guilty discovery that there isn't *any* money left to pay the phone or the gas bill and that if the emergency repair job on the car costs more than, say, $100, they'll just have to borrow from Martin's mother—again.

Martin, age 28, and Joyce, 25, are both junior-high-school teachers; they earned $12,000 last year, and they can't figure out why it wasn't enough.

When Joyce learned she was going to have a baby—their first, born last fall—she realized she'd have to stop working, and that would mean about $3,000 less income for the year. Even then she did not work out a food or furniture budget. (They bought a $500 couch because they both loved it. "It provides us with wonderful contrast for our poor way of life," says Martin.)

"We're normal," says Joyce. "My mother never kept a budget—and *she* always got along. I buy milk from a package machine in our apartment building. I could save a nickel a quart if I'd walk around the corner for it, but I don't want to bother."

The Abramowitzes make no bones about their attitude toward money: "It's to enjoy yourself with." When they were married, in 1962, they took Martin's $3,500 nest egg—all the money Martin's late father had left him, and spent it on their honeymoon. They traveled first class to California and Mexico, and enjoyed two glorious months and every cent of Martin's legacy. They had to call Martin's mother from Acapulco, and ask her to wire money for their fare home. Realistic or not, the Abramowitzes are sure that if they *had* to square all their bills tomorrow, somehow, they could swing it. As Martin puts it, "If things got really bad, we could always ask my mother."

But an overspender might also be someone like Milo Burnham of Covina, Calif., who suddenly found himself in bankruptcy court one day, with assorted debts totaling $9,700, and absolutely no way to pay them off. Milo, 44, an electrician, has a good job these days, as a foreman for the Los Angeles Electrical Power and Water Department. But he's bitter about not being in business for himself. Last time Milo had his own business, he not only lost his shirt but also exhausted his credit in the little town where he grew up, and had to move his family away.

Milo earns $10,000 a year at his present job; his wife, Mary, helps out by washing dishes in a college cafeteria near their home. Mary doesn't blame Milo for their change in fortunes; she says he wasn't really a failure in business—"things just went reverse."

The Milo Burnhams found themselves in bankruptcy court, but Milo can't part with his favorite vehicle: his plane.



Besides his business fiasco, Milo also took a flier—literally—investing in a couple of luxuries that would make a rich man hesitate: airplanes. Milo is a real airplane buff. In fact, he still owes his brother more than $9,000 in partnership on one of the planes—a new Cessna worth $10,750. Milo also devotes a lot of time and money (about $400 a year) to the Civil Air Patrol. He has been serious about working hard paying off his debts (it took him five years to clean up the bills from his old home town) and about making that fresh start. The Burnhams now have three cars—one mortgaged, one with a $400 balance due—and they're hoping soon to move back to Bishop, Calif., buy a lot, build a new house, install a runway to land the planes on, and . . .

Occasionally an overspender recognizes himself—and tries to reform. Take the William Thompsons of Detroit. After running up bills totaling more than $7,000, the Thompsons decided they needed someone to police their spending for them.

Bill, a computer programmer with the Ford Motor Company, now pays a professional financial manager to handle his family's $13,000 a year gross income. He hands over $300 a month to a representative of an adjustment company. Their financial manager then pays all major Thompson household bills except rent and utilities. He exercises veto power over the Thompsons' "extra" purchases, but approved their purchase of a 1965 Mustang.

The day Bill and Gen were married, in 1958, they already owed a total of $2,500—$900 on Bill's car; the rest mostly for Gen's wardrobe, "charged" at 18 department stores. (She had 60 pairs of shoes.)

The Thompsons settled in a $12,900 tract house near Bill's job and had a baby. They quickly sank $2,000 into landscaping, fencing, a garage, drapes. A few years later, dissatisfied by the neighborhood and crowded schools, they sold the house (at a slight loss). They're renting now, and looking for a new dream house—one that *comes* with a fence and landscaping.

Bill and Gen agree that the breaking point in their overspending was a buying spree two years ago, when Bill got a job promotion. "That was when we bought ourselves too much car," says Bill (a new $3,200 Mercury). It was also when they took a $200 vacation and bought a TV-stereo unit for $500.

Then Gen got sick, the new bills started coming in, and the Thompsons went to the adjustment company. But now Gen has returned to nursing, and the Thompsons are confident that there is a rosier glow in their future.

Fenwick and Charlene Savage of Fontana, Calif., believe they've learned their lesson. After a disastrous business failure in Nova Scotia, Canada, their original home, the Savages embarked on their own Gold Rush to California. Crossing the United States, they stayed at the best inns, took their time sightseeing, stopped off at Detroit and bought a used convertible, which all but fell apart before they reached California. They also racked up $250 worth of gasoline and car repair bills on a credit card. That beginning was to set the keynote for their "new" life in the United States. Within two years, the Savages had accumulated debts of $6,000.

The strain was beginning to tell on their marriage, and, with three children to support, Fenwick, working diligently as an insurance salesman, found himself unable to concentrate. When the bill collectors threatened to take Fenwick's car, he told his troubles to a Federal Court Judge.

The court entrusted an agent to dole out payments of $100 a month to the Savages' creditors.

Charlene is confident that they have learned—the hard way—to control themselves. And Fenwick is determined to be earning $15,000 a year, within a few years. "The first thing I'm going to do when I reach $20,000," he says proudly, "is get a Mercedes-Benz. That's a *gorgeous* automobile."

Be a wallpaper whizz-ard. Fresh pattern on the wall—even more than fresh paint—works bigger decorating wonders than almost anything else you can do. And the wonders are worked in a flash when you use the new pre-pasted, pre-trimmed papers. They're easy to work with: just snip off a length, dip in water, and hang. They're inexpensive (ours range from $2.50 to $3.50 a roll) and you can forget about paperhangers. And they're available in marvelous, never-before designs that do fabulous things to a room. Or part of a room. They even help put wasted space to work—a spare closet becomes a powder room, for example, or that cranny under the stairs, a telephone corner.

WALLPAPER WHIZZ-ARDRY

WALLPAPER WHIZZ-ARDRY WALLPAPER WHIZZ-ARDRY WALLPAPER WHIZZ-ARDRY



Right: Black and white and pattern all over changes a small catch-all room into a pretty guest or sewing room. Wallpaper is a feminine Victorian print on a ticking background; curtains are charcoal and white mattress ticking; wood floor is painted charcoal, spattered with white. Window-seat niche is created by two built-in cupboards—one, with door, the other, doorless and fitted with paper-covered boxes for sewing gear. Window seat, 30 inches deep, doubles as bed, has storage underneath. Lemon-yellow chair, table, mirror, stand (reminiscent of old wicker porch furniture) add cheering accents. Paper: #11304, the "PDQ" collection, by United Wallpaper Co.

By Margaret White DECORATING EDITOR

Photographs by Foliades





Left: There's wallpaper whizz-ardry here in the way an Early American border print, used four different ways, helps turn spare closet into strikingly attractive powder room. The whole border print trims the chopping-block counter. Strips of the print, cut to utilize the different design motifs, decorate the walls and folding window screen, which is made of lengths of ¾-inch plywood. Walls are pine boards painted a toasty golden brown. The flooring is delft-blue vinyl tile by Amtico (#VP900), which has been hexagonally cut and beveled. Wallpaper: #B9811, from the "Fun With Borders" collection, by the United Wallpaper Co.



Above: A quiet, out-of-the-way corner, perfect for games, bridge and hours-long jigsaw puzzles, is created with the help of a wooden folding screen that defines and partially closes off a section of the living room. The screen is covered with a mural wallpaper in a fresh, airy pattern, wonderfully in keeping with the pale wood tones and beiges of the walls and sofa and the over-all sunny feeling of the room. The floors are highly polished parquet in an intricate design that is much too beautiful to cover. The wallpaper pattern: "Birds and Bamboo," a Sunworthy mural made by the Canadian Wallpaper Manufacturing Company.



Left: Unfinished attic becomes a private, flower-strewn haven for a teen-aged girl, with painted floor, fake painted "area rug," four-poster bed (each poster, two two-by-fours), pink and blue daisies everywhere. Desk, counter, base of bed are raspberry Formica. Spread, hanging, skylight shade are 36-inch glazed chintz to match wallpaper—both, Daisy Dell by The Birge Company.

Below: Dining area—lighthearted in feeling—is created at one end of kitchen by the addition of an arch and Formica-topped storage, and by two wallpapers: a gay, red and white geranium print, and the small-figured calico covering the arch. Matching 36-inch cotton-calico fabric trims





curtains. Calico paper: #11364, from the "PDQ" Collection, by the United Wallpaper Company. Print paper: "Vermont Orchard," Handi-Hang Collection, by the Sherwin-Williams Company.

Above: Zingy blue and green plaid wallpaper, a vivid-blue lacquer counter (low-slung, just for fun), a plywood bulletin board shaped like a giant butter paddle, and a handsome Dutch door for privacy—all help make the usually wasted space beneath a stairway into a comfortable, attractive telephone "booth." Wallpaper also lines adjoining shelves. Chrome studs provide interesting detail along baseboard. Paper: "Tartan," E-Z-DU, by Imperial Wallpaper Mill, Inc.

Shopping information on page 135.

She could have married Cary Grant. Sinatra thought she was "the most." So did Peter Sellers, William Holden, Mastroianni, Gable, Chaplin. But her heart held only one man: Carlo Ponti.

Carlo Ponti's influence shaped my professional development. I was by way of becoming just another star, applauded mainly for her physical endowments. "Little Miss Sizzle" . . . "After Loren, bones are boring" . . . "Her body is a mobile of miscellaneous fruits and melons . . ." have been some typical critical comments. Carlo saw that the body also had a heart and a brain, and that with them I could achieve recognition as a serious actress. He shaped the development of my personality and tastes as well. Yet he never forced his ideas on me. He guided me indirectly, through suggestion. A lover of great literature, he would describe an important work to me with such infectious enthusiasm that I would have to read it. (But I still can't plow through Proust.) He never criticized my choice of clothes, which, in the atmosphere of the *fumetti* and third-rate movie studios, had turned pretty weird. Offhandedly, he would express a liking for a certain style of dress or coiffure. That was enough for me to try them. I didn't blindly accept his judgment. I had to convince myself first. But nine times out of ten I would find that Carlo was right. Above all, I wanted to be the way he wanted.



What do I see in him? Nothing that bears any relation to looks or age. A sensitive lover. A cultivated companion who continually stimulates my imagination with his zest for the joys of life, for art, music, theater, for good food and wine. The father I never had, calm, controlled, wise. With Carlo I am secure and at peace, a complete woman. But there are many people, the envious, the cynical, the morally righteous, who resent the happiness of others and prefer to believe it doesn't exist. They would deny Carlo and me the right to public success and private pleasures. Though the Italian marriage laws force thousands of couples to live as we have, out of wedlock, we are denounced in anonymous letters to the press and the public prosecutor as moral derelicts.

Such is the normal penalty of fame—to be the victims of the mythmakers. And we accept it.

Soon after I signed my contract, Carlo asked me to come to his office for a talk with Vittorio De Sica. The Ponti-De Laurentiis studio had retained the great actor-director to film *Gold of Naples*, a script made up of four unrelated episodes. De Sica himself was to star in one episode and Sylvana Mangano in another. Another leading character, a naughty Neapolitan pizza vendor named Sofia, remained to be cast. Carlo hoped I might qualify. If I did, I would be working for the studio, not under my contract with him alone, about which De Laurentiis knew nothing.

De Sica's neo-realist classics like *Shoe Shine* and *The Bicycle Thief* had established him among the world's masters of movie-making, and I approached the meeting feeling as awed as if facing a god descended from Olympus. But there was nothing godlike about the elegant, silver-haired charmer to whom Carlo presented me. His manner, warm, gentle, intent, quickly put me at ease. He seemed to understand intuitively who and what I was. He questioned me about my family background, how I lived, my attitude toward the movies, and as he listened and watched, I sensed that he was giving me his own kind of screen test. I never took any other for him.

"You're a natural force," he said. I asked him whether I should take formal dramatic lessons. "Not you, no," he told me. "Whatever you do is natural. Acting schools can't teach that. They can only inhibit it."

"But what about technical things like diction and voice?"

"You'll do many pictures," De Sica said, "and you'll learn while doing. For you it's the best way."

He didn't say I would do *Gold of Naples*, however. Right up to the night before the company left for Naples I had heard no more from him. I was miserable. To work for De Sica, compared to everything I had done so far, was the difference between glory and insignificance. I called Carlo. "I've lost my chance, haven't I?" "I don't know yet." "Well, I'm sure of it." "Why?" "Because they want a big name. I'm just a cover girl. That means nothing to moviegoers." Shortly Carlo called back. "Get packed," he said. "You're going to Naples tomorrow."

I learned later what had happened behind the scenes. De Laurentiis wanted a big name, but De Sica kept insisting, "We've got to take Loren. We have nobody else who fits the part. Besides she won't want much money." De Laurentiis finally gave in. "Take her, then, but you'll regret it."

We finished my episode in 20 days, with no serious problem except the bitter February north wind. I wore a low, low-cut blouse and had to play several scenes under an artificial downpour that froze on my skin. The next six weeks

Photographs by Robert Freson

"Carlo saw that the body also had a heart and a brain. What do I see in him? A sensitive lover . . . a companion . . . the father I never had. With Carlo I am . . . a complete woman."

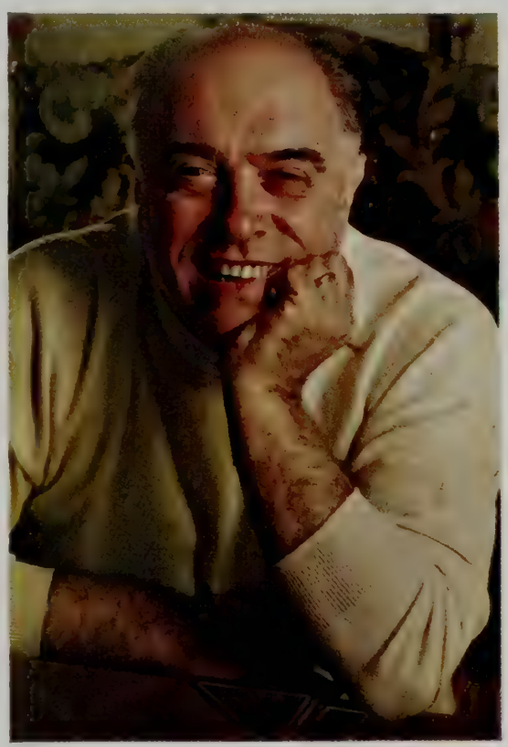




"Without a few complexes, I'd probably be a dull woman and a rotten actress."

I spent in bed, a victim of bronchial pneumonia. It was worth it. From De Sica I have learned everything I know about acting. Under his direction, I have done my best work—*Two Women*, *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, *Marriage—Italian Style*. I can still hear him telling me, "The essential thing is to respond with your entire body, not just your face and voice. Every bit of you must count, including the tips of your little fingers."

Recently, he gave the same lesson to Marcello Mastroianni, a magnificent performer, who tends to be lazy—too lazy, for example, to learn English despite the pleas of American producers. He was dubbing a speech for *Marriage—Italian Style* that called for anger, but he sounded unconvincing. De Sica took a closer look at him and noticed he was standing slackly, relying solely on his voice, since the scene had already been filmed. "What do you think you're doing?" De Sica asked him. "Stand straight, Marcello, knees apart, rigid." The re-recording crackled with anger. De Sica knows hardly any English either. I was astonished to discover this about a man so cosmopolitan. When receiving English-speaking reporters, he likes me to hang around, and I have almost strangled trying to suppress my hilarity watching him handle them. The late Dorothy Kilgallen once interviewed him at *Cinecittá*. He would smile, nod and arrange his face in charming expressions that seemed to answer questions to Miss Kilgallen's satisfaction, while out of the corner of his mouth De Sica would whisper to me, "What's she saying?"



De Sica's role of a compulsive gambler in *Gold of Naples* might have been a self-portrait. He has a passion for roulette and, like all gamblers, is doomed to lose. If disaster didn't overtake him in a German casino, when we were making *The Condemned of Altona*, I'm partly responsible. I sat next to him, stole some of his counters when he wasn't looking, and kept them until we left the place.

I myself enjoy poker at moderate stakes and used to play against De Sica, but no more, because he would get furious when I outbluffed him, as I often did.

Gold of Naples spread my name around the world and brought me a flood of offers. But whoever I worked for—Carlo, the Ponti-De Laurentiis studio or an outside company—Carlo supervised the deal, advised and managed me. (Not that I have no head for business details; I keep a magnifying glass by my bed to read the fine print on my contracts.) There followed *The Woman of the River*, my first major full-length film, whose director, Mario Soldati, had the distracting habit of directing in his underpants; *Too Bad She's Bad*, my first film with Mastroianni (he, too, grew up near Naples, and he told me, "Ah, Sophia, you bring back the fondest memories of my youth, the girls I was crazy about . . ."); *Bread, Love and So On*, which was the third of a series originally starring Lollobrigida.

Publicity men promoted clashes between Lollobrigida and me, in which, I confess, we unwillingly cooperated. Newspapers quoted her as saying, "Sophia will always be limited to a certain type of role. She isn't the type to play a grand lady. It's not her fault, of course, it's just the way she looks." And me, "Gina was marvelous as a ragged peasant—that's her best role. But when she tries to play someone on a higher scale, she gets into trouble." I never took the rivalry seriously, and I trust that she didn't either.

Now that I was making quite a bit of money I could keep my promise to fight for my sister's name. The suit filed against Riccardo Scicolone came to trial before a Milan court to the accompaniment of lurid headlines throughout Italy. It was a hideous ordeal to hear my father publicly deny his fatherhood and besmirch my mother as a loose woman who had borne Maria to another man. I had to answer questions like "Is Maria Villani really your sister? How do you know who the real father is?" I collapsed afterward and couldn't leave my bed for a week. But we won. The court ordered my father to legitimize Maria. She was then 15. The victory produced a miraculous change in her. Her health improved. She went back to school, holding her head high, worked hard for three years and graduated with honors.

When we learned, toward the end of the war, that Mussolini had been executed, the last thing any of us could have imagined was that 17 years later Maria would marry his son. Romano Mussolini, who is a jazz pianist by profession, and Maria, a passionate jazz devotee, met at a summer resort. Thanks to them, I acquired a niece, Allessandra. They share the apartment I bought for my mother.

People ask me, "What is it like having a Mussolini for a brother-in-law?" I never think of Romano in those terms. We never talk about it. He is a good man, kind, thoughtful, reliable, and nothing else matters.

Fantastic as it may seem, my *(continued on page 136)*

Sophia, her mother (left) and sister Maria have forgotten the past. As for Sophia's future: "Carlo and I want at least three children. Then I'd gladly renounce stardom."



EPHRAIM COULD MAKE BIRDS ANSWER HIS WHISTLE. HE COULD TEACH TRICKS TO A

Oh Lord, Remember Me Ephraim came to see me not long ago. I didn't know him when I first opened the door, although there was something familiar about his wide brown cheekbones and the way his eyes rolled when he smiled. But then I remembered, and I found it hard to concentrate on this new, heavier Ephraim standing before me who said he had a wife and three children, two of them in high school. "And I've almost finished paying off my home," he added proudly. "Well," I said, "you look very prosperous, Ephraim. How long has it been since I've seen



BABY PIG AND SING SO SWEETLY THAT YOU HELD YOUR BREATH. THE CHILDREN ADORED HIM. BUT THEIR MOTHER COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIM, AND SO THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

you?" "About twenty years." I thought of how much the world had changed in those twenty years, as had Ephraim's and my relationship. It was almost washed away in a torrent of dramatic events called historic wrongs, civil rights, integration and freedom marches. As we chatted I felt there was something else he wanted to tell me, that actually he had come for some specific reason not easy to reveal. He had a fine job, he said, the kind of work he really liked—head of children's *(continued on page 129)*

STORY BY RUTH K. LORD ☐ ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT VICKERY



Frank covered her hand.
"We're going to be all right," he promised.
"We'll always be all right."
They had three days left.



First Love, the Second Time

Mary Lou's story will make every young wife think: It couldn't happen to me—or could it?

By Eileen Jensen When I walked into the old brick mansion that serves as Red Cross Headquarters in Burchfield, the first person to greet me was Mary Lou Leander, a pretty blonde wearing the blue uniform and yellow shoulder tabs of a staff aide. I was new in town—my husband Russ had been transferred to Burchfield as office manager of the Ohio plant—and experience had taught me that volunteer work is a quick way for a newcomer to get into circulation; so I signed up for the motor corps (I had the uniform, four stripes) and Mary Lou invited me to lunch in the downstairs canteen.

In the past nine years Russ and I have lived in four states. Our Cindy was conceived in one town, born in another, and entered school in a third. At eight she accepts a new house as readily as a new car. When Mary Lou told me over the tuna-fish salad that day that her daughter Belinda was the same age as Cindy I knew we'd have plenty in common. By the time we finished our second cup of coffee (paper cups) she had told me where to get my hair done, who was the best dry cleaner, and how to shop the local sales.

They knew what they were doing when they put Mary Lou out front.

Later she invited me to substitute in her round-robin bridge group and introduced me at the Woman's Club. When she offered to share her by-the-day cleaning woman (Georgella, with the gold front teeth and the arthritic knee), I knew Mary Lou was my friend. That summer, our girls went swimming at the municipal pool, and when we finally brought our husbands together at a backyard cookout, the men, surprisingly, hit it off from the start. Steve Leander is a Republican, and so is Russ. They're both in business but not in competition—Steve owns a bicycle shop—both like dry Manhattans, 007, the Cincinnati Reds. Russ cultivates non-company contacts. He formed the habit *(continued on page 131)*

JOURNAL BOUTIQUE

THE GREAT SCARF TRICK



You don't have to be a magician to pull off the Great Scarf Trick. Just take two or more pretty scarves—those with border interest are especially effective—then, with Vogue patterns to guide you, make them into gloriously colorful one-of-a-kind boutique fashions like these. Remember to line silk scarf dresses—paying special attention to the bodice—with China silk.

Above, left: At-home dress made from 36-in. squares—one for the bodice, two (or three for extra fullness) for skirt. Vogue 6642. To show off scarf's border print, make a seam in center front of the bodice. Above, right: Bare little dress, worn sashed here, but great, too, left beltless. Vogue 6766 takes two 36-in. squares, used on the bias. Scarves, bracelets by Far Eastern.











Near left: Floor-length dress, perfect for a summer afternoon or evening with an Impressionist motif on black cotton, about $11. One yard of 60-inch material is enough. The chic medallion collar is made from a half-yard piece of contrasting fabric. Vogue 8711. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Easier still: Sleeveless shift with front panel gathered and cut from a single 45-inch square. Vogue 8770. The scarf, by Pat Buttons, is shown on page 197.

Far left: Totally feminine Empire dress made from three 27-inch squares. (Wear a fourth as necklace or tie from head.) Vogue 8691; pants with pockets by Liberty of London. Complete instructions for making these fantastic fashions on page 197.

By **NORA O'LEARY**
PATTERN EDITOR

Photographed by Horst

There's something about a Blonde

Do gentlemen still prefer blondes? we asked Anita Loos recently. "Oh, ye things haven't changed a bit," said the brunette brains behind the origin Dumb Blonde—Miss Lorelei Lee. "Men are ruined by angels and fairy tal when they're little boys. Because all Sunday-school angels and fairy-tal heroines are blondes." Perhaps Miss Loos is right. Men do appear to be pr disposed toward the fairer members of the fair sex. Some men, of course, wi flatly deny this. But, how often have you heard a man identify a pretty brunet by the color of her hair? Almost never. And how often has he failed to do s when the lady in question was a blonde? Almost never. But, whether it's tr or not that blondes hold an edge with men, it's a safe guess that nearly ever woman in the world has wanted her fair share of blondeness at one time other—perhaps only thought about it—more likely has done something abo it. How can we be so sure? For one thing, there's a readily observable blon boom in the offing everywhere now. For another, we've delved into the subjec First, we asked the five women shown here—three are born blondes, two a blondes by choice—to tell us what it means to them to be blonde and wh they prefer blonde hair above all else. Their answers, as you can see, va greatly, because being a blonde is a very personal (*continued on page 12*

MAY BRITT's *natural brown hair made her "feel like a mouse" all through her childhood in Sweden. So, shortly after starting an acting career at 17, May switched to golden blonde for good. Even if she wanted to change to another color (she doesn't), her husband, Sammy Davis Jr., wouldn't allow it. "When I married Sammy, I briefly let my hair go back to its natural shade. But, when he said one day, 'Just because you're a housewife now—do you have to look it,' I rushed to the hairdresser to become blonde again."*



DINA MERRILL, *like many actresses, has met up with that old Hollywood paradox of being hired because she's blonde, then as a brunette. "I don't mind switching, because I like to do different things. But, I've been a blon all my life. And I like it. Most people, I think look better with the color they were born with. If y stick fairly close to nature, you're safer. Really de brunettes generally don't make good blondes and vice For myself, I like a natural look. True blondes are all one color. People who aren't blondes often don't understand that. If they'd only put a few highlights or in their hair it would look so much better."*

Photographs by Gree

BRITT EKLAND's *pale Swedish blonde hair is so light, it needs to be toned "to give it more character. Otherwise, I'm too wishy-washy. I wore a black wig in a movie, recently ("After the Fox") and it made me feel completely unlike myself—very Italian and temperamental. It was fun, but I really can't imagine ever being anything else but blonde." Britt's husband, English actor Peter Sellers, wholeheartedly agrees.*



JOEY HEATHERTON, *a bouncy, Beatles-era Marilyn Monroe, became a brunette for a movie two years ago and "hated it. I got so depressed I cried when I came home. I was the most miserable girl in the world. I wouldn't go out at night for a week. The day the picture ended I had my hair changed back, and right away I felt happier and sunnier Being a brunette is very unexciting to me, personally. I have a blonde personality. To me being a blonde is kind of bouncy. It's seductive and exciting. And such fun when I walk down the street and men say, 'Hey, blondie.'"*



ANNE DE ZAGHEB's *beautiful face and figure and her marvelously streaky blonde hair, have been photographed for magazines all over the world. (You may already have recognized her on the cover of this issue of the Journal.) Although Anne wasn't born blonde, she was close enough to it to make the change quite naturally. "At first I was a very blonde blonde. Now I prefer myself as a streaky blonde. It looks so authentic." Anne is married to dark-haired singer Paul Anka; they both agree opposites attract.*



Fashion's Insiders



Here they are—the insiders—the behind-the-scenes miracle workers that help make you look so good to the outside world and at the same time do such wonders for your inner morale. Getting lighter and more delightfully feminine every year, this spring's newest arrivals on the inside scene give and take shape beautifully, are every bit as pretty as the fashions they underline. And that, of course, is your own delicious little secret. Sometimes it's enough to make you want to turn yourself inside out. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor. Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky. Hair Styles by Raymond Costantini.

When it's time to sleep or relax in your own private world, this insider will make you feel as glamorous as a '20s movie queen. Sleep jumpsuit of nylon tricot, Formfit-Rogers, 32-38, $11.



Brief little bedtime story: cotton bosom-shaping, in a whiff of white nylon tricot over lemony Antron tricot with, here and there, a lilt of lace. By Olga. 32-36 $18 (comes with matching briefs). Little girl's nightie by Style Undies. Sheets and pillowcases by J. P. Stevens.



For the go-go life, a bra and pantie-girdle that move freely with every action you take. Both from a Courrèges-inspired group that includes a half-slip, by Kayser Lingerie. Both of Lycra tricot. Bra, 32-36, girdle, S,M,L. Both, $5. Dress, John Kloss; stockings, Phoenix.

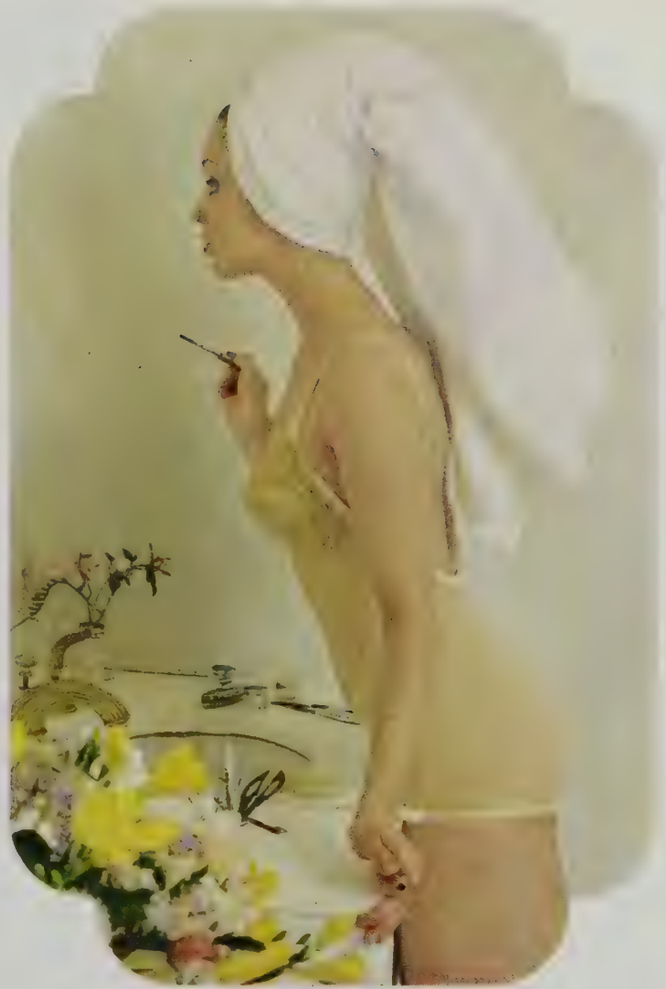


The feeling inside is spring-time and flowers—on bra and matching briefs (perfect to wear under hip-rider pants or skirts or anything that's light and easy-moving) by Warner's. Bra of nylon tricot, lined with marquisette, 32-38, $5; briefs of Antron nylon tricot, 4-7, $3.

Fur rugs on both these pages by Georges Kaplan.







For middle-of-the night kitchen raids, opposite, an all-covering pink-and-white striped nightgown, with a blue-and-white yoke, inspired by the kind Granny used to wear. Of Klopman's brushed Dacron crepe. Sizes petite, small, medium, $22. By Rudi Gernreich, for L'Intrigue Division of Exquisite Form.

Above, left, to wear without a care under all your plunging-neckline clothes (for plunging backs, too), a gently scalloped low-cut bra with very light wiring under the bosom. Straps are set wide apart to keep them completely out of view. Of flowered nylon lace, with elastic sections in back, by Bali. 32-38, $6.

Newest way, above right, to smooth a young figure (or a more mature one) without encasing it iron-maiden style—a lightweight all-in-one, so supple it becomes part of you the moment you step into it. Of Lycra-power net, with a plunging back and Tier lace at the bosom, by Van Raalte, 32-36, $12.50.

For the smooth look so necessary under a knit, right, a barely-there bra of gaily printed nylon tricot, 32-38, $4. Its matching long-leg pantie-girdle of lightweight Lycra spandex-power net has extra control panels in front, back and at thighs. Small, medium, large, $13.50. Bra and girdle are by Vanity Fair.

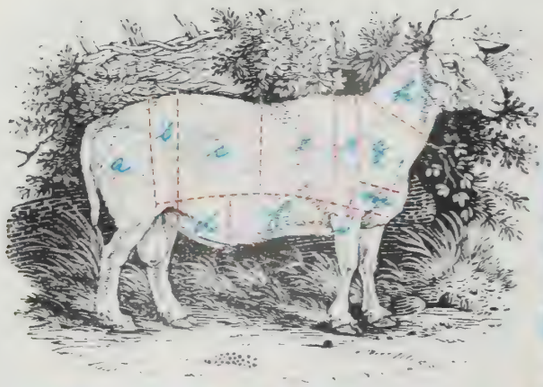


Most of the "inside" fashions shown on these eight pages are available at the following department stores: Lord & Taylor, N. Y. and all branches; Filene's, Boston and all branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas. You will find additional shopping information on page 135.

Sensible way to begin any day: with a softly padded bra that follows rounded natural lines; a long-leg pantie-girdle that takes control with ease. Both Maidenform. Bra of nylon lace over marquisette, 32-36, $3. Girdle of nylon-and-Lycra spandex-power net, XS, S, M, L, $5.



This is the way to float to bed — smart and sweet — in a culotte nightie in the palest of pale greens, gathered at the waist, tied with a satin ribbon, ruffled breezily at the hem. Bassard Artemis, of nylon tricot, under a frosting of sheer nylon tricot. Petite, small, medium, $9.



lamb, | 'lăm | n:, a young sheep esp. less than one year old or without permanent teeth. Retail cuts of lamb: (a.) leg, (b.) sirloin chops + roast, (c.) loin chops + rolled loin roast, (d.) patties + chopped roast, (e.) rib chops, rack of lamb + crown roast, (f.) riblets, stew, + stuffed or rolled breast, (g.) square cut shoulder roast, Saratoga chops, rolled shoulder, boneless shoulder chops, (h.) neck slices, (i.) shanks, (k.) blade chops, (m.) arm chops.

By POPPY CANNON

Mary had a little lamb—on the table. But if she was like thousands of other Marys in this country, her lamb was gray, dull, dry. Overdone!

For the best taste and texture, lamb in all its forms—even chops—should, at heart, verge on the pink side. Then and only then is it tasty, juicy, with real zing.

But on the other hand, lamb is not too appealing when it is red-rare. Nor are we absolutely sold on low temperatures for roasting lamb. The flavor, we insist, is better when the heat is higher. For a fine roast of lamb, we turn the oven up to 375° and use these timings:

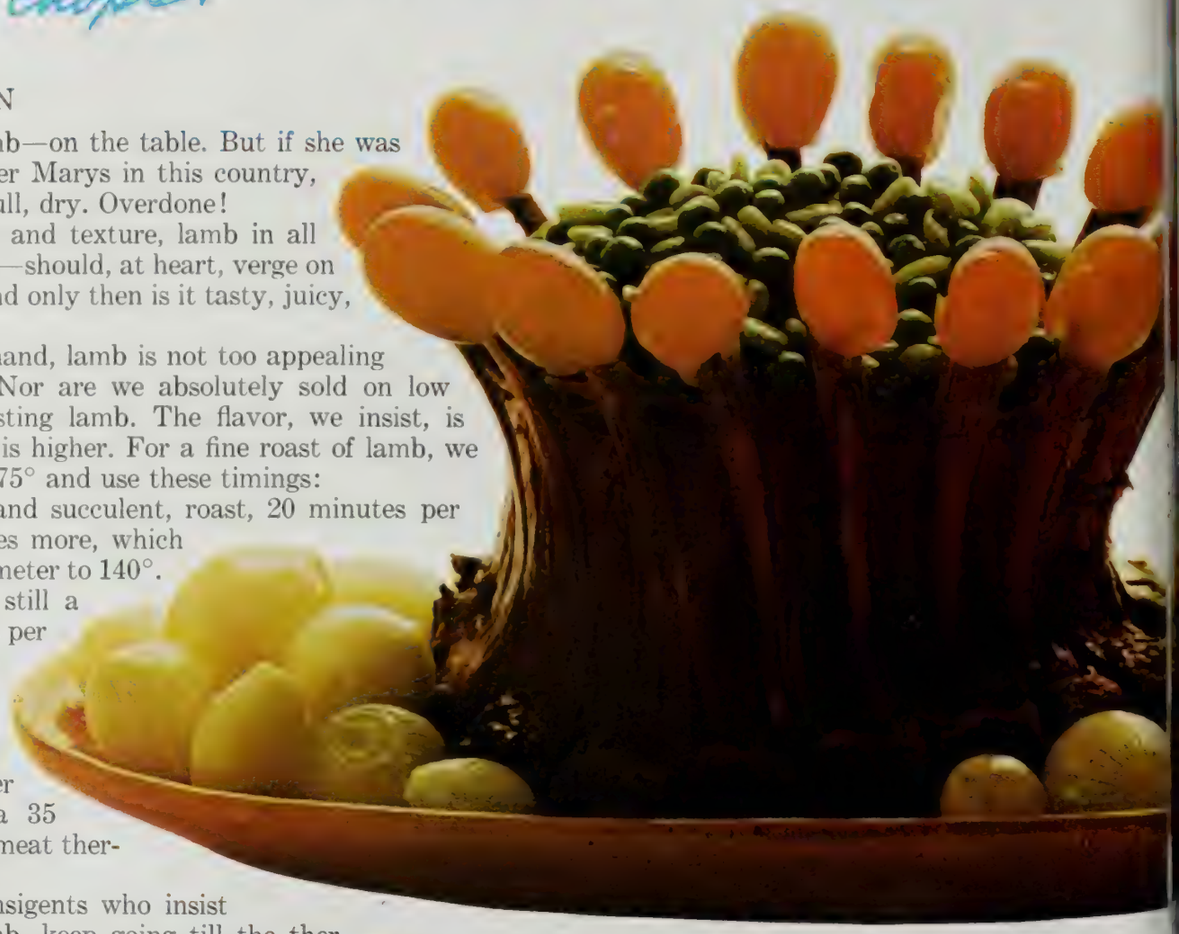
For a truly rare, and succulent, roast, 20 minutes per pound plus 20 minutes more, which brings a meat thermometer to 140°.

For medium, but still a little pink, 25 minutes per pound plus an extra 25 minutes: 150° on the meat thermometer.

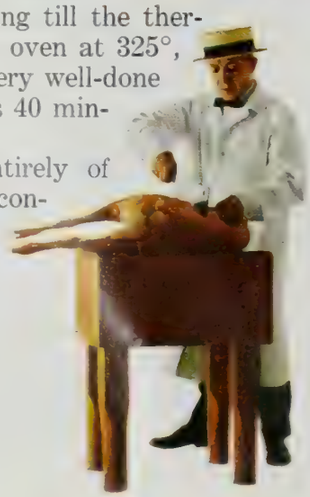
Well done, but still edible, 35 minutes per pound plus an extra 35 minutes: 160° on the meat thermometer.

And for the intransigents who insist on *very* well-done lamb, keep going till the thermometer reads 180°. But set the oven at 325°, so as not to dry the roast out. Very well-done needs 25 minutes per pound, plus 40 minutes extra.

But a lamb is not made entirely of roasts. Here on these pages, and continued on page 116, are other thoughts, other ways with lamb.



Crown Roast of Lamb



Years ago in *La Belle Époque*, the Beautiful Era, when Edward was Prince of Wales and the Jersey Lily (Langtry) was the toast of two continents, elegant hostesses served at their most elegant dinner parties a crown roast of lamb.

Our generation is not always experienced in the crown department. Ask your butcher to prepare one for you by using two rib roasts (racks) with the backbor removed, so that they can be be and shaped. About an inch and half of meat should be trimme away from the ends of the ri bones. Save the trimmings for ou shish kebab recipe.

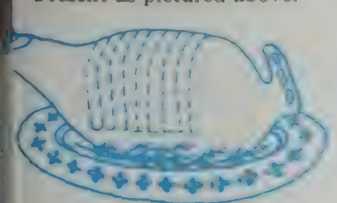
If you want to be cagey abou money, time or effort, try th Mock Crown Roast on page 11 made with ordinary rib chops.



Rack of Lamb

The next time you're about to order lamb chops for four or six, why not have, instead, a rack of lamb? The same chops, but all in one piece. The butcher should remove the chine (backbone).

To serve six, you will need two racks (seven to eight ribs per rack, or about two ribs per person). Rub with a cut clove of garlic or with ½ teaspoon garlic powder. Place on rack in a shallow pan, brush with 2 tablespoons melted butter, margarine or olive oil. Cover exposed ends of bones with foil. For medium, roast at 375° 25 minutes per pound, plus an extra 25 minutes, or until meat thermometer reads 150°. Meanwhile, prepare 12 rosy new potatoes by peeling a ½-inch band around their middles. Cook in boiling water about 15 minutes or until barely tender. Drain, then dry by shaking pan over heat. Roll in 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and chopped parsley. Present as pictured above.



Swedish Leg of Lamb

The Swedes have wonderful skill with dill, and also with lamb. And here's a recipe that shows off both: roast lamb with a fragrant dill sauce. We've deboned our leg of lamb, but left the shank intact—to hold the roast together. Deboning makes it much easier to carve. Slice up and down against the grain, as the picture shows.

Admittedly most legs of lamb will land in ovens. Still, the best in the world are cooked in the rotisserie, with or without the bone. Bone in, simply put the spit parallel to the bone and make sure the meat is balanced. The cooking time is less, about 15 minutes per pound, or until the meat thermometer registers 150° for rare or pink; 180° for (shamefully) well-done.



Stuffed Lamb Chops

Two chops apiece with a blanket of beautiful, herb-seasoned, mushroom-spangled stuffing in between should delight your hungry family—even the boys and the men. To serve six, you will need a dozen chops cut about ½ inch thick: shoulder, loin or boneless rib chops. Mix together 1½ cups packaged herb-seasoned stuffing mix, ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine, 1 (4-oz.) can chopped mushrooms, liquid from mushrooms plus water to make ⅔ cup, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 egg, slightly beaten, and ¼ cup chopped onion. Season lamb chops with salt, using about 1 teaspoon. Place ¼ cup stuffing on each of the 6 chops, top with the other 6 and tie each pair together with string, or pin with toothpicks. Place in a shallow pan, cover, and bake 15 minutes at 375°. Uncover and, for a breath of April, brush the stuffed chops with ¼ cup of melted mint jelly. Bake 15 minutes more. Bring to the table accompanied by a colorful garnish of lemon wedges and watercress.

Shish Kebab

In the Near East they are shish kebabs or kabobs. The Russians have their shashlik, the Greeks . . . souvlakia. All through history, men have been skewering tender pieces of meat and broiling them over glowing fires. Most recipes call for hunks of tender lamb. But ours economically uses lamb patties. Another economical plus—we team the lamb patties with lamb kidneys—delicious and all-too-often-neglected. Even timid eaters will agree, it's an inspired combination.

Lightly mix 1 lb. lamb patties (about 2 cups ground lamb) with ¼ cup packaged seasoned bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, slightly beaten. With wet hands, shape into 12 balls. Cook 6 lamb kidneys 5 minutes in 1 qt. boiling water. Drain.

Have ready 3 lemons, quartered, and 6 thick wedges of onion. Now assemble six skewers in this fashion: first a wedge of lemon, then a lamb meatball, a wedge of onion, a kidney, another meatball, another lemon wedge. To top it all, a cherry tomato or a quarter of a regular tomato. Place the readied skewers on a broiler pan. Brush with packaged instant meat marinade, diluted with water according to package directions. Broil 5 minutes; turn and broil 5 minutes longer. Serve with a flourish!





Lamb Shank Navarin

This gloriously soupy oven-braised lamb can be served like a French *pot au feu*. First course, a small cup of the rich broth topped with croutons or Melba toast. Then the bronze-brown shanks, surrounded by vegetables. And just enough gravy for dunking. The secret of the succulent lamb shanks is the method we use: braising. It's half stewing, half roasting.

Have the butcher crack the bones of 6 lamb shanks and remove any excess fat. Coat well with ¼ cup flour. Brown evenly in ¼ cup vegetable oil in a heavy ovenproof kettle. Add 1½ cups hot water, 2 vegetable bouillon cubes, 1 clove garlic, crushed; 2 stalks celery, chopped; ½ cup chopped onions, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon oregano, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper. Cover and bake at 350° for 1½ hours, or until meat is tender.

About 20 minutes before serving, heat in separate pans 1-lb. can each of small whole white onions, small whole potatoes and baby carrots. Cook a 10-oz. package frozen peas according to package directions. Drain and place around lamb in deep serving dish. Bounteous for 6.



More about lamb on page 116



Spring in Vermont is maple-sugar buckets hanging from the trees, sudden frosts, johnny cakes and scrapple for breakfast, and tart rhubarb pie (above, right). Summer in Vermont is cool green shadows, new peas, golden corn pudding and New England-thrifty veal birds (above, left). All the tunic sounds and smells and tastes of Vermont are in our cookbook condensation for April: *The Vermont*



Year Round Cookbook by Louise Andrews Kent, better known as Mrs. Appleyard. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $5.95.) We've selected timely dishes from the spring and summer sections of the book—each one a staunch Vermont "receipt"; for good measure we've included some of the author's wise, whimsical observations on Vermont life and cooking. Please turn to page 119.

Photograph by Bernard Gray



Illustration by Arnold Varga

Discover the Artichoke

*"I seek in anonymity's cloister/Not him who ate the first raw oyster/But one who, braving spikes and prickles/The spine that stabs, the leaf that tickles/With infinite patience and fortitude/Unveiled the artichoke as food."**

Along with Ogden Nash, we celebrate the courage of that first brave soul who attacked the forbidding thistle called the artichoke with knife and fork. For if he hadn't, we would never have had the supreme pleasure of tearing leaves from the flower, dipping them in a delectable sauce, and pulling them through the teeth to get at the tender meat. And who would have known that at the center lies the best part—the plump, tasty calyx?



If you've hesitated to take the plunge because you don't know the proper technique for coping with an artichoke, take heart—we have complete directions for the approved, easier-than-you-think method, not to mention the newest, simplest way to cook artichokes.

Best of all, we have recipes for a bouquet of sauces to enhance the unique flavor of the artichoke (Drawn Butter, Mignonette, Rosemary, Speedy Hollandaise and Lemony Mayonnaise) and a constellation of artichoke recipes, including a number of surprises ranging from an artichoke soup to a heavenly, cheesy artichoke pie. Right now, the admirable artichoke is at the peak of its availability. But for those months when it isn't, we have recipes utilizing canned or frozen artichoke hearts and artichoke bottoms.

Eating an artichoke *is rather like consulting a daisy—he loves me, he loves me not. Pull off the petals one by one. At the base of each petal there is a more or less fleshy nugget of goodness which—having swished it in one of our savory sauces—you scrape off between your teeth.*

The petals should not be scattered willy-nilly all over your plate, but piled into a small, neat heap to one side, or placed in a bowl, if such is provided for this purpose.

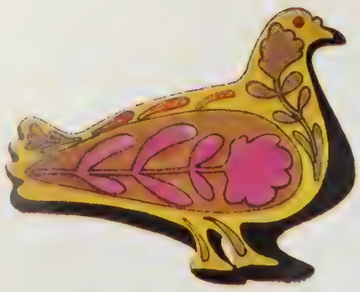
As you get nearer and nearer the heart of the artichoke, the nuggets become plumper and more toothsome. Finally you get to the thistle, the thready part in the center, which you cut out with a knife and discard. The bottom, a disc of tender goodness, is cut up and eaten with a fork as easily as cauliflower or broccoli.

To cook an artichoke. *The secret of glossy deep-green artichokes: oil to gild the leaves, lemon juice to keep them green. And it's easy to tell when they're perfectly done—the base, when you poke it with a fork, will feel tender. Or pull off an outer leaf. If it comes off easily, the artichokes are now ready to eat.*

Choose a deep pan that will just fit around 6 medium artichokes (about 4 pounds). Crowding will make them keep their shape, eliminating the need to tie them with string. But wait, don't put them in the pan just yet. First pour into the pan 6 quarts of cold water, ¼ cup olive or salad oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1½ teaspoons salt. Bring to a boil. Meanwhile, trim the stalks from the base of the artichokes; remove any discolored leaves and snip off the spiky ends with kitchen shears. Plunge the artichokes, flower side down, into boiling water. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, 30 to 40 minutes, until the base is tender. Remove and drain upside down in a colander or large strainer. Pat with paper towels to remove surplus liquid. Serve with a sauce. *Recipes continued on page 117.*

* © 1965 by Ogden Nash. First published in Saturday Review

Photograph by Richard Jeffries



LINE A DAY

BY POPPY CANNON

1. For April Fool's Day, something that looks like what it isn't—the "poached eggs" that dashing restaurateur Armando Mei serves for dessert at Fontana di Trevi in New York: a flattish serving of vanilla ice cream with a canned or frozen apricot half, dead-center, and a scattering of nutmeg gratings to look like pepper.

2. *April is National Hobby Month. And one of the newer(!?) national hobbies is baking bread. Brightest and quickest, most workless thought—quick French bread made by pushing together two cans of refrigerated country-style biscuits into a loaf. Brush with unbeaten egg white, sprinkle with sesame seeds, bake.*

3. In the Austrian Tyrol, on Palm Sunday, children make elaborate palms from branches entwined with ribbons and decorated with apples or oranges, candies and flowers. After the "palms" have been proudly displayed in the church and through the village, the creators take them home and eat all that is eatable on them.

4. *Heartwarming way to greet a new family on your block: a "Howdy Neighbor" casserole dinner—4 cans macaroni with cheese sauce, 2 cans each tomatoes, luncheon meat, green beans. Drain everything. Like well! Slice meat into matchstick strips. Cook 1 cup celery and 2 cloves crushed garlic in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Toss together. Place in 4-quart casserole or two 2-quart casseroles. Bake 25 minutes. Says "welcome" to 8.*

5. First day of Passover means chicken soup with matzo ball, symbolic of the round stone Moses threw to burst the walls and free the Jews.

6. *Strangely the patterns of thought and food intertwine through the ages: the* karpas *of the Israelis eaten during Passover, like the salad for Maundy Thursday (tomorrow) uses masses of chopped parsley, watercress, escarole, lettuce, symbolizing hope and the redemption of life.*

7. The voice of the turtle (doves, they are) is heard in the land. In Macedonia they make little cakes in the form of pigeons. We shape refrigerated spice-cookie dough into birds like those illustrating this page, and decorate with colored frostings that come in a tube.

8. *In Central Europe it is the custom on Good Friday to have cold vegetable soup with bread and cheese for lunch. At the famous Perino's in Hollywood, there will be cold minestrone. Interesting.*

9. Make an ice-cream lamb for Easter—lamb molds are everywhere. Rinse mold with cold water, fill both sides (you'll need about 2½ quarts) and smooth. Refreeze, then unmold and press the halves together. Sprinkle thickly with a snowy fleece of coconut. Make raisin eyes, a pink candy mouth and set down in a small glade of huckleberry leaves and tiny spring flowers.

10. *For Easter, in the Old World, it was the Paschal Lamb. In our New World—ham. There is immemorial symbolism in this, for the pig has always been a token of good luck, prosperity and happiness.*

11. Easter Monday is a tradition at the Colony Restaurant in New York—the day when sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters join their ancestors for lunch. Practically everybody orders the Colony's "thinnest steak on earth"—pounded to only a quarter of an inch thick and cooked just 30 seconds on each side.

12. *With the Colony steaks goes a hot-mustard sauce. They don't—but we do—make it by adding 3 teaspoons hot-type prepared mustard to 1¼ cups canned beef gravy (1 [10¾-oz.] can).*

13. Because the cherry blossoms will be bursting into balls of pink mist along the Potomac, we'll serve nostalgically our favorite Cherry Blossom Compote made by combining canned cherries and Chinese litchi fruits.

14. *If you haven't discovered canned litchi fruits—you must. They look like faintly pink tulip buds, with a taste and fragrance like wild roses.*

15. Final day of National Panic Week. Mail income-tax check before midnight—have baked beans for supper.

16. *Canned peaches heated in their own syrup with a bay leaf make a delectable go-with for meat or fish.*

17. Honey of a thought—for Sunday brunch or supper: Mix 4 tablespoons honey with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons brandy. Pour over about 2½ cupfuls of Thompson seedless grapes. Let stand several hours in the refrigerator. Top, at serving, with a swoosh of sour cream. Serves 4.

18. *Paul Revere rode today. Wonder was he bolstered by a bowl of corn chowder? A brawny one is made by combining a (1-lb., 1-oz.) can cream-style corn with a (10½-oz.) can cream of potato soup plus ½ cup milk. Spangle with a dash of red-pepper bits, fresh or freeze-dried, just before serving.*

19. Patriots' Day up in Maine, where, as in Newfoundland, they serve scrungeons and boiled cod.

20. *Scrungeons, in case anybody asks you, are little crisp bits of fried-out salt pork or bacon.*

21. On this celebration of the founding of Rome in 753 B.C., one should be sitting at a café table under a feathery chestnut tree eating the tiniest of tiny new peas—*piselli*—combined with bits of spicy prosciutto ham.

22. *Four hundred and sixty-six years ago Brazil was discovered by Pedro Alvares Cabral. But history does not note when, or which Brazilian discovered their winning way of basting game birds or even chickens with orange juice while they roast.*

23. Old as old is the peppercorn ceremony performed this day at St. George's in Bermuda. New as new is the little jar of seasoned pepper combining coarse cracked, headily fragrant black peppercorns with sweet peppers and secret spicery.

24. *Beginning of Raisin and Secretary weeks. Our favorite secretary vows she will turn over a new leaf with raisin turnovers.*

25. Smart girl! She uses a frozen rolled-out pie crust, cuts it into quarters. To one side goes a goodly blob of canned raisin pie filling or mincemeat. Fold each quarter in half. Seal edges. Bake 20–25 minutes at 375 degrees.

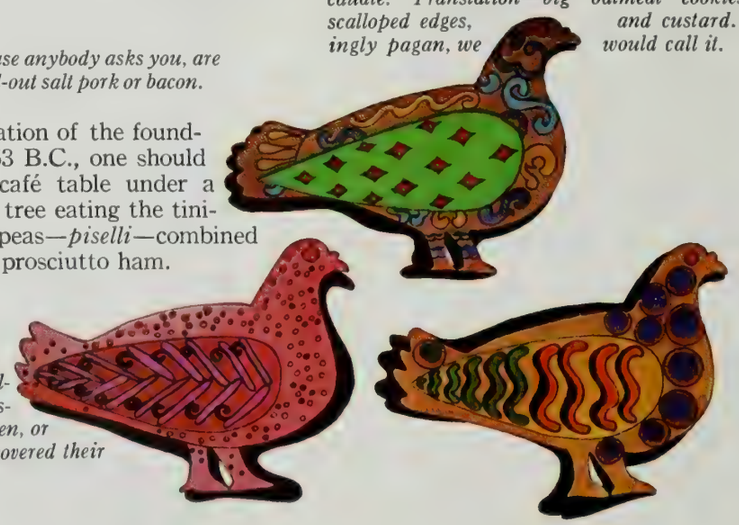
26. *Chef Trompetto, at the Savoy Hotel in London, learned from his father-in-law, also a great chef, the delight of cracking walnuts at the table, dropping the kernels (quite a crowd of them) into a demitasse. Sip the coffee. Nibble the nuts from a spoon. Bliss!*

27. Grant's birthday. Reminds us that under this "plain, rough soldier," as he termed himself, the White House served the longest meals on record—29 courses! Mrs. Kennedy reduced them to three.

28. *Belle of the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival is a salad: Begin by chilling two (4¾-oz.) cans of chicken spread, cut into bite-sized chunks. Commingle with ½ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup slivered, toasted almonds, 1 cup diced unpeeled apples. Slice 6 tomatoes into wedges, leaving the bottom attached. Plant on lettuce leaves, spread open like a tulip. Spoon salad over the tomato. Serve with a dressing made by combining ½ cup mayonnaise with ¼ cup sharp French dressing; 3 drops hot-pepper sauce.*

29. All chefs doff their bonnets to the Duke of Wellington, at whose victory dinner after Waterloo a roast fillet of beef was wrapped in pastry, then oven goldened. A ducal dish.

30. *Walpurgis Eve—when the new fires of spring were lit in the fields. Often in Scotland, Wales and Ireland, folks still feast tonight on Beltane cakes and caudle. Translation—big oatmeal cookies with scalloped edges, and custard. Pleasingly pagan, we would call it.*



Now! Glori-Fried Chicken!

Soup's the seasoning and the smooth cream gravy



1. Brown chicken in skillet



2. Add 1 can Cream of Chicken Soup



3. Cook 45 minutes

Glori-Fried Chicken

2 pounds chicken parts
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
(Or Cream of Celery, Cheddar Cheese, Cream of Mushroom Soup)



In skillet, brown chicken in shortening. Pour off drippings. Stir in soup. Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes. Stir now and then. Uncover; cook until desired consistency. 4 to 6 servings of delicious chicken and gravy.

For your copy of the 200-page "Cooking With Soup" cookbook, send 50¢, 3 Campbell's Soup labels to: Cookbook, Box 516, Maple Plain, Minn. Offer may be withdrawn at any time. Void if prohibited or restricted by law.

They always eat better when you cook with Campbell's Soup



O is for olives

A taste for olives is acquired—so they say. But many people had a fondness for the crisp, odd fruit (and it is a fruit) a long, long time ago.

About the olives of Greece, Lawrence Durrell wrote, "The whole Mediterranean, the sculpture, the palms, the gold beads, the bearded heroes, the wine, the ideas, the ships, the moonlight, the winged gorgons, the bronze men, the philosophers—all of it seems to ride in the sour, pungent taste of these black olives between the teeth. A taste older than meat, older than wine. A taste as old as cold water."

In the Garden of Gethsemane there are—still alive—six of the olive trees that were bearing in Biblical times.

No one could name on a dozen pages all the different olives of the world, for there are hundreds, ranging in color through the shades of yellowish and buff greens, through a dozen hues of reds and browns to shiny blacks. Ranging in size from a coffee bean to a plum! Officially, the various sizes all have names that sound like a Hollywood copywriter of the '20's. For, in addition to Small, Medium and Large, there are Extra Large, Mammoth, Giant, Jumbo, Colossal and Super Colossal.

As a guide amidst the supermarket olive groves, we have here nine samples:

1. The Extra-Large green Spanish olive from Andalusia—Queen variety.

2. Spanish olives stuffed with almonds. Some other stuffings: anchovies, cocktail onions, celery.

3. Olives of Nice, France. The tiniest, most exquisite, rare, expensive, but worth hunting.

4. Tree-ripened olives from California. The only green olive that is ripe when picked. Often faintly speckled like a ripe banana.

5. A large, pimiento-stuffed olive—the all-time classic.

6. Calamata olives of Greece. Cracked and marinated in olive oil with herbs like oregano, garlic, fennel, thyme, coriander.

7. Mission olives of California, introduced by the Franciscan monks in the 18th century. Glorious for garnishment—buy them plain or pitted, sliced or chopped.

8. Oil-cured Italian olives wrinkled and chewy, like bright, shiny little prunes with a slight undertaste of bitterness.

9. Alfonso olives from Greece. With an imperial purple "robe" and royal polish.

Illustration by Paul Davis



Grated Parmesan-Romano (PAR-muh-zahn/ro-MAH-no). Origin: Italy. First combined by Borden's. *Parmesan:* a very hard cheese with dark-brown surface and golden-yellow interior. Made from part-skimmed milk and aged up to two years to bring out deep, mellow flavor. *Romano:* a very hard-cured cheese. Supplies a sharp accent when blended with Parmesan for casseroles, salads, soups and spaghetti.

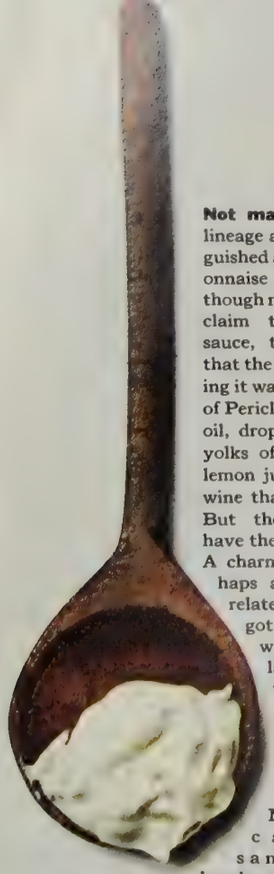
Borden's says cheese in any language, and says it better than anyone else.



Neufchatel (new-sha-TELL)
Borden's Eagle Brand has 30% less fat* and 30% more protein than cream cheese. Yet this originally French delicacy looks, spreads and tastes like cream cheese. Lavish over sandwiches, in dips and salads—any recipe calling for cream cheese.

*Borden's Eagle Brand Neufchatel contains only 6.52 grams fat per ounce.

Things to do with . . . Mayonnaise



Not many foods have a lineage as long and distinguished as that jar of mayonnaise on your shelf. Although many countries lay claim to this versatile sauce, there is evidence that the Greeks were making it way back in the time of Pericles by adding olive oil, drop by drop, to the yolks of eggs along with lemon juice or the soured wine that makes vinegar. But the Greeks didn't have the right word for it. A charming, though perhaps apocryphal, story relates how mayonnaise got its name: Once, when the sleepy island of Minorca off the coast of Spain was under French rule, the Duc de Richelieu sojourned there. Despite Minorca's sandy beaches and balmy climate, the Duke was *bored*—especially with the food that his chef had been serving. He ordered the cook to come up with a new, tantalizing sauce . . . or else. In despair, the cook wandered through Mahón, the capital city of the island, hunting for inspiration. In a native home, he discovered a golden creamy sauce, like none he had ever tasted, and coaxed the recipe from his host. The Duke was so delighted with the *Salsa Mahónesa* (Sauce of Mahón) that he spread its fame far abroad.

Today we practically take the tangy flavor of mayonnaise for granted when we want a tasty dip or salad dressing. But in the *Journal* kitchens, we've discovered, as did the Duke, that mayonnaise is the way to transform many a dish, from canapés to chocolate cake! It's wondrous as a quick base for so many classic sauces, it adds distinction to appetizers, entrées, and even—for a new taste that you won't believe until you try it—to chocolate Mayonnaise Cake!



Photograph by Mike Cuesta

FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Blue Cheese Dip: In a small bowl, crumble ¼ pound blue cheese. Beat together with 1 (3-oz.) package soft cream cheese. Stir in ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 clove crushed garlic, ¼ cup brandy or heavy cream. Chill, covered, at least 1 hour. Serve with cooked chilled shrimp, corn chips or raw vegetables.

Green Velvet Soup: Make 1 package (4-serving size) green-pea soup according to directions. Just before serving, whisk in ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon dried dill weed or 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh dill. Makes about 3 cups (4 servings).

Consommé Topping: In a small bowl, blend ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon sherry and 1 tablespoon finely chopped scallions. Chill and use 1 tablespoon to top each serving of jellied or hot consommé. Makes ½ cup (8 servings).

Butter of Provence: To 2 cups mayonnaise, add 2 cloves garlic, crushed, ¼ cup olive oil, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper, ¼ cup sour cream, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 6 sliced black olives and a dash of red pepper sauce. Chill for 1 hour. This classic sauce is also known as Aioli or Garlic Mayonnaise. Serve it along with fish, boiled potatoes, cooked vegetables. Stir it into fish soup, fish stews like bouillabaisses and bourrides.



Ham Gratin: In a large skillet heat 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Sauté ½ cup finely chopped onion until tender, approximately 10 minutes. Stir in 1 (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained, 1 (15-oz.) can asparagus tips, drained, and 2 cups finely cubed cooked ham. Stir in ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup sour cream, ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese, and 1 tablespoon prepared mustard. Pour into a buttered 1½-quart shallow casserole. Sprinkle with additional half cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Broil for 5 minutes or until the top is golden and bubbly and the dish is heated through. Makes 6 servings. All the ingredients can come out of a can, a jar, or the freezer.

Chive Mayonnaise: Fold ½ cup heavy cream into 1 cup mayonnaise. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper, and 1 tablespoon chopped fresh or freeze-dried chives. Serve over cold, marinated asparagus or cold cooked vegetables.

Cambridge Sauce: To 1½ cups mayonnaise, add ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 sieved hard-boiled egg, 2 teaspoons chopped anchovies, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 1 teaspoon onion powder, pinch cayenne pepper. It's very English, and very good served with cold meats, such as ham or cold roast beef.

Sauce Verte (Green Sauce): To 1½ cups of mayonnaise, add ¼ cup finely chopped, cooked, drained spinach, ¼ cup chopped watercress, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon buttermilk, 3 drops green food coloring. Paradise is a cold, poached trout or salmon steak or a can of tuna well chilled, turned out and frosted smoothly with this delicate green sauce.

Chicken Chaud-Froid (Chicken that is cooked hot, served cold): Cut 3 whole chicken breasts in half. Skin and bone (or have your butcher do this for you). Place in a shallow baking dish. Brush with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and ½ clove garlic, crushed. Cover with foil and bake at 400° for 30 to 40 minutes or until just tender. Cool and chill. One hour before serving, dissolve 1 teaspoon gelatin in ¼ cup dry vermouth or white wine, over hot water. Stir into 1 cup mayonnaise. Cool in refrigerator until semi-set. Or set in freezer 3 minutes by your timer. Place chicken breasts on a wire cake rack. Stand on a shallow baking pan. Spoon the semi-set mayonnaise mixture over, covering the chicken evenly. Return to the refrigerator and chill until firmly set—approximately 30 minutes (or 10 minutes in the freezer). Serve on a large platter garnished with lettuce and watercress. Makes 6 servings.



Rémoulade Sauce: To 1 cup of mayonnaise, add ¼ cup prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins, 1 to 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped capers, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. This is a famous specialty of New Orleans. Particularly renowned is Shrimp Rémoulade, which is a distinguished first course, good to serve as a salad entrée.



Mushroom Timbales: Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup heavy cream, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, and beat with a rotary beater. Set aside. Meanwhile, sauté 2 cups coarsely chopped fresh or canned, drained mushrooms and ⅓ cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Drain. Fold into sauce. Pour into 6 (5-oz.) greased individual custard cups, pouring ½ cup in each. Place in a pan of hot water. Bake at 325° for 30 minutes or until set. Test with a knife, as for egg custard. Unmold on individual plates. Makes 6 servings. The word "timbale" comes from an Arab word meaning "drum." These mushroom custards, so popular in Edwardian days, prove you don't need meat to make an elegant entrée.



Vegetable Salad à la Russe: Cook, according to package directions, 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen mixed vegetables. Drain and toss with ½ cup Italian-style dressing. Cool and chill. Drain and place in lettuce cups made from 1 head of Boston lettuce. Serve with a chilled sauce made by combining ½ cup mayonnaise and ½ cup chili sauce. Makes 6 servings.



Legendary Mayonnaise Cake: In a large bowl, mix together 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup mayonnaise and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Gently fold in 2¼ cups sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking soda, ¼ cup unsweetened cocoa, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon red food coloring. Divide between 2 well-greased 8-inch layer pans. Bake at 375° for 20 to 25 minutes, until done. Cool on cake racks and frost with chocolate frosting. What's the legend? The story goes that a woman tourist, enchanted by a chocolate cake she tasted in a posh New York restaurant, wrote to the chef asking for the recipe. He sent her this one, and a few days later she received a bill for $300. She was trapped, her lawyer said, so she paid; but in revenge she gave the secret of this delicious cake to everyone who wanted it. **END**

el Monte Green Beans bring you garden flavor, festive days or
ıy day. Ready-cooked crisply tender. No strings. Quality that
eans value. Do it with Del Monte and you do your very best.

Whatever bird you pick, here's your vegetable!

GREEN BEANS DIANA

3 Tbsp. butter or margarine
3 cleaned celery stalks, sliced as shown
2 tsp. whole anise seed or dill seed
½ cup chicken broth
1 No. 303 can (1 lb. size) DEL MONTE® Brand Cut Green Beans
Chopped parsley

Lightly brown butter in a skillet. Add celery and anise or dill seed; stir over low heat till celery is tender but still crisp. Add broth. Drain beans well, saving liquid for other use such as in soup or gravy. Mix beans lightly with the celery. Cover; simmer just till beans are hot. Spoon into serving dish; top with parsley. Ideal with roast duck, turkey, chicken, Rock Cornish hen, etc. Serves 4.





CROWN ROAST OF LAMB

If your crown roast is filled with ground lamb, remove it and save it for shish kebab (see recipe on page 105).

16-rib crown roast of lamb (about 3½ lbs.)
4 strips bacon
2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen baby Lima beans
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ tsp. celery salt
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 (1-lb.) can small whole onions
16 kumquats

Wrap lower part of roast with strips of bacon (about 4). Cut sixteen 2-inch squares of foil and wrap each rib bone, to prevent them from burning. Place roast on rack in a shallow pan. For medium, roast at 375° for 25 minutes per lb. plus an extra 25 minutes, or until meat thermometer reads 150°. Baste frequently with pan juices plus 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine.

About 20 minutes before roast is done, cook a 10-oz. pkg. frozen baby Lima beans and a 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, following pkg. directions. Drain both and combine with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon celery salt, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Heat a 1-lb. can small whole onions.

When roast is done, remove bacon and foil. Fill center with vegetables, place a kumquat on the tip of each bone, and surround with onions. Serves 6–8.

MOCK CROWN ROAST

Wild rice is The End for elegance, but you could substitute inexpensive brown rice or use half wild, half tame, which come mixed together in a package.

1 cup wild rice, or 1½ cups brown rice
12 rib lamb chops, Frenched
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
¼ cup flour
6 Tb. vegetable oil
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas
1 (10-oz.) pkg. baby Lima beans
2 Tb. butter or margarine
½ tsp. celery salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. salt
12 cherry tomatoes or paper frills

Cook 1 cup wild rice (or 1½ cups brown rice), following pkg. directions. Ask the butcher to French 12 rib lamb chops or do it yourself by trimming off about 1½ inches of meat from ends of rib bones. Sprinkle chops with 2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper; roll in ¼ cup flour. Brush off excess flour. Pan-fry in 2 heavy skillets, using 3 tablespoons vegetable oil in each. Turn often, browning evenly. Meanwhile, cook a 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas and a 10-oz. pkg. frozen baby Lima beans, following pkg. directions. Drain both and combine with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon celery salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Drain rice and add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Mix well. Mound rice on a large platter. Place half of pea-Lima bean mixture on top. Insert the lamb chops in the mound so that they stand in a ring resembling a crown roast. Place the remaining pea-Lima bean mixture in the center. Place a cherry tomato or paper frill on the tip of each chop. Serves 6.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB À LA NORMANDE

Normandy is apple land in France, so naturally this recipe calls for their apple brandy, which is Calvados. But our own applejack is admirable. Or bourbon? Why not! The sauce it goes into is unbelievably delicious.

3–3½-lb. leg of lamb
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. salt
2 Tb. flour
½ cup vegetable bouillon (made from a cube)
2 Tb. Calvados, applejack or bourbon
1 cup heavy cream

Sprinkle a 3–3½-lb. leg of lamb with ½ tsp. pepper. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine in a shallow roasting pan; place lamb in pan. For medium, roast at 375° for 25 minutes per lb. plus an extra 25 minutes, or until meat thermometer reads 150°. Turn the roast often and baste with pan juices. Halfway through the cooking, sprinkle lamb with 1 teaspoon salt. When done, place on a shallow oven-proof platter and keep warm.

For the sauce: Leave 3 tablespoons of drippings in the pan. Add 2 tablespoons flour and mix well. Cook 5 minutes on top of stove. Pour ½ cup vegetable bouillon and 2 tablespoons Calvados, applejack or bourbon into the pan and bring to a boil, scraping the bottom of the pan. Cook 3 minutes longer. Add 1 cup heavy cream, stir well. Cover, simmer gently 3 minutes more. Pass in a heated bowl or gravy boat. Serves 6.

BROILED LAMB CHOPS WITH CHERVIL-MINT BUTTER

Chops cut 1 to 2 inches thick are best for broiling. Thinner ones are better for pan-broiling.

6 loin lamb chops
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
3 Tb. butter or margarine
1 Tb. dried mint
1 Tb. dried chervil

Preheat broiler. Place 6 loin lamb chops in a shallow pan, lightly greased. Broil 6 inches from heat, 5 minutes per side. Place on a heated platter and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Mix 3 tablespoons soft butter or margarine with 1 tablespoon dried mint and 1 tablespoon dried chervil to form a smooth paste. Dot each chop with the butter mixture. Serves 6.

MARINATED LAMB SHOULDER WITH APPLES

3-lb. boned lamb shoulder
1 cup red Burgundy
1 cup water
1 medium onion, chopped
1 carrot, chopped
2 cloves garlic
½ tsp. thyme
1 bay leaf, crushed
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tsp. peppercorns cracked, or ½ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
2 (1-lb. 5-oz.) cans baked apples (6 apples)

Have your butcher bone a shoulder of lamb, leaving the end of the shank bone intact. Weight after boning should be about 3 lbs. Ask him not to tie the meat. In a large casserole, place 1 cup red Burgundy, 1 cup water, 1 medium onion chopped, 1 chopped carrot, 2 cloves garlic, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 crushed bay leaf, ¼ cup chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon cracked peppercorns. Put lamb in casserole and marinate, covered, about 24 hours. Turn meat several times.

Remove lamb from marinade, wipe dry and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Brush with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Place 1 cup of vegetables from marinade in center of roast; roll up and tie with string. Place in a shallow roasting pan along with any leftover butter or margarine after brushing lamb. For medium, roast at 375° for 25 minutes per lb. plus an extra 25 minutes, or until meat thermometer reads 150°. Baste often. Remove string and vegetables before serving.

About 15 minutes before meat is done, drain 2 (1-lb. 5-oz.) cans baked apples and place apples in a deep buttered





7 AM **12 NOON**

king dish. Cover dish with foil and ess edges down securely. Set in oven th lamb for 10 minutes to warm ap- es. Serve with the lamb. Serves 6.

EDISH LEG OF LAMB WITH LL SAUCE

- 4-lb. leg of lamb, boned
- Tb. butter or margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

ll Sauce

- Tb. butter or margarine
- (10¾-oz.) can chicken gravy
- Tb. chopped fresh or dried dill
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- ¼ tsp. white pepper
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk

ave your butcher remove the bone om the larger end of a leg of lamb, leav- g the shank bone in. Weight after oning should be 3–4 lbs. Brush the lamb ith 2 tablespoons melted butter or mar- rine. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and teaspoon pepper. Place in shallow an. For medium, roast at 375° for 25 inutes per lb. plus an extra 25 min- es, or until meat thermometer reads 50°. Turn the lamb often and baste. *Dill Sauce:* In a medium saucepan, elt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. dd enough water to a 10¾-oz. can of icken gravy to make 2 cups. Add avy-water mixture and pan drippings melted butter. Heat gently, stirring nstantly, until well blended. Add 2 ta- espoons chopped fresh or dried dill, 1 aspoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon white epper, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire uce and ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to a ntle boil, stirring frequently; simmer minutes. Remove from heat. Beat 2 blespoons of the sauce into an egg yolk. our back into sauce and mix well. Serve ith roast lamb. Serves 6–8. **END**

DISCOVER THE ARTICHOKE

continued from page 109

CREAM OF ARTICHOKE SOUP

Try this most delicate of soups either hot or chilled, with thin, thin slices of lemon floating on top of each serving.

- 1 (12-oz.) can artichoke hearts, drained and rinsed
- 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken broth
- 1 Tb. lemon juice
- ¾ tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 6 thin lemon slices

Drain and rinse a 12-oz. can of artichoke hearts. Place in electric blender with 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken broth. Purée at high speed for 30 seconds. Place in medium saucepan with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¾ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Heat just to boiling. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 cup heavy cream. Reheat, if necessary, but *do not boil.* Float 1 thin lemon slice on top of each serving. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKE-HEART SALAD

The marinade from bottled artichoke hearts and a generous splash of lemon juice make an instant salad dressing.

- 4 cups torn mixed salad greens
- 1 cup coarsely cubed tomatoes
- 1 cup coarsely chopped celery
- 2 (6-oz.) jars marinated artichoke hearts, undrained
- 2 Tb. lemon juice

Chill 4 cups torn mixed salad greens, 1 cup coarsely cubed tomatoes, 1 cup coarsely chopped celery and 2 (6-oz.) jars marinated artichoke hearts. Just before serving, toss all ingredients together with 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKE FLAN

This is such a rich, succulent and exquisitely delicate pie that all of us in the *Journal* kitchen raved about it for days and days.

- 1 (9-inch) pie shell
- 1 unbeaten egg white
- 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts or 1 (12-oz.) can, drained and rinsed
- 3 eggs
- 1½ cups heavy cream
- 1½ cups grated Swiss cheese
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. powdered thyme
- Dash cayenne

Preheat oven to 375°. Brush a 9-inch pie shell with unbeaten egg white. Set aside to dry. Meanwhile cook 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts according to pkg. directions. Drain very well. (Or drain a 12-oz. can and rinse.) In a medium bowl, beat 3 eggs with 1½ cups heavy cream. Stir in 1½ cups grated Swiss cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon powdered thyme and a dash of cayenne. Pour into pie shell. Arrange cooked artichokes over surface. Bake at 375° for 45–60 minutes, or until pastry is deep golden brown and a knife inserted in center of filling comes out clean. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKE-TUNA CASSEROLE

Has everything a casserole should: beautiful contrasts of shapes, textures and flavors. The sum total—superb!

- 2 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
- 1 (10½-oz.) can cream of potato soup
- ½ cup milk
- ¼ cup chopped onions
- 2 (7-oz.) cans tuna, drained
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 3 Tb. cider vinegar
- ¾ cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine, melted
- ¼ tsp. dried thyme leaves

Cook 2 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts according to pkg. directions. Drain well. Meanwhile, in a medium saucepan, combine 1 (10½-oz.) can cream of potato soup, ½ cup milk and ¼ cup chopped onions. Simmer, covered, 5 minutes or until onions are tender. Remove from heat. Stir in cooked artichoke hearts, 2 (7-oz.) cans tuna, drained, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and, *last* of all, 3 tablespoons cider vinegar. Pour into greased 1½-qt. casserole. Toss ¾ cup dry bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and ¼ teaspoon dried thyme leaves. Use to cover top of casserole. Bake at 350° for 20–30 minutes. Serves 6.

FIVE ARTICHOKE SAUCES

Each of our sauce recipes makes about ½ cup—enough for two serious artichoke eaters, or for four nibblers.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

A great classic, and classically simple. Use this sauce for broiled crab and lobster, too.

- ⅓ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. salt
- Lemon wedges

In a small saucepan, heat ⅓ cup butter or margarine and ¼ teaspoon salt until butter is melted and foaming. Serve in individual cups along with lemon wedges to be squeezed into the butter to taste. Makes about ½ cup.

SAUCE MIGNONETTE

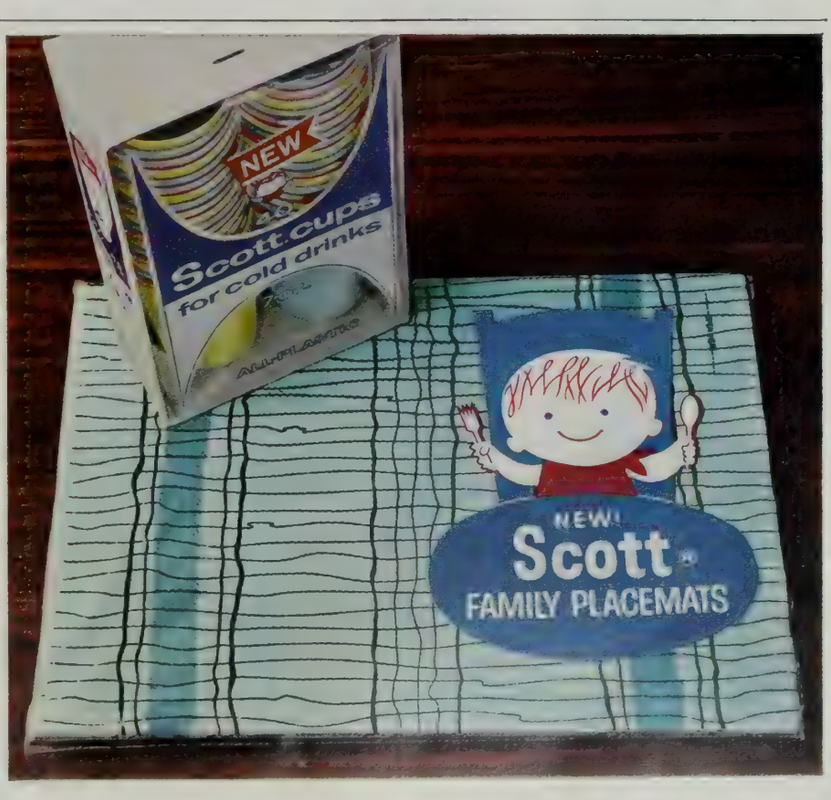
This is a sauce for true pepper lovers. If you're feeling timid, use only ¼ teaspoon of pepper, then add more until it tastes just right.

- ½ cup olive or salad oil
- 1 medium clove garlic, crushed
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¾ tsp. freshly ground or cracked black pepper

In a small bowl, combine ½ cup olive or salad oil with 1 medium clove garlic, crushed, ½ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon black pepper. Refrigerate at least 1 hour before serving. Makes about ½ cup.

(*continued*)





6 PM

A MAT FOR EVERY MEAL

And why not? The many patterns and colors of Scott Placemats make it easy for you to give *every* meal a new look. They're cushioned — disposable — cost next to nothing. Use them 'round the clock — teamed up with all-plastic Scott Cups . . . they're smooth as porcelain, leave no cardboard taste. SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

ARTICHOKES *continued*

ROSEMARY SAUCE

Dark green parsley, dusty green rosemary and bright red pimiento make this sauce as good to look at as it is to eat.

⅓ cup olive oil
2 Tb. cider vinegar
1 tsp. chopped onion
1 tsp. chopped parsley
1 tsp. chopped pimiento
½ tsp. dried crushed rosemary

In a small bowl, combine ⅓ cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped pimiento and ½ teaspoon dried crushed rosemary. Refrigerate at least 1 hour before serving. Makes about ½ cup.

SPEEDY HOLLANDAISE

Hollandaise is one of the great classic sauces for artichokes, but when you're in a rush, who wants to bother? Use our speedy, no-fail version and relax.

½ cup mayonnaise
1 egg yolk
1 Tb. lemon juice
⅛ tsp. salt
Dash cayenne

In the top of a double boiler, over hot, *not boiling*, water, beat ½ cup mayonnaise with 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon salt and a dash of cayenne. Turn off heat and keep sauce warm over hot water in bottom of double boiler until serving time. Makes about ⅔ cup.

LEMONY MAYONNAISE

Takes hardly a minute to make, and looks as fresh as springtime.

⅓ cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. finely chopped onion
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
½ tsp. finely slivered green onion tops

In a small bowl, combine ⅓ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind and ½ teaspoon finely slivered green onion tops. Refrigerate at least 1 hour before serving. Makes about ½ cup.

SHRIMP-STUFFED ARTICHOKES

You've heard of a meal in a dish: here's a meal in an artichoke! Shrimp, rice, vegetable, and no casserole to wash.

6 medium artichokes (about 4 lbs.)
1 cup rice
2 cups cold water
¼ cup butter or margarine
2½ tsp. salt
2 cups coarsely chopped cooked shrimp (about 1 lb. fresh shrimp)
⅓ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped parsley
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ tsp. pepper

Cook artichokes according to basic recipe (page 109). Drain well and keep warm over hot water. Meanwhile, prepare stuffing by combining 1 cup rice, 2 cups cold water, 1 tablespoon butter and 1 teaspoon salt in a medium saucepan. Cook over low heat until rice is tender and water is absorbed. Stir occasionally. Stir in 2 cups coarsely chopped cooked shrimp. In a small skillet melt remaining 3 tablespoons butter. Sauté ⅓ cup chopped onion until tender but not golden. Stir into rice along with ¼ cup chopped parsley, ¼ cup lemon juice, remaining 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat gently.

To assemble: Spread open cooked artichokes. Remove very small leaves and thistle in center with a teaspoon. Fill each center with about ¾ cup of rice mixture. Serve with Drawn Butter Sauce (page 117) for dipping leaves. Serves 6.

ARTICHOKE HEARTS À LA GRECQUE

Subtly spiced with a gentle touch of bay leaf, thyme and coriander. Serve these either hot or chilled as a prelude to a special dinner.

1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen artichoke hearts
⅓ cup olive oil
2 Tb. lemon juice
1 small clove garlic, crushed
1 small bay leaf
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. crushed thyme leaves
⅛ tsp. powdered coriander
Dash pepper

Cook a 9-oz. pkg. frozen artichoke hearts according to pkg. directions. Drain and place in a small bowl. Meanwhile, in a small saucepan, blend ⅓ cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 small clove garlic, crushed, 1 small bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon crushed thyme leaves, ⅛ teaspoon powdered coriander and a dash of pepper. Heat until very hot; pour over artichoke hearts. Marinate 10 minutes. Serve warm or chilled. Makes 6 hors d'oeuvre servings.

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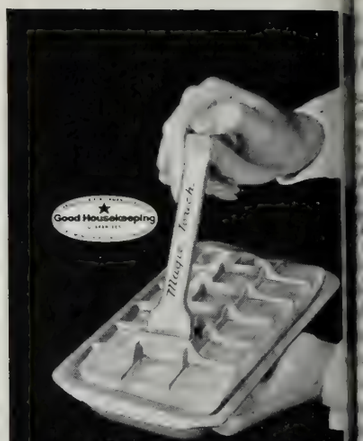
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CHOKES IN BATTER

t hors d'oeuvre destined volutionize predinner nib-, with or without cocktails.

z.) pkg. frozen choke hearts
p sifted all-purpose flour
. baking powder
. salt
pepper

p milk
lemon juice

a 9-oz. pkg. frozen arti- hearts according to pkg. tions. Drain and cool. hwhile, make batter in a um bowl by combining ½ ifted all-purpose flour, ¼ oon baking powder, ⅛ oon salt and a dash of er. Add 1 egg, ¼ cup milk l tablespoon lemon juice, beat until smooth. Add hoke hearts, tossing to each with batter. In a pan or an electric skillet, 1½ inches oil to 375°. in artichoke hearts, a t a time. Fry until pale n (about 3 minutes), ng halfway through cook- time. Drain on paper ls. Sprinkle with salt, if ed. Makes 6 hot hors vre servings.

CHOKES CLAMART

hoke bottoms make edible es for tiny, tender peas ned with the merest hint int and nutmeg.

-oz.) can artichoke toms, drained
b.) can tiny peas, drained
butter or margarine, ted
chopped parsley
. sugar
. salt
. crushed mint leaves
. nutmeg
. pepper

nge a drained 15-oz. can hoke bottoms in a lightly ered casserole. Toss a 1-lb. drained tiny peas with 2 spoons butter or marga- melted, 2 tablespoons ped parsley, 2 teaspoons r, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tea- n crushed mint leaves, easpoon nutmeg and ⅛ oon pepper. Cover arti- es completely with pea ure. Cover and bake 30 tes at 350°. Serves 6.

MONT YEAR UND COOKBOOK

nued from page 107

e chose Veal Birds as the of our *Vermont Year nd Cookbook* menu because, ne true Yankee tradition, re charmingly frugal— ch an expensive cut of t, and do it deliciously.

L BIRDS

our market have a pound eal cut thin, about ¼ inch k. Lay the slices on a board pound into them with the of a thick china plate all flour they will take. Pound meat in a crisscross pat- on both sides. Season the



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flour as you like with pinches of thyme, oregano, rosemary. Salt to taste may be added later, but do not add salt during the pounding process or during cooking. Trim the pounded veal into pieces 2¼x4 inches. Allow 3 slices to each person to be served. You will need also

Trimmings of veal, minced
4 tablespoons dried-out beef suet
1 cup cracker crumbs
1 cup dry bread crumbs, rolled fine
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon mixed herbs
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon onion, put through press
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon water
1 cup jellied stock (beef, veal or chicken)
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
4 tablespoons butter
4 ounces deviled ham
½ pound mushrooms
Toast slices
½ cup sour cream
Parsley

Mince the trimmings of the veal and add the beef suet, 1 cup of finely rolled bread and cracker crumbs, herbs, lemon juice, onion pulp, beaten egg, and 2 tablespoons of the jellied stock. Spread this mixture on the slices of veal, *(continued)*

keeping it toward the center of each slice, and roll meat around it. Fasten with toothpicks. Mix the garlic powder and pepper from the grinder with the remaining cup of finely rolled bread and cracker crumbs. Dip the "birds" in this, then in beaten egg and water, then in crumbs again. Melt the butter in a large iron frying pan or electric skillet and brown the birds in it. When they are golden brown, add stock. It should come up to about half the thickness of the birds. Cover pan and simmer till meat is tender, about one hour. While it is cooking, make toast, trim it into long pieces slightly larger than the birds. Spread each with deviled ham. Cut mushrooms in parasol-shaped slices and sauté them in the extra butter.

At serving time there should be only a little gravy left in the pan with the birds. Lay the birds on toast slices on a hot platter. Add the sour cream to the gravy. Heat it well, but do not let it boil. Garnish the platter with the mushrooms and sprigs of parsley. Pour the hot sauce over the birds. Serves four.

The mushrooms Mrs. Appleyard used for this dish the last time she made it came out of her own field just beyond her covered bridge. Mushrooms are not quite so reliable as—for instance—beets, so Mrs. Appleyard admits that she has been known to use mushrooms out of a can. At such times she adds a little sherry to the sauce, heats it well then adds the sour cream. With the Veal Birds she likes to serve Corn Pudding (recipe in next column), tossed salad of garden lettuce, new peas or glazed beets cooked like this.

GLAZED BEETS (APPLEYARD)

Use young tender beets, none bigger than a ping-pong ball. Wash and scrub them well, cook them in plenty of boiling water until they are tender—30 to 40 minutes. (Discard any that are not tender.) Slip them out of their skins, slice them and put them in a double boiler over hot water.

2 cups cooked beets
1 cup beet juice
1 tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons Burgundy
1 teaspoon sugar
Pepper and salt to taste

(Just to indulge Mrs. Appleyard, *please* do not substitute cornstarch for the tapioca. Just give up the whole idea and cook some frozen French-cut beans or serve the beets with butter only.)

Strain the beet juice through a fine sieve. In ¼ cup of it scald the tapioca at least 5 minutes. Cook the beet juice down until you have one cup. Add the lemon juice, wine, sugar, seasonings and the soaked tapioca. Stir this mixture into the hot beet juice. Cook till it starts to thicken. Pour it over the beets. Serve hot. Makes four servings.

CORN PUDDING

Mrs. Appleyard invented this once when she had six unexpected visitors and not enough corn to go around.

6 tablespoons melted butter
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup cornmeal
1 cup boiling water
2 cups milk
3 eggs
1½ cups corn cut from the cob

Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a casserole. Mix baking powder and salt with cornmeal and add the rest of the butter. Scald mixture with boiling water. Beat. Add milk and beaten eggs. Beat well. Stir in the cut corn. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in a 375° oven until it is puffed and brown around the edges. There should be brown crust on the bottom of the dish. The Appleyards like this part best.

Country sausage and ham both go well with this dish. So do broiled tomatoes topped with buttered garlic crumbs. This rule serves four generously.

Editors' note: If you can't find fresh corn, you can make the pudding with a 1-pound, 1-ounce can of cream-style corn, and bake it for 55 minutes.

RHUBARB PIE

When Mrs. Appleyard's friends, the Dobsons, moved to Vermont from Texas, they were prepared for sleet, hail and snow, but the perils of spring—mud, slush, dandelion greens and rhubarb—were unknown to them. When Alice made her first rhubarb pie, Simon did his best to eat it, but after a while asked gently, "Do we have much of this in the garden?"

Alice at once telephoned to Mrs. Appleyard, who came to the rescue. Later she received a candid-camera shot of Simon happily eating pie with the caption: "Appleyard Recipe for Rhubarb Pie Saves Vermont Marriage."

To be sure your marriage is happy, make Mrs. Appleyard's wife-saving rhubarb pie like this:

3 cups rhubarb
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups plus 2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons butter, cut into bits

Use only "strawberry" rhubarb young and tender that it needs no pe ing. Discard leaves and lower ends a cut the stalks in ½-inch pieces. S flour, sugar and spice together. Line 9-inch pie tin with pastry. Mrs. App yard prefers her ow but she says some of t packaged brands ma very satisfactory cru Leave a good margin pastry around the ed of the tin. This is to turned up over the upp crust and pressed wi the back of a fork so juice will run out. M Appleyard mistrusts h own skill in this matt so she sets a fruit pie a square of chef's f and turns the edges t to make a box, says i less work than cleani the oven.

Scatter ¼ cup of t flour, sugar and spi mixture over the low crust. Add half the rh barb cubes. Add ha the remaining mixtu then the rest of the rh barb and the rest of t mixture. The rhuba should be heaped slight toward the center of th dish: it will sink whi baking. Pour the beat egg over the pie, d with bits of butter. P on the upper crust. Gas it well so that steam ca escape. Bake at 450° f 15 minutes. Reduce he to 350° and bake unt fruit is tender and th crust brown and puffed about 40 minutes longe If it browns too quickl cover it with a sheet buttered brown pape A snapshot of your hu band eating it will b gratefully added to Mr Appleyard's collectio

VERMONT JOHNNY CAKE

This is halfway betwee johnny cake and spoo bread. Like all thing made with sour mill it takes judgment, bu it's worth learning t do, Mrs. Appleyar thinks.

1½ cups cornmeal
½ cup flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup sweet cream
½ cup sour cream
1 cup sour milk
1¼ cups sweet mil
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter

Sift together the flour, cornmeal, bakin powder, salt and soda three times. Mi the sour milk and sour cream, the swee milk, the eggs well beaten and the sugar Make a well in the dry mixture and ad the wet mixture, beating it in well. Mel the butter in a large (12-inch) iron fry ing pan. Pour in the mixture. Pour th sweet cream over the top. Bake at 400 for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° an



...e until it is well browned, about 10 minutes longer. Do not overbake. The inside should be quite soft, almost like a soufflé. Serve maple syrup with it.

...UR MILK GRIDDLE CAKES

- ... cup flour
- ... teaspoon baking powder
- ... teaspoon salt
- ... teaspoon baking soda
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 egg (large)
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 tablespoons butter (melted)

...aste the milk. If it is not very sour reduce soda to ¼ teaspoon and increase baking powder to 1 teaspoon, or use 1 cup sour cream and omit the butter.

...ift flour once. Measure it. Sift twice more with dry ingredients. Beat egg light with a rotary whisk. Quickly whisk in first the milk and melted butter, then the flour mixture. Do not overbeat. Heat an iron griddle or a well-seasoned frying pan. Do not grease but wipe with raw potato. Cut the end of the potato. Wipe it over the surface of the griddle while it is warm. Heat the griddle until drops of cold water dashed on it sputter and steam. Pour on the batter in 4-inch circles. After 2 or 3 minutes the cakes will begin to bubble and the bubbles will burst. Lift cakes with a pancake turner. Check to see if they are well browned, turn them and bake until they are well browned on the other side. Remove them to a warm platter set in a open warm oven. Cut a thin slice off the potato, discard it and wipe the griddle with the freshly cut surface. Do this between baking each batch of cakes. Butter the warm cakes. Stack them in heaps of four. Serve them with maple syrup or with thick cream and granulated maple sugar. Makes four 4-inch cakes each for four people.

...RMONT SCRAPPLE ...RS. APPLEYARD

This is a short-cut method, an imitation of Philadelphia scrapple. Mrs. Appleyard has also made it by the method that starts with a pig's head and takes three days. She is no longer so energetic.

- ... cups boiling water
- ... cups yellow cornmeal
- 1 cup sausage meat

...ring the water to a rapid boil in the top of a large double boiler. Sprinkle in the cornmeal a little at a time, only a few grains at first. Stir constantly to keep the meal from lumping. Reduce heat and stir in the sausage meat, which you have broken up fine with a fork. Cook 5 minutes, stirring the meat thoroughly into the meal. Set the pan over hot water and cook one hour. Put the scrapple into tins lined with waxed paper. Cool, keep in the refrigerator. When you serve it, cut it in slices about ¾ inch thick. Grease a frying pan with sausage fat or butter, cook over medium heat until one side is golden brown, then turn and brown the other sides of the slices.

Editors' note: We like scrapple at breakfast with maple syrup, or for supper with creamed onions, sausages and gravy beans.

Now! More body-building protein than a peanut butter sandwich. And lots more fun.



Something new for lunch. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli. Tender macaroni pies filled with beef—in a meaty tomato sauce. An average serving, ½ can, of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli has more protein than a bologna, boiled ham or peanut butter sandwich. And twice as much protein as a seven oz. bowl of split pea soup, four times more than beef noodle. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is better for lunch than most soups or sandwiches—and children love it.

Chef-Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli®
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CREAM OF SPRING SOUP

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 3 tablespoons flour
- Salt to taste
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 2 cups fresh watercress
- 1 package frozen peas, cooked
- 6 stalks of asparagus, cooked
- ½ cup cream
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Melt the butter. Cook the onion in it until the onion is translucent, rub in the flour and dry seasonings. Remove pan from heat. Slowly stir in the milk. Add the chicken stock. Cook mixture until it melts and starts to thicken, about 5 minutes. Put a cup of the mixture, the watercress, half the peas, and the asparagus into your blender and run it half a minute. Pour the purée mixture into the top of a large double boiler and blend in the rest of the stock and the vegetables. Add the cream and cook over hot water for at least half an hour.

At serving time, beat the egg yolks in a pint bowl. Add the soup mixture to them a tablespoon at a time, stirring well, until you have about a cup of the egg mixture. Stir this back into the soup and cook it over hot water until it thickens slightly, about 5 minutes. Stir it carefully. Add a little more milk if it seems too thick.

Serve hot, sprinkled with parsley, accompanied by hot homemade biscuits, or pour it into pottery jars to be chilled and served cold with hot French bread with garlic butter. Serves four.

MAPLE TRIFLE

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- ½ cup almonds
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup maple syrup
- 2 dozen lady fingers
- A little rum (optional)
- 2½ cups cream
- ½ cup candied fruit peel
- ½ cup crystallized ginger
- ½ cup cream (extra)

Blanch and skin the almonds. Brown them in butter. Soak gelatin in the water. Heat maple syrup, pour it on the gelatin, and stir well until it is dissolved. Cool slightly. Line a mold with lady fingers: sprinkle them with rum. Whip 2 cups cream. Fold it into the syrup mixture. Fill mold half full, lay on a few lady fingers, sprinkle with rum, scatter on some almonds, repeat the process. The top should be covered with lady fingers, but no nuts.

At serving time, remove from mold. Whip ½ cup cream. Decorate the trifle with it and also with the candied peel, ginger and a few whole almonds. Pecans may be used if you prefer. Mrs. Appleyard has relaxed sufficiently so that she no longer unmolds the trifle but makes it in a big Sandwich glass dish, decorates the top at serving time and serves it right from the dish. No complaints so far.

MARINATED CUCUMBERS

Mrs. Appleyard likes this dish with broiled fish—halibut, mackerel, haddock, flounder.

- 1 small cucumber, peeled, scored, sliced thin
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 small onions and tops, chopped fine
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 clove of garlic, peeled
- ½ teaspoon fresh thyme
- ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ½ cup olive oil
- ½ tablespoon minced tarragon

Mix all together. Pour over the cucumber and let stand in the marinade at least an hour. At serving time remove the bay leaf and the garlic.

CREAMED CELERY

Creamed celery is often half-raw celery coated with flour paste. This need not be.

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- Best stalks of 2 heads of celery cut in ½-inch pieces
- ½ cup hot water
- ½ cup thick cream
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1 tablespoon sherry
- 2 egg yolks

Melt the butter, add the onion and the celery and toss them in the butter 5 minutes. Do not let butter brown. Add the water and cook until celery is tender and most of the water has cooked away, 10 to 15 minutes longer. Add cream and nutmeg. Heat. Beat sherry and egg yolks together with a fork. Dilute the beaten yolks with a tablespoon of the hot cream, repeat twice, stirring well. Then add egg-yolk-and-cream mixture to cream in the pan. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens, stirring all the time. Serve from the pan in which it was cooked. Serves four. END

WINE WOMEN & SO ON

We know a young woman who was in a wild dither to find a special birthday present for a special man. She discovered a liqueur that has never before been imported into this country—Giacoma Casanova (like the lover), an elixir of Scotch and 80 other ingredients. So entranced was she with the whimsy, she bought three.

Casanova is only one of a gorgeous gaggle of after-dinner cordials and liqueurs that are making news this season. Our spies report a changing attitude toward after-dinner sips. Once they were a formal finale to long, elaborate meals; now they have become a part of casual entertaining. They make instantaneous and sophisticated impromptu desserts—always ready to pour and serve.

The whole look is different. The thimble-sized liqueur glass has been replaced by a larger glass; even an all-purpose wine goblet will do. You pour, as always, a small amount, about an ounce, two tablespoons.

More often than not—perhaps to the horror of the classicist—liqueurs are served on the rocks or over cracked or finely crushed ice. Sometimes with a short straw.

Cordials splosh happily over ice creams and sherbets. They go with the greatest aplomb into fruit cups; flavor cake frostings, sauces, gravies and puddings. They baste a duck, glaze a ham, blaze a peach, transform a pancake into a crêpe. Best of all, they gleam alone, quintessences of flowers and herbs and spices.

The world of cordials can be bewildering. There are so many dozens: medieval and modern, some from America, more from abroad. To help you find your way through a delightful wonderland, we have divided liqueurs into three large categories. First, the secret elixirs; second, the fruits and flowers; third, the seeds, beans, herbs and spices.

Secret Elixirs

In monasteries, hundreds of years ago, monks grew the herbs and brewed potions like those still made today according to their ancient formulas. Benedictine and Chartreuse are perhaps the two most renowned of the monkly liqueurs. Benedictine is bottled along with brandy as B & B. Chartreuse comes in two strengths and two colors; the gentler yellow veers toward topaz. The green is more potent (and more expensive). Izarra (literally "the star") of the Basque country also is in these two shades and two potencies.

Also amongst the secret ones is Strega from Italy. Legend says it is similar to the love philter that Tristan and Isolde drank. Galliano has a similar legend.

Fruity, Flowery

Apricot, for generations, has been one of the most popular basic flavors. Most celebrated of the apricot liqueurs are Apry of Marie Brizard and the Abricotine of Garnier.

Banana cordial, or *crème de banane*, has taken on a new importance in the last few years. Gives The Touch to banana daiquiris. Excellent in banana desserts; rarely served neat.

Cherry cordials, like Cherry Heering, Kijafa and Peter Hagen, all of Denmark, have now been joined by Cherry Eckes from West Germany, and Cherry Karise.

Orange and orange flower cordials are legion: great names such as Cointreau, Curaçao, Grand Marnier, Triple Sec.

Peaches come in a multitude of brandies and liqueurs. Unique is an American peach-flavored cordial, Southern Comfort.

Roses are the base of the man rose-colored, rose-scented liqueur Often known as "perfect love (Parfait Amour).

Strawberries are wild in a co dial from Dolfi of France, calle Fraise de Bois, and a new Wil Strawberry Wine, really a liqueu

Seeds, Beans, Herbs and Spices

Anise, the herb with the licoric taste, is the informing flavor many drinks all over the worl all the anise and anisettes, whit and red, the Ouzo of Greece, Pe nod and Ricard (the popul "pastis" from the south France), and Abisante, the American cousin. This year ther is another importation from I aly—Sambuca Romana, know ingly served as a frappé decorate with three coffee beans. Sip th liqueur, then chew the beans.

Cocoa and chocolate make a hur dred crème de cacaos—white golden brown.

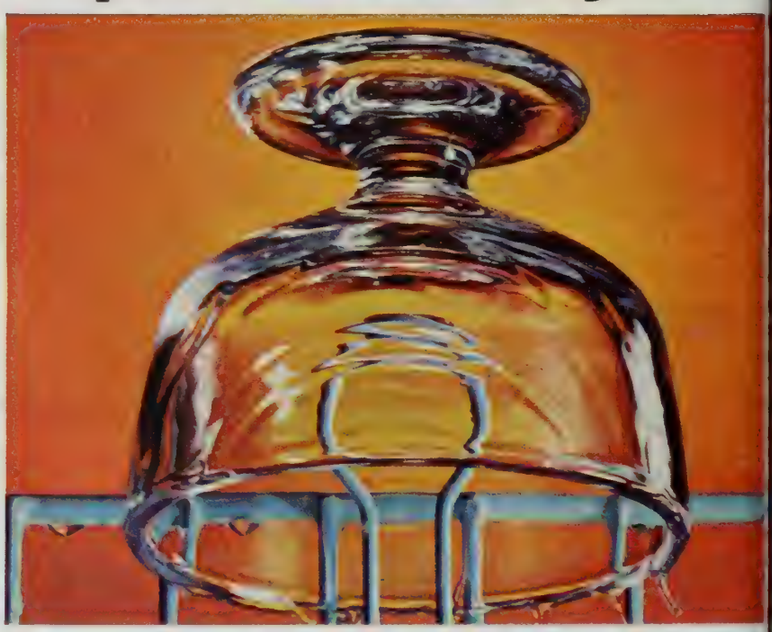
Coffee is, at the moment, one the most popular. In addition t the famous Kahlúa of Mexico an Tía María of Jamaica, there now Brazilia, an Espresso Coffe Liqueur, and Leroux Crème d Café in a coffeepot bottle.

Mint is known everywhere, no only green but white, sometime rose-colored, even gold. Especiall suitable for frappés is Garnier Frappémint, and the Freezomin of Cusenier.—Poppy Cannon

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IDING YOUR MONEY

ued from page 48

/ $10,000, and the average new owner has a yearly income of 0. Here are two points for you, otential new investors, to re- ber:

Deal only with a responsible r who will advise you as to securities are appropriate to particular financial circum- es and needs.

Regard any stock investment as part of a broader financial pro- that would also include some ination of cash savings, life in- ce, home ownership, pension . For the majority of American ies, each type of savings and tment plays a role in overall cial planning.

e're considering the purchase of 0 home freezer so that we can supermarket food bargains in tity and eat more economically. igure our savings on food bills d be at least $200 a year. But a er means extra electricity and r bills. How much would all extras cost?

depends on how much food you , of course. In general, the r the turnover, the lower the storage cost per pound of food. example, if you fill your freezer times during the year—and if freezer is the 16-foot size—the y costs would be as follows:

depreciation (15 yrs. expectancy):	$16.67
ricity (U.S. average es):	33.92
irs	5.00
Total yearly cost	$55.59
ge cost per pound of food	.08

urse, if you buy a freezer on the llment plan, you must add in- t charges to the total. And if you age any of your own food, that, will add to the cost.

Iy husband's income has risen ily since we were married sev- n years ago. But with soaring , the rising cost of living, and children, our $15,000 before-tax me today doesn't seem to buy more than our $10,000 income when we were married. As the n, in Alice in Wonderland, "It takes all the running you do to keep in the same place." e wondering how fast we have n to get ahead.

he Queen's answer to this was, least twice as fast"—but this d be a great exaggeration as far ou're concerned.

o "keep in the same place" as were with your $10,000 income nteen years ago, your before-tax me would have to be about 700 today. This is because So- Security and Federal income s for a couple with two children e risen from $1,112 to $1,863 in the period since 1949, and the cost of living for this family is up nearly $3,000 over the same period.

But your income is up to $15,000 before taxes. Along with the vast majority of American families, both your before and after-tax incomes are comfortably outrunning price rises and tax hikes.

Q: When the new Medicare law goes into effect in July, the hospitalization provisions will duplicate much of the coverage my retired husband and I now get through our private hospital insurance policy. How can we avoid overlapping coverage and unnecessary medical insurance costs?

A: The company issuing your medical insurance has probably made plans either to terminate your policy when Medicare goes into effect—with appropriate financial adjustment—or to offer you a brand-new policy supplementing Medicare's coverage (extra days of hospitalization, more private nursing care, etc.). If your insurer has not yet informed you of its plans, inquire *at once* about it. Under no circumstances should you cancel any medical insurance before Medicare goes into effect July 1. **END**



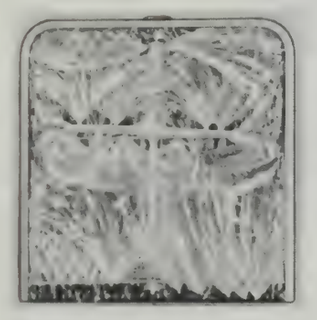
You have to wash dishes one by one to get them really clean. Right?

Wrong.

If you feel nobody can wash dishes as clean as you can—least of all a machine—we beg your indulgence. You happen to be wrong.

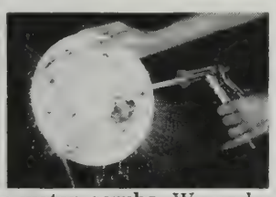
New RCA WHIRLPOOL dishwashers scrub up to 18 table settings at once—pots and pans included. A unique, new system cleans better than any other dishwasher, even you. 3 reasons: powerful jet-spray nozzles shoot out water to pry off foods . . . two full-size spray arms whirl water to reach every dish, everywhere . . . and filtered hot water is continuously circulated.

You get the same scrubbing action in all undercounter and portable models. So get rid of scouring pads, red hands and never-ending dirty dishes on countertops. Let us do your dishes. You'll love the results.

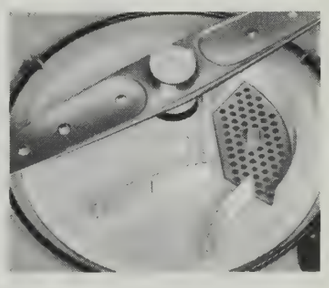


2 spray arms for total cleaning. Two full-size spray arms whirl water everywhere so dirt can't hide—no water-starved areas, and you can load dishes every-which-way.





Lazy water sloshes . . . our water scrubs. We make water work by putting it under pressure, and aiming it with jet-spray nozzles. These jet-sprays work like a nozzle on a hose—shoot out water to pry off foods.



We keep filtered water moving. Hot, sudsy water is constantly circulated through our exclusive self-cleaning filter. No need to scrape or pre-rinse dishes. In a dishpan, hot and sudsy water is through long before you are.

Choice of 9 decorator colors.





For best performance in your new RCA WHIRLPOOL dishwasher, use a superior detergent like Cascade.



RCA whirlpool

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continued from page 77

like many of her friends, but, even on $23,000 a year, this is impossible.

Nevertheless, Joe and Elaine refuse to worry. They are confident and able. "We're not going to sit home all our lives putting every penny into a jar," Joe says. "I couldn't go through life that way, and we're not going to change our mode of living." "Money is to enjoy yourself with," says Elaine. "Some luxuries are necessities, and money is for spending." And Joe announces firmly that he will conquer all their difficulties by earning $25,000 next year instead of $23,000, which will put them over the hump.

A different and more difficult type of case is that of the Champions, who are overspenders of another type. The Simchowitzes typify the family that goes in for moderate overspending and does not intend to give this up, no matter what, because they are determined to earn enough money to be able to continue their enjoyment of the good things of life. But debt has brought the Champions to a desperate situation, and their life is a struggle against heavy odds.

William and Elizabeth Champion, who live in Wayne, Mich., were married in 1950 in Haverford, Pa. They were childhood sweethearts, and attended the local high school together. They have five children: Linda, 12, Billy, 11, David, 9, Rebecca, 6, and Marlene, six months. Bill is a process engineer for the Burroughs Corporation; his basic pay is $142 a week, but with overtime he earns $10,150 a year. Without overtime the family could hardly continue to get along, and even so they are in debt $4,500.

Having to live on overtime produces pressure, and Bill suffers from severe migraine headaches, brought on by nerves. No wonder. To make ends meet is a ceaseless struggle.

Five children cost a lot to support, and, like all good parents, the Champions want their youngsters to have the best, including music lessons on expensive instruments. And, of course, Americans being Americans, they have two cars. "The 'Fifty-seven Plymouth isn't much of an extravagance," Betsy explains. But they paid $3,400 for a 1964 Dodge, although they might easily have found something cheaper, and still owe $1,800 on it. Still, they don't regret buying the car, and rationalize the expense by saying that they'll get a good trade-in on it. They paid $230 for a washing machine, although they probably could have found one for less, and put several hundred dollars into hi-fi equipment—because "we don't go out much."

They moved from Pennsylvania to Michigan some years ago, and this cost a lot. They had run up extensive bills in Haverford, and a finance company there threatened to chattelize a house they were selling if they did not pay the $350 balance of a $500 auto loan. Today they still owe $11,500 on the $13,200 house they bought in Wayne, and, because of inexperience, they were bilked out of substantial sums ($40 a month for services that were not services) by a finance company that is now defunct.

What has added to the pinch is, as in so many middle-class American families, medical expenses. Not only does Bill have neurological trouble but he suffers chronically from an eye complaint. Betsy's pregnancies, together with emergencies having to do with children, add to the bulk of "unanticipated" medical outlay. Their average weekly outlay for medical expenses is $15, plus $10 for drugs. At the moment they need $16 for the dentist, $24 for the drugstore, and $35 for doctors' bills. Some $28 in bills had to be left unpaid last month, and nobody in the family has any pocket money. One car needs a new battery, and the children are short of clothes.

In the past the Champions managed to get along mostly by borrowing from small loan companies at a high rate of interest. But this only got them deeper into the hole, and now, even if they do not run up more debts, it will take them three or four years to pay off what they owe. Their affairs are now in the hands of the Michigan League Budget Service, which is settling the following debts:

House mortgage payment	$103 (a month)
Associated Loan Company (borrowed for a former automobile loan and various medical costs)	704
Beneficial Finance Company (moving expenses from Pennsylvania and debt consolidation)	$654
Manufacturers National Bank (automobile loan)	1,800
J.L. Hudson department store (clothing, washing machine)	280
Wayne Federal Credit Union (Burroughs employee group plan; borrowed to pay Bill's regular accumulated bills like insurance premiums	215
Allied Radio Corporation (hi-fi equipment)	235
Garden City Medical Center (pneumonia, childbirth, eye treatment)	236

To take care of all this the Champions pay the Budget Service $77 a week, which includes payment on their mortgage. Clearly Bill Champion needs all the overtime he can get. But this case illustrates more than mere hard luck or inability to cope with some of the pressures of modern life. It shows that it has become all but impossible for a family with children to live a genteel life (two cars, musical instruments) on $10,000 a year—think what our forefathers would have said to *that!*

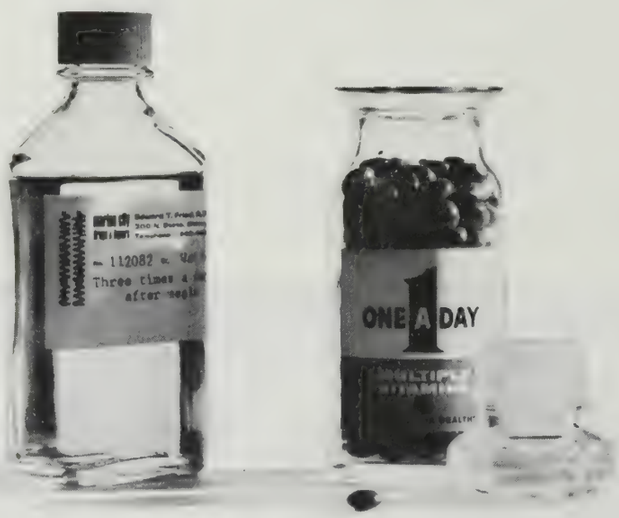
Moreover, to redeem their status fully, the Champions will presumably have to move down to a lower standard of living.

A third case demonstrates the problem of another family that got into grave trouble by overspending and is now determined to mend its ways.

Alfred and Patricia Crossley, an attractive, wholesome Negro couple, live in a well-kept three-bedroom house in Los Angeles in a middle-class neighborhood near the University of Southern California. Both work at the Lockheed Aircraft plant in Burbank. Alfred is 39 and Patricia 28. This is the second marriage for both, and a very happy one. Altogether they have six children, Alfred's three sons by his former marriage, ranging in ages from 10 to 14, Patricia's oldest son from her first marriage, and two infants of their own, a two-year-old daughter and an 11-month-old son. Alfred pays $100 a month to support his three sons, who live elsewhere. "They stay weekends with us," Pat says, "and they're wonderful boys. My husband broods if he can't be with them often. He loves all his children, so we have a bang-up deal with six kids in the house on weekends."

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of the things that Mrs. Loring Pratt wYork City likes about the United is the convenience of Evenflo rs. She says: "The nursers are so o nurse and so handy to use that it's onder everyone I meet uses them." ly Evenflo has the exclusive Twin Valve Sure Seal nipple that elimi- excess air swallowing, makes for- flow smoothly and prevents leak- nd nipple pullout.

re mothers use Evenflo than all other s combined . . . according to ndent surveys. Send for ormula booklet.

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Alfred earns $147 a week, Pat $106. Their annual income is $13,462. They have two cars—of course!—one ordinary TV set, and a TV-stereo console, but their house, neat as it is, looks bare. The furniture is cheap and worn, and there is no carpeting. They have never been able to spend anything much on furniture except the TV-stereo console and a twin bed set, which cost $650.

The Crossleys fell into debt soon after their marriage, and they now owe about



Hobbies, too, must be in the budget—Elaine Simchowitz, an art major in college, continues to take art lessons.

$5,500, which they are paying off at the rate of $61 a week. Their debt includes such items as hospital and doctor bills, $760 (largely the result of childbirth and complications while Pat was laid off from work); charge accounts at local stores, mostly clothing ($500); $400 outstanding on the $650 furniture bill; $3,500 on a 1964 Ford station wagon for which they paid $4,000; $1,100 on a consolidation loan from a finance company; and $600 for automobile and sewing-machine repair.

"It was all my fault," Pat confesses. "My husband warned me about piling up bills. But I was so happy about getting married and starting a new life that I wanted everything for it."



Feeding a family of five is still another strain on the Simchowitz budget.

Here is the Crossley budget:

Court payments for debt	$ 61.00 per week
Gasoline	15.00 per week
Rent	110.00 per month
Groceries	45.00 per week
Telephone	6.50 per month
Gas and electricity	12.50 per month
Routine medical expenses	200.00 per year
Clothes	360.00 per year
Cleaning	60.00 per year
Laundry	6.50 per week
Baby-sitter	25.00 per week
Alfred's payments for child support	100.00 per month
Automobile insurance	160.00 per year
Life insurance	none

"I get up about five A.M. and feed the children," Patricia says. "By quarter to six I'm driving them to the baby-sitter's. Then we drive to work at the plant in Burbank—about fifteen miles—and the traffic is murder. . . . I pick up the kids, come home, clean and cook dinner. I really want to be home to raise up my children right. . . . I like to cook, but I don't have the time to do it right."

This is the way Pat describes their financial situation: "We (*continued*)



Happy Apple Ham with the apples that won't turn brown.



2 cans (1 lb. 4 oz. each) Comstock Pie-Sliced Apples
1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 teaspoons vinegar
½ cup brown sugar
3 (½" thick) ham slices
⅓ cup cornflake crumbs *or* 1 package refrigerated biscuits
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Open Comstock Pie-Sliced Apples. Peeled, pared. Firm, fresh. And they'll stay that way, thanks to our special juicy packing process. Drain well. Mix with mustard, vinegar and brown sugar. Place in buttered baking pan.

Cut ham slices into halves. Place ham on apple slices. Sprinkle top with cornflake crumbs, dot with butter *or* place biscuits on top.

Bake at 375 degrees F. 20-25 minutes. Serves 6.

COMSTOCK FOODS: A DIVISION OF THE BORDEN COMPANY

were hooked." They had to borrow money and went to a finance company rather than a bank. "I guess we never thought about it. The loan companies advertise and it sounds so easy—we were robbing Peter to pay Paul when we borrowed from the loan companies. Once I was late with a payment, and hardly any of the $64 I paid went toward the principal. Only $18; I think the rest was written off in penalty and interest.

"My husband said, 'We'd better not get this now,' but I didn't want to wait. He wanted to save and pay cash, because he's been through this bill problem before. It was my fault; my husband despises being in debt. . . . Even now we don't keep a regular budget, but we know where our money's going. If there's a dollar or two missing, we can find out where it went if we want to look. There's no one knocking on our doors anymore. I'm very glad the bill collectors are gone. . . . The way they threatened us, it was awful. They would try to get us to do what was dishonest—anything to get the money. Then they love coming back at you with anything dishonest that they forced you into in the first place."

She went on, "I think we were unaware of what we were getting into when we ran up all those bills. You know, you go into a little dress shop on a Saturday. You see something you like and they talk you into it. 'Open a charge account.' If you're working, they'll let you charge all you want—the credit is too easy, and what they charge you to have credit is more than it looks like. I don't pay as much attention to the price of something if I charge it; it's like I'm not really paying for it. . . . Now we don't have a bill for anything except the milk."

Alfred continues to let Pat handle the household money the way she sees fit, and she says, "I've learned my lesson." She would love to equip her house better and buy some new furniture, but she vows, "We're paying cash for everything now, just one piece at a time. . . . This time I'm going to listen to my husband."

To conclude, let me try to make a generalization or two. A good many Americans have, it would seem, become thoroughly spoiled by the prevailing atmosphere of good times. We accept the "necessity" of having two cars, which most Europeans, as an example of an opposite view, would think of as a bizarre extravagance. But then Europeans in general still regard washing machines, electric refrigerators, air conditioning and hi-fi as luxuries. We, on the contrary, think of them as essentials, basic to our living patterns. Hence American families overspend. The pattern is: (a) get the object desired; (b) pay for it on credit or the installment plan or by borrowing money; (c) thus go into debt. Credit is easy. All sorts of credit cards proliferate. Banks beg to lend money.

There are a lot of psychological factors involved as well, as many case histories, not necessarily those above, prove. To spend money is good for the ego, and gives a feeling of superiority—even overtipping a taxi driver. A sociologist reported recently on the case of a housewife who consistently overspends as an expression of her subconscious hatred of her husband. She does it because she wants to embarrass him.

One study describes a teacher who says that his tendency to extravagance is a reaction against the stinginess of his parents. Many people are high-livers to compensate for the miseries of poverty in their childhood. Laziness is a factor, too. And some people simply do not have a sense of money. Then I have one friend who says that she was "ruined" as a young girl by playing a game that used fictitious money, full of zeros, as counters, and she could never get used to the reality of real zeros. She knew what dimes and quarters were, because her allowance was paid in silver, but the difference between large sums—$500 or $5,000—became meaningless.

Now, what about the rest of my own alibis? Rummaging through my files the other day I came across some old expense accounts that dated from the time I traveled a good deal on my newspaper job.

It staggered me to discover that the best hotel in Washington, D.C., charged $3.75 for room and bath in 1941. Today that would be $20 at least. But my income has not gone up correspondingly. Think of today's prices for such items as commuter transportation or a package of cigarettes or a quart of milk as against those of a quarter of a century ago. Another basic cause of overspending, then, is the jump in the cost of living in comparison with earning power.

I like to believe that, with the reservations already noted, my wife and I struggle with some success to keep extravagances in check. Nowadays have a Manhattan apartment on river, but for a good many years we li in a small town house. This house, though it was a delight, positively ate up in maintenance and upkeep. A n hot-water heater and sink; repairs t leaky roof and dumbwaiter, an asse ment for a broken si walk that was not fault; repeated pa jobs; installing a b glar-alarm service; plastering a bedro ceiling that crashed Sunday afternoon finally we had to mo

What happened w in a nutshell, that overspent ourselv right out of our o house, although oth factors contributed our decision to mo into an apartment.

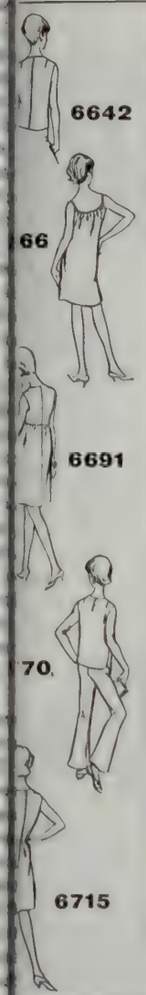
Perhaps I am mer trying to vindicate r own habits, but I think the real reas why almost all of us guilty of at least so overspending is the i mense, unprecedent material wealth of t United States and t natural desire of citize to share in this bonan whether they can ford to do so or n There is a tendency overspend whether person has $5,000 a ye or $50,000. America like to keep up appe ances, and presti counts.

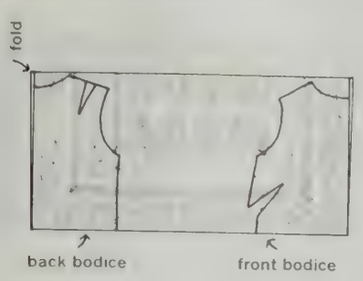
If your neighbor h a color TV set, must you. Wall-to-w carpeting, a better bra of Scotch, and holida in the Caribbean b come irresistible. A vertising constant stimulates the latent d sire to spend, and ch dren who would ha been satisfied a gener tion ago with a bag marbles have to be giv elaborate toys. Ma Americans have a te dency to pretend to happy even if they a not—in some commun ties it is an actual disgrace to be co sidered unhappy—and almost ever body has become geared to the illusi that free-spending and material po sessions are the hallmarks of ha piness.

Maybe they are. But when the b collector finally catches up with the d liberate, after-me-the-deluge overspen ers, happiness can become misery, d spair, and disillusion—even broke homes and heart attacks. Truthfully, believe I belong in the other categor the casual, feast-and-famine overspen ers, and that I will come out all right the end—if my luck holds out. EN

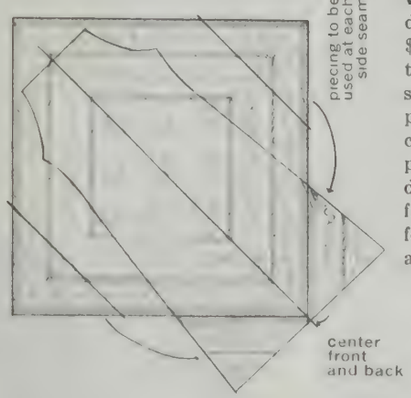


HE GREAT SCARF TRICK: Backviews and Instructions continued from page 93



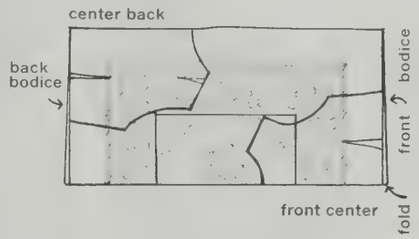


VOGUE 6642 Blouse, 10–20, 75c; Canada, 85c. Blouse requires one 36-in.- square scarf, size 14. Place pattern pieces as shown. Skirt is made by sewing two 36-in. scarves together and into a waistband.

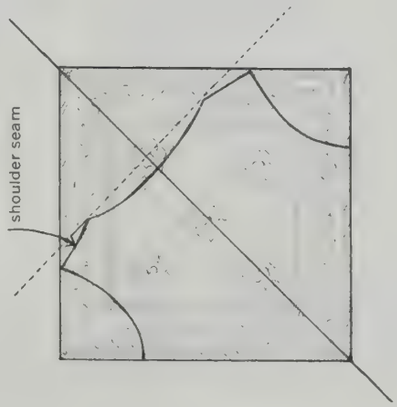


VOGUE 6766 Misses dress, $1.50; Canada, $1.65. Dress requires two 36-in.-square scarves for size 14. As pictured in diagram, corners are cut and pieced to bottom of dress. Cut bias strips from leftover fabric for neckline, straps and belt tie.

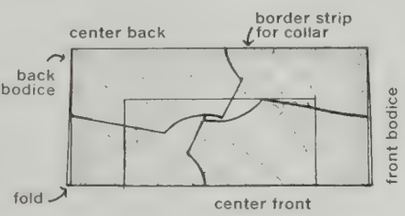
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VOGUE 6691 Misses dress, 10–16, $1.50; Canada, $1.65. Dress requires three 27-in. scarves for size 14. Place dress bodice pattern pieces as shown. For skirt, sew two scarves together, having seams at center front and center back, and attach to bodice according to pattern instructions.

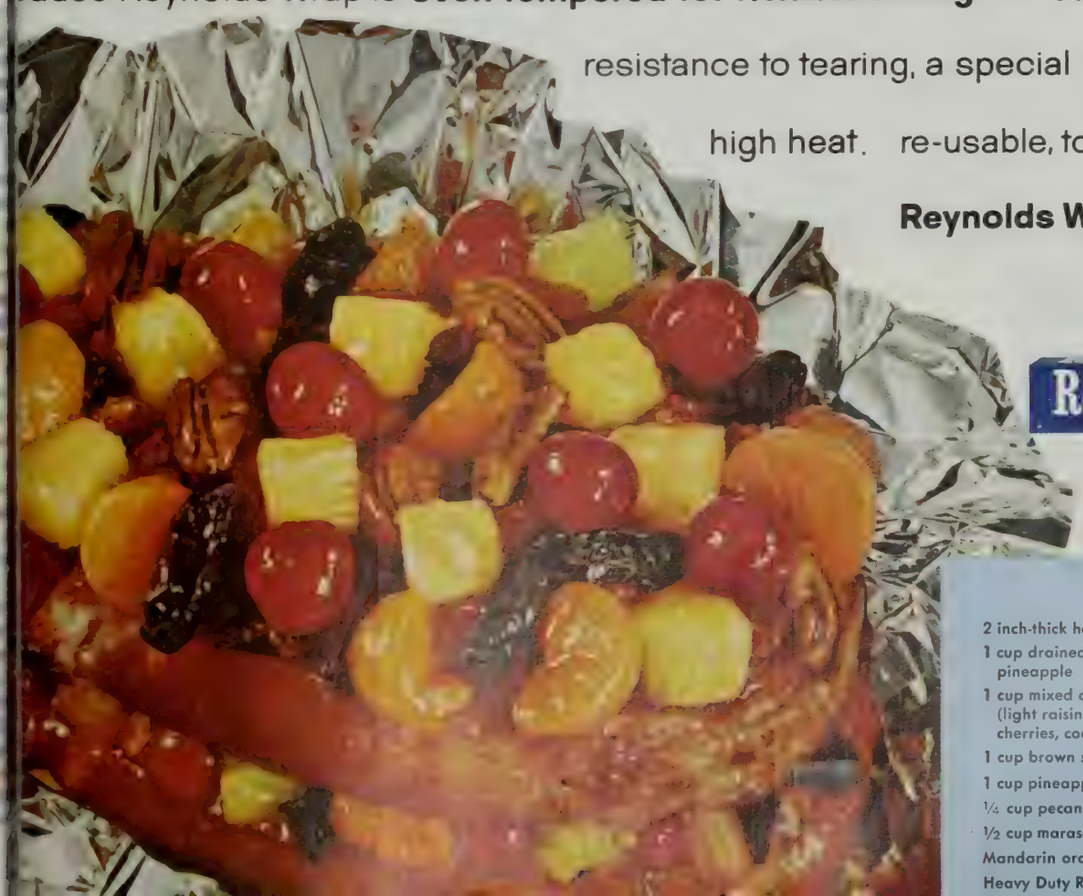


VOGUE 6770 Misses coordinates, 10–18, $1.50; Canada, $1.65. Blouse, pants, 4½ yards of 40/41-in. fabric without nap, size 14. For scarf, place bodice pattern on one 18-in. scarf. Lower point to front neckline is 16½ inches. Cut, attach to blouse at shoulders and armholes. Stitch lower edge of scarf to blouse front. Upper point folds over and hangs loose.



VOGUE 6715 Dress, 10–18, $1.50; Canada, $1.65. Dress requires five 31-in. square scarves for size 14. Place pattern pieces as shown. Add mandarin collar by cutting a strip of border. For skirt, sew all four scarves together and attach to bodice.

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HOLIDAY HAM SLICES TUTTI FRUTTI

- 2 inch-thick ham steaks
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1 cup mixed chopped fruit (light raisins, maraschino cherries, cooked prunes)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup pineapple chunks
- ¼ cup pecan halves
- ½ cup maraschino cherries
- Mandarin orange sections
- Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap

Combine crushed pineapple with mixed chopped fruits and half the brown sugar. Spread half this mixture over one ham steak and top with the other, sandwich-fashion.

Place ham steaks on large sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Wrap loosely and place on shallow pan. Bake in 400° oven for 45 minutes.

Remove from oven and roll back foil. Spoon out fat. Top with remaining fruit mixture, pineapple chunks, pecans, orange sections, cherries, remaining brown sugar. Return to oven 20 minutes to glaze, basting occasionally with liquid in foil.



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SOMETHING ABOUT A BLONDE

continued from page 94

matter. Next, we carried our investigation further by asking all kinds of people about blondes—experts, friends, coworkers, husbands and beaux—and here are some of our findings:

First, blondes have one very special distinction: There are very few of them around—real ones, that is—which probably accounts to some extent for their enduring popularity. Lucky, indeed (and rare), is the born blonde who stays blonde beyond babyhood. It simply doesn't happen very often. Most blonde babies grow up to be "dirty blondes" or mousy brownettes. Around their teens or early twenties, they must start lightening if they are to continue to call themselves blondes. (Lightening plus streaking produces the closest to a natural look, because true blonde hair is always variegated, never all one shade.)

As for the woman who wants to become blonde for the first time, she is every bit as lucky as the born blonde, because today she can accomplish it as naturally as if she were born to the color. Gone are the days when going blonde entailed the risk of looking flashy or brassy.

You really have to work at it today to acquire that long-ago "bleached blonde" look that was so popular during the '20's, '30's and '40's. The Harlow Peroxide Platinum Blonde of the '20's, the Chorus Girl Gold Diggers Blonde of the '30's, the Alice Faye, Betty Grable, June Haver Pin-up Blonde of the '40's—all these types are nearly extinct today.

In their place, a new, more natural concept of blondeness has emerged. "If I Have One Life To Live, Let Me Live It As A Blonde," says the wholesome, radiant woman-next-door in the hair-coloring ad. This is how Shirley Polykoff, the brilliant copywriter behind the phrase, envisions today's blonde. "She's soft, luminous. She's not a movie star. She's an every-day person. She could be the woman-next-door. She could be you." And even though her blonde hair is not natural, it must seem so to the man in her life. "Most men want to feel that the girl they adore got all that beauty from the inside out." Miss Polykoff, incidentally, is a very believable blonde herself. "I was born blonde, but," she confesses, "when I started to darken, I started to lighten."

And, like Miss Polykoff, there are very few blondes around, natural-born or otherwise, who would ever dream of trading their color for any other. Why? "I don't know" is the typical answer. "It's just that I have a blonde personality."

Is this a purely subjective feeling? Or is there really a "blonde personality"? Perhaps—though hard to define—there is. It's what Anita Loos means when she says: "You can change your hair color, but you can't bleach your personality."

And is that the real reason blondes cling to blonde? Or is it that any woman who's ever been blonde has been clued in to just how many advantages blondes have? Like makeup—they need less of it. Like clothes—they can look great in almost every color; and, happily, they never need look bleak in black. Like getting older—the lighter the hair color, the less the years will show. And, last but certainly not least, men—nine chances out of ten, they'll almost certainly turn around to get a good look at "that blonde." **END**

ACTION



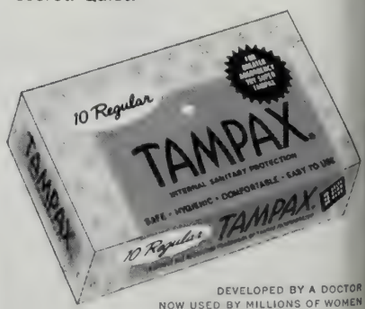


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4. You don't have any disposal problems.
5. And Tampax tampons always keep your secret. Quiet!



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

LORD, REMEMBER ME

continued from page 89

vgrounds in the city park em.

He was thoughtful for sev- moments, then spoke of oldest son. "I always knew l make a good lawyer."

"Why," I laughed, "because liked to argue and say what wrong with the world?"

omething surged up mo- ntarily in Ephraim's eyes subsided again. No, he l me slowly, it wasn't ex- y that.

t last he spoke of what he come for, and it seemed to barrass him. "I often won- d—did you ever get a kage I sent when I left ?"

had to think for a moment ore I remembered. Gen- ly pleased, I exclaimed, , Ephraim, indeed I did. I never could thank you— simply vanished!"

hen the whole thing came k to me, an experience that eared at the time to be of e or no consequence. But, retrospect, crystallized, it ame part of the vast edifice niversal change.

uring World War II when ple were commencing to k and talk volubly about al discrimination, Ephraim e to work for us. I often dered how much of our versations he heard, al- ugh he was only sixteen much more interested in three half-grown sons' re- ks than in ours.

rom the first day he came sons were enchanted with , and what boys wouldn't e been? He could talk like nald Duck. He could direct maginary brass band using aton made out of an old ng crop with a golf ball d to one end. He could h tricks to a baby pig. He ld make birds answer his stle. He could raise catfish he laundry tubs of our base- t. He could grow worms ld jelly jars. He could make fect rose scrolls on meringue He could sing so beauti- y you held your breath ening. But the great trou- was, he could never see in the house.

ven after I pointed it out didn't seem to notice it. h week I had to take him nstakingly over the vari- steps of thorough cleaning. ad to explain that a dusty, floor mop leaning upside n against pastel walls ld ruin them. I had to re- d him that the corners of om collected as much dirt the center, that trash bas- s and fireplaces served dif- nt purposes; and I even e a few examples of how -reaching the habit of clean- ss and order was in its effect people. But it was all a ste of breath.

He would watch my lips move, he would hear my voice rise and fall, but there was no communication between us. When I left the room he would retreat again into some world of his own, placing the mop upside down against pastel walls, leaning on the sweeper handle, singing softly to himself:

"'Oh Lord, remember me when I am called to die. . . .'"

I would find myself stopping on the stairs to listen. Sometimes he sang hymns with such exquisite agony his eyes would burn and his heart seemed about to break; although why, I neither knew nor cared.

If only he would follow my instructions. That's all I'm asking, I would say to myself repeatedly. During the war there were so many things to do—the vegetable garden, canning, preserving, a volunteer job three days a week, intermittent writing for the Sunday paper—that I could have used six pairs of hands. And to do Ephraim's work over again after I had paid him for doing it caused perpetual irritations. To make matters worse, my oldest son, who was at that time a precocious thirteen, said I picked on Ephraim. (*continued*)



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PROPHECY

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OH LORD *continued*

"Who wouldn't?" I said. "What do you think I found him doing yesterday? Dumping ashes on the carpet then taking them up with the sweeper. It would keep out the moths was his excuse."

"You'll have to admit, Mother, it's a dumb kind of job."

"He gets paid for doing it, so he ought to be made to feel more responsibility."

"I'll bet he hates it. I don't blame him; I would, too."

"That's beside the point."

"No it isn't." My son looked at me and frowned. "The trouble is, you've never tried to think what it's like to be Ephraim." Then he went outside and rode away on his bicycle.

He was approaching that phase of growth (a few years earlier than most) when indignation over the injustice and inconsistencies of the world was smoldering. Several times I had made the mistake of entering a discussion with him only to find myself trapped by one of his direct, penetrating questions that couldn't be answered logically.

I sighed as I looked out the living-room windows that framed a landscape of scarlet and gold.

Ephraim came sauntering down the road chewing on a twig about the size of an opium pipe. He walked slowly, aimlessly, and my son rode toward him and stopped. As they laughed and talked the October sun shone brightly on their faces and shed a burnished gauze through the trees. I felt a sudden premonition of change and loss. Autumn more than any other season marked the passing of time, the days when everything seemed to say good-bye. This was the last year before my son would go off to boarding school. I'd probably fire Ephraim before too long. Not that I minded the thought of his leaving as much as seeing the pattern shift, and wondering how I would bear up with less and less leisure and heaven only knew what fresh upheavals in the world.



"Did I understand you correctly? You want <u>two</u> automatic channel changers?"

Instead of going to the kitchen to remind Ephraim of today's duties I decided to let him alone. He came three afternoons a week and on Saturday mornings. I had made a schedule for him to follow and this was Wednesday, the day for shining brass and silver. I listened to hear if he opened the cupboard where polish was kept. Instead, I soon heard the hum of the vacuum sweeper.

I sat down at my desk to write a letter. When he came to the study and saw me he turned off the sweeper at once.

"It's the wrong day," he said dismally, and bent over to rewind the electric cord.

My pen lay still between thumb and forefinger. "Never mind, Ephraim. You might as well finish what you've started. Don't forget the fireplace."

He reached for a brass coal bucket into which he shoveled ashes from the hearth. As thick, yellow dust spiral ceilingward, I watched with cold res nation until the habit of past mont overcame me. "Isn't there coal in t bottom of that bucket?" I inquired.

He peered down. "A little."

"What'll you do, throw it away wi the ashes?"

"Do you reckon I could . . . hold back?"

"The government has been asking to save every bit of coal we can for t war effort."

He avoided my glance. In fact he h a way of withholding his sight whenev I was near.

"If only you'd let me teach you to things properly, Ephraim!"

"Guess I'm no good at housework

"You could be if you made up yo mind."

"Looks like my mind don't want be on housework."

Or on anything constructive, I though

He turned his head a little. "There a reason I'm no good at housework."

"Is there? I wish you'd tell me wh it is."

He shifted his weight from one arm the other on the vacuum sweeper an let his gaze roam out the window. F some time he stood there as if unable form his thoughts into words. Or, mo likely, I decided, as if he didn't want t share his thoughts with my race generation.

"What," I prompted, "were you tal ing about when you said there was reason you weren't good at housework?

His gaze returned to the room. "It' be kinda hard to explain."

"Well, I wish you'd try to tell m Maybe I could see your point of vie



nd then we could get along better."

It took him several moments to reply. Wonder if you'd do me a favor?"

"Certainly, if I can."

"Would you lend me a book?"

I nodded. "What kind of book?"

"That's what I'm not sure about."

Sometimes I wondered if he didn't try eliberately to irritate me. "I'd have to now what you want the book *for*, Ephraim."

His chin was on his hands now as they ested on the sweeper. Finally he spoke ust above a whisper: "I'd like to read book about bein' a great man."

The room was so quiet I could hear a vasp, left over from summer, swarming round the window panes. This naïve xposure of a human soul caught me so ff-guard I couldn't answer. I could re- ember something out of my past when was Ephraim's age and deeply involved vith religion. It was a verse from Psalms hat spoke about the Lord looking down rom Heaven on all the sons of men whose earts He had fashioned alike.

Apologetically, Ephraim murmured, 'Don't lots of . . . big men start out sort f . . . no-account?"

"Perhaps," I said, "although I hon- stly doubt it."

It was unwelcome information and he owered his eyes.

"I'm glad, though, to learn you have mbition, Ephraim."

"You didn't think I had?"

"Your work habits wouldn't lead me o think so."

Confusion spread over his brow. "Peo- le are quittin' this kind of job."

I knew what he meant. Thrust in his ocket was a newspaper published by leading Negroes of our city. I had glanced at it when I found it lying about in the kitchen and had felt frightened by my ignorance of the world I lived in.

My son had said, *you don't know what it's like to be Ephraim.* And he was right. But try as I would to open my mind to new ideas I realized I could only do so gradually. Meanwhile something rose up inside me like a minister in the pulpit. It was my duty to try and make clear to this boy what should be made clear to any boy on earth.

"Regardless of what jobs are . . . considered fitting these days, there's one thing that's absolutely necessary: it's living by principles, feeling obligated to do a good job for the person who pays you."

I wasn't sure he was following me but I plunged in deeper: "Take this business of our everyday water glasses. You're not honest about that, and it's one of the reasons there's so much antagonism between us."

He gave me an inscrutable stare.

"You've never once admitted breaking our glasses, although you and I are the only people here who wash dishes. I've heard you break them and I've found pieces in the trash can after you left."

His eyelids dropped.

"Everyone breaks things now and then, so that's the least of my complaints. It's the lies that are insulting."

He stood motionless and I felt weak from dealing out such blows. Something about the quietness of his hands folded over the handle of that vacuum sweeper made me detest myself.

But immediately I reacted in the old familiar way. I was irritated by his gaze, which seemed to be one of calculated melancholy. Through generations of reticence toward my race he wouldn't speak his thoughts, although I was intensely curious to know them, formless and impenetrable as they were.

I waited so long for him to say something the silence became unbearable. Neither of us spoke again, and finally I left the room. But a vague disappointment haunted me the rest of the afternoon. He had opened the door of his mind a crack. I had given my usual stock advice. But we had accomplished nothing. He would conduct himself as always, reject what I had said, and the whole matter, I thought, dismissing it already with a shrug, would simply be a characteristic incident between his race and mine. Before long I knew that I would hear him sing:

"'Oh Lord, remember me when I am called to die. . . .'"

After he left that Wednesday evening I didn't see him again for twenty years. I didn't know his address, so I couldn't return his things in the basement—a baton made of an old riding crop, jelly jars filled with fishing worms, and the catfish in our laundry tubs.

Several days after our conversation in the study I was at the kitchen window one morning when I saw a truck turn into our driveway. It came to the door and the driver got out and handed me a large package with my name on it.

Not having been to the city lately to buy anything, I was mystified. I tore open the box. Lying on top was a piece of tablet paper with the penciled scrawl, "From Ephraim." And inside was a set of six nice-looking water glasses. **END**

FIRST LOVE

continued from page 91

of dropping in at Steve's wheel shop on a Saturday afternoon. They'd sit around among the sprockets talking about how the government is ruining small business. Russ said Steve was talkative when Mary Lou wasn't around.

That was a comfortable foursome. I miss it. Mary Lou's cream-puff prettiness and easy laugh contrasted with what Russ calls my Radcliffe poise. I'm not sure he means that as a compliment. Mary Lou bubbled and gossiped—she knew everyone and remembered everything. I listened and nodded, envying her the security of a life in one place—grandparents, roots, and all that—while she, of course, imagined the existence of a corporation gypsy to be filled with endless adventures.

Burchfield is dull, no denying that, but wives find the exits. Some nap, some work, some drink, some flirt. Some make a career out of cards. What Mary Lou seemed to want most was a new house. She studied the classified ads, reading every single real-estate listing every day. She clipped the likelies and made herself a file. She dragged me around to inspect any house that sounded promising. Steve rarely looked at them. Whenever she found one she liked, it was too much money. "I suppose I could go to work."

"Would Steve approve?"

"Steve doesn't care, Nancy." She pushed back her bangs. "But I didn't go to college like you. The only job I ever had was selling cosmetics. Door to door." She giggled. "I got by strictly on my looks." *(continued)*

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You've probably noticed that a woman looking for a new house, like a man seeking a new thrill, usually finds it. Mary Lou found hers in a wooded suburb in West Burchfield, on the other side of the river. The kitchen was small, but there was a real dining room and the bathrooms were elegant. The house was white with a glazed brick façade and a shiny black front door. There was a lot of that white iron lace trim, a bit ornate for my taste, but the property was a bargain—the wife had run off with the gardener, and her husband seemed determined to sacrifice it.

Mary Lou caressed the swan-shaped faucets in the guest lavatory. "Imagine leaving all this for a man! She must be out of her mind."

They bought the house. They bought a second car, too, a station wagon—they needed it now. I think her folks helped. At Christmastime Mary Lou took a job as a saleswoman in the millinery department of a downtown store. She dropped out of afternoon bridge, Woman's Club, and volunteer work. She hired Georgella full time. I had to find a new cleaning woman.

We continued to see the Leanders, but not so often. By spring, Mary Lou and I were more apt to have a salad in a cafeteria on her lunch hour than dinner at home with our men. On Sundays she was up to her elbows in drip dry, and Steve had all that yard work. I don't wear hats, but whenever I was downtown I made a point of visiting the millinery department. Mary Lou complained that her feet hurt, but she looked great and I thought she dressed better, you know, simpler. She made good money, too—salary plus commission—and something called p.m.'s (push money) paid for selling hard-to-move merchandise. She combed back her bangs and wore a new hat every day all day, selling them right off her head.

"I never wear the same one twice. How's that for variety?" Her eyes sparkled. "The boss says I have a hat face. Whatever that means."

It meant that when the buyer quit without notice the week before Easter, Mary Lou was kicked upstairs. She told me at lunch—chili and coffee (paper cups) in the employees' lounge—a little breathless because she had only thirty minutes. She was wearing a very becoming hat, a sort of crown of blue violets.

"You're a regular American success story," I said.

"But am I ready?" She kicked off her shoes, massaging her arches.

"You're pretty and you're bright. You can fake it."

She steadied the crown. "It's a leased department, Nancy. We order by number. I know what Burchfield women like. But sooner or later the firm expects me to shop the Eastern market."

"You'll love New York."

He gave me his owl look. "Mary Lou likes what's new."

The next time I dropped in at the store she was buzzing around the hat bar, in one of those printed silk turbans from the French Room, a mirror in each hand, waiting on two customers at once. She hardly had time to talk but she drew me behind a partition—she smelled heavenly—and we stood there whispering, I wasn't sure why. I asked her if they could come to dinner on Saturday night.



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True, they looked different. No neat white uniform. Not always a clean-shaven look. But they knew how to get things moved from one place to another. In one piece and in short order.

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That's the way it was then. That's the way it is now.

We found that experienced men move a lot faster and break fewer things than inexperienced men. And now Bekins men average over ten years in the moving business.

We also found that nobody can put a new Bekins man through his paces better than an "old" Bekins moving man.

So the men we hand-pick eventually end up hand-picking other Bekins moving men.

And after what they've been through, you can't blame them for being the toughest judges of all.



"I've been there before." I raised an eyebrow. "On our honeymoon," she said. She never had mentioned it. "We did all the tourist things."

Later that year, Russ came home with the news that the company had sent Mary Lou to a merchandising clinic in Chicago.

I looked surprised. "Wouldn't you think she'd have called me?" I asked, feeling a little hurt.

"She knew Steve would tell me."

"That job was to guarantee the house, but she seldom sees the house now. I can't remember when we've eaten in that dining room."

She said no, she had too much to do. "Getting Belinda ready for camp. She goes in August."

"So does Cindy."

"I'll be making a buying trip." There were faint shadows under her eyes.

She promised to call me when she got back.

I canned peaches in August. It's a nuisance, but Russ likes them. The first year we were married I did it to impress him. Now I'm stuck with the job. It was easier with Cindy away—no interruptions, no skinned elbows to be kissed, no quarrels to arbitrate, no little lunch guests joggling the kitchen table. I had the jars filled by noon, and I set aside three of the prettiest for the Leanders.

Mary Lou telephoned me a few days later. "I'm back!" Her voice sounded high. She said New York was wonderful and exciting and she had a lot to tell me. "Can you come over next Sunday afternoon, Nancy? Alone?"

Alone. The word dropped like a shoe. "If I can get away." Russ has a thing about Sundays.

I waited until after church to mention it. Russ was treating me to Sunday brunch at the hotel. I eased through the revolving door ahead of him. "She wants to tell me about her trip."

He snorted—the way he does when my checkbook won't balance. "Did she tell you they're selling the house?"

I stumbled. "*Selling* it!" He nodded. I knew he had it from Steve. "Isn't that sudden?"

His mouth looked tight. "Ask your friend Mary Lou."

Your friend. It dropped, the other shoe.

"It's true," Mary Lou admitted. I had arrived early and found her in the bathroom, shampooing her hair. It was shorter than I remembered it. I sat on the side of the tub, watching her in the mirror. If she felt troubled, it didn't show. She looked young and rosy, as carefree as a college roommate primping for a big date. She turned off the swan faucet and swirled a pink turkish towel into a turban around her head. "I don't care about the house, Nancy," she said to me. Our glances met in the mirror, once removed. "I'm leaving."

I sat there, blinking like a caution light. "Leaving town?"

"Leaving Steve." My mouth fell open. She closed it gently, lifting my chin with her hand. She laid a wet forefinger on my lips. "I've met a man. *The* man, Nancy. And I'm going to marry him as soon as I can."

My face burned. "And Steve knows about this?"

"Yes." We went into the living room.

"He agrees?"

"What else could he do?" She lifted her chin. "I'm in love. In *love*, Nancy. For the first time in my life. There's no alternative. I want a divorce."

I collapsed on the sofa. "You're out of your mind." I thought of the other woman who had run away from this house. "You're completely out of your mind!"

"I thought you'd understand. I thought you were the one person who



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had been around enough to know how things happen."

"But your job——"

"It isn't important." She began to towel her hair.

"And your folks—what will they say?"

"It's rotten for them, but I can't help it." She looked away, far away. "It's fate."

I felt nauseated. "What about Belinda?"

"We'll work it out. She'll be with me. Steve can see her any time. Frank understands. He wants us both." Her eyes asked me to marvel at Frank wanting them both.

I choked. "Could I have a brandy or something?"

She fixed two drinks and handed one to me. Her hair curled in a damp fringe around her face. "Nancy, let me tell you about Frank. I want you to know how it was."

I didn't want to hear it. I wanted to close my eyes, like Cindy, and make it go away. But Mary Lou was already launched:

"He isn't handsome. Frank isn't even tall. He's—I don't know—he pays attention. He doesn't treat you like part of the furniture. He's forceful, Nancy. He never lets you forget he's a man. I met him on Friday, the second night in New York, at a company cocktail party at the hotel. I thought he was part of the brass—he was on a first-name basis with the executives—but it turned out he's assistant manager of the hotel. He was moving around the room, checking on things—including me, I discovered later. He brought me a fresh drink, a Gibson, and asked me to explain my hat—the spikes reminded him of the Statue of Liberty. I said any hat that can be explained is unchic. He offered to explain the Statue of Liberty—if I'd go with him to Staten Island. I told him I'd seen it, I understood it, I even quoted the inscription on the base. He laughed—his eyes crinkle when he laughs—and he warned me that nobody but nobody likes a smart-aleck milliner. He ticked off sight-seeing possibilities, but I'd seen them all. He suggested dinner. I lied and said I had plans. He said he'd change his if I'd change mine. I refused."

Mary Lou glanced up to make sure I registered that she had been hard to get. I didn't tell her it sounded like any ordinary cocktail encounter to me.

Frank had seemed disappointed, she said. He wanted to show her his office, or, better yet, his suite. "I asked him if it was the penthouse. He said he was *assistant* manager. We chipped away at each other for a while. I asked if he offered his services to all the women guests. He said, oh, yes, they came in droves. They collided in the halls. Some days he had to put on an extra elevator. He quoted the inscription over his bar: OCCUPANCY OF THESE PREMISES BY MORE THAN 150 FEMALES PROHIBITED BY LAW. I laughed and said nobody but nobody likes a smart-aleck hotel man. We settled down after that. I mentioned my room was next to the elevator. He promised to do what he could about a transfer. We sat down on a bench in a corner and he told me about the new chef, lost keys, a toy manufacturers convention arriving tomorrow. Wear your chest protector, he warned, the elevators'll be full of rocket guns. He asked me if I would have lunch with him if he gave the toycoons the slip. Yes, I said, I'll bring my skate board." Her eyes were level across the top of her glass as she assured me, *(continued)*

MIRACLE

By Louis Untermeyer

This was the miracle I saw:
It was the end of winter but still raw,
Grim as the aftermath of grief.
Yet, frozen lifeless, numb to any thaw,
A dead black branch put out a bright green leaf.

This was the miracle I heard:
It was too soon for spring, too dark, absurd
That life could make a joyful move.
Yet, from the branch, a small black bird
Sang out a wordless litany of love.

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"That's all I thought it would amount to—lunch."

He took her to Pavillon.

"I've never been so flattered, Nancy." Her eyes glowed. "It was fabulous—the snowy linens, the velvet service, the plush and the mirrors and the gilt—they trundle this shiny brass cart right up to your table—Frank says it's from the old Normandie." She passed her hand over her eyes. "We stayed for three hours. I kept thinking I'd wake up and find myself back in the employees' lounge with the chili and the paper cups. I asked him if he was rich. He said no, just reckless."

She smiled, remembering. "I had a business appointment that afternoon—so did Frank—we met again at six for a cocktail at the Rainbow Room. He wanted to take me only to places I'd never been—places that would always be 'ours.' We sat by the window on the sixty-fifth floor gazing down into that winking, blinking, twinkling canyon of night lights. I said it was magic, he said it was cleaning women coming in with mop buckets. I insisted it was Christmas and New Year's and the Fourth of July. He said starbursts were flaring inside him. I knew the feeling—red sunsets do it to me. And sailing ships, he said, and flying fish and rainbows. I told him I saw a double rainbow once. He said the Chinese believe rainbows have gender—the inner arch, male, the outer, female."

I listened to her, fascinated. She remembered every word Frank had spoken to her. It wasn't so much that she wanted me to hear it: she wanted to hear it again herself. She gazed out the window at the shadows lengthening on the Leander lawn.

"Up to that minute, Nancy, we had talked constantly, like background music. All of a sudden we lost the melody. We sat staring at each other in silence. After a while we took a cab back to the hotel, where I found my things had been moved into a suite. It had a marble fireplace. Frank looked smug. You wouldn't come to see me, he said, so I fixed it so I can see you. I blushed and argued, but he shushed me. 'Don't get nervous, Ohio.' He said he wasn't trying to seduce me. 'Not now. I meant to, but a funny thing happened on my way to the couch—I stopped thinking about tonight and started planning a lifetime.' I stared at him. He came close. 'I'll change my plans,' he said, 'if you'll change yours.'"

Mary Lou's voice trailed off. Her eyes misted. I knew she was omitting something, I could imagine what. "He said it began with that first Gibson—and me trying to act sophisticated—unable to hide what he called the awe and wonder in my face." She tucked her feet under her. "He had to go check on the toymakers' banquet. He told me not to move, he'd be right back."

Frank left. She paced around the suite alone. She gazed at her clothes hanging in the closet, her toilet articles resting on the bathroom shelf, the bed turned down. Her eyes burned. She lay down on the bed, fully dressed, telling herself that this whole thing was mad, wrong, nutty, *impossible*. She tried to think. Her heart was pounding. She knew she would be unable to think when he was there again—any minute!—looking at her, touching her, talking to her. She got up, changed her shoes, and left the hotel. "I went into Schrafft's," she said. "I sat at the counter and ordered a sandwich. When it came I couldn't eat it. I slumped on the stool watching a pale girl reflected in the mirror behind the doughnuts pyramided on the back bar. I wondered what was worrying her. It was a long time before I realized I was looking at myself. I left. I walked around the block. People shoved past me. I was afraid alone on the street. I went into a movie theater. A double feature. I sat through both pictures. I couldn't tell you who was in either one. I came out after midnight. I noticed an all-night beauty shop. I went in and asked for the works."

She fingered her haircut. "It was three o'clock when I got back to the hotel. There was a pink rose on my pillow."

Frank showed up the next morning with the breakfast cart, set for two. She said he dismissed the waiter. "I was nervous. My hands shook. He was completely at ease. He didn't ask where I went or what I did last night. He didn't ask any questions at all. I looked terrible—that old blue travel robe, my hair wild, circles under my eyes. I went into the bathroom and combed my hair. I told him I'd had it restyled. He said he liked it better the other way. I told him he sounded like a husband. He gave me a long look. I shivered. I said I w cold. He lit the electric logs. They g off light but no warmth. Like some m riages. We sat down to eat. He serv Fresh strawberries. Eggs Benedict. C fee. I began to feel better. He h brought the morning papers. We around with our feet up, reading, loafi as if we had all the time in the wor I looked at him across the top of t newspaper. I read his horoscope alou It said this was a romantic day for hi He said you can't l lieve anything you re in the papers any mo Suddenly we were ta ing again. I wanted know all about him what kind of a little b he was, who was first girl. His eyes cri kled. He said she w the girl next door—loved her madly, said. He gave her h penknife, which sh cherishes to this da crying softly as s whittles. I started laugh then—but I fou myself crying. Fra covered my hand. We going to be all right, promised—we'll alwa be all right. I had thr days left in New Yor He asked me to giv him those days."

Mary Lou halted h story there. Her fa was luminous in th dusk. We sat in silen in her living room unt she stood up to turn o a lamp. I know it was trick of the light but, fo a moment, the roor was full of rainbows.

I backed the car ou of the Leander drivewa for what was to be th last time. I crossed th silent river and heade for home. I kept thinkin of all the things I shoul have said: profound an practical things abou the heady combinatio of a new job, a new town, a new man—real istic things about th way cocktails and star bursts subside in the temperate air of mar riage, moralistic things about discipline, duty and all that. What was it that had kept me silent?

It was her face, her luminous face, the awe and wonder in her face. As I turned into the narrow street where we live, a twinge of envy—yes, envy—stirred inside me. *Knowing* it's cleaning women with mop buckets doesn't alter the beauty of the view.

Russ came out on the porch to meet me. He looked uneasy. I knew he wouldn't want me to see her again. He handed me out of the car and into the house as if I held the winning ticket. Come to think of it, I do. Not that I could ever do what Mary Lou did. I *couldn't!*

Or could I?

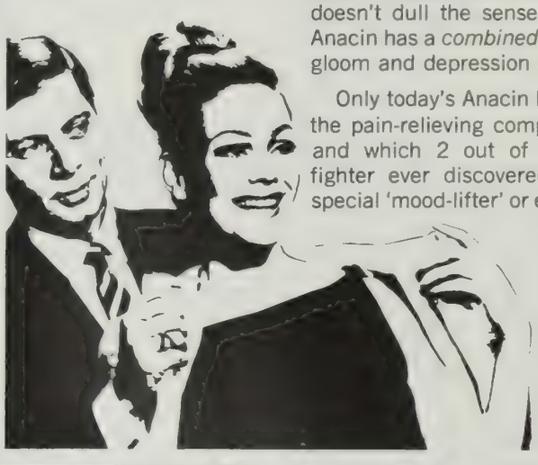
I leaned against him. "Hold on to me, Russ. Hold on to me." **END**



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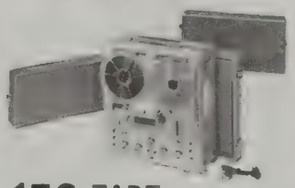
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- Linger Awhile
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- Sleep
- My Grandfather's Clock
- I'll Always Be in Love with You
- Does Your Heart Beat for Me
- Blue and Brokenhearted
- Just Friends
- I'm in the Mood for Love
- They Say That Falling in Love Is Wonderful
- To Each His Own
- All By Myself
- I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby
- Once in a While
- Someday
- When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain
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- The Band Played On
- The Waltz You Saved For Me
- Vilia
- East Side, West Side
- I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?
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- Air on the G String
- Musetta's Waltz

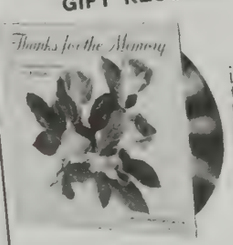
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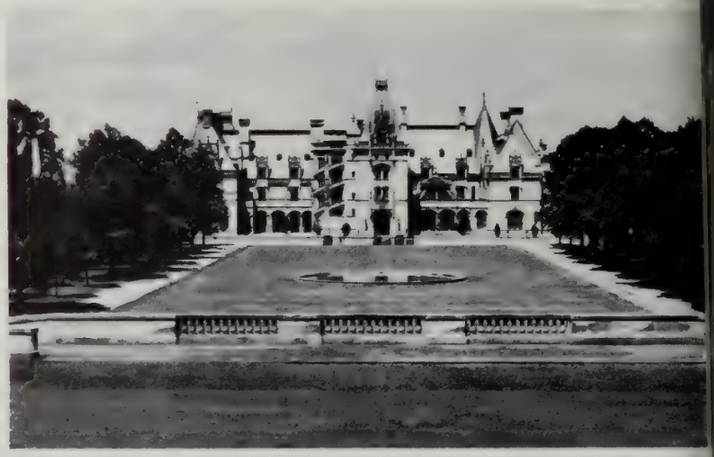
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Good Housekeeping

The Magic Lantern

Inspired by the lyrical châteaux of the French Renaissance, Biltm House stands in the misty beauty of the Blue Ridge as a monument bygone era of great dreams and vast wealth. By James T. Ma



Behind Biltmore's graceful façade are about 250 rooms containing countless treasures. The formal gardens represent only part of an original 100,000-acre est

Biltmore, an immense château of exceptional grace, stands like a French Renaissance apparition on the great continental tableland between the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains, near Asheville, North Carolina. It may well be the finest country house ever built in America; yet its provenance is clearly the Loire valley, "the garden of France," where a succession of historic châteaux, lyric and regal, beguile the eye.

Biltmore was the palace of George Washington Vanderbilt II (he was actually the *third*), grandson of the founder of the family fortune. George was an unusual young bachelor who took pleasure in translating contemporary writing into ancient Greek, and assembled a library of more than 20,000 volumes. His skill in reading, speaking and writing foreign languages was so great he could conjugate the verb *create* in French, German, Italian, Greek (ancient *and* modern), Hebrew, Spanish and Sanskrit. Carl Alwin Schenck, a German who became the first resident forester at Biltmore, recalled that Vanderbilt "looked like a Frenchman, slender, with a black mustache and with black eyes shining kindly. . . ."

George Vanderbilt began to erect Biltmore in 1889. That was four years after he had inherited $5,000,000 (and the income from a $5,000,000 trust fund) from his father, William Henry Vanderbilt, and 13 years after he had inherited railroad stock worth $2,000,000 from his grandfather, Cornelius (Commodore) Vanderbilt. He composed the name of the estate from *Bildt*, the family's Netherlands homeplace, and *moor*, the English word for sedge-covered uplands. He was 27 when the château was started, and 33 when it was completed, in 1895. Construction on other parts of the estate continued for several years after the house was opened.

No one knows how much Biltmore cost. Estimates range from $3,000,000 to $8,000,000, the higher figure including the price of the land, which may at one time have embraced about 140,000 acres. If it were built today, the estate might cost $70,000,000.

The seigniory that Vanderbilt created in the rolling Appalachian uplands was so vast that it took him almost a week to inspect it on horseback. It compa with the baronial forests of Saxony, royal hunting preserves of France, the king's Sherwood Forest in Engla The estate even had its own mountai Mt. Pisgah, 5,749 feet. The irony of E more was that George Vanderbilt, loathed business, and never "worked day in his life, had created an enterp that required the full-time services 750 people. In effect, Vanderbilt beca at various times the administrator renowned pig farm, an outstand dairy, a poultry farm, a world-fam herbarium, a manorial village (chur houses, school, hospital, boys' and gi clubs), fish hatcheries, pheasant hat eries, a tremendous reforestation proje a nursery whose shoots and saplings w sold across the country, a three-mile r road spur, seemingly endless garde roads and trails that eventually exceed 100 miles, vast stands of hardwood ti ber, a lumbering business, a six-mile p line that conveyed water to Biltmo two reservoirs, and a filtration plant.

The year that Biltmore opened, Jul Sterling Morton, Grover Clevelan Secretary of Agriculture, visited t farms, forests, streams, and model lage of the estate. Later he complain in Washington that Vanderbilt "e ploys more men than I have in my char and spends more money than Congre appropriates for this department."

Biltmore House arose amid one-roo cabins on impoverished farms that sou Appalachian pioneers had burned out the timberland. It was designed Richard Morris Hunt, who had fi brought the classic Loire château America in 1879 when he designed Fifth Avenue mansion in New York f William K. Vanderbilt, one of George older brothers. In contrast to the neig boring hovels, Biltmore had a groun span of 1,000 feet, including the terrac and stables: the span of the house alo was 375 feet (15 feet longer than a foo ball field); the foundation covered fo acres. Limestone slabs for the wal came from quarries in Indiana. The ro was the largest ever built on a priva dwelling in the United States, a Goth complex of steep pitches ornamente with handsome crestings. Inside t château were about 250 (continue



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rooms, including 40 master bedrooms and eight major galleries and assembly halls. All the guest rooms and state halls were embellished with costly period draperies, tapestries, rugs, furniture, and rare artifacts, most of which Vanderbilt himself had selected on trips to Europe. Near the entrance hall was a sunken marble court with a fountain, statuary and plaques carved by Karl Bitter, a young Viennese who was to become America's leading ornamental sculptor. The court was filled with palms and flowers from the gardens and greenhouse. Paintings by Landseer, Reynolds, Renoir, Whistler, and Sargent (who visited Biltmore) and hundreds of engravings were displayed in the ample galleries.

The library had a 2,482-square-foot ceiling painted by Giovanni Antonio Pellegrini. (Vanderbilt kept his promise never to reveal which Italian family sold him the fantastic ceiling from its ducal palace.) The house was so vast that it generated its own lore. For example, one tale relates that a New York interior decorator was advised the Norman banquet hall at Biltmore was 75 feet high. Nonsense! But when he arrived at Biltmore, and ste into the great hall, he claimed, "My God! It's t

The banquet hall was for formal dinners to w Vanderbilt invited membe the diplomatic corps Washington. In the mids splendors, the triple fire offered its own distinction was so broad, and carried a massive mantel and chim that the tripartite division structurally necessary. A panel looking like a te frieze lay across the ma there, Bitter had carved o his youthful masterpiece huge stone hood rose from mantel to the chimney, w appeared to continue endle upward. Overhead, the s pitch of the enormous roof reinforced with arched c braces that gave an effec vaulting. Standing against walls were two thrones signed after those found European castles. They loo quite at home.

Not far from the house the "Grand Arboretur planned to be the finest in world. It was to cover acres, and had more specie trees under growth than E land's famous Kew Gard However, the arboretum abandoned and the area converted into the herbari The extensive private gard included an English gar with ivy from Kenilworth C tle and Italian gardens on side of the grassy mall t stretched away from the trance façade. There was reflecting pool with a fount on the mall, a swimming p off to one side of the châte and a 10-acre lake.

But was Biltmore rea what Vanderbilt had in mi when he sat on a hotel po in Asheville, in 1888, a dreamed of the home he wo build in the blue distance There is a common biograp ical portrait of him, after t château was finished, as t rich seigneur riding his timb lands, inspecting the work his hundreds of retaine perusing rare books, and filli his days with ordered count pleasures. Unfortunately, t picture is false.

When Biltmore was co pleted, the estate had ever thing but a mistress. Geor invited his brothers and siste and his mother to come do for a ceremonial housewarmi on Christmas Eve, 1895. T nearest sidings of the Southe Railroad were jammed wi Vanderbilt palace cars. George mother presided as the hos ess of Biltmore House; it w her last Christmas; she w dead before the next year w out.

Three years later, in 189 George married Edith Stu vesant Dresser, a direct d scendant of Peter Stuyvesan in the American Church of th



Gas broiling gives you better heat control... costs less, too!

A plump, tender chicken is tough to cook—if you don't cook it with gas.

Thick chicken breasts and thighs must be cooked with gentle, controlled heat, so the meat will cook through without overbrowning.

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Chicken Vintage

Two 2 to 2 1/2 lb. broiler chickens

Wine Sauce

1/4 cup salad oil 1/4 cup white wine

1/2 teaspoon *each* paprika, Ac'cent and sugar

1/4 teaspoon *each* salt, garlic salt, onion salt, thyme, marjoram, & rosemary

Put all ingredients in jar; stir well; cover and refrigerate 24 hours.

Have chickens split in halves with backbone and breastbone removed and joints broken. Wash chicken; dry; brush all over with Wine Sauce. Arrange skin side down in broiler pan; flatten. Place in broiler compartment so chicken is 7" to 9" below a medium flame. If browning too fast, reduce flame. Turn every 15 minutes, brushing with Sauce, until golden brown and tender, 45 to 60 minutes.

BLUE STAR HOMES FEATURE GAS COOKING

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Trinity in Paris. He brought her
ltmore on October 1.
urrah!" Schenck wrote in his diary,
een forestry entries. "All was cheers
miles . . . her face was sparkling
kindness, sweetness, lovability, and
. . . ." Later, he recalled: "She had
fine social instinct . . . she went
every humble cabin of a forest
er. . . ."
n years later, the diarist noted,
was "in tears" over the estate's
ndous financial problems. Reasons
he problems were twofold: the
costs incurred in maintaining Bilt-
's vast holdings, and Vanderbilt's
uck in handling investments.
e entire success of Biltmore rested
e premise that it would be a self-
rting estate. Each major element—
, nursery and forests—had to pay
wn way to support the huge
iory. The scheme would have been
ible in Europe, where noble land-
rs could use peasant labor, but
lerbilt had to pay American wages
staff of 750.
e forests proved to be a liability
anderbilt's grand dream. Gifford
ot, the first American to become
fessional forester, had been hired
consultant for Biltmore at the
t. He set up small-scale lumbering
tions, encouraged Vanderbilt to
housands of acres of additional for-
nds, and enthusiastically promised
mployer that these holdings would
a profit of 4 percent a year. When
Schenck came from Germany to ac-
y manage the forests, he found a
os" of trees and the lumbering op-
ons altogether impractical. It was
that with the best will in the world
forests would never be anything
than an expensive hobby.
1902, and in the year following,
Vanderbilt suffered heavy financial
s, he closed down the non-paying
s, and sold his private railway car.
hen cut the Biltmore forestry budget
ercent, and shut down Biltmore
se. Thereafter, he visited the Caro-
mountain château, but he never
spent as much time there as he had
e past.
e manager of the farms quit in
, and Vanderbilt let the estate's
cial controller and his staff go. All
building was stopped, and estate
hases were halted. By 1907 Vander-
was so concerned about money that
dered Schenck to lease a part of the
e to sportsmen who wanted to es-
sh a hunting preserve. The deal fell
ugh when Vanderbilt demanded 10
s of rent *in advance*. Once again, all
ceased at Biltmore.
March, 1914, 25 years after he
ed to clear the land for Biltmore,
derbilt died of a heart attack. He
52. *The New York Times* predicted
his estate would amount to $50,-
000; but it was discovered, in pro-
ng the will, that, except for some in-
nce (on which he had borrowed
rily), there was no estate of any con-
ience. One need no longer guess how
t a strain Biltmore was on his re-
ces. He was, says one observer, the
rest Vanderbilt ever buried in the
ily mausoleum at New Dorp on
en Island.
eorge Vanderbilt's daughter, Cor-
a, was married in 1924 to John
ncis Amherst Cecil, First Secretary
he British Embassy in Washington.
y went to Biltmore to live, and in
0 opened it to the public as a tourist
attraction. Shortly thereafter the Cecils separated.

After a 1934 divorce in Paris, Cornelia married again; now she lives quietly in London, far from Biltmore and its memories. When she turned her back on Biltmore she left its management to Cecil (who loved and preserved the estate), and deeded her interest in it to her sons.

When he first saw the bristling turrets, belfry towers, and Italianate gables of *Chambord*, Alfred de Vigny was moved to write:

"Magic château! You feel as if some djin from the East, under the spell of that wondrous lamp, had stolen it during one of the 'Thousand and One Nights' from the land of the sun, and hid it intact in the land of mists and princely love."

One might similarly be persuaded that Biltmore, with its steeply pitched roofs and slender pinnacles, its copy of the imposing staircase turret at *Blois*, was lifted in its entirety from the Loire valley, "distant blue ridges" and all.

And one might be persuaded further that there clung to it the sad tale of another romantic French château, that of the Marquis de Livry "who was ruined by the enormous sums his architect induced him to spend."

The magic lantern in the Carolina mountains was the wealth and imagination of George Washington Vanderbilt II, a man who, like the Marquis, was overwhelmed by his dream. **END**

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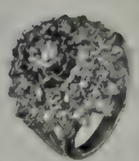
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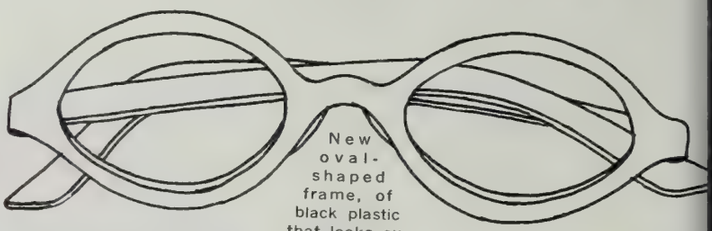
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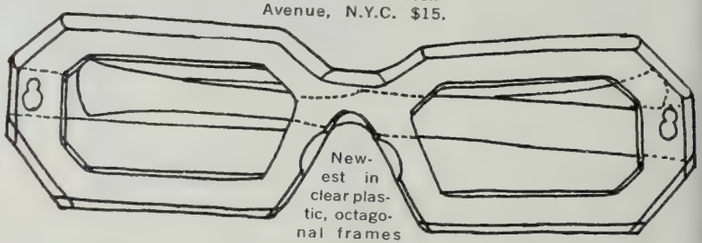
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New Fashion Frame-up

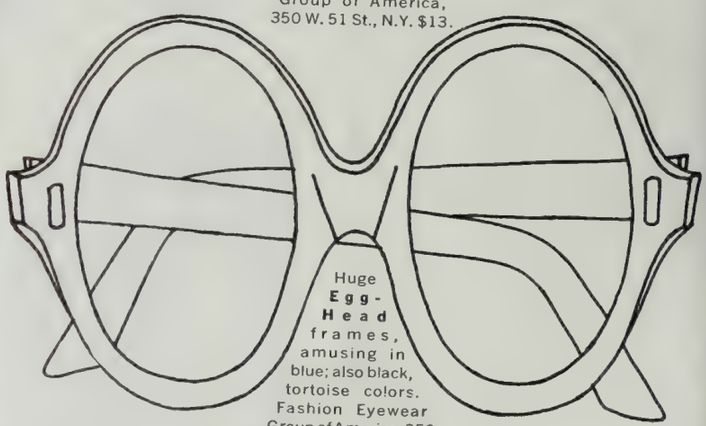
Study the frames here—great new shapes and interesting sizes like these make glasses one of this year's most important fashion accessories. When you're ready for new frames, experiment. Find the best color, size and shape for you by trying them all.



New oval-shaped frame, of black plastic that looks exactly like wood. **Margo** is at Frederics, 685 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. $15.



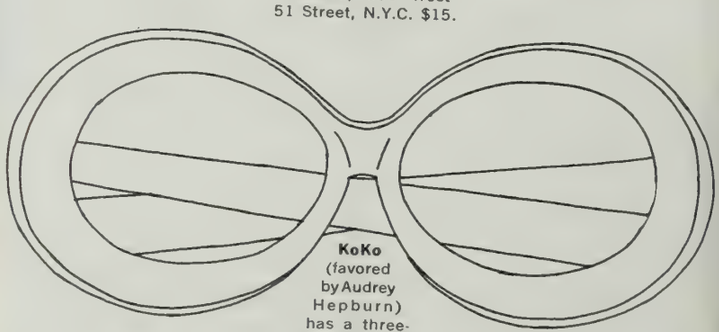
Newest in clear plastic, octagonal frames also come in black or tortoise. Fashion Eyewear Group of America, 350 W. 51 St., N.Y. $13.



Huge **Egg-Head** frames, amusing in blue; also black, tortoise colors. Fashion Eyewear Group of America, 350 West 51 St., N.Y.C. $13.



Little **Half-Eye** frames, fun for reading or sunglasses. Black, tortoise, colors. Fashion Eyewear Group of America, 350 West 51 Street, N.Y.C. $15.



KoKo (favored by Audrey Hepburn) has a three-dimensional look. By Oliver Goldsmith, distributed by Bernard Kayman, 51 East 42nd St., New York, New York. $30.



Treasure Island.
Who cares if the gravy boat never arrives!



When you're digging into that great potato flavor, who needs gravy? Umm. Creamy, fluffy French's Mashed Potato. Next time you're searching for a flavor treasure, remember French's Mashed. Reach for the white package with the Idaho potato on the front. From French's . . . with flavor.

Potatoes Are In

Just about everything is costing more this year, it seems—everything but potatoes. Potatoes have a quiet way of helping your budget, especially in potato salads, the dish with a hundred moods and styles.

Some potato salads are dull, even stodgy, but they certainly don't have to be. They can be anything from an hors d'oeuvre to a vegetable course; they are equally happy hot or cold. Team them with fish, meat, poultry, vegetables, even fruit. With this flexible creature you can fit any budget or taste. Try some of these hints:

- Gild the top of your potato salad with a sprinkle of curry powder, or mix curry powder into a mayonnaise-type dressing. Start with ¼ teaspoon, taste, then add a little more if you wish.
- For a mad, mod mood, thin mayonnaise with beer (2 parts mayonnaise to 1 part beer). Pour over hot potatoes and marinate until cool. Season to taste.
- For those with a taste for the classic, try adding vinegar, oil, chervil and parsley to cooked potatoes, for a potato salad with a French flair.

No matter which version is yours, cook potatoes in their jackets for a perfect salad, then peel and marinate them while they're still warm. If you're in a hurry, you can peel and slice or dice potatoes before cooking to eliminate the cooling time before peeling and slicing. Or use canned potatoes, but rinse and drain them thoroughly. Canned potatoes are at their best when marinated in a spiced oil-and-vinegar dressing with chopped onions.

Want a new idea for tomorrow's mood (or budget)? Try some of our recipes.



AVOCADO-POTATO SALAD

It sounds wild! But after you try it, you will be convinced that you should make it again—and again.

- 1 (4-serving) pkg. instant mashed potatoes
- ½ cup dairy sour cream
- ¼ lb. bacon (4–5 slices), cooked crisp, drained crumbled
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 3 ripe avocados
- Paprika
- Watercress

Following pkg. directions, prepare instant mashed potatoes for 4, substituting ½ cup dairy sour cream for ½ cup of the milk called for. Mix with potatoes 4–5 slices of crisp-cooked, crumbled bacon. Halve 3 ripe avocados and remove seeds. Fill with potato-bacon mixture, and top with a teaspoon of butter or margarine. Place in a preheated 350° oven for 10 minutes. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve on a bed of watercress. Serves 6.

BAKED POTATO AND TUNA SALAD

Everyone will love this delicious filling for baked potatoes and will ask for second helpings. Don't worry—there will be some extra filling.

- 6 large baking potatoes
- 1 (7-oz.) can tuna, drained and flaked
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup chopped scallions
- ½ cup chopped celery

Place 6 large baking potatoes on a baking sheet and bake at 425° for 40 minutes, or until done. Cool. Cutting lengthwise, remove top thirds of potatoes; remove potato from top and bottom shells, and put in a bowl. Discard top shells; save large shells.

Mash potatoes with a fork. Add 1 (7-oz.) can tuna, drained and flaked, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped scallions and ½ cup chopped celery. Mix thoroughly, then fill shells. Warm in a 300° oven for 10 minutes. Serves 6.

POLISH POTATO SALAD

Apples and capers added to potatoes make a unique-tasting salad.

- 4–5 medium potatoes
- 1 large red apple
- 1 Tb. chopped capers
- ⅓ cup olive oil or salad oil
- 2 Tb. lemon juice
- ½ tsp. salt
- Dash pepper

Peel and slice 4–5 medium potatoes and cook until just tender in salted water. Core and slice 1 large red apple. Combine potatoes and apple and mix with 1 tablespoon finely chopped capers, ⅓ cup olive oil or salad oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Refrigerate 1 hour. Serves 6.

POTATO SALAD NIÇOISE

This Mediterranean classic will im all with its colorful and elegant arra ment of potatoes and vegetables.

- 2 cups cooked and diced potatoes
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen French-style green beans, cooked and drained
- 2 tomatoes, quartered
- ½ cup prepared oil-and-vinegar French dressing
- 1 tsp. tomato paste
- ½ tsp. chili powder
- Lettuce
- 1 tsp. capers, chopped
- 1 (2-oz.) can anchovy fillets drained
- Black olives

Marinate 2 cups cooked, diced potat a 10-oz. pkg. frozen French-style g beans, cooked and drained, and 2 q tered tomatoes separately at room t perature for at least 1 hour in a dres made by mixing ½ cup oil-and-vine French dressing with 1 teaspoon tom paste and ½ tsp. chili powder. Chill

On a bed of lettuce on a serving p ter, mound potatoes in center and round with small alternating mound beans and tomatoes.

Top potatoes with 1 teaspoon ch ped capers. Garnish platter with bl olives and a (2-oz.) can of ancho fillets, drained. Serve as is, or toss table. Serves 6.

MIXED VEGETABLE-POTATO SALAD

Prepare our macédoine (mixed-ve table) potato salad composed in style of the great Escoffier.

- 2–3 potatoes, cooked and sliced, or 1 (1-lb.) can potatoes, rinsed, drained and sliced
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- ½ cup olive oil or salad oil
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- 2 Tb. grated onion
- Bibb lettuce

Heat 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen mixed v etables until tender, but still a lit crisp. Drain and cool. Combine ½ c olive oil or salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon black pepp and 2 tablespoons grated onion. Divi dressing in 2 parts and marinate 2 cooked, sliced potatoes (or a 1-lb. can tatoes, rinsed, drained and sliced) and t mixed vegetables separately for 1 ho at room temperature, stirring occasio ally. Chill; drain. Mound potatoes center of serving platter. Surround wi cups of Bibb lettuce; fill lettuce cu with mounds of mixed vegetable Serves 4.

ALL-AMERICAN POTATO SALAD

These old-favorite vegetables tossed t gether with Italian-style dressing w please the entire family.

- 4–5 medium potatoes, cooked and sliced
- ½ cup celery, thinly sliced
- ½ cup radishes, thinly sliced
- ¼ cup green pepper, finely chopped
- ¼ cup onion, finely chopped
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- ⅓ cup Italian-style salad dressing
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 scallion, sliced (include about 1 inch of green top)
- Greens

Toss 4–5 medium potatoes, cooke and sliced (about 4 cups) with cup thinly sliced celery, ½ cup thinl sliced radishes, ¼ cup finely choppe green pepper, ¼ cup finely chopped onio and 1 sliced hard-cooked egg. Chill. Tos with ⅓ cup Italian-style dressing. Sprin kle with 1 teaspoon salt and a dash o pepper. Top with 1 sliced scallion (in cluding about 1 inch of green top) and sliced hard-cooked egg. Garnish wit greens. Serves 6.

Y POTATO SALAD

a touch of gold to an as-
gus-potato salad with this
dressing.

- edium atoes, ed and ked
- oz.) pkg. en cut aragus, rosted
- salad oil
- lemon ce
- ¼ cup dairy sour cream
- 2 Tb. catsup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 tomato, quartered

bine 2 3 medium pota-
sliced and cooked, and a
. pkg. defrosted cut as-
gus, then mix with 2 table-
ns salad oil, 1 tablespoon
n juice and chill.
eanwhile, mix ¼ cup dairy
cream with 2 tablespoons
up, 1 teaspoon Worcester-
sauce and ½ teaspoon
mustard. At serving time,
dressing over asparagus-
to mixture, toss lightly,
garnish with 2 sliced hard-
ed eggs and a quartered
to. Serves 4–6.

POTATO SALAD

t an ideal basic salad!
minutes of work involved.
it as it is, or toss with
r marinated vegetables
n beans, peas, carrots or
ragus are naturals.

- lb.) can tatoes
- up white negar
- sp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- Romaine

in 1 (1-lb.) can potatoes;
and drain again. Slice.
bine ¼ cup white vinegar,
easpoon salt, ¼ teaspoon
per and ⅓ cup chopped
n. Pour dressing over po-
es; chill for 1 hour. Serve
d on a bed of romaine.
ves 4.

TATO SALAD WITH HAM

ve some ham left over
n a big Sunday meal? Use
p with this convenient "off
shelf" recipe.

- ups long, ender rips
- ooked ham up cubed
- ooked
- otatoes, ooled
- 3-oz.) can reen beans, rained
- up sweet ickles, rained and hopped
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- Lettuce cups
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

x 2 cups long, slender strips
cooked ham with 1 cup
oked cubed potatoes and 1
-oz.) can green beans,
ined, and ¼ cup chopped
eet pickles.
Combine ¼ cup mayon-
ise, ½ teaspoon dry mus-
d, ½ teaspoon salt, and ¼
spoon pepper. Mix this
ssing with ham, potatoes
d beans. Serve the salad on
tuce cups and garnish it
th 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs.
rves 6.

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HOT POTATO-SALAD BARRELS

Green peppers accent potatoes with crunch, color and flavor.

- 6 medium green peppers
- 5 medium potatoes, cooked (about 4 cups, mashed)
- 2 Tb. vinegar
- ¼ cup olive oil or salad oil,
- ¼ cup onion, chopped
- 1½ tsp. salt
- Paprika

Cut off both ends of each of 6 medium green peppers, leaving about 2 inches to stuff. Save ends. Hollow out the 2-inch rings of peppers and blanch by placing in simmering water 5–6 minutes.

Mash 5 cooked medium potatoes with a fork. Using ends from peppers, chop enough to make ⅓ cup; put away remaining pepper ends. Add chopped peppers to potatoes. Combine 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ cup olive oil or salad oil, ¼ cup chopped onion and 1½ teaspoons salt. Mix thoroughly into potatoes.

Spoon the potato-and-green-pepper mixture into the pepper rings. Warm stuffed pepper rings in 350° oven for 10 minutes. Sprinkle tops with a little paprika. Serves 6.

END

When You Clean Your Oven

By VICTORIA HARRIS

Nobody *likes* to clean an oven, and it's natural enough to delay the chore. But the longer you wait, the more the burned-on grease and carbon accumulate and the harder the job becomes. There's a cheerful note to be sounded, however, by way of easing this burden: range manufacturers have heard rumors that we don't like cleaning their ovens, and they've *done* something about it. There are now ovens that clean themselves (General Electric and Frigidaire), others with easy-clean Teflon panels (Hotpoint) and throw-away foil linings (Kelvinator). We've found, too, that when oven doors fold down or come off, the oven is more accessible.

These new ovens are a thing of the future for many of us, however, so here are some tips on cleaning the "old" kind.

The new, special ov cleaners make the job easi and quickly cut throug grease and grime. They he tremendously, although it st takes woman-power and scou ing pads to take off some the dirt. The improved spra type oven cleaners are co venient for reaching all par of the oven lining. Best a sprays with foaming actio that keep the cleaner in co tact with the surface to b cleaned longer than liquid that dribble down the walls Paste cleaners can be effectiv too, and are most convenien when they come with applica tors for swabbing the sides c the oven.

Our rules for success:

- Wear rubber gloves whe working with any oven cleane even the milder ones, for an substance that loosens baked on dirt may roughen skin Some fast-acting cleaners con tain sodium hydroxide (lye) o other alkalies.
- Spread newspapers over th floor and adjacent counters— the effective cleaning agents i some compounds will burn o discolor floor coverings and painted surfaces. It's smart to choose a time for this job when the kitchen can be aired, since many cleaners have distinctive odors.
- If the oven light comes on when the door is opened, tape the switch in the door frame in the "off" position so the bulb will not get so hot that it may explode if touched with a cold spray or sponge. Also tape over or otherwise shield sockets for light, rotisserie spits and meat probes, as well as the long tube of the thermostat (usually near the top of the oven), to avoid possible corrosion from spray-on cleaners and prevent costly repairs. If these are accidentally sprayed, rinse them off quickly to avoid damage.
- Read labels. Some cleaners are more effective when used in a warm oven. If so, plan to clean after baking, or heat oven to 200° F. Some sprays should be shaken well before use, others should not be agitated unnecessarily. For best results, follow directions for timing, since the interval that cleaners should remain in contact with an oven lining varies with the individual product. Keep aerosols cool and away from children.
- Rinse thoroughly after cleaning. Traces of oven grime that remain smeared on the oven will scorch and burn with the next heating.
- After an oven has been cleaned, heat it, empty, for five minutes before adding foods, to prevent the mingling in of foreign flavors.
- When full cleaning routine is not practical, wipe off walls while warm.

END

How come so many attractive women have unattractive feet?



Till now, all an attractive woman could do was hide her feet in attractive shoes. And keep a few pairs of elegant slippers in the closet. And bury her feet in the beautiful white sand at the beach.

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New Color for Old

BY VICTORIA HARRIS

Next time you get the urge for new color in a tablecloth or pair of curtains, a blouse or dress, consider dyeing one you already have rather than buying a new one. Dyeing fabrics at home is a simple operation in today's automatic washers. The combination of large tub size and constant agitating action of these washers gives uniform color and makes for ease of handling even such bulky items as scatter rugs. Most machine-washable fabrics are machine dyeable—exceptions are fabrics with waterproof or soil-resistant finishes, fiberglass or mineral fibers, and some acrylic and polyester fibers. If you have any doubt that a fabric will take to dye, test a small swatch before dunking the whole item. Delicate fabrics and finished garments should be put into a nylon mesh bag before dyeing, just as for washing.

An important reason for the increased success in home machine dyeing is the improvement of the dyes themselves. New powders work in hot (130–140° F.), not boiling, water; any excess dye will easily wash away in a washer's normal rinse cycle to insure streak-free results. Large packages of dyes especially for home washers are now available, but if your dealer doesn't have them, or if you can't find the color you want, you will need three or four of the smaller-size packages. If you want to mix your own color, work on a small scale, mixing assorted powders by the half teaspoonful and then test on a swatch of the fabric to be dyed. Keep accurate records of these tests so that you can convert to package amounts. Be sure to read package directions in deciding how much dye to use—weight and yardage of the fabric you're working with are important. Also note that some dye powders are added directly to the washer, while others must first be dissolved in water before being added.

Before dyeing any fabric, keep in mind that dye will not cover dirt, stains or streaks. If the fabric is dirty, wash it; if it's badly stained or streaked, simmer it in a solution of dye remover in a large pot on top of the range. If you don't have a pot big enough for this operation, you can try a dye-remover bath in your washer. Though the water in washers isn't really hot enough to remove dye completely, enough color may be taken out for a successful, even re-dyeing—it depends on the fabric and the color. In no case, however, will dye removers work on color-fast fabrics.

Now for the actual dyeing operation. Set controls for the hottest water temperature and start the cycle. Add the dye powder, or solution, and allow it to mix well with the water for a few seconds before putting in the fabric. It helps to have the fabric still wet and warm from washing or rinsing so that there will be a minimum of heat loss in the dye bath. Gauge the water level so that the fabric moves about freely—this insures uniform, streak-free dyeing. Some automatic washers have low, medium and high water-level settings; in other models, let the machine fill to the desired level, then advance the control to "wash." It's surprising sometimes how much water may be required—sheer curtains, for instance, may not weigh much, but they have considerable bulk. At the end of the wash cycle (usually 20 minutes), stop the machine and check if the color is as deep as you want it—one way to do this is to hold the fabric up to the light. But however you check for color, remember that fabrics appear much darker when wet. If you want deeper color, reset the washer controls and repeat the wash cycle. When color seems right, follow with two cool rinse cycles, or rinse until the water is free of color. Then go on to a spin-dry cycle of about half the usual length to remove excess moisture. The shorter spin cycle prevents setting deep creases and keeps the color more uniform. If your washer doesn't have a spin-dry cycle, blot up the excess moisture with dry towels. Don't, in any case, wring out fabrics, for this may cause streaking. Dry fabrics in the dryer, or hang them in the shade, never in the sun.

As soon as you take care of the drying, clean the washer by pouring a half cup of chlorine bleach and a full quantity of detergent into the machine, and then putting the washer through another complete wash-and-rinse cycle. A slight staining on plastic parts may remain, but this soon bleaches out and will not stain clothes in future machine loads. The dryer probably won't need any cleaning, but, just to be sure, wipe out interior with a cloth saturated with a bleach solution. END

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PAPER WHIZZ-ARDRY
g 78–83

these wallpapers will be featured at: gdale's New York; Jordan Marsh Co., Lammert Furniture Co., St. Louis, wn and branches; Wm. Thybony, Chi- suburbs; Phelan's of Dallas; and Wall- Inc., San Francisco. They are also to nd in wallpaper and paint stores out the country. All prices quoted are mate.

—Sewing-Guest Room: Ticking stripe er, $3.50 a roll (in all stores listed Black and white *ticking*, 36 in. wide, , and three-wale cotton *corduroy*, 41 in. 1.65 yd., by Cone Mills. Cotton *borders* and white, 32c yd., by Conso Prod- licker Cheval *mirror*, $175, wicker *side* 30 unpainted, and wicker *table*, $45 ed, from Walters Furniture Imports, cond Ave., N.Y.C. "Touch and Sew" *machine*, $289.95 (case is $30 addi- by Singer. *Cup and saucer*, "Museum" by Iroquois, $6.20.

0—Powder Room: *Wallpaper border*, (at all stores listed). Royal Velvet *towels*, 90c ea., by Fieldcrest. Delft nyl tile *flooring*, $1.10 sq. ft., by Am- *Paint*, $8.25 gal., by Martin-Senour *Mirror and footbath* (from John Ros- 293 Second Ave., N.Y.C.), pewter *ier* and counter top *accessories* (from ollector's Eye, Westport, Conn.) are a-kind pieces.

1 Living Room: "Birds and Bamboo" $25.50 a set (at all stores listed except rt Furniture Co.). All furniture and ries from David Barrett, 24 E. 54th Y.C.

2—Attic Bedroom: "Daisy Dell" *wall-* $3 a roll, and matching 36-in. wide *chintz*, $3.50 yd., (at all stores listed). *skywindows* by the Building Divi- f American Cyanamid are available h contractors and lumber dealers. *hampers*, $30 for a nested set of two, lf-Asia. Painted Mexican *chests*, large d small $40, and painted tin *lanterns*, ., from The Phoenix-Pan American 793 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Skylark le *typewriter*, $66.50, by Royal Type- Pine *chair*, $90 unpainted, from Bloom- 's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., N.Y.C. , from $4 to $14, from the Nettle Creek 4 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. *Floor paint*, es- y mixed to match wallpaper, from -Senour Paint.

3—Kitchen-Dining Area: Calico *wall-* $2.80 roll, and matching 36-in. wide $2.98 yd. (at all stores listed). "Ver- Orchard" *wallpaper*, $2.29 roll (at Jor- Marsh, Lammert Furniture and Wm. ny only). "Chateau" vinyl *flooring*, color, $2 sq. ft., by Amtico. Hotray *food r* (set into counter top) $67.50, by Sal- exican pine *chairs*, $12.50 ea. unpainted, e Seated, 43 Greenwich Ave., N.Y.C. *brazier* and wrought-iron *spoon rack* The Collector's Eye, Westport, Conn.) e-of-a-kind pieces.

3—Hall Telephone Room: "Tartan" *per*, $3.29 roll (all stores listed except apers, Inc.). "Hale 'N Hardy" nylon $11.95 sq. yd., by Magee Carpet. Wall $8.40 gal., by Martin-Senour Paint Co. *nailheads*, 1-in. dia., $1.55 doz. plus e. from Empire Notion., 105 E. 29th N.Y.C. Shelf accessories (from John li, 1293 Second Ave., N.Y.C.) are one- nd pieces.

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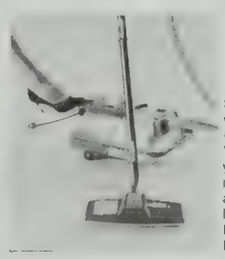
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Portable Mixer: With this compact three-speed mixer you can beat, whip, stir, mash, and mix without using elbow grease. There's even a beater ejector and handy heel rest for your convenience.



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JOURNAL BOUTIQUE: THE GREAT SCARF TRICK
pages 92–93

Far Eastern scarves available at B. Altman & Co., New York. *Sally Gee scarves:* The May Co., Cleveland. *Liberty scarves:* Lord & Taylor, New York; B. Altman & Co., New York; Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Robert Kirk, San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Onondaga silk at Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

FASHION'S INSIDERS
pages 96–103

Page 96: FORMFIT-ROGERS jumpsuit: available at Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Filene's, Boston and branches; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Stern Bros., N.Y.

Pages 98–99: KAYSER LINGERIE bra and pantie-girdle: Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Jordan-Marsh, Boston. WARNER'S bra and briefs: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Macy's, San Francisco. Brief only: Filene's, Boston and branches.

PAGE 100–101: L'INTRIGUE nightgown: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Filene's, Boston and branches; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. BALI bra: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Filene's, Boston and branches; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Macy's, San Francisco. VAN RAALTE all-in-one: The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Burdine's, Miami. VANITY FAIR bra and girdle: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Filene's, Boston and branches; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Macy's, San Francisco.

Pages 102–103: MAIDENFORM bra and pantie-girdle: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles. GOSSARD-ARTEMIS culotte nightie: Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Filene's, Boston and branches; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

Hints From A Beauty Salon



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin-Care Consultant

Beautiful complexions are entirely dependent on a regular and reliable beauty-care routine in order to remain youthfully smooth and exquisitely fine-textured. Here are some suggestions to help you cherish that soft, dewy bloom and promote the natural processes of skin beautification so that you gain greater loveliness than you ever thought possible.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

Your precious complexion is beautified and protected when you smooth a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck every day. This moist oil of Olay has special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin and reveal the soft, flower-like bloom of your skin. Used as an invisible base beneath make-up, the unique beauty fluid not only guards your skin against the drying effects of the weather and cosmetic pigments but it also serves to insure that your complexion will look beautifully milky-matt and flawless all through the day.

RADIANCE AND SPARKLE

Revive your skin at least once a day by lightly patting it with a pad soaked in lemon Jelvyn freshener. Nothing is more rewarding in getting circulation moving and bringing fresh color to the cheeks. Pat the skin in an upward direction from base of neck to chin and from cheeks to nose and hairline. Be gentle around the eyes, but use a firm, slapping movement all along the jawline. Lemon Jelvyn has all the natural toning, cleansing and refining properties of special beauty lemons and gives the skin a lovely sparkle.

BEAUTIFUL EYES

Reveal the full beauty of your eyes by blending a faint haze of eye shadow that matches the color of your eyes along the lids. Remember, though, that ideally the skin around your eyes should be as smooth as a child's, so before applying color pat a film of oil of Olay gently into the delicate tissues with your fingertips. This moist tropical oil will assist nature in keeping the skin smooth and free from wrinkle-dryness, and it will also enable you to blend eye shadow colors more successfully, lending the lids a wonderfully dewy look.

SATIN-SMOOTH SKIN

The superb smoothness of a lovely complexion is constantly maintained with the regular use of a vitalizing night cream. Before creaming, press your thumbs down the center of the forehead and sides of the nose to de-congest the facial vein. Then massage Olay vitalizing night cream in gentle upward and outward circles into the skin from neck to forehead, and fingerprint it lightly beneath the eyes to ease away tiny, ageing lines.

Advertisement

SOPHIA LOREN

continued from page 87

father is a frequent visitor at my sister's home. He long ago separated from his wife, who bore him two sons, and despite the hurt he inflicted on us, despite the lingering bitterness and Mother's inability to forgive him, we have all come to accept him in a family relationship. He eats with us and plays cards with us. Now a successful real-estate agent, he advises Mother and Maria on financial matters. I saw his sons for the first time a few months ago—in a magazine photograph over the caption "Sophia Loren's brothers." They are tall, handsome boys in their early twenties. When I showed Mother the photograph, she remarked, "The older one looks like your father when I first knew him."

This serenity wouldn't be possible if Mother still loved and needed him. But she doesn't. She has a settled, fixed existence, a home of her own, a grandchild, and so she can receive him as a friend without emotional dependence. And, after all, he is the father of her children. As for me, I am only too happy to forgive and forget the past. There is no room in my heart for bitterness.

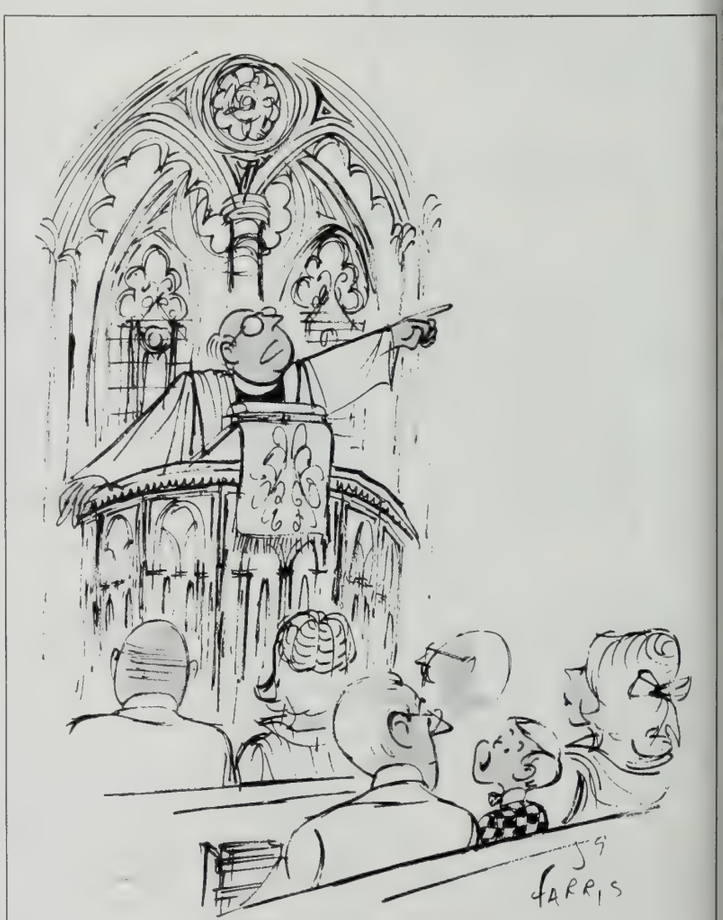
In 1956 I got a cable from Carlo, who had flown to America for conferences with some producers—LEARN ENGLISH YOULL NEED IT SOON. I hired a teacher, a delightful Irishwoman named Sara Spain, who made me read poetry and plays aloud, especially those of T. S. Eliot. I would study from 5 to 7 A.M., being occupied the rest of the day on location. But years passed before I mastered the language, because the music of the beautiful words coming out of my mouth so fascinated me that I couldn't concentrate on the meaning.

The assignment Carlo had arrang for me was in a United Artists produ tion, *The Pride and the Passion*, a sto of the Napoleonic wars to be film near Madrid, with Cary Grant a Frank Sinatra. The day I reached M drid, the director, Stanley Kramer, ga a party for me at the Castellana Hilto Cary Grant arrived an hour late, and was slightly piqued. But the mo evaporated in laughter the instant met, "Ah, yes, Miss Lorbrigida—er Brigloren," he said. "I can never r member those Italian names." I ador him at once.

Cary's eyes are his secret weapon They can convey the subtlest shade meaning without the aid of speech. serious conversation I found him e thralling and in jest, hilarious. His pu and mimicry of Mayfair snobs made fun for me to learn English. As a c worker, he was consistently unassun ing, tactful and generous.

There came a time when I had t examine my feelings about Cary. Thoug he never said so outright—it's not h way—I knew he loved me and that, I chose to, I could marry him. I gav the prospect serious thought. It was period of weakness and confusion fo me. Carlo was still living with his wif torn between his devotion to me an his family obligations. How long, asked myself, should I wait? Was making a terrible mistake?

My last doubts faded when I realize that Cary, like me—in fact, far mor so—was basically insecure. He admitte it. In one way our common failin brought us closer together, enabling u to expose ourselves each to the other But mutual insecurity is no foundatio for marriage. And then, in the fina analysis, I knew that, whatever Carl



"What a long commercial!"

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Round-the-Clock
They fit-now they outfit.



ded, I could love nobody
.
later, in Hollywood, Cary
me how he had benefited
n psychoanalytic treatment
er the influence of the hal-
nogenic drug, LSD. He be-
ed LSD could benefit ev-
body, and he urged me to
it. "It helps rid you of your
plexes," he told me.
I'm not sure I want to get
of them," I said. "They're
t of my machinery, what
kes me function. Without a
complexes I'd probably be
dull woman and a rotten
ress."
But are you happy?"
Only a moron can be happy
ays. Happiness isn't the
ect. It's accepting all ex-
ience—bad and good. It's
ing risks, trying to achieve
re than you think you can."
The hectic life of a movie
r, with its constant move-
nt and dawn-to-dusk work-
hours, leaves little oppor-
ity for developing friend-
s and outside of my imme-
te family I can count only
ee men as close friends.
is De Sica. Another is
brilliant Sicilian script-
ter, Basilio Franchina. The
rd is Cary Grant.
What I saw of Frank Sinatra
Spain completely upset my
conceptions. I detected no
of the supposedly hard-
ed woman-chaser, the flighty
maniac, the bad-tempered
ly. He was quiet and with-
wn. Off the set, he kept to
dressing room, reading mil-
y history or listening to rec-
s, mostly classical stuff
ch, Beethoven, Vivaldi. He
er put on any of his own
ordings (while I, always
veling with tapes made from
jazz collection, played Si-
ra by the hour). When I
ne to work, he would emerge
efly from his dressing room,
metimes with flowers for me.
would say, "I love you,
hia," or "Sophia, you're
most," and disappear.

When I returned to Rome,
re was a momentous devel-
nent. Carlo had made up
mind. Despite the stagger-
legal obstacles, he wanted
be free to marry me. Giuli-
had agreed to a divorce, if
re was any way they could
one. It was when Carlo and
vent to America the follow-
year, 1957, that for the first
ne we lived together openly
man and wife.
What took us to the United
tes was a $2,000,000, three-
ar contract with Paramount
tures, the initial production
ing Eugene O'Neill's *Desire
der the Elms*. I keep a diary
d, thumbing through it re-
ntly, I refreshed my memory
those turbulent years. First
pression of Los Angeles from
e air: a land of swimming
ols. Thousands of them, all
apes and sizes, sparkling in
e sun like blue diamonds.

Inside the airport the photographers tell me to say "cheese." A local custom? I obey. I say "*formaggio*." Why are they laughing?

Charles Vidor, the director, lends us his Bel Air home. A dream. The garden ablaze with bougainvillaea. A welcome party at Mike Romanoff's restaurant. The owner, a tiny man who dresses like an Edwardian dandy, speaks Oxonian English and air-mails his shirts to a New York laundry because no laundry on the coast satisfies him. He claims direct descent from the Russian Czars (but was born Harry Gerguson in Brooklyn). According to Clifton Webb, some movie magnates will take no important step without consulting Mike, and one famous producer allowed his daughter to marry a certain actor only after Mike assured him that the fellow was a perfect gentleman.

Hollywood parties. Nobody gives them just for the fun of entertaining. It's always in honor of something or somebody. Hard to get away early. As the liquor flows, people fling their arms around you, talk rapturously about their current activities, confide their most intimate (*continued*)

secrets to you. (After the first dozen parties or so, I went to only three in three years.)

The Paramount commissary. I ask for a glass of wine with my lunch. The manager's eyebrows shoot up. "But, Miss Loren, it's against the rules. Nobody drinks on the lot." He thinks. I catch people sneaking gin into their coffee cups. I never touch hard liquor, but if I can't have wine, I prefer not to lunch at all. The manager graciously makes an exception for me.

Under my Paramount contract I made seven pictures, and the year before I left Europe I had made four for other American studios. It was too many, especially when I couldn't choose my own material. A *Time* critic wrote: "Hollywood mainly cast her in dishonest stories with dishonest endings. She was given difficult parts before she knew the language, as in O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, and she was matched with leading men she could have swallowed with a glass of water." When I played opposite Alan Ladd, who was two inches shorter, in *Boy on a Dolphin*, they dug a trench for me so we could walk side by side.

After *Desire* I needed a short rest. I decided against Italy because my relations with Carlo were beginning to stir up public controversy there. I joined him instead in Bürgenstock, Switzerland, where we had, and still have, a chalet next door to Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn. Two matters obliged Carlo to shuttle to and from Rome. First, he and De Laurentiis, who never got along well, were dissolving their partnership. Second, Carlo had taken the first steps toward our marriage. As we learned later, to our grief, his lawyer, who has since died, advised him badly. To have started proceedings on Italian soil proved to be a disastrous mistake.

The overriding problem, of course, was that in Italy neither civil nor ecclesiastic laws allow divorce. Only annulment is possible, and only the Vatican can grant it. The few grounds the Vatican accepts include such hard-to-prove conditions as impotence, refusal to consummate the marriage, intent not to bear children, bad faith at the altar because the bride or groom didn't believe in the marriage sacrament. I know of married couples cynical enough to have fabricated grounds for annulment on the eve of marriage, just in case. They wrote to friends, using postcards—not letters, because you can't prove that the letter inside an opened, postmarked envelope wasn't placed there after the fact—saying, "The religious ritual means nothing to us, since we are both unbelievers," or "Never will we become parents."

Carlo and Giuliana, having twice failed to get an annulment, appointed Mexican lawyers to arrange a proxy divorce, mutually consented to. It was granted in Juárez in August, 1957, by which time I had returned to Hollywood to co-star with Cary Grant in *Houseboat*. Carlo then married me in Juárez by proxy. The only reason we didn't appear personally was to avoid publicity. Fat chance! Before we ourselves knew the date when the marriage had taken place, September 17, Louella Parsons announced it in her column. The news brought the skies down around our ears.

What followed was a mad tangle of mysteries, inconsistencies and paradoxes that has kept batteries of lawyers busy for eight years, and the end is nowhere in sight. As nearly as I can understand it, and I'll probably never completely understand it, under Italian law anybody can accuse anybody else of a crime and instigate official proceedings. From Milan the Chief Magistrate of Rome received a letter signed "Luisa Brambilla" denouncing Carlo for bigamy (since his Mexican divorce had no validity in Italy) and me as an accomplice, a crime punishable by one to five years in prison. She was acting, she explained, to defend the sanctity of the home. Nobody has ever seen or identified Signora Brambilla; nobody knows whether such a woman exists. But if she does, she was not a lone voice. Several people denounced us, among them—what hurt me most—an anonymous group in my home town of Pozzuoli.

To show our faces in Italy was to risk arrest and the confiscation of our passports. But Carlo's business problems following his break with De Laurentiis, had grown so critical that he went anyway. Within an hour of his arrival he got word from his lawyer that the police were looking for him, and he caught the next plane out of Italy. Until 1958 neither of us dared enter the country again. When not working, we stayed Bürgenstock or Paris, where we hav combination apartment-office. Th came a telegram from the director of Venice Film Festival requesting presence as winner of the Volpi Cup the year's best actress (the picture *The Black Orchid*). Before Carlo wo let me go he demanded guarantees immunity. The festival authorities g them, and I flew there in a plane C chartered for me.

I had been alm a year in exile, the t get of violent attac at home, and all t way to Venice I tre bled, wondering wh sort of public recepti awaited me. The m ment the plane touch ground my fears melt A welcome committ whisked me through cheering crowd to a m tor launch and as cruised along the Gra Canal the gondolie cried, "It's Sophia! O Sophia is back!" In t Piazza San Marco I w enthusiastically greet by hundreds of repo ers, photographers a festival fans. Throu my tears I didn't see single hostile face an didn't hear a single h tile word. After that t Volpi award seem anticlimactic.

Nothing unpleasa happened to me eith when, a few mont later, I made a pictu on Capri with Clark G ble, *It Started in Napl* So Carlo and I, w were both desperate homesick, decided to s tle again in Rome, co what may.

Our lawyers mea while had managed convince the Chief Ma istrate that if we did a tually commit a crim we committed it abroa In the case of maj crimes committe abroad against Itali laws the Chief Magi trate still exercises juri diction. But with min crimes like bigamy, ther the injured par must press charges the Ministry of Justi must instruct the Pu lic Prosecutor to invest gate. The only par who could be considered injured w Giuliana, and she wanted her freedo as much as we did, while the Ministr hesitated to act because no precede existed for such a situation.

All seemed well until 1959, when a other bombshell exploded. Someboc stole Carlo's proxy statement from t Juárez archives—who or why we nev discovered.

Whoever it was typed a copy a forwarded it to the Ministry of Justic It indicated that part of our "crim had been planned in Rome. Here w Carlo's mistake—not posting the prox from Switzerland. The Ministry had



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no witnesses and he so noted on the proxy. When our lawyers called this oversight to the attention of the Mexican authorities, they declared the marriage null. The day was saved! Or was it?

The judge insisted on inspecting the original document, not just a typed copy. But the original was missing. Italian notaries, however, must file duplicate documents in the state archives. The judge ordered ours to be produced. To our horror, the notary had neglected to note, as he did on the first copy, "No witnesses." The judge nevertheless conceded that our marriage was invalid, all right, but not for the reason we hoped—a technically faulty document. He ruled it null on the grounds that Carlo was still married at the time, since Italy didn't recognize his divorce from Giuliana. The criminal indictment stood.

The second trial was scheduled for last July, then postponed when our lawyers appealed the civil verdict. This leaves Giuliana and Carlo married in Italy, but divorced in Mexico, my marriage to Carlo annulled in both countries, but for totally different reasons, and Carlo and me likely to carry forever the stigma of bigamy. Whatever the upshot, all three of us feel sure we will never be free to remarry under Italian law. For that reason both Carlo and Giuliana have become citizens of France, which, though a Catholic country, allows divorce. As soon as they win their second decree, Carlo and I will marry for the second time.

I was raised a Catholic. I believe in God. How, then, do I reconcile my disobedience of Catholic laws with my faith? The conflict is painful. But I must act according to my conscience. I console myself with the thought that throughout its history the Church has wisely, if slowly, adjusted itself to social change. Someday, I'm convinced, though probably not during my lifetime, the Church will no longer command two people who have ceased to love each other to remain man and wife, but will grant them the right to seek happiness elsewhere.

Much as I long to, I don't go to church anymore. Nor do I confess myself, because I would have to tell the priest, "Father, I live with a man who is married to somebody else." No priest could grant me absolution unless I gave up Carlo, and that I cannot do.

The first picture I made after my Paramount contract expired was for 20th Century-Fox, Bernard Shaw's *The Millionairess*, with Peter Sellers, and in view of what happened during the filming in England, the title is ironical. Since *Gold of Naples*, Carlo had celebrated the première of each of my films by giving me a piece of jewelry. A quantity of additional pieces I bought for myself. The collection came to include about $700,000 worth of necklaces, bracelets, brooches and rings in gold, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires. When traveling, I always carried them with me in a black leather case. On arrival, I put them away in a dresser drawer. I seldom wore them. Their value for me derived partly from sentimentality, partly from my sense of insecurity. Every piece evoked some memory of my life with Carlo and at the same time reassured me that I could never go hungry again.

Carlo had rented a house for me in Elstree, near the studio. I was nervous about the jewels, because the week before, the Gregory Pecks' London hotel room had been looted. I asked the owner of the house to provide a guard. "There's nothing to fear in this neighborhood, Miss Loren," he said. I insisted. After a week's delay he promised me that a watchman would go on duty the following morning. This was a Saturday night, and I expected Carlo to arrive by plane from Paris.

Because the whereabouts of film stars are widely publicized, insurance companies consider them a poor risk, and charge so much to insure their jewelry that you buy only enough to cover a short period while traveling. Carlo had planned to do so in London. I drove to the airport to meet him, leaving behind my secretary, Inez, and a house guest. They were watching television in the living room.

It was late when I got back with Carlo, the maid had gone to bed, and I cooked supper myself. Soon afterward I went up to my (*continued*)

choice but to order an investigation. We faced two trials, one civil, the other criminal. In the latter case the Public Prosecutor agreed to suspend action until the civil court ruled. Our hopes now lay in proving our Mexican marriage invalid, because if we weren't legally married, we couldn't have committed bigamy. Crazily enough, the proxy itself contained the evidence we needed. Mexican law requires such a proxy to be witnessed, but through ignorance the notary in Rome had called

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bedroom on the second floor. A window stood wide open. So did all the dresser drawers. My jewel case was gone. I doubled up as if kicked in the stomach, and screamed for Carlo. While he searched the house, I phoned the Elstree police department. Four officers arrived, and from their manner it was clear they thought we had staged a publicity stunt to promote *The Millionairess*. But when they realized that my state of shock was genuine, they began a serious investigation.

In a newspaper interview next day I offered to pay a third of the value of the jewels, no questions asked, to anybody who restored them. I never recovered a single piece and, since Carlo had not yet been able to insure them, the loss was total—$700,000. But then I'm not surprised when I think that not long ago a gang of English thieves made off with an entire railroad car full of banknotes, of which the police traced only a small fraction.

Next day Peter Sellers gave me a gold bracelet, explaining with tongue in cheek on the card with it that he intended it as a battle decoration "for having sustained a bitter blow with unflinching *sangfroid* and typically Anglo-Sa control." He said he hoped bracelet would start me of a new collection. But I h lost my taste for accumula expensive jewelry.

Few of my American fi had offered me the kind of to which I felt best suited. the greatest opportunity of career I owe a debt of gratit to Anna Magnani. In 1957 berto Moravia published powerful, moving novel of w time Italy, *La Ciociara*, *Two Women*, as the Eng translator called it. Everyb reading it, including Ca who acquired the screen rig De Sica, whom he signed to rect, and me, originally pic to portray the 17-year- daughter, visualized Magn astheindomitable,middle-ag *Ciociara*, the Roman peas mother, typifying the spirit her class in defeat, anguish a regeneration. But when Sica approached Magnani, told him, "I'm too young play Loren's mother. Let play the part herself." De S thought it an excellent id So *La Ciociara*'s age was lo ered to the thirties and that her daughter, played by gifted little English beginn Eleanora Brown, to 13.

Not since *Gold of Naples* h I felt such total identificati with a role. I lived through t real thing with my moth whose character resembles *Ciociara*. The gestures, the la guage, the attitudes came me naturally. The film, leased in 1961, brought the nomination for an Osca

I didn't fly to Hollywood f the Academy Award nig because I figured if I won would faint and I preferred t faint at home. I waited wit Carlo in our Rome apartmen through the long night of Apr 9. I couldn't eat a morse Carlo cleaned his plate I couldn't read, think straigh or carry on a coherent conve sation. Carlo watched televi sion. His composure maddene me. I phoned friends in Holly wood, forgetting the time di ference. The ceremony hadn started yet. At 3 A.M. we trie to sleep, but not even Carlo nerves were that steady. W dressed again and went bac to the living room.

"It's stupid to hope," I said "They've never given it t anybody in a foreign film."

"You're right," said Carlo "Don't bank on it."

At 6:30 A.M. (9:30 P.M. Hol lywood time) the phone rang Carlo answered, listened, reg istered no expression. "Thank you," he said and hung up Then, turning to me, "It seems you won."

The next two nights passed in an ecstatic blur. I vaguely remember telegraph boys de livering bundles of messages from every corner of the globe, reporters and cameramen over-



Lees "Island Park" carpet wasn't made to take this kind of punishment. But it can.

We actually made "Island Park" into a trampoline and let six kids and one dog go to work on it.

Now, "Island Park" wasn't really made for this sort of thing. It was made to take only common everyday mayhem. And look great while doing it.

Which is why Lees made it of tough heavy filament nylon. Packed good and thick to give "Island Park" a deep dense pile.

We inspected it 27 times to make sure there were no skips, flaws, ravels or miswaves.

We even inspected our inspections.

When we were finished, "Island Park" was stain-resistant. Spill-resistant. Feet-resistant. Roller skate-resistant. Just about everything-resistant.

Including trampoline-resistant.

After hours of jumping and tumbling on our trampoline, the kids and the dog pooped out.

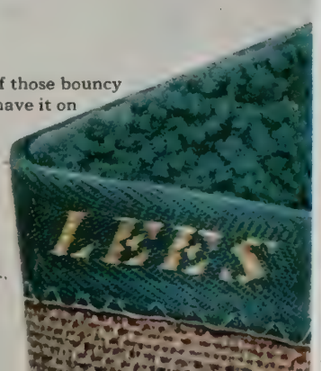
"Island Park" didn't. Even after this uncommon mayhem, it still looked great.

You'll probably never use "Island Park" on your trampoline.

But if you have one of those bouncy families, shouldn't you have it on your floor?

You can, for less than $9 a square yard.

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inning the apartment, champagne corks opping. . . . At the end, exhausted, I lay n my bed between mother and Maria. 'e had no need of words. We knew we ere all thinking of Pozzuoli and the istance we had traveled.

Magnani was not among my well-ishers. In a recent interview, she de-ared, "It's not easy to find scripts that re right for me. Carlo Ponti grabs them ll. He understands that by imitating Magnani one makes money. You just ness up the hair of that avalanche of ex who is *la Loren*." Like most Nea-olitans, I have a hot, quick temper, but ith some help from Carlo I have learned control it—in public. I felt the vol-ano inside me smoldering, but I kept from erupting.

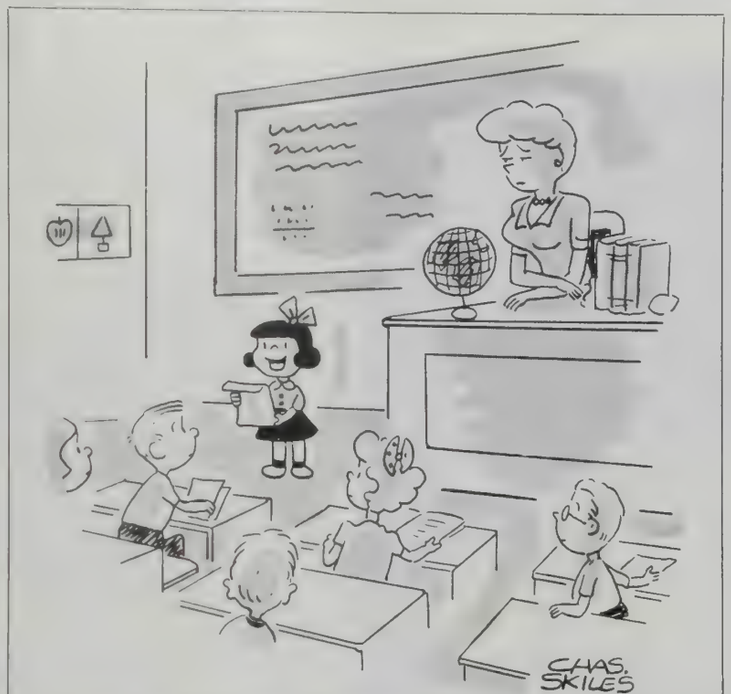
Two years and four films after *Two Women* I found myself working again ith both De Sica and Mastroianni in he three-episode picture, *Yesterday, oday and Tomorrow*. In the *Yesterday* pisode, I played a Neapolitan wife who raws a jail sentence for peddling black-narket cigarettes, but delays its execu-ion for years by obliging her husband o keep her pregnant. We used the local ail for one scene, and an inmate who ad been watching through the bars ent a poem he wrote to De Sica, who ead it aloud before the entire com-any. It began, "May God bring a real aby to bless the life of a certain lovely ady. . . ." I broke down and ran from he set. But my tears were tears of joy. wept with the knowledge, shared only y Carlo, that I was pregnant. I could sk no greater gift of God.

Anxiety—never in my life have I de-ired anything more passionately—com-ined with hard work left me exhausted by the time we finished the first episode, and I took to my bed. My doctor ordered me to stay there at least two weeks. But in a few days I felt energetic again. De Sica was waiting for me in Milan to start the *Today* episode, and so I flew north. The flight was short, yet it tired me, and I had to rest for a couple of days in my hotel room. I was entering the fourth month of pregnancy when we began shooting. Nearly all the action took place inside an automobile moving at high speed. The road was bumpy. I should have insisted on a double for the long shots, but what reason could I give? I didn't want my condition known to the world. I hadn't even told De Sica. Finally I had to.

I couldn't go on. I called Carlo in Rome. "Something awful is happening," I said. He tried to reassure me: "It couldn't—not to you. I'll be on the next plane." A doctor came. By then I knew. You always know when it's gone, when you're carrying a thing that no longer belongs to you, a dead thing. The doctor rushed me to a hospital.

When it was over, he anticipated my first question. Certainly I would be able to bear children, but I must wait awhile.

We finished the second episode, then returned to Rome for the third. It is not a film I enjoy seeing.



"'Essay on what I did during the holidays' by Susie Jones. I got engaged!"

In 13 years of movie-making on three continents I have met, both inside and outside the profession, a bewildering variety of celebrities, the wealthy, the powerful, the talented, the merely notorious. Some I would barely recognize if I passed them on the street. Of others I retain impressions as vivid as if they stood before me. . . .

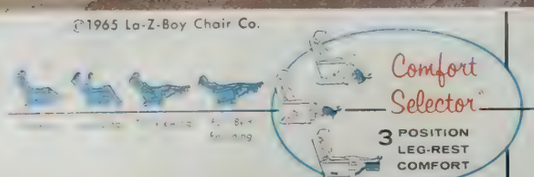
Clifton Webb, preserving his impeccable personality, his comical, Wodehousian detachment, in every act of his daily life. A bachelor precise to the verge of pedantry, punctual as a Swiss chronometer, courtly as a prince. We worked together in Greece, the setting of *Boy on a Dolphin*, and I loved trying to ruffle his Anglo-Saxon calm. One way was to tell him he looked more English than the English Royal Family. Invariably, he would flare up. "I am a true American!"

Mrs. Webb, his octogenarian mother, who accompanied him everywhere, handled the mundane details of his life and supervised his film contracts. An eccentric in the grand tradition, seemingly dreamy and absentminded, in reality as tough-minded as a field (*continued*)



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marshal. The combination threw some of the shrewdest men in the industry off balance, and she struck handsome bargains for her son. Yet her sense of time and place was vague. She appeared to confuse the Rome Airport with Idlewild and, when flying, to think she was riding a train. She often dressed in the morning as if for an evening party. She could drink like a man. "Whiskey is the old people's milk," she would say. "I can't understand why some people are so prejudiced against it."

William Holden, moody, terrible-tempered, full of self-doubt. When viewing rushes, he leaves the projection room before the lights go on, because he can't stand the critical reactions of the others. But for me, whom he played opposite in *The Key*, he made a gallant exception. He stayed, and said, "Sophia, you've really got it."

When film stars have been the idols of your girlhood, meeting them in the flesh as an adult can be disillusioning. Yet, at the same time, the substance was often warmer, more human, more interesting than the shadow. I remember that exemplar of derring-do, the archetype of the strong, silent hero, John Wayne, being tossed by a horse while making *The Legend of the Lost*, spraining his ankle and sitting groaning with pain, the ankle immersed in a tub of ice water.

Queen Elizabeth, an Italian film festival in London and my *faux pas*. I wore a diamond tiara for the occasion only to learn too late from the actress standing beside me in line that no woman may wear a tiara in the royal presence. The Queen was already approaching through the theater lobby to greet us. But, as I curtsied, her smile, one of the most radiant I have ever seen, told me I was forgiven.

King Baudouin at a gala screening of *The Key* in Brussels. He sat directly in front of me, and his behavior baffled me. The audience applauded me, but his hands never moved. He would turn around, look embarrassed and turn back. Once he seemed about to speak, then reconsidered. Finally, he allowed himself a slight bow. The audience, which had never taken their eyes off us, murmured. Were the Belgians this cold? I wondered. Afterward His Majesty explained: Protocol forbade him from noticing me until I had been formally presented. "Of course, I couldn't help noticing you a little," he said, "and I wanted to applaud right away."

Anastas Mikoyan, then deputy premier of the Soviet Union, visiting the Paramount lot and agreeing to pose with me for a publicity shot. He is quite short, dark and has brilliant eyes, and he reminded me of a Sicilian. The conversation, as nearly as I can recall it, went like this:

Mikoyan (in English): "Do you speak Russian?"

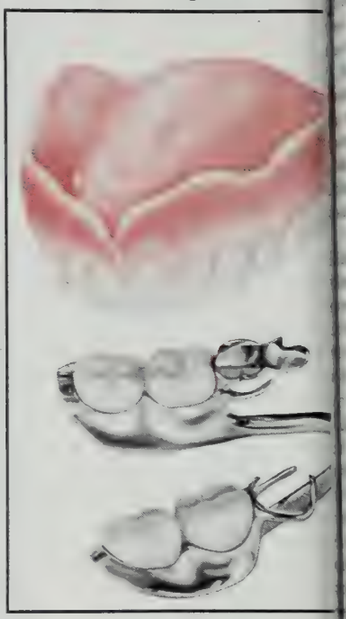
Me: "No, Your Excellence."

Mikoyan: "Why not?" (I am at a loss for an answer.) "Would you like to visit Russia?"

Me: "Of course."

Mikoyan: "Why don't you, then?" (I could think of many reasons, including the visa problem. I said nothing.) "Just apply to me and you will have no trouble. I have not seen any of your films, only photographs in our newspapers. Do you know the Russian drama?"

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A survey of dentists—all of whom have had an opportunity to try KLEENITE—shows more dentists recommending KLEENITE than any other denture cleanser.



Me: "Not as well as I should, but the little I do know makes me feel that Russians are temperamentally close to Neapolitans. I should love to play Chekov's *Three Sisters*."

(This reminded him that some foreign producer had proposed making it in Russia. The producer was, in fact, Carlo, and the sisters were to have been Marilyn Monroe, Ingrid Bergman and myself, but the Russians demanded too big a percentage of the profits.)

Mikoyan: "Is it true that in American

venture films they always use doubles spare the actors?"

Me: "Personally, if it's riding horse- k or swimming or dancing, I prefer do it myself, but when it comes to nping off a cliff, no."

Mikoyan: "What is your next film?"

Me: "*It Started in Naples.* It will be ned on Capri."

Mikoyan: "Ah, yes, Gorki loved that and. I would like to visit Italy some- e. When is the best time?"

Me: "In May, when grass is still green, ore the summer sun ns it brown."

Mikoyan: "May is a nderful month in Rus- , too. Don't forget ur promise to visit us. ish you great success. lian women are very autiful."

(I finally did get to ssia last year for the oscow Film Festival, here I was awarded best-actress prize for *arriage - Italian yle.*)

apri and Clark Ga- . Though I grew up thin a short boat ride the fabled island, I d never set foot there. had been too poor to ord the trip. I would ze longingly at it glit- ring on the horizon, an chantment ever beck- ing, but unattainable. d it was Clark Gable o, knowing every foot Capri, took me on a ur by carriage. How ignant the memory of at drive when I learned his death!

Charlie Chaplin, for e the supreme genius movies, practically e inventor of the art. wo years ago a mutual iend, an Israeli pro- cer named Kurt Un- r, told me, "I've been ith Chaplin. He knows ur work. He's mad out you. He wants to a picture with you." heard nothing directly om Chaplin himself, t rumors began circu- ting that he was actu- ly writing the script. hen, last year, while me scenes in *Lady L.* ere being shot in Switz- rland, near Vevey, here Chaplin lives, an- her producer-friend, ierre Rove, confirmed the rumor. "I w Chaplin yesterday," he said. "He ants me to bring you to dinner."

The little, white-haired man was wait- g for us at the door. I blushed with xcitement and, incredibly, so did he. e offered us drinks, and for once I chose ard liquor, vodka. It helped. Almost at nce he plunged into the script, entitled *A ountess from Hong Kong*, a high com- dy about an American diplomat (Mar- on Brando) and a wild Russian prin- ess. As he acted it out, the years fell rom him like a cloak. He still has the theness, the grace of a young dancer. nthralled, I watched the swift move- ments of his body, how he used his hands and feet, the vitality and eloquence of his eyes and mouth.

Oona Chaplin and two of their children joined us at dinner. It was a Russian menu that included potatoes filled with caviar, and more vodka. Afterward, Oona thoughtfully drew the others aside, leaving her husband and me to talk. He described his own humble beginnings, sensing, I think, that it would bring us closer together.

Where was the harshness I had heard so much about, the resentment and egoism? I found none of it. Nobody ever struck me as more open to friendship or made me feel more at ease.

Thirty-eight films in 13 years. They have not left much opportunity for leisure. My normal working day begins around 6 A.M. I study my lines, submit to the makeup man and the costumer, and by nine I am on the set. Shooting lasts at least until six and occasionally goes on past eight. By the time I get home I am ready to drop into bed. Then there are the film festivals, the premieres, the publicity appearances, the parties one must attend for reasons of professional courtesy. I have traveled over a good deal of the world, but I have seen little of it outside of airports and movie sets. Our homes in Rome, Bürgenstock and Paris—seldom can I spend more than a few days in any of them. Since 1952 I have taken only two extended vacations, the first of two months, my honeymoon; the second of four months, recuperating from my miscarriage.

When we married, Carlo promised me the most beautiful house in the world. It took him seven years and almost $3,000,000 to remodel and furnish a historic villa near Rome. The Italian Government has since declared it a national monument, and granted Carlo funds for its upkeep.

Part of the original structure dates from the first century. Underneath run catacombs where Christian martyrs probably hid. There are 50 rooms, containing ancient Roman mosaic floors, 16th-century frescoes depicting country life, choir panels from 17th-century churches, Empire chandeliers.

My carved, painted wooden bed, under a painted wooden ceiling, is Louis XVI. From my bedroom window I look out on an oval, 135-foot swimming pool. Peacocks strut across the lawns between baroque fountains. The surrounding 20 acres enclose ponds and mechanical waterfalls, an aviary of rare birds, vegetable and flower gardens, vines and orchards. We make wine from our own grapes, and oil from our own olives. A paradise. But I can scarcely call it home. So far I have been able to spend only a few scattered weeks there.

But wherever I am, I long for the Villa Sophia. I want to add touches of my own to it. I want to raise children there.

Do I sound sorry for myself? Nothing could be further from the truth. Friends keep telling me, "Sophia, you've got more money than you can ever spend. You don't have to work another day. When are you going to slow up and enjoy life?" What they fail to understand is my deep need to act. To me, acting is like painting is to an artist or composing to a musician—the only way of self-expression. When acting, I feel courageous, secure, creative, more truly alive. For the opposite reason I am timid, uncomfortable in TV interviews and public appearances, because I have no assumed personality to shield me. I can only project myself. I am too exposed.

Three pictures completed during the last year await release—*Arabesque*, *Judith* and *Lady L.* The year ahead promises to be even busier. In addition to the Chaplin film, the possibilities include the story of the American saint, Mother Cabrini. My supreme ambition is to play Greek tragedy, perhaps *Medea*, because it pushes emotions to their limits. For the passions I recognize in myself and long to express, the framework of modern movies seldom provides an outlet. *Medea* is Vesuvius in eruption.

The rare free hours such a schedule allows, Carlo and I devote to prosaic pleasures. We enjoy ordinary, domestic, dressing-gown ease. We play cards furiously, two-handed Italian games like *briscola* and *tresette* or, with my family, poker. Carlo and I play for every conceivable kind of stake. We even play for the villa. Some evenings he wins it, some evenings I do. I love dancing, but not in nightclubs. Carlo doesn't dance, so I dance by myself, or with Maria, to records. We do the whole *discothèque* bit, the Monkey, the Watusi, the Frug, not to mention Latin-American *romanticismo*, my favorite, like the Samba and the Bossa Nova. I (*continued*)



Yes...The Mother of God WILL Help You!

You may not approve of the age-old Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Perhaps you have heard — and believed — that this is "un-Scriptural"... that Catholics are trying to establish Mary as a divine person equal in power to God.

But if you will look at the facts, you will see that these things are not true ...and you will realize that Mary can exert a wonderful influence in your personal life.

It certainly is not "un-Scriptural" to recognize that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ. If we are to be truly "Scriptural," we must further acknowledge that Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal Father — a Divine Person Who assumed a human nature like ours in all things except sin. And while Mary did not give Jesus His divine nature, the Savior was her Son ... as truly as anyone is the son of his own mother.

In view of these truths, how can anyone look upon Mary as just another woman, or just another mother? Why should we hesitate to honor one whom God so greatly honored ... upon whom He conferred a surpassing holiness and complete freedom from sin? Why should we believe that one so close to the Son of God in His earthly life is not close and dear to Him in His eternal Kingdom?

It is erroneous, of course, to think that Catholics worship Mary as a divine person. But we do love and venerate her for the unique place she occupies in God's plan for our salvation ... for her intimate association with the all-holy Son of God ... and for her own holiness.

But, you may say— why should we pray to Mary when we can pray directly to God, as the Scriptures command? The answer is that Catholics do pray to God and they seek from Him grace and forgiveness — for these are blessings which only God can grant. But there is no law which commands us ... when we go to Him in prayer ... that we must go alone.

Like St. Paul, we believe in praying for others and having others pray for us. And whose prayers could find greater favor in the sight of God than those of the Mother of His Divine Son?

These are the chief reasons for the world-wide Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. These are the reasons why millions of people, in every land and every language, are heard to pray:

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SOPHIA LOREN *continued*

love serious music and practically all movies, but not in theaters. I am content to listen and watch television. I love good food and wine, but not restaurants, least of all fashionable ones. A meal tastes better to me under my own roof. I love company and lots of talk, but not big parties. I prefer informal gatherings of a very few friends under my own roof. I go to bed early. I'm afraid of the dark, a carry-over, I suppose, from some childhood scare, and if Carlo isn't there, I sleep with a lamp lit by my bedside.

When work calls me away again, usually for three or four months, to soften the pangs of displacement, I pack certain objects that represent for me pieces of home, of security. My jazz tapes—Sinatra, the Oscar Petersen Trio, Ella Fitzgerald, Errol Garner, Barbra Streisand. Photographs of my family. A gold chain from Cary Grant. A coral Buddha. A Saint Christopher medal. A miniature Oscar. A dog-eared copy of a book by the great English psychiatrist, Ernest Jones, *What is Psychiatry?*, with its chapter on the meaning of dreams that I never weary of re-reading. Mementos of my films given me by the company. For *The Millionairess*, a gold, pearl-encrusted harp on a platinum chain. The heroine of *Marriage—Italian Style* begins life in a bordello. Italian madams customarily hand each client a *marchetta* (marker) with the price on it. The client delivers it to the girl of his choice, who later returns it to the madam in exchange for cash. The company of *Marriage—Italian Style* gave me a gold *marchetta*.

I see myself, as long as I remain childless, working at the same pace. But when Carlo and I are securely married, I want children, at least three of them. Then, I believe, I could gladly renounce stardom for the life of a housewife.

I began my story by describing the pleasant dream and the nightmare that have recurred to me since childhood. In the pleasant dream, I explained, I am racing along a beach toward a setting sun, as if to capture it before it vanishes, and in the nightmare a winged monster pursues me up a flight of stairs. The sun and the monster—for years I pondered their meaning until I came to see them as two sides of the same coin. The sun, I believe, symbolizes the success I fought so hard to attain. The monster, the poverty and suffering of my youth. In reality, you might say, I have reached the one and escaped the other. Yet, in dreams, I still run toward the sun and flee from the monster.

THIS IS THE CONCLUDING PORTION OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE.

SIX AND SIXTEEN

By Mary Jean Irion

Upturned face, velvet eyes
said, "You won't go away . . .?"
and meant, "Love me."

Turned-away face, steel eyes
say, "Go away!"
and mean, "Love me."

And I velvet steel love you.

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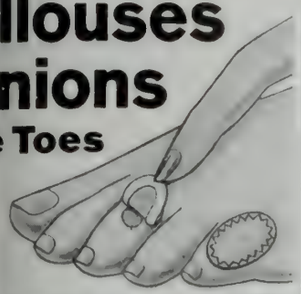


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or inch. Discover the joy
ai free walking again.


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CAN THIS MARRIAGE?

continued from page 72

a girl figured she could stand me up—no girl had ever tried that on me before. Greta's exaggerations frequently led me to wonder whether she actually does love me, or whether she is deceiving herself and me as well. When I take her out I notice she flirts with everybody.

"If Greta really loves me, why doesn't she prove it and learn to keep a clean, tidy house, hang up her clothes, remember to send my shirts to the laundry? To me that would be logical, more convincing than the acts she puts on.

"I proved my love for her when I went to work for my father so she and I could get married. It wasn't easy for me to ask him for a job. My father and I still don't mix well socially—maybe it's because I haven't sorted out what I feel about him—but recently he has begun to transfer business responsibilities to me, and I realize my job has great potential for the future.

"Logically speaking, I owe the job to Greta, since I took it in order to support her. I owe many other things to her. Greta's gaiety and sense of fun, which attracted her to me in the beginning, are definite plus values in my life. For a long while I have wished I could be a warmer, more outgoing person. Greta helps me to be that way. In her company, I am usually less rigid, less ideabound. She helps me to laugh and see the funny side of things, and I help her keep her feet on the ground. We complement each other.

"Greta would make a wonderfully affectionate, sympathetic, warmhearted mother. She says I don't want children, and right now that's true. Before I father a helpless infant, I think she and I should come to terms with our marriage—or separate.

"As for myself, I think she and I can make it. In my opinion, eight months is hardly a fair trial. However, I believe everyone is entitled to seek happiness, and that includes Greta. If she can best find happiness apart from me, I won't stand in her way. Neither will I kick up a ruckus or plead with her not to leave me just to satisfy her appetite for drama and emotional fireworks.

"But I truly believe that for us divorce would be a mistake."

"Both Greta and Thad had college degrees, but higher education hadn't led them to an understanding of each other," the counselor said. "Greta was friendly, ebullient, voluble. Her outrageous exaggerations were charming—in small doses. Spoiled as a child, pampered in her airline job, she expected her husband to keep her amused and was blissfully confident of her ability to hold and amuse him.

"Thad was undemonstrative, unusually reserved sexually and in all other human contacts. In childhood, he had no opportunity to belong to a gang or acquire a pal. Not only did he miss out on friendship, he missed out on the ordinary, normal introduction to sex. To Thad sex meant uproar, screams in the night—and he wanted none of it. In short, he was afraid of sex.

"Consequently he was repelled by Greta's games. She did not know why, nor did he. During our counseling she came to understand the reason why her approaches failed—and learned new techniques for courting her husband. Often, Greta discovered, *(continued)*

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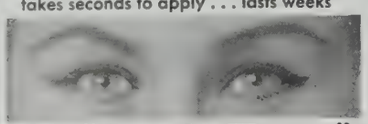


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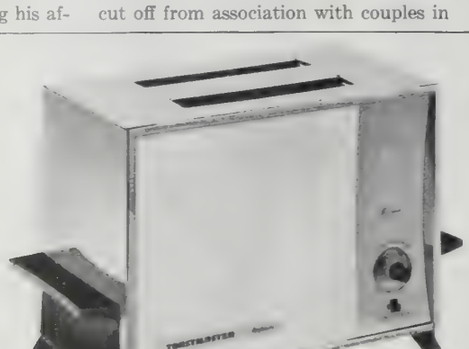
a peaceful house, a burning log in the fireplace, slippers by the hearth, were conducive to love. Thad then learned sex could be a source of the peace and harmony that he had long sought in life.

"Thad's remoteness was part of a personality he invented in his college years to protect himself from the emotional turmoil that had rocked his childhood.

"Once he learned through counseling the importance of demonstrating his affection for Greta—even when he didn't 'feel' it—his conviction that a man must master himself proved an asset. He set out to acquire more engaging traits. And in the very process of acting out concern and love for Greta, he discovered, he began to experience the personal warmth he feared he lacked.

"After counseling, Greta and Thad made practical and beneficial changes in the routine of their lives. Because of the isolation of their seaside home they were cut off from association with couples in their own age group. They moved to a town apartment. They became acquainted with other young people. Nowadays Greta and Thad don't need to accept those social invitations from his father that caused them trouble in the past.

"I saw Greta and Thad in sessions spread over five months. Recently they celebrated their second anniversary. Far more secure and settled in their relationship, they are now looking forward to the birth of their first child." **END**



What to look for in a new toaster:



CRUMBS

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Beauty is as beauty does

Look again, at the beautiful Imperial (Model B122, at top). It's fully automatic. You never, ever push a lever. A small motor even lowers the bread.

On both the Imperial and the Sovereign (Model B112, below), see how the controls are up front, where they're easier to use.

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The Blonde Moon Baby makes silver reign. The streak of lightning on her lips is Extra-Silvery Lilac. Prediction: showers of compliments.



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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF BING CROSBY'S SECOND FAMILY BY BOB WILLOUGHBY. See Crosby's story about them on page 80. Other photographs and illustrations not credited on page: 15–Binnie; 48–illustrations by Betsey Johnson; 50–Harry O. Diamond; 79–Swedowsky & Weiss; 88–left, Jon Brenneis; right, Ron Riesterer, Oakland Tribune; 89–left, UPI; right, Marion Fease; 100–Max Schiller, Black Star.

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OUR READERS WRITE US

The Pope and Birth Control

Dear Editors: Your article THE SECRET DRAMA BEHIND THE POPE'S MOMENTOUS DECISION ON BIRTH CONTROL (March) was the best I have read on this topic. Lois Chevalier brought to public light the fact that this is not just a group of people gathered to approve or disapprove of "the pill." Many factors are involved and the complexity of the situation is staggering.

MRS. DANIEL SNIEGOWSKI
Chicago, Ill.

Tipping in Supermarkets

Dear Editors: After reading Miss Vanderbilt on tipping (AMY VANDERBILT, February *Journal*), I checked with the manager of a chain of supermarkets, and was told the following: (1) There are regulations forbidding the acceptance of tips by carry-out boys; (2) Any boy found accepting a tip will automatically be fired; (3) The pay is over $3 an hour and carrying out groceries is *what they are paid for.* The stores in the greater Los Angeles area may be different from markets in the East, but the manager of my market was quite annoyed to think you would suggest adding a "tip charge" to the "tape."

MRS. MERRILL WEST
Glendora, Calif.

Miss Vanderbilt says she is considering moving West. In the two large New York supermarkets she uses, the delivery charge has risen to 40 cents.—ED.

Sophia Loren

Dear Editors: If Sophia Loren's Carlo Ponti spent "almost three million dollars to remodel and furnish a historic villa near Rome" for her (SOPHIA LOREN WRITES ABOUT SOPHIA LOREN, March *Journal*), why didn't he spend another three dollars to get her a pan with plastic handles so that she would not burn her fingers with or without the pot holder?

It would have been a very appropriate Valentine's Day remembrance.

MRS. CHARLES E. PERRY
Eugene, Oreg.

Dear Editors: I don't understand all the fuss about Sophia Loren's marital status. The determinedly "legal" marriages of so many of her movie-star colleagues have a far greater mortality rate than this particular alliance. She just sounds like any nice, average, home-loving girl who happens to live in Italy.

Except that she's a lot prettier.

THOMAS MALONE
Thomasville, Ga.

My Life as an Artist

Dear Editors: I did it. I've been telling my husband that I would, and I finally did. My occupation is no longer a plain, everyday, run-of-the-mill housewife. I am now an artist. The work is still the same; I'm still mopping floors, wiping noses, making beds and diapering bottoms; only the title has been changed to protect the innocent. Me.

I've been told so many times that only an idiot would be content to remain near hearth and home that I've become embarrassed to admit to such lunacy. Oh, we have our defenders, but they are always so TALENTED. I don't paint china, refinish furniture or raise my own herbs on the kitchen windowsill. I don't write best sellers in my spare time, chairman charity balls or help unwed mothers. I am trying to raise children in this mad world and keep my husband happy, and if that's not an art, I don't know what is. And I do happen to think that what I am doing right here and now is the most important job I can be doing, and that no one can do it as well as I. (The fact that I'm carrying my husband's third child and wouldn't relinquish that job to ANYONE is beside the point . . . or is it?)

Yesterday, when I applied for another charge account at a department store, I filled in that little space next to "Wife's Occupation," with ARTIST. Housewife means drudgery, but artist conjures up all sorts of exciting, romantic and interesting notions. The clerk looked at me with new respect in her eyes. And I had brainwashed myself for so long that I had no compunctions whatsoever in writing it down. I'm still not quite prepared to put it on our income-tax form, those IRS men have no sense of humor, but the next time I'm asked . . . well, just ask me!

I left the store with such pride and confidence that I hurried home to create a new masterpiece for dessert. In fact, right now I can't wait to get to that ironing staring at me. I don't know how long this spell will last but, for now, I feel marvelous!

MRS. RAYMOND HARRIS
Rockledge, Fla.

Kinkajous' News

Dear Editors: I don't want you to think that I'm the one who's conceited in this family; John and Tommye (Mr. and Mrs. John L. Allen) insisted that I send you my picture to counteract the statement by that man who said Kinkajous aren't good pets (PET NEWS, January *Journal*). Anyway, they read the pet column and like it most of the time, and though I've been with them a year now, they still show my pictures. And they're



always telling people about how I'm house-broken and how I look so cute climbing the door jamb and how funny it is when I go in their bedroom at 3 A.M. and pull their ears so they'll get up and play with me. And, well—you see what they're like. So I thought I'd humor them and send along my picture. Actually, I'm much better-looking.

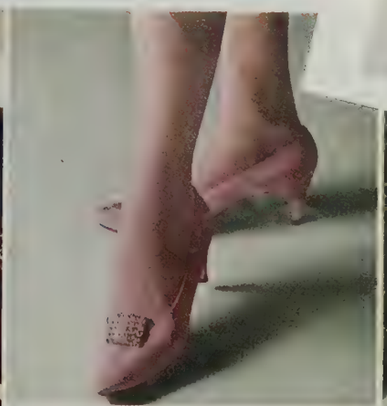
CHAMPAGNE TONY ALLEN
Washington, D.C.

Put new color in your life...quick

Anything from pillows to pumps can look new, e and colorful in less than an hour. It's easy with Ri



Famous decorator's newest idea, wild, unexpected color combinations! Dye slipcovers, pillow covers, a washable lampshade. Think of the exciting effects you can create in your own home—with Rit!



Cool new kick! The "total" look: orchid top to toe. Sponge-dye fabric shoes to match any costume.



Fashion up yesterday's pullover with subtle new Green. It's today!



Brighten a bedspread! See what happens when you dye a bedspread a vivid, almost violent color. Try a startling Blue, glowing Gold, hot Orange!



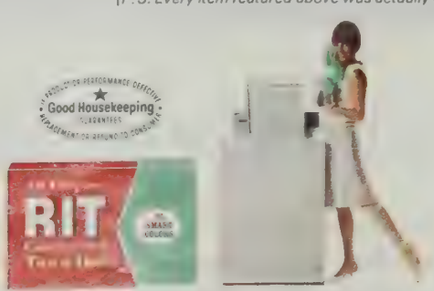
Even vinyl plastic shower curtains can burst into fresh new color with Rit! How about this sunlit Gold?



Lingerie looks gay again in shock colors: Turquoise, Kelly Green, even Tangerine!

Your washer does the work–you get the credit! Color your life new with Rit! It's so incredibly easy! All Purpose Rit brings exciting new color to most washable materials—even things you never dreamed you could dye! Washable lampshades and vinyl plastic shower curtains take to Rit color as beautifully as a scatter rug. Just pick your color. You simply can't help getting beautiful results—in less than an hour!

(P. S. Every item featured above was actually dyed with Rit. Wish we had space to show you all 35 exciting Rit colors!)



Color it with Rit–right in your washer. You'll be proud of the results... proud of yourself!

This is Hate that gray? Wash it away!™



Now! Color only the gray...



Makes your husband feel younger too... just to look at you!

without changing your natura

Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you lo so much prettier, younger, after the very fi wash. It's that natural looking. Just choo the tone most like your own—from blonde Natural Black. Loving Care won't rub o won't brush off. Not a tint, better than a rin



hair color!

eeds no peroxide. Leaves your hair vital, ossy, in better condition than ever. Nothing mix or add. Just pours on right out of the ttle! Even the fragrance is mild, delightful.

Best of all — just washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER



Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

©Clairol Inc. 1965



Keystone Press Agency photograph of the burning of the books, Berlin, May 10, 1933.

These are the books that Hitler burned



He had to.

These books riddle superstition and viciousness with *truth*.

These thoughts and theories built our democracies and broke the chains of bondage.

These words are more powerful than any Gestapo or thought police.

Here, in 54 superbly bound volumes, you'll find the wisdom of Shakespeare, Plato, Thomas Aquinas, Adam Smith, Tolstoy, Darwin and Freud. The truths of Homer, Augustine and many, many more.

No power-hungry madman could stand for long against these books. That's why Hitler burned them.

Now these Great Books can all be yours, 443 works by 74 immortal authors. Yours, in your own home. To enlighten you, console you, to help you guide your children.

The amazing Syntopicon

With Great Books you receive the two-volume Syntopicon, an *idea* index that took 8 years and over a million dollars to build. With the Syntopicon, you can trace every thought in the Great Books as easily as you look up words in your dictionary.



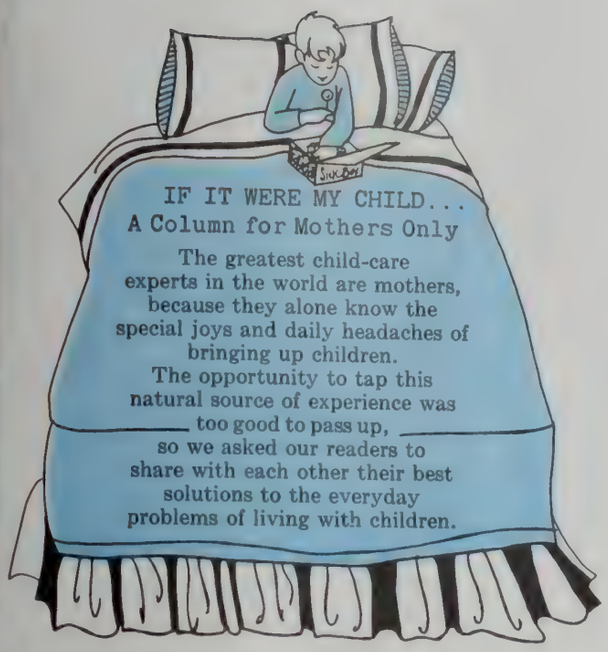


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CLOTHES CATCHER: **Make a basketball net out of a coat hanger and unbleached muslin. Hang it on your son's closet door and let him score every time with dirty socks, shirts and anything else bound for the washing machine.—Mrs. C. Gemmell, Medford, Mass.**

BED AND BORED: To keep restless children in bed when they are ill, make a sick box. In an attractive box, gather small *toys, dolls, games and buttons and such from your sewing drawer. Give the box only to the child who is ill to keep until she recovers. The sick box retains its aura of mystery because it is seldom seen and always contains a surprise as well as the familiar objects so important to a child's security.—Mrs. E. L. Roney, Los Altos, Calif.*

WHERE DID THEY GO? OUT. . . . On a piece of cardboard, draw the face of a monkey in bright colors. When your neighbor's child comes into your house to play, put the monkey in the window where her mother can see it. Have your neighbor do the same when your child is in her house. Saves wondering and frequent phone calls.—Mrs. C. Widdis, Corning, N. Y.

BEAT THE BATTLE OF THE BOOT: **Slip a plastic bag over each shoe, and even damp boots will slide on magically. Shoeshines and tempers will both be brighter—Mrs. R. N. Raymond, Berea, Ohio**

BABY-SITTER'S TREASURE HUNT: The first night for a new sitter is hard on everyone. The evening she is due, I hide things around the house—lollipops, a coloring book, a child's magazine, some cookies. Then I say, "When Gail arrives, you may have a treasure hunt." Our little girl can hardly wait. The game helps the sitter, too, by making her less self-conscious. By the time the hunt is over, they are pals.—Mrs. S. M. Beard, Clearwater, Fla.

BUTTON BOLSTER: To keep little fingers from pulling off buttons, try sewing them on with dental floss.—Mrs. C. Rohner, Rome, Ga.

TODDLER SHISH KEBAB: **To delight the fussy eater, string colorful toothpicks with cubed meat, small vegetables and raw fruit. For variety, try cubed ham, pineapple tidbits and cheese. Carry on the project at snacktime with miniature marshmallows, raisins and dry cereal.—Mrs. T. R. Hagerty, Wauwatosa, Wis.**

DON'T WASTE A DROP: All mothers are sometimes faced with a child who refuses to stop crying. As soon as the tears start, I run to get a bottle so that not one tear will be wasted. When we try to get a bottle full of tears, it is almost impossible to squeeze out even one.—Mrs. H. Stevens, Denver, Colo.

MAKE THE MEDICINE GO DOWN: A few moments before giving the dose, let your child hold a piece of ice on his tongue. His taste buds will be momentarily numbed and the medicine will slide down without a whimper.—Mrs. A. E. Ware, Saginaw, Mich.

The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Please address your solutions to Susan Jacobson, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 12, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Lady Esquire new Go-Gay shoe colors wear like leather*



New Formula Lady Esquire Instant Shoe Coloring

*will stand up to all the wear that most leathers take without cracking. Proved in tests on the Bally Flexometer testing machine. Change tired winter shoes to vibrant spring shoes. Two-tone, and be in step with the latest shoe fashions!

It's as easy as coloring your nails!



Free Offer

Buy any one of the new Go-Gay shoe colors and get any one of 29 other colors free.



Pick up your "Free Offer" coupon from this Go-Gay display.

For your free bottle, just buy any one of the new Go-Gay colors (Buttercup, Periwinkle, Shannon Green, Crystal Grey). Pick up the special coupon and indicate the color of your choice, then mail it plus the box from any of the Lady Esquire Go-Gay colors to us: Knomark, Inc., P.O. Box 41, Jamaica, N.Y. 11434. Offer expires August 1966. Valid in Canada.



I dreamed I turned on the magic of Venice ...in my *maidenform* bra



This is the dream you can be—with Maidenform's* new 'Dreamliner'* bra. Contoured with fiberfill. Adjustable stretching straps. White, Nude. 4.00.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1966 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, active sportswear.

Photographed in Venice, Italy

NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA



No wonder redheads are supposed to be so temperamental. No one ever made up to them before.

Clothes, colors, *cosmetics* all *seem* to be for blondes and brunettes. But just you wait (if you can) till your next visit to the cosmetic counter. You'll find Clairol Make-Up for Redheads! Created to give you the ideal, perfect complexion color for redheads.

It's the one complexion color that really makes things happen for redheads. Describe it? Well, how do you describe Devonshire cream or a gardenia petal?

To give you the ideal look, Clairol created nine color-correcting make-up shades. Not to *mask* your own skin tone but to *combine* with it. And your shade will give you The Look. That luscious, flawless creamy face is *yours!*

Remember when you used to be teased about being a redhead? Well now you can forget it.



Clairol® Make-Up for Redheads

P. S. There is Clairol Make-Up for Brunettes, for Brownettes, and for Blondes, too. But that's another look entirely.

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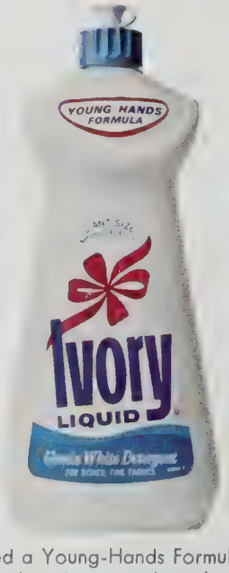
"Gosh...today's Ivory Liquid did help my hands look young again! (Must be its Young-Hands Formula!)



"Harry hadn't kissed my hands in years. Couldn't blame him, though... housework and dishes had made my hands old-looking.



"Then Mary Mild came into my life! She told me about today's Ivory Liquid with its special formula ..

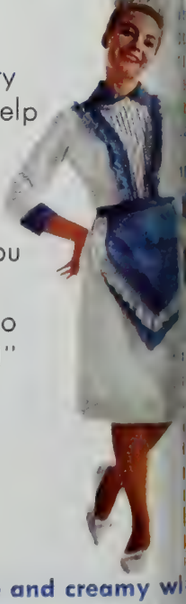


"...called a Young-Hands Formula. No other detergent has it!



"Proper hand care and Ivory Liquid really helped my hands look young again. Even Harry noticed! So romantic!"

"Today's Ivory Liquid can help your hands look young again... kinda like you had a maid, like me, to do your dishes!"



Try today's Ivory Liquid...pure and creamy wi
makes rich, longer-lasting suds, t

...ave You Heard?

...LOIS BENJAMIN

...jet set's jet set—world's speedi... air-styling service—is now being ...rmed in a Paris taxi. It's actually a ...le beauty salon, built into—what ...—a silver Rolls-Royce, and it ... expressly for beautiful but di...eled ladies *en route* from Orly Air... to downtown Paris. The Rolls, ...ly equipped with a stylist named ..., a driver, plus all standard salon ...pment and a discreet set of win... curtains, collects Madame as soon ...e clears customs. Cyril goes to ..., and 30 minutes later rollers are ...d out as Rolls pulls into hotel ...eway. *Voilà!* and only $63.

...E YOU SAMPLED . . . The biggest, ...est, richest compote ever cooked ...ver just one fruit? *The Strawberry*, ...ost remarkable encyclopedia, is ...ully strawberry jam-packed with ... illustrations, scholarly treatises ...delicious historical facts about one ...e world's loveliest plants. Written ... leading U.S. authority on small ...s, Dr. George McMillan Darrow, ... *Strawberry* (Holt, Rinehart and ...ston, Inc.) costs $15—which would, ...e sure, buy a heap of shortcake, if ... your plane fare to California's ...ent Strawberry Festival (May 1– ...e 15). But where else could a dedi...d berry fancier find gorgeously ...trated discussions of the straw...y's role in 15th-century religious ...tings, plus a comprehensive study ...ur berried past, present and future? ...rawberry festival for all seasons. ...m-m-m?

...E YOU SEEN . . . The only coin ...onditionally guaranteed to make a ...-ager flip: a silver medal for loyal ...tle fans—the ones who, presum...y, have stomped, shrieked or ...oned beyond the call of duty, ... who have at least $10 left after ...ing *Rubber Soul* (their last album). ...rd from London is that John, ...l, George and Ringo struck solid ...er when a medal-making company ...ich used to mint only gold and ...inum coins commemorating his...c figures like Churchill, Kennedy, ...stein and Schweitzer) finally de...d to add groovier graven images ...the world's most worshiped pop ...s. Solemn Beatle brows, sculpted ... Mount Rushmore-worthy style, ... adorn a gleaming dollar-size disk, ...ere even an Arthur haircut looks ...solid as the pound sterling. And on ... flip side, kids, the boys' names are ...ved out in indelible raised script. ...e, immortalized.

...VE YOU HEARD . . . If you've got ...ecret to tell your great-great-great-...at-great-grandchildren, there's an ...erprising California outfit willing ...arrange for its delivery, in exactly ... years. For $2.50, cash, you get to ...ord your urgent message—anything ...all—including photographs, poems, ...wings, or your life story—on micro...n, which will then be deposited for a ... century of cold storage, in the ...stern States Atomic Vaults, nestled ...p in California's Santa Cruz Moun...ns. Sponsors of the "Timetube" ...ject, which at least isn't called ...ids, Letters from Their Ancestors," ... their system includes careful Do Not Open Until 2066 labels, for the vaults' custodians, present and future.

Neither snow nor sleet nor gloom of night is expected to interfere with the service. However, there *is* one little thing: Timetube won't guarantee delivery in case of either nuclear disaster or the end of civilization.

P.S. For people interested in short-term, rather than long-term, immortality, a new Belgian service called Gifts Perpetual may be the answer. After you're gone, but don't want to be forgotten, G.P. will gladly arrange to send gifts from you to friends and relatives on their birthdays, Christmas or whatever. They'll take orders for five years' worth of service, 10 years' worth, any period you select. As for the message on the card, how about "Happy Birthday from your late Aunt Martha"?



The Strawberry—a Fruit for All Fanciers



The Golden Boys—Set in Silver







Years of Lightning—A Film Worthy of J.F.K.

HAVE YOU READ . . . Any good books in EXTRA LARGE PRINT lately? If you're one of the nation's 4 million "low-vision" readers—people who simply can't cope with ordinary book-page type—clear your favorite shelf and focus on the handsome new Keith Jennison editions of classic and/or just plain good, highly readable books. Ranging from Zane Grey to Nathaniel Hawthorne to John F. Kennedy to John le Carré, the Jennison line (published by Franklin Watts Inc., 575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022) is the first major U.S. publishing push to capture—or recapture—the huge audience of "forgotten" readers who have either lost, or never found, a comfortable way to keep up with and enjoy the printed word.

Besides clear print (enlarged photographically from the original typography), the Jennison books have glare-free paper; nice, thick, oversize pages; and the blessed faculty of lying perfectly flat once you've opened them.

HAVE YOU PLANNED . . . ✓ To tune in **May 1,** first day of Radio Month, to *The Magic of Broadcasting*, a TV tribute to itself and its elder sister, radio. All the folks will be there—on CBS—Arthur Godfrey, Lucille Ball, Sheldon Leonard, John Scott Trotter, in a sentimental documentary journey over the air waves, then and now.

✓ To back a winner **May 7**—in the 92nd running of the Kentucky Derby. They're off at Churchill Downs, Louisville—and also on CBS-TV.

✓ To call Mother **May 8.** Even if it *is* Mother's Day.

✓ The ideal way to mark National Hospital Week (**May 9–14**): treating a child with *Curious George Goes to the Hospital*, by Margret and H.A. Rey. Published (by Houghton Mifflin) in collaboration with the famous Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, it's another delightful story about the world's most mischievous monkey. Designed to help prepare children for a stay in a hospital, it will also fascinate well youngsters who are just plain curious about the adult world, like George himself. P.S. There are two editions—hard cover ($3.25) and a special hospital paperback (75 cents).

✓ To read at least one smashing new novel this month—preferably Vladimir Nabokov's *Despair*, being published **May 16** (Putnam's, $5). This is Nabokov at his *Lolita*-level-best: murderously sharp, shockingly funny, wildly tongue-in-cheeky—a must.

✓ To mark John F. Kennedy's birthday **May 29** in one of two stirring ways: 1. Taking the whole family to see *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*, the triumphant color film produced by the U.S.I.A. after the assassination, and now finally showing in U.S. theaters (it took a special act of Congress to release it). The quiet, eloquent narration, by Gregory Peck, backs a superbly woven tapestry of memorable Kennedy moments—public, private, beautiful, heartbreaking. 2. If *Years of Lightning* isn't playing near you, watch Part I of *The Age of Kennedy*—NBC-TV's ambitious documentary, prepared with help from J.F.K.'s friend and biographer, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

A fresh look at food!



by James Beard

America's foremost cook-author

Down with the old bromide — you have to cook sumptuous dishes to be a devastating hostess. You don't. You can rise to gastronomic heights with the simplest recipes.

The secret lies in making taste sing. Take a sirloin steak like above. A surprising saucy touch is to smooth on butter creamed with lime or lemon juice just before serving. My menu includes baked potatoes with rosemary butter; crisp tossed salad with oil and vinegar; hot French bread; fresh fruit, cheese and dry red wine.



That fresh beef flavor is what makes the real difference to the way steak tastes. And the best way I've found to guard that juicy freshness between market and range counters is to store all meat in Baggies® Plastic Bags.

Why Baggies for meat? Because they're drip-proof. Moisture-proof. Vitamin-rich juices are protected . . . can't seep thru folds or punctures that can develop in foil or wax paper. On every count big-size Baggies (Food Wrap and Jumbo) are better for storage. I find them sitting on my counter for just about everything.



Flavor 'n time saver. Next time you cook cauliflower, save some of the flowerets, mix them in a casserole with cream sauce, Swiss cheese and bread crumbs, and freeze in a big Baggies. Just slip the dish right inside the bag.

Good cooking to you.

James Beard



There's stainless and then there's stainless by GORHAM.

A service-for-eight (50 pieces) in any one of these beautiful designs is only $49.95



...and this handsome wooden keep-case is a special gift with your purchase this spring. Gorham Stainless. At fine jewelry stores and silverware departments.

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



PET NEWS

By JOYCE DATTEL

Be Kind to Animals Week begins May 1, but the producers of CBS-TV's *Daktari* have been practicing that all along. Ivan Tors and Ralph Helfer use what they call the "affection method" of training the animals kept at the compound in California where *Daktari* is filmed. That just means handling the animals at least once a day and never using whips. According to Tors and Helfer, they treat the beasts almost like household pets, take them for Jeep rides, and young Cheryl Miller, who co-stars on the show, even rides Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion. (During recent floods in California, many of the animals were saved because trainers could walk right into the cages and lead the trapped animals to safety without fear of being attacked.)

Cheryl has also made friends with Serrang, a 500-pound tiger. She says that Serrang reacts to the various perfumes she wears—he ignores some scents and others affect him like catnip. The catnip reaction is pretty affectionate—Serrang snuggles up to her. And just try to stay on both feet when a 500-pound tiger is rubbing against you!

Nevertheless, the troupe claims that the show's production is easier because the animals—affection-method actors—aren't afraid of the human actors. And vice versa?

Ever see a 350-pound turtle ride a skateboard? Terance, the largest turtle at Washington's National Zoo, rode one for six months, and now he's having trouble getting off the wagon. Last summer Terance broke his leg—no one knows how. Dr. Clinton Gray operated, set the leg with a silver pin, and put a cast on it. When you're built like a turtle and weigh 350 pounds, a cast can be awkward, so Dr. Gray strapped the leg to a skateboard (actually a mover's dolly), and Terance scooted around quite merrily. Now that the cast is off, Terance has to learn to walk again. It seems that he enjoyed riding so much that he's reluctant to go back to turtle's pace on all fours. Who ever said turtles were slow?

For dogs who get jumpy while traveling, Mary Goodyear in London is making traveling cushions impregnated with meat smells. Inventor Goodyear says she has tested the beefed-up pillow on her own poodle, and it keeps him "calm and relaxed" on long journeys. He just lies there, dreaming of the next mess stop.

Meanwhile, for travel-weary dogs waiting out England's six-month quarantine, the British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has devised a method for alleviating homesickness. Radios have been placed in the kennels to entertain the dogs. One kennel near Reading has even put a tape recorder in with the dogs. What's on the tape? Sounds of home—children getting ready for school, a vacuum cleaner, whatever noises an owne thinks his lonesom pet misses most.

Ripe old age fo dogs brings o many of the sam problems that e derly people suffe according to a re cent study at th Gaines Dog Re search Center When your dog be gins to gray aroun his muzzle an starts to nap mor frequently than he used to, th Gaines Center suggests several thing you can do to help him grow ol gracefully: An older dog likes hi regular routine and has difficulty i adjusting to new habits, so he shoul be walked along familiar routes. An keep his feed dish and water bowl i the same place. Old dog Tray ma lose his hearing, too, so don't be im patient with him if he doesn't obe commands as quickly as he used to Daily brushing will make him mor comfortable, and his toenails shoul be kept clipped (they grow hard an brittle with age and can be painful i too long). Senior dogs may develo arthritis, shortness of breath an other chronic afflictions, but pro longed hospitalization should b avoided if possible. Because a dog i more comfortable at home, he may recuperate faster if he can be treate at home. And, finally, a warning fa miliar to any older creature—watch his waistline.

The 96th edition of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, which goes on tour this month, is responsible for reconciling two mortal enemies in the animal world—the tiger and the horse. Trainer Adolph Althoff introduced his two charges when King, the Siberian tiger, was 18 months old. He let King watch while he worked with the horse, whose name just *happens* to be *Tiger*. Then Tiger watched while King worked. Now the two are getting along just fine. In the new act, King rides Tiger's back; but Althoff is still cautious—he isn't convinced the truce is permanent.

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



This cat in the hat was put there by Fran Birdwell of Midland, Texas.

(Do you have a favorite pet picture? We would like to see it. Send it to Pet News Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)

Do you have to hide your hair to look prettier?

(our hair may be starving for condition)*
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deep, the strength lasts even after you've
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condition*, it's the greatest help
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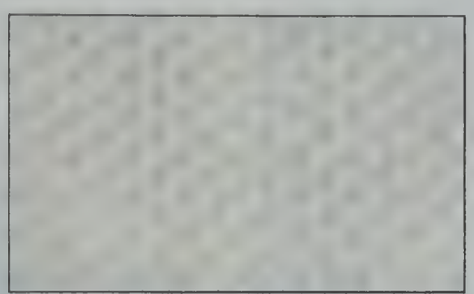
od Housekeeping

KOTEX INTRODUCE



OFT IMPRESSIONS

Unique new Soft Impressions form tiny inlets that absorb faster, deeper, better. And only new Kotex napkins have them.



You're looking at the cushioned surface on new Kotex napkins. Dozens of tiny little indentations, Soft Impressions we call them, draw moisture quickly to the most absorbent depths of the napkin. So the surface stays softer, fresher, nicer.

You sense the new gentleness, the feeling of more security and comfort. If you seem fresher, more poised, more relaxed, it's because you are.

Look for new Kotex napkins with Soft Impressions. With 2 safety shields, too. Kotex — preferred by more women than all other napkins combined.



KIMBERLY-CLARK PRODUCT

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The Children Santa Didn't Forget After All...

BY HELEN MARKEL Last December the *Journal* ran a Christmas appeal called THE CHILDREN SANTA FORGOT. We said that Christmas was a time when each of us, deep down, hoped for a miracle. And we asked our readers to make a miracle come true for 17 about-to-be-forgotten children who were being cared for by local agencies of the United Funds and Community Chests.

Your response was the first miracle: friends in 50 states and Canada sent gifts totaling over $17,000, as well as clothing, toys and thousands of letters of love and understanding that gave these lonely children their first glimpse into the magical world of friendship and the hope that tomorrow will be better.

Because of you, each child who had almost—but not quite—stopped believing in happy endings was granted his Christmas wish:

For RICKIE, 8, in New York City, the only child of normal intelligence in a family of mental defectives, Christmas meant his first light in the darkness—a shiny new children's encyclopedia. He fell asleep smiling on Christmas night with two volumes still open on his bed.

In Houston, SANDRA, 12, fell asleep listening to the first thing she could call her own—a record player and more records than she ever dreamed of.

JENNIFER (Memphis) has never really had a chance at childhood because, for as long as she can remember, she has been the family voice for her deaf parents. This Christmas brought her the art scholarship she longed for and the beginning of a life of her own. DIANE (Minneapolis) who couldn't read at 10, received her first opportunity, too—her very own tutor. Next year, she says, she is going to read the story of the first Christmas all by herself.

ROGER, 8 (Pittsburgh), knew Christmas for the first time: a turkey dinner, presents for everyone and "a real tree that smelled better than anything." He said he had been right all along—a real Christmas tree *is* a very good omen.

Even though she is only 10, HILDA (Atlanta) is practicing hard on the new typewriter she always wanted, so that next year she can earn money to help support her seven brothers and sisters.

TIMMY (Cincinnati) and JOSHUA (Milwaukee), both 4, want to walk more than anything. This Christmas many new friends added to both boys' hopes. Thanks to his new walker, brave little Joshua, born with a rare joint disease, is taking his first steps. And Timmy, a cerebral palsy victim, is pedaling very hard on his new red bike because his doctors say that if he does he may be able to walk by next Christmas.

Christmas also brought 8-year-old ELLEN, born in a San Francisco slum, the wish she had long dreamed of—a trip to Disneyland—a magic place far from the shadowy world she knows, and a memory that will light up her future.

In Newark, N.J., PAUL and his five orphaned brothers and sisters got their first Christmas tree. The lights on it will never go out because Paul took a picture of it with his new camera. Unkno friends sent it to him to help open windows on his shuttered world.

Even a very little girl needs priva At last 8-year-old GRACE (Boston) a place of her own in the cramped b room she shares with her mother a sister—a little chest of drawers wh she can keep her doll safe.

Even though MARY ANN'S fos parents couldn't afford to give her a Christmas, secret friends in New leans sent her "a big doll with a bro face and curly hair like mine." Ma Ann says that she and the doll have every afternoon and laugh a BUDDY, whose asthma kept him of the Philadelphia schools, laughs m now, too, because Christmas gifts abled his family to move to a new ho where there is plenty of fresh air, s shine and no dampness.

FELICIA (Chicago) hasn't dared believe in anything since the day police took her father away, and she w sent to a foster home. But this Chri mas she got a doll that would always hers and green dresses for herself a the doll. She has started to believe th sometimes *nice* things can happe JOEY (San Diego) also was never t sure about believing until Santa se him the splendid set of tools that a helping him to build his way out of seriously disturbed and uncertain pa

JOHNNY, 4, always wondered if t Santa Claus story was true, so he nev dared wish too hard for a tricycle li the one he rode in the day-care nurser But Christmas brought him his o bike and a belief that maybe tomorro will be brighter.

In an orphanage, everybody gets Christmas present. But RONNI wanted something very special—a vi from his friend, his summer recreatio worker. Contributions paid for her tw week visit and brought Ronnie a litt closer to being ready to move to a fost home. For Ronnie the gift of friendshi is the best gift in all the world.

Christmas has come—and stayed— for these children because it brough them, above all, the knowledge tha someone really cared—someone like . . the little girl who sent half of her allow ance (5 cents) to Rickie . . . the two chi dren who put on a Christmas play an raised $3.10 for Sandra's record player . . . the grandmother who offered to b Ronnie's pen pal . . . the first-graders who gave up ice cream for a week and sent their savings to Diane . . . the children who sent Roger a Cub Scout uniform so he could join their Brownie troop . . . and the many, many families who offered to be Ellen's hosts in Disneyland, who wanted to adopt Rickie, who inquired about the progress of the fund, and all of you who made these miracles happen for the 17 children Santa didn't forget after all.

To find out how much each child's fund received, please turn to page 157.



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By Lois R. Chevalier

Should This Sex Research Be Allowed To Go On?

St. Louis is a staid city. Its public buildings and its inherited mansions have the solid look of civic virtue. Its streets are almost deserted by 9 P.M. Its "best" people tend to know one another, and "everybody" knows whose daughter is engaged.

It is not a place where you would expect anyone to make films of people having sexual intercourse. Yet that is just what has been happening in St. Louis, for more than 10 years—quietly but with the sanction of some responsible community leaders.

I first heard about it at luncheon with other medical reporters in New York. One of them had read a paper in a medical journal reporting on laboratory studies in human sexuality. "They keep track of people's blood pressure, heart action and brain waves," said the reporter.

Medical writers are not easily shocked. We had all been around hospitals and medical schools enough to get over being squeamish. But the very thought of this "research" was too much for us. Why would anyone submit to such experimentation? Was it ethical? Was it harmful to the persons engaged in it? Why were they doing it?

Eventually, I got the answers in St. Louis from Dr. William H. Masters and his assistant, Mrs. Virginia Johnson, founders of the Reproductive Biology Foundation. But first I read some of their published papers. They said that more than 600 men and women aged 18 to 89 had taken part in the experiments. As a result, Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson wrote the most detailed description ever presented of anatomic and physiologic changes during sexual activity.

But their work ignored all the questions that it immediately raised in any ordinary person's mind—questions of morality, decency, human values. They wrote about men and women exactly as if they were writing about white mice.

An outraged psychoanalyst, Dr. Leslie H. Farber, first brought these questions out in public. Writing in *Commentary* magazine, Dr. Farber called Dr. Masters "fanatical" and accused him of "passionate naïveté" and disregard of "all the proprieties."

Dr. Farber remarked that questions of "appropriateness and affection" were being too readily ignored by these sexologists and that, indeed, they had dared to invoke their "own requirements of right and wrong, good and bad."

Like Dr. Farber, I considered the project itself more astonishing than the findings. But I determined to be open-minded as I opened the door of the Reproductive Biology Foundation. I had found it to be locate the Central Medical Building Forest Park Avenue, an eight-l traffic artery. The building is ful doctors and dentists with n modern waiting rooms and wh uniformed aides. Dr. Masters' of looks like all the others, except t perhaps the enameled ashtrays a little handsomer and the painti not quite so banal.

The doctor was wearing a star white coat. His large, hazel-bro eyes were darkly circled and tir looking. I think he has a slight c in his right eye, which he seemed a to rectify by deliberately focus on my eyes and holding my gaze waveringly with his own. When had stared each other down, I able to observe his straight, th lipped mouth, his white skin, bald, high-domed head, his large h regular features. It seemed to me face of a determined, uncomp mising man, one might even say rigid, Puritanical man.

Before I began asking questi we were joined by Virginia Johns the associate who has worked clos with Dr. Masters for almost 10 yea She is a woman about 40, of medi build, with brown hair beginning show a little gray, combed straig back. She wore a dash of lipstick simple dress and sensible shoes. S looked like anyone I might meet the P.T.A. or in my supermarket- nice, unpretentious woman.

Yet within the first few minute became aware that she is unusual the persuasiveness and warmth her personality. She has the gift making people feel relaxed and co fortable, of putting them on her sid Part of it is her voice, which is s and vibrant and which she uses wi great skill.

The three of us talked almost day and late into the evening. I ca to understand what Dr. Masters a Mrs. Johnson *think* they are doin I know a little more than I want about their techniques. And I reali that they are right now at the cros roads. After more than 10 years secrecy, they have come out in t open to be judged and evaluated b the scientific community and t public. Their just-published boo *Human Sexual Response*, may ju possibly put them in the Hall Fame next to Freud and Kinsey. may open sources of fresh funds, whic they urgently need to continue the peculiar experiments. On the oth hand, if the scientific community unimpressed with the book and t public is scandalized, they will hav to admit failure, and they and the families may find themselves in a sta of disgrace—or worse.

I must admit that during the hou I spent in *(continued on page 3*

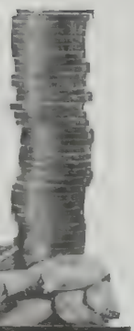


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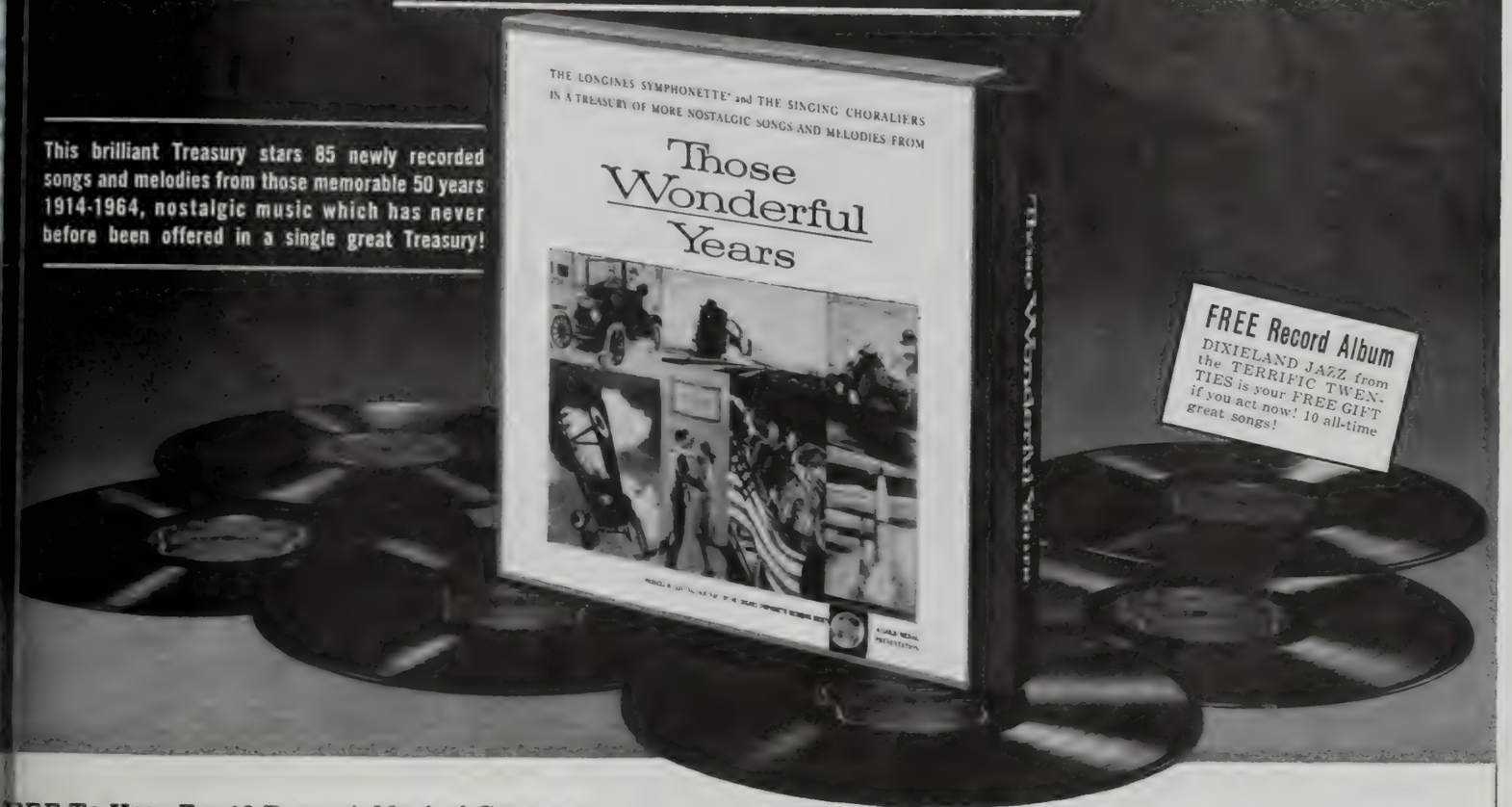


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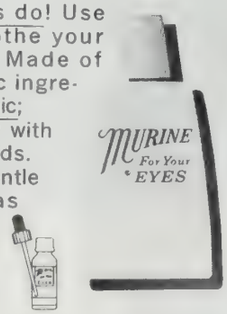


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continued from page 26

their earnest presence, I found myself sometimes feeling very sympathetic toward them. They believe with almost religious fervor in the rightness of what they are doing. Already, they have endured hostility and criticism. And now they have reached the crucial moment of their odd careers. Yet even the sympathy never dispelled my feeling that they are alien to me.

Dr. Masters is an impassioned pleader for the cause of sex research. "More people are suffering from sexual problems than from most of the diseases that we spend millions to try to conquer," he said. "The evidence is in the confessionals and the divorce courts. Talk to any priest, any lawyer. For that matter, the evidence is in our mail."

He opened a folder. "Here is a letter from a college student who fears that he is sexually inadequate and will never be able to marry and live a normal life with a girl. Here is another from a woman who has left her husband because of what she feels is his perverted behavior."

"These people could all be helped," Mrs. Johnson said, her eyes shining with emotion. "If only our culture will permit us to be open and frank about sex, to study it and to discuss it freely. Why should this most important area of human life be blanketed in shame and secrecy, so that people must suffer in silence? It is cruel and irrational."

"But people do go to doctors and to marriage counselors about their sexual problems," I said.

"Of course they do, and much of the time they get very little help," Dr. Masters answered. "It's only within the last four or five years that there have been any courses covering sex in medical schools. Most doctors are giving advice on sex on the basis of their own personal experience. And much that is in the marriage manuals is totally without scientific basis."

"It wouldn't be so bad if the marriage manuals didn't sound so positive," Mrs. Johnson added. "You can't blame the authors for not knowing the physiology of sex when it had never been investigated. But you can blame them for pretending to know. And for perpetuating myths and fallacies that aren't true.

"And some of them give people unrealistic expectations about sex. Men and women both measure their feelings and their performances against some rhapsodic paragraphs in the book and decide that they are inadequate or that they are missing something."

The Masters-Johnson team has learned about many other aspects of human sexuality—about continuing sexual expression into old age, about the sexual response of pregnant women and that of their husbands. Their studies of blood pressure and heart action during sexual intercourse may prove highly useful to doctors in advising cardiac patients about their sex lives. They have developed a team approach to marriage counseling that they feel can cure frigidity and impotence. I could begin to see how this knowledge might indeed prove very helpful to many people. But I still could not understand how anyone could have agreed to cooperate in the experiments.

"How do you get people to serve as subjects?" I asked.

Dr. Masters explained that his group of subjects were prostitutes. He began working with them in 1954. He promised them complete anonymity and we promised not to publish the results. And we paid them. They helped us to design our research techniques.

By 1956 Dr. Masters was ready to study some other people. He had decided that he needed a woman to help set up a study team, so that the point of view of both sexes would be represented in the research and so that there would not be any question about chaperonage. So Mrs. Johnson became his associate.

"It isn't nearly so difficult as you might think to get people to cooperate with this research," she said. "Many people are seriously interested in scientific progress in this area. They rebel against the prudery of previous generations."

"And I was then a full-time associate professor at Washington University School of Medicine," Dr. Masters explained. "I knew many medical students and their wives, nurses, young faculty members. People are more open-minded about all kinds of research in an academic community."

"At first we asked people whom we knew. Then others heard about it and volunteered," Mrs. Johnson continued. "Eventually we had more people wanting to work with us than people whom we invited."

"It's still hard for me to believe," I said.

"Well, of course, we paid them," Dr. Masters replied. "They had two motivations. One was intellectual curiosity; the other was the financial incentive."

Everyone knows that most medical students are hard up for money. But the idea of paying them for their sexual performance was considerably more distasteful to me than the idea of paying them for blood donations. Yet, remembering what I know about students of medicine and nursing, I realized that one of the objectives of their professional training is to overcome squeamishness. They must learn to ignore many taboos, to be detached and calm at the sight of nudity, blood, death. The student's first dissection in the autopsy room is always a traumatic experience. Yet he must achieve control over his emotions. Frequently medical students overreach their goal and, at least for a while, become callous. I suspected that some of these might have volunteered for the sex research laboratory in order to prove to themselves that they were citizens of the scientific community, liberated from some of the rules that bind the rest of society.

"They didn't just march in and get undressed under the Klieg lights, as some of our critics have assumed," Dr. Masters said. "There was a considerable orientation period during which we helped them overcome inhibitions. It took time. But so does training astronauts. Who starts in the capsule?"

"They still must have some special characteristics that make them willing to do this," I insisted.

"I freely admit that ours was not a cross section of the population," the doctor answered. "We were highly selective. We wanted subjects who were sexually experienced and proficient and who were intelligent enough to be able to describe their subjective experiences."

Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson took a complete psychosocial *(continued*

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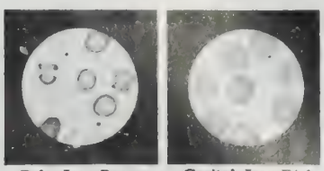
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PHOTOMICROGRAPHS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY



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sexual history of each applicant "to rule out anyone with a sex-related neurosis." They also took a medical history, and Dr. Masters did a complete physical examination.

After the screening, a couple was shown around the laboratory, and all the equipment was explained. Then they were left alone to get used to the surroundings. After they had kept two or three such appointments, the researchers might leave the door open a bit so that the couple could hear occasional voices from the adjoining room. The next time they might try wearing blood-pressure cuffs. Then, from outside the room, the researchers might vary the lighting. Then they might turn on a humming machine. Eventually, after several sessions, one or the other researcher might walk through the room. Finally, after nine to 12 orientation sessions, the couple would feel sufficiently relaxed to be willing subjects for the full-scale experiments.

Some people were screened out for physical or psychological reasons. Some got part way through the orientation period and dropped out. But those who stayed with it evidently became oblivious to the camera and the researchers. "The laboratory situation became old hat to them," Dr. Masters said. "It was the same to them as if they had been at home in their own room."

I recalled that Dr. Farber, the psychoanalyst who wrote about Dr. Masters in *Commentary*, had likened Dr. Masters' guinea pigs to the legitimate—but oddly freakish—subjects of the old TV quiz shows "who were led from boardinghouses to stand in a hot isolation booth and . . . answered correctly and without a tremor how many words there are in *Moby Dick* . . . under circumstances in which most of us could not even mumble our name."

"Do you consider your research subjects normal people?" I asked.

"What is normal? We don't know what normal is," Dr. Masters parried.

"Of course they're normal," said Mrs. Johnson, her eyes flashing. "These very couples are the ones who would laugh loudest at the idea that they are abnormal. They are well-adjusted, sexually competent people. The people who attack the work with vile, abusive language—they are the abnormal ones."

"Don't forget, our subjects came to trust us implicitly," Dr. Masters continued. "If they hadn't, they could not have performed. We told them exactly what the purpose of each experiment was and how it came out, so that they knew what their contribution was. And they knew that there were many other people also working with us. There's safety in numbers."

As a reporter, I should have talked to some of the doctor's research subjects, but he would not consider permitting it. Their identity and the records of his work are as guarded as the hydrogen bomb. "One large foundation was considering giving us $100,000," Dr. Masters said. "But their research director said that he would have to see our records, so we turned down the grant."

At first I admired his determination to protect the persons involved in what could so easily become a public scandal. But some of Dr. Masters' colleagues conveyed a different view.

"Bill Masters is having trouble financing his research," said one of the medical-school professors. "Part of the trouble is the way he operates, all that secrecy. He won't show his data to anyone. No one really knows what he has done."

"But he is trying to protect the identity of his subjects," I argued.

"Then his records should be coded, as Kinsey's were. Any other scientist could review Kinsey's data—and many did. There was no possible way it could have been embarrassing to anyone, because only Kinsey and one or two associates knew the code."

"Why should anyone want to review his data?" I asked.

"First of all, it's customary in the scientific community. After all, he was a full-time faculty member in the medical school, and university money was going into his program. Yet even the head of his department was not kept informed about his work. Bill Masters never showed his colleagues anything."

"Does anyone have any reason to doubt the validity of his work?" I asked.

"His laboratory was here in this building," said the professor. "The people who work on that floor find it hard to believe that 694 persons went in and out of there."

Everyone I talked to at the medical school took great pains to tell me that Washington University was not opposed to sex research as such. Dr. Willard Allen, head of the department of obstetrics and gynecology, freely admitted that the university had put "modest amounts of money" into Masters' research. "For several years he convinced the community of his peers that his work was deserving of support," Dr. Allen said.

(continued)



"I'd say the day hasn't been a complete loss."

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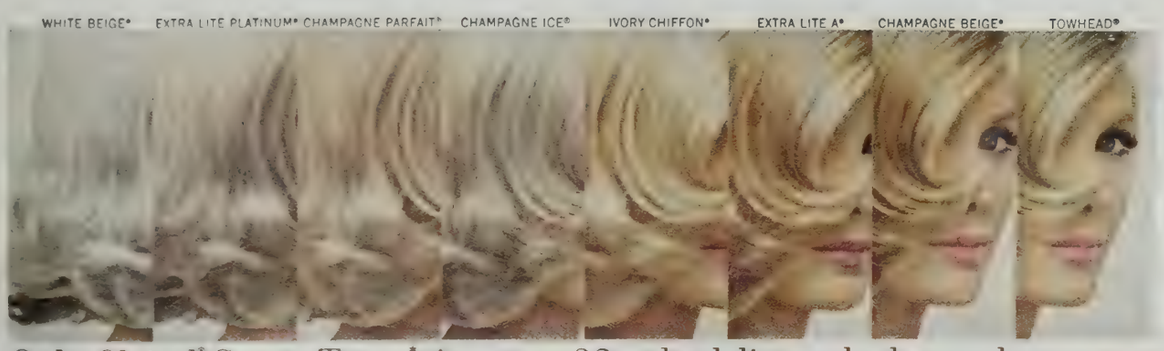
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SEX RESEARCH *continued*

Dr. William H. Danforth, vice-chancellor for medical affairs, was more explicit. He said, "The better universities have never dictated to their faculties what area they should study. Human sexuality is a legitimate subject for research. Dr. Masters did not leave his full-time post at the university because his subject was too hot for us. But we did have some questions about his methodology. A university has a social responsibility for the scientific quality of the work that it supports."

The university still has not really repudiated Dr. Masters. He remains on the clinical, or part-time, faculty as associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology. He lectures to the medical students on sex. And the chairman of the university's psychology department, Professor Marion E. Bunch, serves on the board of the Reproductive Biology Foundation.

The foundation was begun in January, 1964, when Dr. Masters left his full-time faculty post. Its directors include some of St. Louis's most distinguished citizens: Ethan A. H. Shepley Jr., son of Washington University's former chancellor, vice president of Boatmen's National Bank; H. Samuel Priest, president of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners; and Torrey Foster, an attorney with one of the city's oldest law firms. Theirs is the difficult task of raising money for Dr. Masters.

For several years Dr. Masters had a grant from the Public Health Service, Division of General Medical Sciences. In 1963, hoping to expand his work, he applied to the National Institute of Mental Health for a much larger grant. The Division of General Medical Services transferred his application to NIMH, since his work was being considered there. So when NIMH turned down his application, Dr. Masters also lost the smaller sum that he had been receiving from the Division of General Medical Sciences. It was at this point that Dr. Masters left his full-time teaching post and set up his foundation, which is now getting small contributions but has no major source of support.

If his book, just published by Little, Brown and Company, is well received, the coffers of Dr. Masters' foundation will be replenished. And he has much more work that he wants to do. He plans to do a book on counseling people with sexual problems that will cover the psychological aspects of sex and explain to other doctors how to use his physiological findings to help their patients.

Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson feel anyone who accuses them of ignoring love in their experiments is suffering from a profound misconception about their work.

"We began with the physiologic and anatomic aspects of sex because in any medical context you start first with the physical data," Dr. Masters said. "We are not so stupid as to believe that sex has no other components. We are perfectly aware, for instance, that an orgasm that is rather small physiologically may be much more meaningful emotionally than one that is more intense—because the psychic factors are so much more important than the physical ones.

"But we had to start somewhere," he went on. "If we don't understand the physiology, how can we understand the rest of human sexuality?" Fixing me with his intense gaze, the doctor said, "We are obsessed with the urgency of this work." He told me that their normal work week is 85 hours, that they never take off weekends, and that when they have funds to pay their research subjects they work all night every Friday.

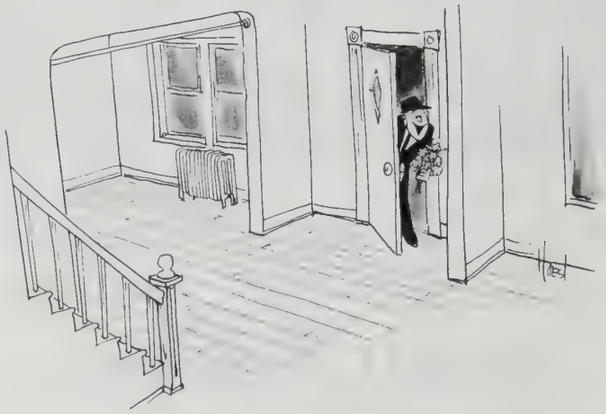
"I don't know how long we can maintain the pace," he said. Every morning before he goes to the hospital where he has regular gynecologic patients, he runs two miles to keep in condition. Last year he gave up his customary drink before dinner because he thought it interfered with his working in the evening.

"Our objective is to kick open this door," he states, "to have research in human sexuality recognized as respectable. Once we have opened the door, future researchers will far surpass us in what they discover. But we are the ones to get it started. And the time is now."

Part of their exhausting program includes going to 25 or 30 professional meetings each year to present their findings to doctors and social scientists.

Even at these meetings, Mrs. Johnson says that people look at them and wonder: Who are these people? Why are they doing this? "Everyone, even scientists, react to the research personally before they react professionally," she said. "Sometimes the hostility is so thick that you can feel it emanating in waves from the audience. We have to struggle against this hostility, to put across the idea that we are not trying to destroy the beauty of the sexual relationship, that this work is for the purpose of helping people."

"People tend to see us as mad scientists," Dr. Masters said sadly. "Somewhere along the line someone has to humanize us." I thought about *that* all the way home. **END**



"It's me, honey—I apologize."

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Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

When Your Child Wants to "Kill"

First Mother: My six-year-old boy uses the expression "I'm going to kill you," to other children or to me. It always takes me aback. If I say, "Oh, you don't really mean that," then he might really mean it for a minute. Anyway, I don't like to hear him say it. It's an ugly expression.
Second Mother: I have a four-year-old who says, "I'm going to kill your eye out," or he tells me, "You pretend I killed you." Or he'll say, "See, they killed me, but I ran away," or, "Darn, I think he's going to kill me in the stomach." I just don't like to hear "kill." Yet, I don't know. Should I sit down and say, "Doug, when you kill someone, they're dead and they never ever breathe again"? Should I open up a big subject that he might not be ready to cope with? I don't know how to handle this, but I don't like him to say it, so I ignore him.
Third Mother: I think it's a matter of the emotion they say it with. Because I remember I had two cousins whose favorite expression was "Oh, turn blue!" Every time my aunt heard this she used to go through the roof, but it never bothered me. I never understood why it got her so mad.
Dr. Bettelheim: I think what you've said here is very important. Is it the words we object to, or the emotion?
Third Mother: I think it's the emotion. But it's also the word "kill." I would rather not hear that.
Dr. B.: It's the idea of violence that gets us. The taboo on violence is one of the strongest taboos in our society.
Fourth Mother: My six-year-old might be just playing with one of his guns, and point it at me or one of his sisters or brothers, and say, "I'm gonna kill you." But sometimes he'll say it in anger, and I don't like to hear it.
Dr. B.: Have you talked with him about what it means?
Fourth Mother: No, I haven't.
Dr. B.: Why not?
Fourth Mother: I guess I'm really afraid to open the subject.
Dr. B.: Why? Of what are you afraid?
Fourth Mother: I don't know. I've been ignoring it.
Dr. B.: Yes, but you see . . . this lady tells us her boy says, "I'll kill your eye out." Do we prefer him to say, "I'll tear your eye out"? I don't think that's prettier.
Second Mother: I don't know. And I don't know if he really knows what he's saying. Is he saying "kill" along with "poke" and "pinch" and "shove"? Or should I explain what it really means, like being killed by a real bullet in Vietnam?
Dr. B.: I think we're in a poor position to discuss it with him if we don't know what *he* means by kill.
Second Mother: I think I let my own emotions get in the way. I haven't been looking at it from his point of view. Because the word "kill" to me brings back a horrible movie I saw when I was a child, in which a wife chased her husban with an ax. Whenever David us the word "kill," I imagine th terrible thing. But of course *he's* n thinking of this, because he didn see it. So I haven't been hearing th word objectively at all.
Dr. B.: This is very important. It' not enough to ask what the chil understands by the literal meanin of the word, which he might know We have to find out what the chil means by it, and what his image o it is and what his emotions are. A you recall now from your childhood behind your own "kill" is a ver particular image. A pretty gruesom image, and, even worse, an image o man and woman in mortal combat
Second Mother: Yes.
Dr. B.: Now, to kill, in addition t the meaning given it in the diction-ary, and the one it has for you on a conscious level, also has a very personal, unconscious meaning.
Second Mother: Yes.
Dr. B.: When a childs says a four-letter word for emotional discharge, we all understand. He is discharging frustration or anger. But the word he uses, in addition to the dictionary meaning, also has a personal meaning. If you really want to understand what he says on all three levels, you have to deal with it on all three. First, all of us are frustrated sometimes, and want to get rid of our emotions. Second, these are emotionally loaded words that we use for this purpose. But, third, what is the meaning? What really is the image? When we talk about it, we find out what upsets the child, and what he is scared of. And you find out that your four-year-old is scared of something entirely different from what scares you when he says "kill." For example, "I'll kill your eye out" is a strange expression, and I would like to know what led your boy to use it.
Third Mother: They know kill means hurt.
Dr. B.: Yes, it means that, and I think that's something we might very well have to teach them.
Fifth Mother: When my son is angry or wants to hurt anyone, when some other boy got the best of him, he gets a stick and says, "I'm going outside and kill Lenny."
Second Mother: I don't know why it frightens me. Maybe I'm afraid someday he's going to ask, "Mommy, exactly what is kill?" So I ignore it in a frightened way, waiting for him to pursue it further.
Dr. B.: Wouldn't it be better to take the bull by the horns?
Second Mother: I don't know, because he doesn't always use it that way. He might be happily playing with his molding clay, and he'll make a little lion climbing a tree. And then he'll say, "OK, lion, you stay right here, I'm gonna go kill the elephant's eye out."
Dr. B.: But these are rather aggressive statements, and (*continued*)

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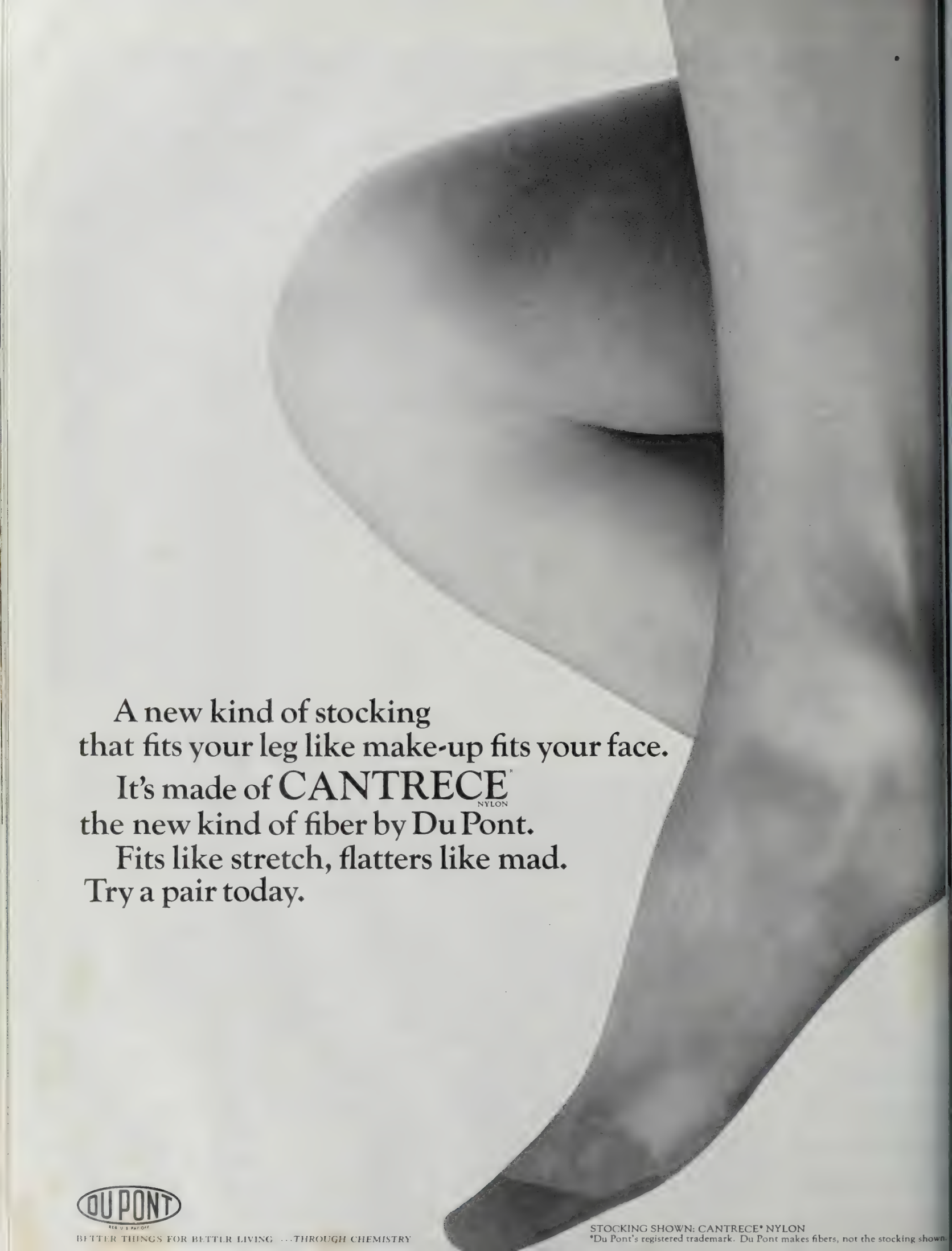


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ILD WANTS TO "KILL"

tinued

re are reasons why he feels so aggres-e. There are many other ways to play, there must be a reason why the lion nted the elephant's eye to be "killed."

cond Mother: This raises a question. as very rigid with him until he was ee. Then he just rebelled. I went to pediatrician. I thought we had an otionally disturbed child. We talked, I I sent him to nursery school, and a better perspective and finally re-ed with him. Then Lynne, the baby, ne along. I handled her in the most axed, happy way. It makes me mad, ause I could have been the same way h him, but I wasn't. How can I mpensate for it? He's come a long y, but he still is aggressive.

ird Mother: What's wrong with ag-ssiveness?

cond Mother: Well, rebelliously ag-ssive. When he was nine months old d touched something I didn't want n to touch, it was "No! No!" and a at on the hand. Automatically. Be-use this kid was not going to get out my control. But with Lynne, I bet e slapped her hand no more than ht, nine times. She's two and a half w. I can say, "Lynne, please don't uch," and she'll stop. Of course they're ferent personalities. But I know I uld have been less severe with my y and still have achieved the same. how can you compensate for it?

r. B.: I think he compensates through s play. And this is good. We want him do it with clay figures, not people.

cond Mother: Do you just let him it?

r. B.: Yes, I would still try to find out y he's so angry. Because he's not gry at the elephant. He's angry, in a y, that you were so much more strict th him than you say you are with his tle sister. And he might get the idea at you were strict only because he s a boy, and that girls are preferred dividuals. I think, at four, he is not o young to be talked to about it. Since u feel that you did some things wrong hen you raised him, it shouldn't be o difficult to make a case.

cond Mother: I do try, and say, "We n't want to do that because ——"

r. B.: Yes, but that's being critical.

cond Mother: Isn't it funny? You y, "No! No!" twenty times, I'll bet, r every time you say "Thank you," That's good," or "Fine." The trouble , being a mother, with things happen-g as quickly as they do, you don't ve the time to say the right thing.

ixth Mother: I'd like to get back to the roblem of children being violent, and laying out violent games with their ys. We bought our son soldiers, little ad soldiers, and little lead bands with ilts, drums and bugles. But then some iends gave him plastic cowboys and ndians. And the fancy little lead march-g bands stayed on the shelf while he layed with the Indians, and said, "Here re all the Indians that are killed."

irst Mother: What's wrong with hav-g them, or submachine guns? I've ways hated the idea of giving guns. ly sister would never approve of her oy's having even one. But sometime, r a birthday, somebody will give him gun and a holster. Does it do any good ot to give children guns? Or is it just etter to find your own way?

r. B.: Again, it comes down to what e've been talking about. We've all read about the choirboy who suddenly shoots somebody. Or the pacifist who pours gasoline over himself and burns himself to death. Are we concer e ' now with what causes violence? O a ? we concerned with how violence is expressed? Frankly, most of us would prefer a son who, in the war, shoots the enemy, rather than a son who burns himself. In both cases you have extreme violence; in one case directed against the outside, in the other, directed against himself. The good soldier's violence is at least socially sanctioned. Most men, I would say, shoot back when the enemy starts shooting. But there are also many American soldiers who are practically unable to shoot first. This is part of our breeding, and maybe something can be said for such an attitude. What I'm getting at is, are we concerned with what causes feelings of violence, which the child then plays out, or are we concerned with the playing out of violence? Your boy is a beautiful example, because you recognize that, through squelching him, you've created violence in him.

Second Mother: And it's probably directed toward me?

Dr. B.: I don't know if that's so clear. I would like to know why he puts out the elephant's eye. Does it mean that "Mother shouldn't see all the bad things I did"? This is just a wild speculation, so don't take it too seriously. But I'd want to talk with him about why. Why the eyes?

Fourth Mother: My children seem to feel that you *are* your eyes. My face is me, and when I glare at him ——"

Dr. B.: That's right, you realize that you glare. Maybe that's what he objects to.

Second Mother: He'll say, "Stop looking. Stop doing that!"

Dr. B.: You can talk with your four-year-old, and he can tell you that it's your "looking" with your eyes that he's trying to master. In his childish play, he's trying to master being scared of the way you glare at him. But I'd like to go back to the guns, what with the news from Vietnam and all the war toys you buy. It seems to me that even if you haven't, for one reason or another, bred violence in your child, he will, at a certain age, play with guns. Moreover, he will be able to take them or leave them, which is really what we want. Forbidding things is never a solution. Some kind of balanced judgment about them *is* the solution. There's also the question of whether we should put our seal of approval on it, by giving them a lot of these toys. Here again we can show the child, "Well, I'm not crazy about your playing with this kind of stuff, but if that's what you want, it won't make a killer out of you." If we were never to give them guns, it might give them the feeling we're convinced that they're such violent persons that they require different toys from those everyone else has. If nobody else had them, it would be less of a problem. But these toys do exist, other boys do play with them. And if there's no gun, what if he crooks his own fingers to shoot you down? It's really not so different. But you cannot send your child into "battle" on the block without weapons. All the kids have weapons. So we have to steer a cautious middle course. By certainly not approving, when we don't like this kind of thing, but not by *dis*approving either, since that puts them at a disadvantage. That is, we don't need to give them a full arsenal. **END**



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The best part about new SEGO, though, is it's still *old* SEGO at heart.

Still has two more ounces than any other liquid diet food, and that extra appetite-satisfying protein is still there.

SEGO still has only 225 calories a serving . . . so it's still the best way we know to help slim, and stay slim.

Which brings us back to that new can.

It's slim, too. (Not to mention taller and prettier.) We've even gone so far as to call it "new slim SEGO."

So here it is. New slim SEGO . . . With the nice new taste.

PET MILK COMPANY MILK PRODUCTS DIVISION

2 FREE: For coupon good for 2 free cans of new slim SEGO, send your name and address to: Pet Milk Co., Dept. 157C, Box 888, St. Louis, Missouri 63188. (Limit 2 cans per family. Offer expires August 31, 1966.)

JR. JOURNAL

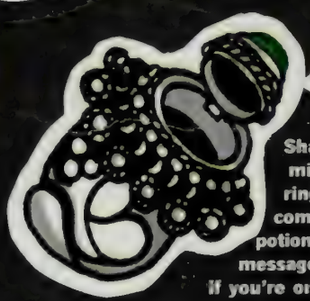


Meet young designer Betsey Johnson—her photograph tops the drawing, second from left; her drawings (wild, deliberately way out) decorate this page. Betsey is fashion's newest Cinderella. At 23, and after less than a year of professional designing, she's achieved "name" status—and her clothes have appeared importantly in almost every major American fashion magazine. How did it happen? Talent, of course, lots of it. And hard work—the kind that enabled her to put her first collection together, from scratch, in just a hectic six weeks. The collection, for Paraphernalia, was a smash.

Left: Variations on Betsey's theme for all-purpose summer dressing: short, flippy skirts topped by T-shirts, in a variety of sleeve lengths, with four different neckline treatments—classic T, halter, turtleneck and U. All in wild, wild colors, all available at Paraphernalia, New York, and at Paraphernalia boutiques in the May Co., Cleveland; Hecht & Co., Washington, D.C. The shirts, in sizes 5–15, approximately $18.



Now meet the Byrds, who made it straight to the top with their recording of "Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man," followed it up with message song, "Turn, Turn, Turn." And—surprise—they're an American group. What's special about the Byrds is their unique new sound—"You could call it 'folk-pop-Bach-rock,' I guess," says leader Jim McGuinn, "because it's an amalgam of many different musical elements." But it all comes out the Byrds. From left, they are: Gene Clark, 21, guitar and vocal; David Crosby, 24, rhythm guitar; Jim McGuinn, 23, lead guitar and vocal; Chris Hillman, 22, bass; Mike Clarke, 22, drums.



← FLIPTOP

Shades of Lucrezia Borgia! She might have used a campy, flip-top ring like this, with its handy secret compartment, for poison or a love potion; you might use it for smuggling messages to Batman or for saccharine, if you're on a diet. Sterling silver, adjustable band; the stone, semi-precious malachite-azurite. $10 ppd., from Lion's, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.



How will you look in a bathing suit come summer? Even if you've been disco-dancing like mad, and avoiding sweets all through the cold weather, chances are your figure could still stand a little improving. A nice way to go about it is to follow the step-by-step exercise and diet program outlined in a booklet published by Club 15. Sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company, Club 15 has the approval of the President's Council on Physical Fitness. And the exercises, selected and demonstrated in the booklet by Olympic gymnast Muriel Grossfeld, really work. Here are three just to get you started.

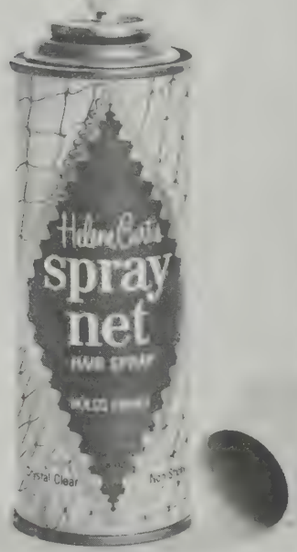
The Club 15 booklets are free. You can get one, or several (exercise and diet programs are much more fun, usually more successful, when they're group projects), by writing to Club 15, Box 1665L, New York, New York 10017.

The hair spray that holds but doesn't inhibit.





2 Formulas—Regular and Hard-to-Hold



Helene Curtis Spray Net® is new. New with Inner Control, our own no-see hold. It puts body underneath, bounce on top. Leaves hair soft.

Swinging free. Uninhibited.

Spray Net® gets a good healthy hold on your hair, then lets you go. It feels like nothing's there. Looks like nothing's there. It holds but doesn't inhibit.

That's why Spray Net® is an improvement over every other hair spray in the world.

Worth a little more? Of course.



Helene Curtis

where beautiful young ideas begin





Okay – so he did volunteer your services to drive everyone to the birthday party. Show him you love him anyway with Lipton... the one soup that tastes like Mother just cooked it.
Gordon's favorite – Lipton Beef Noodle. All those big, round noodles, that zesty, beef flavored broth.



ALPHABET VEGETABLE • VEGETABLE BEEF • POTATO • GREEN PEA • MUSHROOM
TOMATO VEGETABLE • CHICKEN RICE • CHICKEN NOODLE • CHICKEN VEGETABLE

TABLE FOR TWO

MENU

2 BONELESS SMOKED HAM ROUNDS or 1 DAISY HAM STEAK (SHOULDER STEAK)

RED EYE GRAVY

GREEN PEAS AND MUSHROOMS

BIG HOMINY

POPOVERS

BALLS OF PINEAPPLE AND LIME SHERBET

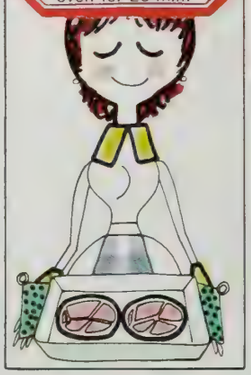
Deliciously filling but surprisingly effortless is this Sunday-night supper. Follow these steps to scrumptious ham with pan drippings that become gravy. (Gravy is thin, French way, made without flour.)



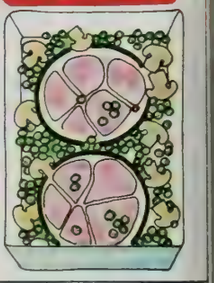
Remove extra salt from ham by placing in rectangular pan; cover with water. Boil 2 min., turn; boil 3 min. more.



Discard water. Using the same pan, place ham uncovered in 350° oven for 20 min.



Surround ham with 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas, partially defrosted, and ½ cup sliced sautéed mushrooms. Return to oven and bake 20 more minutes.



Using a slotted spoon, place vegetables and ham on a platter. Keep warm in turned-off oven.



Place pan on top of range to make gravy. Add 1 (10½-oz.) can beef consommé and ¼ cup water to pan. Simmer; stir 5 minutes.



Add 1 tsp. paprika, 3 drops hot-pepper sauce, 1 tsp. prepared mustard. Simmer and stir about 3 min. more to develop flavor.



Serve gravy with rest of meal. Let *him* decide if he wants to pour it over the hominy or ham—or both!



SHOPPING LIST

2 BONELESS SMOKED HAM ROUNDS (ABOUT ¾-IN. THICK) OR 1 DAISY HAM STEAK (SHOULDER STEAK)

1 (10-OZ.) PKG. FROZEN PEAS

MUSHROOMS

1 CAN BIG HOMINY

1 PKG. POPOVER MIX

1 PT. LIME SHERBET

1 PT. PINEAPPLE SHERBET

ON HAND

PAPRIKA

HOT-PEPPER SAUCE

1 (10½-OZ.) CAN BEEF CONSOMMÉ

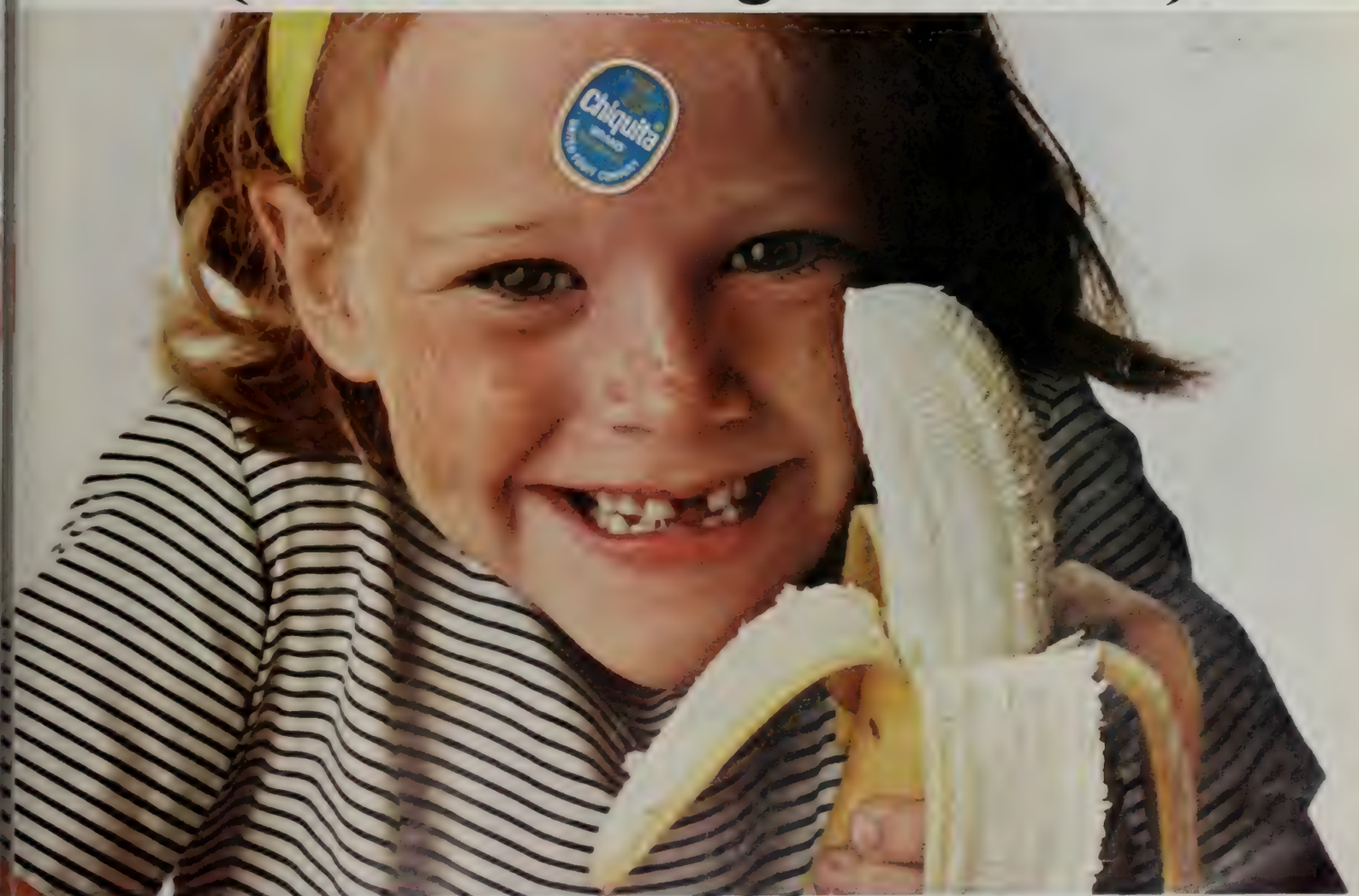
PREPARED MUSTARD

Illustrated by Harry O. Diamond



Look for the seal on the peel

(and wear it in good health!)



If you're looking for something that's good for you, you've come to the right spot.

Take vitamins. A Chiquita Brand Banana is loaded with 'em: A, B_1, B_2, B_6, and C. Plus niacin. Plus 12 essential minerals.

Or, take calories. A Chiquita Brand Banana has precious few of these. Fewer, even, than a 5-ounce serving of cottage cheese.

Finally, if you happen to be the baby of the family, a Chiquita Brand Banana is just what the doctor ordered. Because it's as digestible as digestible can be.

So for *goodness'* sake, start eating Chiquita Brand Bananas. Before you know it, you'll be stuck on them. **CHIQUITA BRAND BANANAS**

Chiquita is a registered trademark of United Fruit Company.

The BIG BORATEEM Silver Strike OR

HOW BORATEEM SAVES YOU MONEY BECAUSE IT'S ALL YOU NEED WITH YOUR DETERGENT

WHAT BORATEEM® DOES FOR LAUNDRY:

BORATEEM BOOSTS DETERGENT CLEANING POWER
Gets whites much whiter, colors much brighter. No other detergent booster needed.

BORATEEM HELPS REMOVE STUBBORN STAINS
So you don't need to bleach nearly so often.

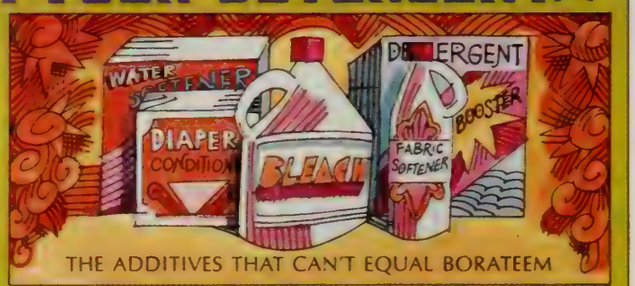
BORATEEM SOFTENS CLOTHES
Washes in natural softness. Leaves laundry much more absorbent, easier to iron.

BORATEEM KEEPS CLOTHES ODOR-FREE
A special bacteria fighter in Borateem protects clothes against [illegible] you wear them.

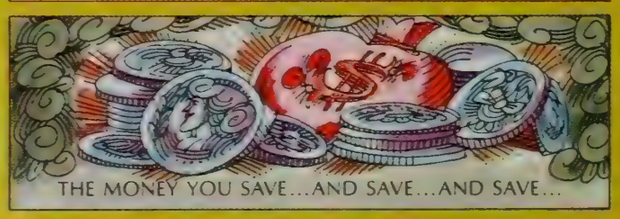
BORATEEM HELPS PREVENT DIAPER RASH
Even while diapers are being worn. No diaper conditioner [illegible]



THE ONLY PRODUCTS YOU NEED



THE ADDITIVES THAT CAN'T EQUAL BORATEEM


THE MONEY YOU SAVE...AND SAVE...AND SAVE...


A HAPPY ENDING



OUR CREDENTIALS



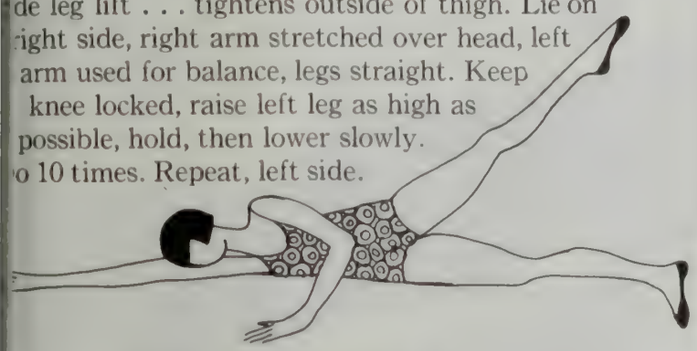
XERCISES *continued from page 111*

e, more exercises, specifically created to firm, tone and reproportion es, thighs and the all-important area around the knee. For maximum ılts, *concentrate* on what you're trying to accomplish with each ex- se. Try to feel each muscle working; think about every little move- ıt. And move *slowly* except where otherwise stated. We've said it ore, of course, but it bears repeating: For an exercise to be really ctive, do it as faithfully as you brush your teeth every single day. ercises courtesy of the new Robert R. Fitzgerald salon, New York.

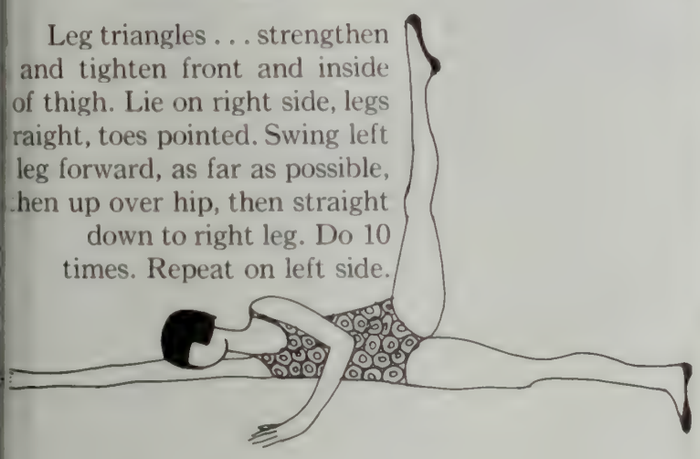
ont leg lift. . . tightens, firms front and back of igh. Lie on back, knees bent, heels 8 inches from nny. Straighten right leg; then, with knee locked, raise it slowly as high as possible. Do 10 times. Repeat with left.



de leg lift . . . tightens outside of thigh. Lie on ight side, right arm stretched over head, left arm used for balance, legs straight. Keep knee locked, raise left leg as high as possible, hold, then lower slowly. o 10 times. Repeat, left side.

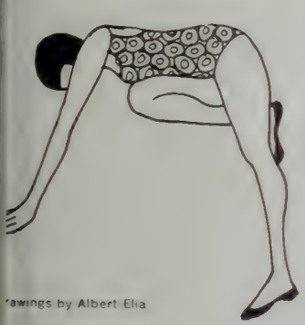


Leg triangles . . . strengthen and tighten front and inside of thigh. Lie on right side, legs raight, toes pointed. Swing left leg forward, as far as possible, hen up over hip, then straight down to right leg. Do 10 times. Repeat on left side.



Knee squeeze . . . firms inside of thighs. Lie on ack, knees bent, heels 8 inches from fanny. Place two large pillows between knees, squeeze to count of 10. Relax. Repeat 5 times.





awings by Albert Elia

Kneeling leg stretch . . . tightens back of thigh. On hands and knees, round back and bring right knee to chest. Then, slowly extend right leg backward, till leg is straight and knee locked. Bring knee slowly back to chest. Do 6 times. Repeat with left leg.

Tappan electric ranges with Teflon* oven liners get you out of tough scrapes

What's a nice girl like you doing in a dirty oven? Get out of all that stooping, scraping and scouring with a Tappan Profile Electric Range.

This new Time Machine has DuPont-approved TEFLON oven liners in both ovens. Food can't stick to TEFLON, so you just slide out the liners, swish them clean in the sink.

Tappan saves you time in other ways, too. An automatic clock controls the cooking when you're not around. Two big ovens let you bake and broil at the same time. And the infinite heat elements lift up for easy cleaning.

*DuPont registered trademark

Special introductory offer:



Free 4-piece coffee service by International Silver Company with this Tappan Provincial range. Your choice electric or gas. But hurry—supplies are limited.



TAPPAN
Time Machines

The Tappan Company, Mansfield, Ohio • Tappan-Gurney, Ltd., Canada

The puppy dog piddled on the parlor floor and mama didn't even get peeved.



Since when? Since Herculon.*

No, she didn't. Not a bit. Not even the least little bit and the reason was Herculon* olefin fiber.

To put it as simply as we know how, Herculon is the most practical fiber for carpeting ever devised by man or nature.

Almost nothing bothers it.

Piddles, puddings, ink, oil, grease—65 of the nastiest household stains—wipe clean with a little detergent or cleaner.

Years and years of sunshine can stream onto carpeting with pile of 100% Herculon and its color remains unaffected.

Even static electricity—that old carpet bugaboo—is nearly non-existent with Herculon.

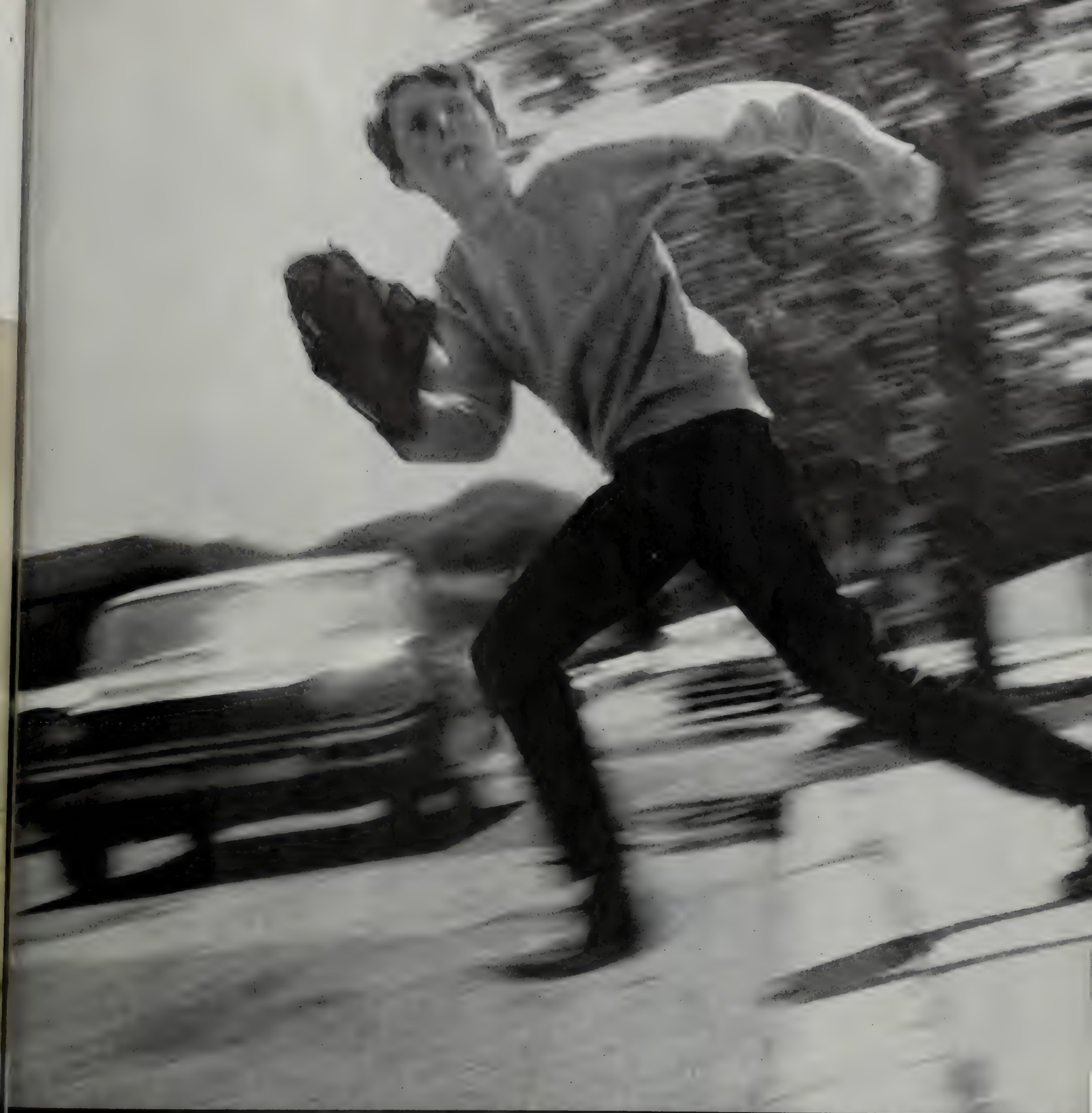
Yet with all this unprecedented practicality, Herculon is nothing less than beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. The colors are rich. The pile is deep. The textures are many and varied.

Before you buy your next yard of carpeting, find out how practical and how beautiful. Write to us, Hercules Powder Co., Dept. H, Wilmington, Delaware 19899, for names of carpet manufacturers and the stores nearest you carrying carpets of Herculon.

*Registered trademark of Hercules Powder Company, Wilmington, Delaware, for its olefin fiber. Hercules makes the fiber only.

FC66-1

HERCULES



The car will probably kill the boy.

The man in the car is a careful, responsible driver. In explaining the accident, he will say, "The boy ran out from the sidewalk. I saw him too late. I have good eyes." He has—as far as he can tell. He passed a routine vision test when he first got his driver's license. He can still see fine *straight ahead*. But a professional eye examination will show that, without becoming aware of it, he has lost some of his side vision. In an accident like this, that can be the tragic difference. At best, driving is dangerous enough. All of us owe it to all of us to make sure we're seeing as clearly and completely as we can. **Better Vision Institute.**

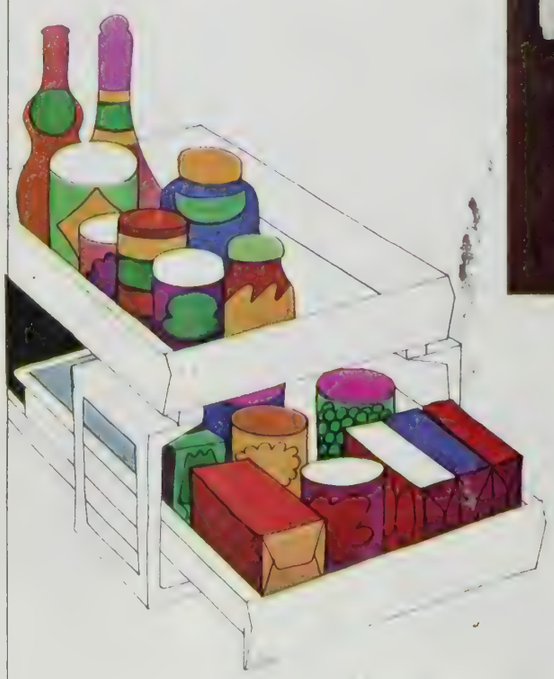
10 WAYS TO MAKE A LITTLE KITCHEN SEEM BIGGER

Small kitchens are a challenge to your imagination and ingenuity. The problem: how to make the most convenient and attractive use of limited space—having the things you use most often conveniently at hand, yet out of your way. Here are 10 ideas for doing just that—some strictly utilitarian, some amusing, some involving just a trip to the dime store, others a bit more ambitious. And all, by the way, can make life easier in the large kitchen, too.

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON,
Home Management Editor



Pegboard, left, is a practical way to keep various and sundry kitchen things within easy reach. An extra dividend: it can be decorative, since many kitchen necessities are now so handsome and colorful. Pegboard shown here is prefinished, for easy care. New white plastic hooks and holders anchor firmly. Among things here: some often-used equipment (a mixer, stirring tools), hard-to-store items (rolling pin, strainers), and purely decorative objects (painted wooden birds, a hunting horn).



Plastic roll-out drawers, above, designed so they can be stacked, one on top of the other, are easily installed in cabinet or cupboard. Result: two storage levels instead of one. Smooth-rolling drawers come in assorted sizes, from 9 to 16 inches wide. By Rubbermaid.



Here's a unique and decorative way to keep fruits and vegetables (right) that don't need refrigeration. Arrange them prettily in this three-tier metal basket, which can be suspended from the ceiling or by a hook from a wall. Chains can be shortened or lengthened to suit the space.



A screen, right, used to divide kitchen from dining area can be turned into a small, strategically located serving center when two of the sections are anchored with plastic-covered, curved-front shelves. Attached to the kitchen side of the screen, such practical helps as baskets, hooks, memo pad. You can decorate the dining-room side with wallpaper, fabric, even a collection of menus.



The space-saving idea here: spice shelves that combine storage with decorative arrangements. This L-shaped grouping of four separate shelves by Mort Marton holds spice and herb containers color-keyed to their use (green for salad herbs, etc.). They are available now in a stained oak finish; in the fall in colors as shown.

Photographs by Ernest Silva, drawings by Isadore Seltzer

Continued on page 58

Announcement! New light Mazola® ends oily cooking odors

- No odor in the bottle– no odor in the pan.
- Looks lighter–tastes lighter.
- Fries light, golden, delicious.
- Brings out natural food flavors.
- Makes lighter salad dressings without that oily taste.



Made-with-Mazola dressings are salads' country cousins

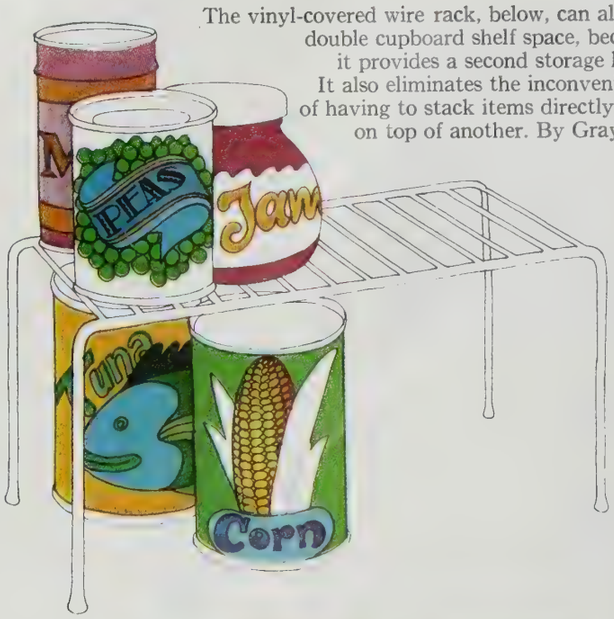


Basic French Dressing: Combine in jar or bottle 1 cup Mazola Corn Oil, 1/3 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon each paprika and dry mustard, and 1 clove garlic. Cover tightly; shake well. Chill several hours, remove garlic. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

Vinaigrette Dressing: Follow basic recipe omitting dry mustard, paprika, garlic. Add 1 hard cooked egg, chopped yolk and all, 1 tablespoon each chopped pimiento, chives and green pepper. Makes 1 2/3 cups.

Creamy Dressing: Follow basic recipe omitting dry mustard and garlic. Increase sugar to 1/4 cup and add 1/4 cup ketchup and 1/2 cup sour cream. Makes 2 cups.





The vinyl-covered wire rack, above, can almost double cupboard shelf space, because it provides a second storage level. It also eliminates the inconvenience of having to stack items directly, one on top of another. By Grayline.



Gay, brightly colored and inexpensive, the baskets above are an attractive way to keep things like onions and potatoes that don't need cold storage. They can be hung out of the way on a wall, or under a counter. Another use: keep related kitchen utensils in them—cake decorating tools can be tossed together into one basket; salad things into another.





The problems of where to put electric appliances *and* where to connect them are both nicely solved by the Puritron Working Wall, above. The cabinet, which can be built into a kitchen wall (much like a medicine chest), is connected directly to electric outlets. When the door, in a handsome walnut-grain design, is shut, only the can opener is visible. Clamps inside hold electric knife and mixer. Puritron makes another version of the cabinet, which is hung on the wall.



One of the most practical and attractive ways to organize mixing spoons, ladles, spatulas and colanders is to hang them from a rack attached to a wall. The one above is a half round of wrought iron, 22 inches across. This is a nice way, too, of displaying some of your prettiest kitchen accessories.

When drawer space is at a premium, keep odds and ends together in inexpensive, shallow, letter-sized basket trays like those on the shelf at right. And for a nice added touch, baskets can be spray-painted in bright colors.



For shopping information, see page 134

Continued on page 60



Happy news!
Philco gives you more refrigerator space without taking up more kitchen space!

Who says you don't have room for the really big refrigerator your family needs? 30 inches of wall space is all it takes for this new Philco 17-cubic-footer! Philco's extra-thin insulation and well-planned storage mean you can fit more refrigerator into less space than you ever thought possible.

And this Philco lets you forget defrosting. Forever. Philco's No Frost system does the whole job for you automatically—in both the refrigerator and the freezer section.
And this refrigerator has Philco's new automatic ice maker that replaces ice cubes as they're needed.

What else? This year Philco introduces smart new decorator models with paneled doors finished to match walnut, maple or birch. You get Philco's exclusive Power Saver that can save you money on electric bills. And the reserve cooling power of Philco Instant Cold gives food extra protection.

Isn't this exactly what you'd like in a refrigerator? Better visit a Philco dealer and see for yourself.



PHILCO
A SUBSIDIARY OF Ford Motor Company

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES
REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS
FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER ®

instant drapes



no complicated measuring...no complicated sewing

here's how:



Just stitch a Conso BESTPLEAT pleater tape to the top of your fabric—then slip a golden NIP-TITE hook into the Bestpleat pockets. Presto! You have custom-made draperies. Reasons: Bestpleat pleater tape eliminates laborious pleat sewing and measuring because it has evenly-spaced, woven-in, non-rip pockets. Nip-Tite hooks lock in pleats evenly, firmly—they never fall out when drapes are hung. Important: only Bestpleat and Nip-Tite have all these features.

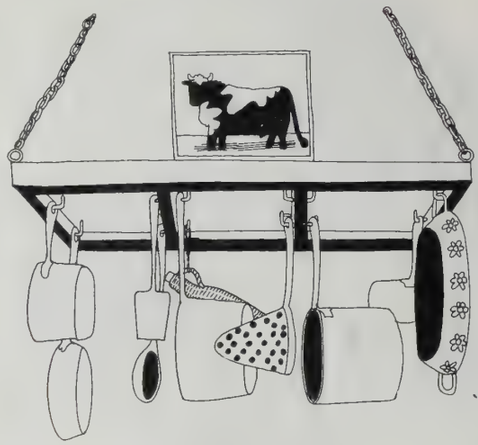


P.S. Looking for drapery ideas? Get Conso's new (23rd edition) "1,001 Decorating Ideas."® Practically every store that sells fabrics in the United States and Canada has it–also newsstands... or send 50c in coin to Conso, Dept. LH-1, P.O. Box 325, N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

BESTPLEAT® & NIP-TITE® by Conso® *for the Decorator touch*

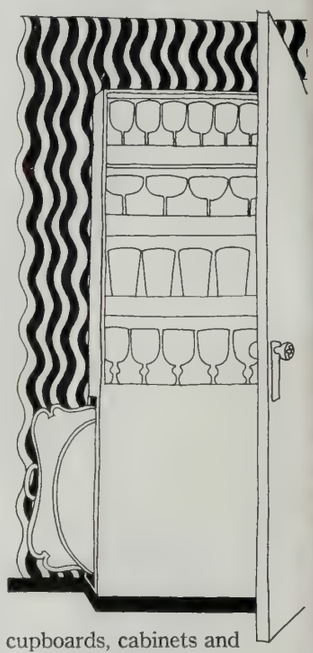
WAYS TO MAKE A LITTLE KITCHEN SEEM BIGGER

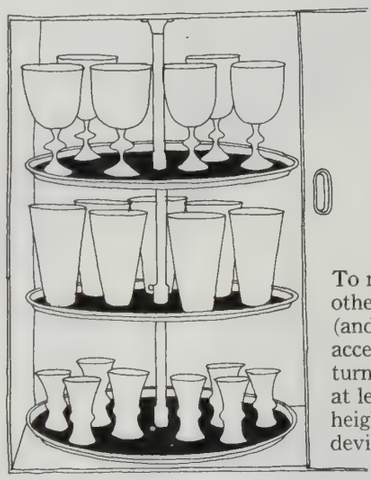
continued from page 58



A clever way to provide hanging space for pots and pans and miscellaneous cooking utensils, left, is to construct a rack to fit available space. This one is made of wood, anchored at the back to the wall, supported in front by chains. L-shaped hooks of stainless steel hold variety of cooking gear.

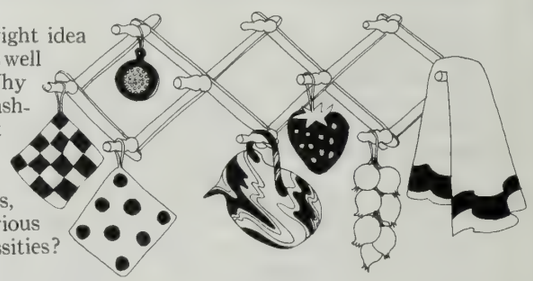
Utilize "waste" space by building shallow, four-to-five-inch deep shelves on the wall behind a door, as we've done here, right. Result: the shelves, with their built-up front surfaces, are perfect for holding a variety of glasses. (Plan the distances between shelves so that different sizes and types have their own special places.)At the bottom: a slot for trays.

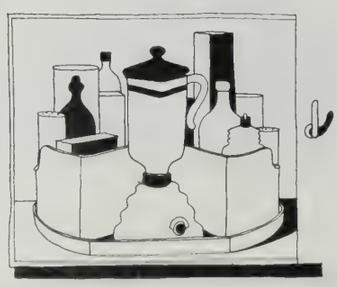




To make cupboards, cabinets and other storage even more efficient (and make stored items more accessible), fit them with revolving turntable shelves like the ones at left, by Washington. Shelf heights are adjustable, the whole device is anchored with screws.

Right—here's a bright idea that's decorative as well as a space-saver: Why not attach an old-fashioned accordion hat rack to the kitchen wall, and use it for hanging dish towels, potholders and various other kitchen necessities?





The smooth-moving revolving shelf device at left is easily installed in deep cabinets (the kind usually found under kitchen counters). By Rubbermaid, its squared-off front makes for a snug fit within the cabinet; separate bins are available to help keep stored items neatly in their places.

Illustrations by Isadore Seltzer



Who can organize a kitchen with all this to store?



You can, easily...thanks to Rubbermaid Kitchen Organizers.

Thanks to Rubbermaid, nothing's ever *in behind* where you can't find it . . . or *back in under* where you can't get at it.

The drawers and racks slide out with fingertip ease. The turntables twirl at your touch.

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PERIODIC PAIN

Every month Sue was miserable because of functional menstrual distress. Now she just takes MIDOL and goes her way in comfort because MIDOL tablets contain:

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- A special, mood-brightening medication that CHASES "BLUES."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" FREE!

GLAD Sue FOUND OUT ABOUT MIDOL



AMY VANDERBILT

Graduation Gifts

Q: My niece will graduate from college in June. She has selected her silver pattern, and I had thought to give her a sterling silver sugar spoon as a present. Now I have been told that sterling and china are gifts only for brides, not for graduates. However, if that is what she wants, why should it be improper?

A: It isn't improper. In fact, it is quite sensible.

Wedding Response

Q: When a group of people, such as a class of students, receives one invitation to a wedding and reception, should the response come from the class as a whole? And must the gift be from the whole group?

A: Someone should act as secretary for the group, writing a reply in the third person, if the invitation is engraved. Such a response might begin:

THE SENIOR CLASS OF
MISS WHEELER'S SCHOOL
ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE . . .

and so on, following the form of the invitation. A collection is then taken and one gift is given to the bride by the group. If the invitation is to the wedding alone, no gift is necessary.

The Wedding Party

Q: I am divorced, but still enjoy a wonderful relationship with my former in-laws. Now my former sister-in-law is getting married, and has asked me to be matron of honor, and three of my daughters to be attendants. I was ready to accept when I found that she also wanted my former husband (her brother) to be a member of the wedding party. I would still like to say yes, although I realize it will be emotionally trying to me, but I do not want her subjected to any criticism. Do help us decide. I feel that it is more important for my former husband than for me to be in the wedding.

A: I agree with you. Let the bride's brother take his place in the wedding. Your daughters may also serve, but you should go as a guest.

Sealing Wax

Q: A nice, initialed letter seal was given to me, and I enjoy using it. However, the black smoke of the candle flame flows into the wax as it is melting, making a black streak in it and spoiling the color of the wax. Then, too, to melt enough wax for a large seal takes several minutes, and if one does many envelopes at one time, too much smoke collects in the room. Have you a solution?

A: Use a candle or spirit lamp with sufficient bulk to give a large flame. Hold the wax, preferably a stick of some length, low, within the flame and not above it. When removing the wax stick, draw it out from the *side* of the flame.

Wedding Invitations

Q: In addressing the envelope of a wedding invitation, does one follow the same procedure as in addressing a regular social letter?

A: There are definite rules to follow in addressing wedding invitations. No abbreviations may be used, except in Dr., Mr., Mrs., Jr., etc. Names are given in full, unless you don't know a middle name, in which case an initial is permitted. Until fairly recently the name of the state used to be omitted if the wedding was to take place in the same city from which the invitation was mailed. This is no longer a sensible thing to do, so city, state and zip code are all included, with the state name spelled out in full. (This, by the way, is wise procedure in any case.)

Wedding invitations are always addressed in black ink, in obviously feminine handwriting. The return address should be embossed on the flap of the envelope, or written in the upper left corner of the face of the envelope, or printed on a white sticker in black ink. It is never typed.

Widow's Rings

Q: Should a widow wear her wedding ring on her left hand or on her right?

A: A widow usually continues to wear her wedding ring on her left hand out of respect to her husband and for the protection it offers her. Should she meet someone who interests her, she can always say something that reveals her status, for example, "My late husband once said. . . ."

Relish Tray

Q: When dining out, one is sometimes offered a relish tray with cottage cheese, pickles, celery sticks, etc. Should one use the salad fork or the dinner fork for the cottage cheese? Is the waiter (or the hostess) expected to supply a new fork for the tossed salad or gelatin salad that will be served later?

A: The cottage cheese is taken from the relish tray onto the butter plate, and is often spread on a cracker or celery stick with the butter spreader. You may certainly eat it with the salad fork if you prefer, leaving the fork for later use on the butter plate during the change of courses.

Uninvited Guests

Q: For years my husband and I have had to face the problem of the uninvited guest. Here in Florida, people have house guests very often. One time a dear friend (in whose honor I gave a party) brought along her cousin from England—a 19-year-old girl. I always thought Europeans
good manners. Yet, though this
had a whiz of a time, she never b
ered to telephone me, and we r
heard any more of her or from h

Other guests think nothing of b
ing their mothers-in-law, their
fathers, or whoever happens t
staying with them. I now put or
bottom of my written invitat
"We are having a sit-down dinne
I cannot accommodate any extr
This, I know, is not according to
Vanderbilt, but don't you thi
should fight fire with fire?

A: Europeans, like Americans, s
times have good manners, somet
bad. The English girl brought a
to your party perhaps did not
free to call you. A little note certa
would have been in order in addi
to her thanks at the door.

Miami is very expansive al
parties, and seems to expect ever
else to be. You have a right to l
the number of guests, but perh
you can do it more gently, by ad
a line such as, "I wish we could
vite everyone's house guest, bu
can't. It is a sit-down dinner."

Chicken Bones

Q: Recently at dinner I was shoc
to see one of the guests pick up f
chicken with her hands. She t
chewed the meat off the bones
left the bones on the table. I can
derstand picking up food at a pic
but should it ever be done at h
or when you are dining out?

A: Only the tiny bones of a game
should be picked up at table. W
they are cleaned, they are place
the side of the plate, never on
tablecloth. Picking up chicken in
fingers, except at a picnic or at r
side chicken establishments, is
cidedly informal, and should no
done without permission from
hostess. It is a privilege more o
accorded to children who can't h
dle knives and forks well than
adults who should know how.



*Miss Vanderbilt welcomes que
tions from readers, to be answere
in this column as space permit*

*The following booklets by Miss V
derbilt are now available to* Jour
*readers: "Engagement and Wedd
Etiquette," "Table Manners"
"Office Etiquette." Send 25c in
for each booklet ordered to Miss A
Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Co*

Save 2 feet*

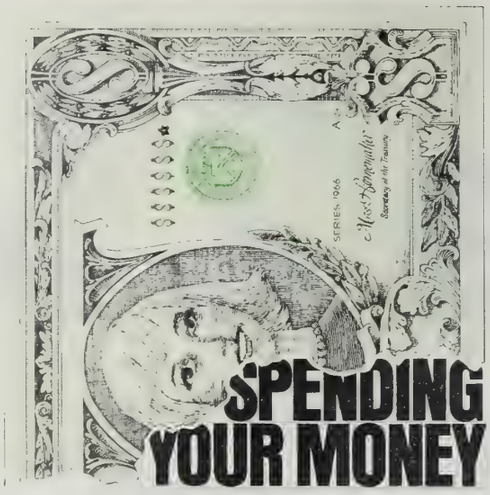


*Your own

A recent test with 358 busy wives showed that an extension phone could save them an average of 76 miles of needless steps a year. Why? Because when the phone rang, they took fewer steps to answer it. And when they wanted to make a call, a phone was handy. An extension in kitchen or bedroom or den could save steps for you and your family, too. The cost? Only pennies a day to double your telephone convenience.

To order, just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man. Why not now?

Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies



Q: My doorbell never seems to stop ringing, with salesmen offering everything from brooms to mutual funds. Is there any way to tell if the salesman is honest, whether his prices are "right" and what quality his wares are?
A: Here's a short set of rules for judging door-to-door salesmen and their products:

1. If you don't recognize the name of the company the salesman represents—or if he doesn't offer credentials—don't buy until you have checked with your Better Business Bureau or your local Chamber of Commerce.
2. Beware of "bargains." There are none in this business. Legitimate door-to-door products are priced competitively or slightly higher than similar goods in stores because of the personal service involved in bringing the product to you. A "bargain" claim may signal an inflated price or an inferior product.
3. Watch for the "phony premise"—for instance, the salesman who claims he's "conducting an educational survey" but who is actually selling a product. Reputable companies insist that their salesmen tell you immediately what they're there for.
4. Don't buy from a salesman who "trades" on a physical handicap or from a youngster who "begs" you to buy because he is trying to win a scholarship. Reputable companies often are proudly represented by handicapped citizens and many firms have scholarship programs—but their salesmen are forbidden to play on your sympathy.
5. Never sign a contract before you check on the company's reputation and before you read all the fine print. It could reveal payment and interest schedules you hadn't bargained for.

Q: We'd like to take our first vacation in five years this summer, but our ideas on where to go (Europe) and what to do (live in style) are miles ahead of our financial capacity. How much would we save if we waited and went off-season instead?
A: As much as one third. By going off-season, you would save not only on the cost of getting there and back but also on hotel rooms, restaurant bills, car rentals and entertainment. And remember that by going off-season, you wouldn't have to fight the summer crowds and bad service.

Incidentally, the same rule applies if you take your vacation at a winter resort during the summer off-season period. This period may begin as early as April and last as late as December.

Q: My brother-in-law has just announced his intention to divorce my sister. Emotional considerations aside, I think he doesn't realize how much a divorce will cost him. Is there any rule of thumb on the financial cost of this decision to him?
A: The divorce will cost him at least twice as much as he thinks. He should be prepared to cut his standard of living in half.

Q: With prices rising the way they are at the present time and the war in Vietnam pushing them higher, isn't this a good time to stock up on consumer goods?
A: History has dramatized over and over again that hoarding is a self-defeating line of personal defense against inflation. Its effect is to push prices up even farther and faster than they already are rising—and these are prices that you, the consumer, would have to pay later. When you rush to beat possible price hikes, you bring about the very price increases you fear.

Q: Our son, a junior in high school, got very low marks last semester. He does not want to go back to school in the fall, but would prefer to get a job instead. We've tried to convince him that jobs are scarce for high-school dropouts and that he would seriously damage his future by quitting school now. Just what are the facts?
A: Actually, jobs have become plentiful—even for high-school dropouts—in today's labor market. But tell your son that as an unskilled, untrained dropout, he would have to settle for being at the very bottom of the pay scale. Tell him, too, that the job he does get will almost certainly be a dead end as far as any long-range career planning is concerned.

If he's determined to cut his education short, do your best to persuade him to finish high school at least. When the job market loosens up again—as it will some day—those who don't have a minimum of a high-school diploma will be the first and hardest hit.

As for his grades, encourage him to get help via summer school or special tutoring. Most probably, if his marks improve, his attitude will improve, too.

Q: We have invested quite heavily in common stocks on the theory that stock prices have been rising faster than the cost of living and that stocks, therefore, are a good "hedge against inflation." But with the inflation we have now, how much of a hedge *are* stocks today?
Y: Obviously, there are no guarantees for the stock market. But if "what is past is prologue," the pace of the rise in common stocks prices should, *over the long range*, outrun the rate of rise in the cost of living. A major survey of stock prices and the cost of living over the past 94 years shows that living costs have risen in 62 percent of the 10-year periods and in 77 percent of the 20-year periods. Stock prices have matched or bettered increases in the cost of living in 69 percent of all 10-year periods since 1871, and in 89 percent of all 20-year periods.

Dividends, too, have kept well ahead of inflation over the long haul, increasing in fully 73 percent of the one-year inflation periods since 1871; in 94 percent of the 10-year periods, and in all of the 20- and 30-year spans.

However, you must abide by the following fundamental guidelines: select investments wisely; watch them carefully; and be able and willing to hold them through the difficult times.

Assuming you obey these basic rules, your stocks should give you a hedge against inflation in the long run.

Q: Our 18-year-old son can't decide whether to take a paying job this summer, or to spend part of what he earned last summer on a cross-country sight-seeing expedition with two friends. He favors the job idea, but since our family doesn't really need the money, we think the trip might be more profitable. Can you offer any economic arguments to help us persuade him?
A: What a young person does with his summers—and other leisure time—is an increasingly important consideration to the nation's employers. In the future, when your son applies for a job, an educational-cultural tour of the U.S. indicated on his application may well be more of a plus factor in influencing the personnel officer's decision than a routine summer job.

Q: I'm wondering how my father, who is due to retire next year, will manage on just 60 percent of his present income. Have you any suggestions we can pass on to him?
A: Your father might want to consider taking a part-time job. Remind him that under the new Social Security amendments he is allowed to collect full benefits, provided he does not earn more than $1,500 a year. He can cut housing expenses by reducing his mortgage, thus saving on interest costs; by closing off extra rooms to save on fuel bills; and by renting part of his house, if it's large enough. He can save on food by pooling his money with other retired people to buy in bulk. He can cut his clothing costs by shopping during clearances and choosing clothes that combine with his present wardrobe. And if he needs a car, he should buy a small one to save on gas. In short, he must learn how to make a nickel do a dime's work.



Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

By Sylvia Porter



Bob Holiday, currently appearing in the new musical comedy, "It's a Bird...It's a Plane...It's SUPERMAN®" at New York's Alvin Theatre.

Mild-mannered reporter.

"Great Scott, Lois, unscrupulous villains have hijacked every last yard of Bigelow's 'Bountiful', that new carpet of Polycrest. I've got to act fast!"

"Oh, Clark, those loud noises really don't suit you. I think you'd better let me cover that story."

(And what a story it is!!! Bigelow's new "Bountiful" comes in 15 of the richest, warmest carpet colors you've ever seen—including that "super" blue.

And color's only half the story on this new super-fiber. The "hand" and texture and pattern; the thick, deep pile that looks twice its price; and, of course, the fact that Polycrest olefin is the most stain-and-wear resistant type of fiber you can buy, carries plenty of weight, too. But, meanwhile...)

"Great Scott, Lois, super blue, eh...?"

"Clark, you incredible coward, where are you running off to now?"

Will our hero rescue the stolen carpet? Will there be enough "Bountiful" to go around? Tune in to your carpet dealer today!

Textile Division
UNIROYAL
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Sponsored by Polycrest® olefin fiber on behalf of Bigelow's "Bountiful."



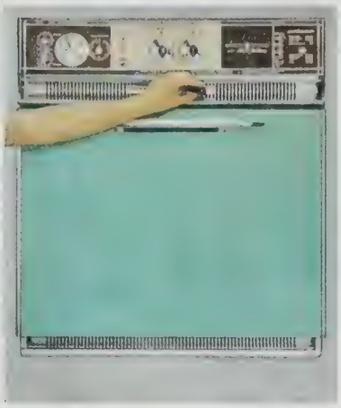
"Let 'em dribble! My P-7® Oven cleans itself electrically"!



Model JK-18



Don't touch this dirty oven.



Just set the dials, latch the door...



P-7 Oven cleans itself electrically.

Wave good-bye to oven cleaning forever.

The P-7® self-cleaning oven, invented and perfected by General Electric, puts an end to such drudgery. Cleans itself, as shiny, bright and new as the day you bought it. And for less than you'd pay for an oven cleaner. *About 7¢ per cleaning.**

No more cleansers, fumes, scrubbing. The same electric elements that cook your food also clean the oven. And far better than you could, even the parts you could never reach properly before.

The newly styled, luxurious JK-18 built-in P-7 Oven shown above has the fabulous self-cleaning feature. It also includes a meat thermometer and convenient rotisserie. The oven clock timer makes it a fully automatic oven in every detail.

*Based on Florida Power and Light Co. average residential rate of 2¢ per K.W.H. for electric cooking.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Remember, the P-7 Oven is made by General Electric. You can replace your present range or oven with 5 kinds of G-E ranges including built-ins. Many different models. Some are shown on the next page...

eplace your
ld built-in with
new P-7 now!
's simple
nd economical!

d it's so easy to do. P-7 built-in
ns are offered in a full line and are
igned to fit both 24" and 27" enclo-
es. Installation costs are minimal.



Model JK-28**

w in styling and concept, this fabulous
uble built-in oven includes the P-7 self-
aning feature on both ovens. Top unit
o has thermometer and rotisserie. You
n bake or broil in either or both at the
ne time. For 27" enclosures.



Model JM-86

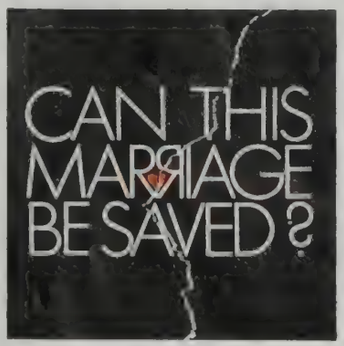
ewest member of the popular Mark series,
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g feature plus automatic rotisserie. Many
ore conveniences including handsome re-
essed cooktop.

**Available about May 1966.

.E. also offers its fabulous P-7 self-
leaning feature in a full line of 30" and
0" ranges, both free-standing and built-
n models. No doubt, there's one to fit the
pace occupied by your present range.
ee your G-E dealer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ina and Chet Wanted to Save Their Marriage in Advance



Couples who have a thorough preparation for marriage, before the wedding, are not likely to end in failure. Of course, this is partly because the mere fact of getting advance counseling is evidence of idealism and determination. But many a marriage could have been saved by this simple precaution; and it is particularly important to those who have been married before, and who therefore think they "know all about it." Each marriage is an entirely different enterprise from every other. It is particularly essential that divorcées take double precautions in a second try. They must identify the causes in themselves that led to the first failure, and be sure that these are removed. They must identify the causes of failure in the first partner and make sure they are not, as so often happens, present equally in the second! The counselor in this case was Mrs. Yetta Bernhard.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and president of the American Institute of Family Relations

"When my father offered to help my fiancé get back into social work, I thought Chet would be delighted," said Ina, a fair-haired, tall, 23-year-old whose courtship had been prolonged and stormy. "Instead, Chet refused without a thank-you. He said he was well satisfied with his present work—which seems to me unworthy of his talents, his education, his character.

"Chet is holding down a sales job that pays him good commissions but has no social usefulness. Frankly, I'm ashamed to tell my friends, most of whom are college classmates, where and how Chet expends his talents and energy.

"As the local representative of a national manufacturer he sells and distributes franchises in this territory for the operation of self-service laundries. I don't know much about his business, and maybe I'm too harsh, but this preoccupation of his with profits and commerce makes me wince. For Chet, it seems out of character.

"Chet is a marvelously warm and yet savvy human being—he has more warmth than I have—and is blessed with a wholehearted concern for people. I have frequently heard my father, a hell-for-leather businessman until he got involved in raising money for charity several years ago, speak of Chet's altruism and modesty. Chet is almost *too* modest. Recently, as I discovered by accident, he volunteered—for free—to supervise a fouled-up local poverty program, although he has virtually no spare time.

"Chet was university-trained to be a social worker. His original ambition, as he admits, was to improve the living conditions of the disadvantaged and to build a career in public service. After getting his master's degree in an Ivy League school back East he proved his dedication by serving two years in the Peace Corps.

"At the time we met each other, he had just finished his tour of duty in Africa and was working for the Los Angeles Department of Welfare. I was still in college, but thinking of postponing my senior year to join the Peace Corps myself. I wanted to come to grips with reality for a change. I'd had my fill of security, parental coddling and—dullness.

"A mutual friend introduced me to Chet. He argued that I could make a more useful contribution by staying in college, that Peace Corps statistics show that college graduates do better jobs than the half-trained. He made no comments on his own accomplishments. Chet talks very little about himself or about anything else, for that matter. Very often I'm completely in the dark about his thoughts and feelings.

"However, I learned from our mutual friend that Chet and a compatriot had been responsible for an outstanding Peace Corps triumph overseas. The two of them were responsible for bringing a disease-ridden, chaotic village into the twentieth century; they helped the villagers stamp out malaria, dig a communal well, build a school, hold an election and set up a local government.

"It was because of Chet that I stuck to school and got my degree. In June when I graduated we knew we loved each other; our goals and ideals seemed to be identical. His job in welfare wasn't too well paid, but the work was stimulating, had enormous potential, and perfectly fitted his background and temperament—or so I supposed. In August his temporary appointment was made permanent. We announced our engagement, and my mother and I sat down to plan an October wedding.

"Only two weeks later Chet's father died, and he flew back to Pennsylvania for the funeral. When he returned to California after a three-day absence he suddenly resigned from the Welfare Department to devote himself to a sales career—a sales career, of all things! It was a terrible blow to me. I have nothing against salesmen—in a society like ours they probably fulfill a necessary economic function—but I had never pictured myself married to a salesman or any businessman.

"I'd too often heard my own father, who owns a controlling interest in several factories, compare the joys and excitement of his impoverished youth with the sterility of his prosperity and commercial success in later years. In childhood my sisters and I were indulged to a ridiculous extent—private school, expensive summer camps, dancing lessons, horseback riding, tennis. All three of us were spoiled brats, greedy, unappreciative, bored stiff with the results of family affluence.

"In a world as dangerous as ours, a world that cries for able people to do worthwhile things, Chet's abrupt conversion to materialism was baffling to my parents and almost as disappointing as it was to me. My father went to considerable trouble to mend Chet's fences at the Welfare Department only to have Chet reject the help and reinstatement in his old job.

"I questioned Chet as tactfully as possible. The only explanation he gave me for his radical change in attitude was that he was anxious for us to settle down and raise a family, and needed to earn more money than a social worker can ever command.

"I'm not afraid of hardship, indeed I would welcome the challenge. Certainly Chet shouldn't be afraid. His father was a small-town clergyman, at the bottom of the ladder financially. In an emergency, as I repeatedly assured Chet, I would be glad to live on a rigid budget and even hold a job after marriage. But he wasn't interested.

"Matters between us finally became so tense that I postponed the date of our wedding. And then one night six months ago we had a terrific blow-up. He promised to appear at a civil-rights benefit organized by my sorority to buy books for Southern schoolchildren. At least it was my understanding he promised. At the last minute he begged off because of a prior business appointment. Well, I found out that his business was a night baseball game. I lost my temper—I've always flown off the handle too fast—and I broke our engagement and darn near broke my heart. I expected Chet to protest. He didn't say a word; in fact, he looked as though he didn't care. I suggested we continue to see each other as friends. He shook his head, and walked away.

"For the next two weeks I camped beside the telephone, hoping and praying (*continued*)

How to take out "wedding insurance" and set up rules to make quarreling less painful. By Dorothy Cameron Disney



She started slowly.

First we let her check all Daddy's shirts for the "Sanforized" label.

Then she could go to the store and do the same thing when Mommy shopped for blouses.

After a while she even bought a fitted sheet.

See, everybody in our family follows these two rules:

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see "Sanforized".

You can't be sure of top wash-and-wear performance unless you see "Sanforized-Plus".

But I think Melissa's going to be the best shopper of us all.

Last week she was looking for some new blue jeans.

And the salesgirl said, "Well, they aren't actually labeled 'Sanforized', but they're just as good as 'Sanforized'."

Melissa bit her.

•SANFORIZED• TRADE MARK •SANFORIZED plus• TRADEMARK

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized" only on fabrics which meet its rigid shrinkage requirements under its regular inspection. Such fabrics will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test. Use of the Company's trademark "Sanforized-Plus" is permitted only on fabrics which pass its regular tests and inspection for smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength, and tear strength, as well as meeting the "Sanforized" shrinkage requirements.

"We're raising Melissa to be suspicious!"

he would call. He didn't call. An agonizing month of silence dragged by. I realized I had made a terrible mistake, but I didn't know how to rectify it.

"Chet is the only man I have ever cared for seriously. I longed to call him. My parents, my father in particular, advised against it. Like me, they believe the man should do the chasing. Moreover, I was by no means sure Chet hadn't become interested elsewhere. According to the grapevine, he was seeing another girl and had taken her to our favorite restaurant—a place I had always felt belonged to him and me to the exclusion of everybody else.

"I was frantic. Eventually I decided I could not risk a lifetime of misery and loneliness for the sake of a little silly pride. In fear and trembling, I telephoned Chet. He sounded very cool. However, that same evening he dropped around to the house in his car, a new convertible I hadn't ever seen. A month ago Chet and I became engaged for the second time.

"I tell myself that I am reconciled to Chet's choice of career, that our love will surmount all barriers, but I am worried and anxious when I think about our marriage next month. We have a history of quarreling, and sometimes we don't seem to know each other at all. Chet is uncommunicative, and often I am sure my ideas, my ambitions and dreams, do not get through to him.

"Marriage seems to me too serious an enterprise to undertake while shaken by doubt. I want to make a good wife to Chet. I want to make him happy, but I'm not sure I know how. I want to know Chet better and I want him to know me better. That's why I have applied for counseling and advice.

"If possible, I'd like to save my marriage in advance."

Chet, a square-shouldered, muscular six-footer, said, "Ina is the only girl I ever wanted to marry, but I'm frank to admit I don't understand her at all. Any guidance that will help us chart a sensible course will be more than welcome to me.

"When Ina broke our engagement six months ago, I was really rocked; I had the dumb idea we were doing just fine. On that evening I had set myself for a good time. For once, I had the money to pay for it. I took Ina to an exclusive night spot and was feeling expansive, as only a poor boy can feel who has spent most of his life on short rations.

"Ina wasn't impressed at all. She didn't notice the prices on the menu and gave just a casual glance at the handsomely dressed men and women on the dance floor. Ina wore a regular daytime suit that needed pressing and she looked unseeing at a run in her stocking and a rip in her jacket sleeve; it was obvious she had other things on her mind. They rapidly came to the surface.

"First she got on my back for breaking a shadowy promise, that she trapped me into, to attend a civil-rights meeting sponsored by her college sorority. I canceled because in the nick of time I remembered a previous and solid promise to take a business prospect to a night baseball game. I knew it would be futile for me to produce this excuse for Ina; she detests sports—baseball, basketball, football, all sports.

"Consequently, I kept my mouth shut and let her talk. Her conversation soon veered to an old, tired, very boring theme; she wanted to know why I was so stubborn and unwilling to give up my job and go back to social work. I didn't say much because I was sick of the subject and thought the issue had been settled long ago.

"When I left the Department of Welfare, my reasons were real and compelling, even though I didn't consider it necessary to explain and justify my actions to Ina. Only two weeks after my resignation I am sure she prevailed upon her father to intercede with the department in my behalf. Her father is a fine man, a semi-retired manufacturer who is a generous contributor to philanthropic causes, and I know his intercession was well meant. Just the same I resented it. My decision to go into business was irrevocable; I did not want reinstatement. Second, the use of pressure and influence is distasteful to me in any circumstances.

"I was strongly tempted to tell Ina to tell her dad to mind his store and let me mind mine, but I restrained myself. She is devoted to her father, and I didn't want to hurt the feelings of either. I hate to hurt anybody's feelings.

"I tried to be patient while Ina talked on and on, but I could not help being a little sore—it seems to me there are overtones of contempt in her voice whenever she mentions my present job. The latter part of the evening was pleasant enough, although Ina seemed unusually quiet in the taxi as we rode home. Then it happened! Just as I was kissing her good-night.

"Ina pulled out of my arms, pulled off her finger the diamond she had happily worn for five months and held it out to me. After thinking it over carefully, said Ina, she had decided she and I weren't quite ready to assume the responsibilities of marriage, that perhaps we really weren't suited to each other after all. Well, I was in no mood to argue the matter. So I took back the ring on which I'm still making payments, put it in my pocket, and walked right out of her life—as I thought at the time.

"Our separation, of course, didn't last too long, but I never got over the doubts it created. I'm nearly twenty-seven, I'm tired of bachelorhood, and I want to start raising a family, the kind of family my father raised—two boys and two girls. Although his death left me with financial burdens, I now can afford to do so.

"My father was the most selfless man I've ever known. He helped me as best he could when I was in college, although, as a country clergyman, he earned a peon's wages. He encouraged my interest in social work and applauded my enlistment in the Peace Corps. I don't think I appreciated his sacrifices until I went home for the funeral. There, among his papers, I came upon receipts for old debts I had run up at the college co-op. He had paid off my bills at the rate of a dollar or so a week.

"In fact, my father's estate consisted entirely of receipted bills. Back there in Pennsylvania I suddenly decided the time had come for me to shoulder a new and higher kind of responsibility. Ina doesn't know it, but I am now the sole support of my mother and am paying the college tuition of two younger sisters. I want to keep on helping them and rear a family of my own without enduring my father's sacrifices.

"Ina is in a position to be indifferent to money because she has never been without it. The idea of Ina living on a tight budget is laughable. Not long ago I saw her spend $50 on a swimsuit and pass it on to a friend who admired it. I love Ina's generosity and idealism, and I share most of her beliefs and principles. Yet, because I am in business now, I am sure she secretly labels me as 'materialistic'—and that plain bugs me.

"There can be politicking, backbiting and jockeying for privilege and position in philanthropic and welfare work just as there is in business and political life. There are sometimes little people in big jobs and big people in little jobs, and, sailing under the banners of idealism, there are careerists and empire-builders. There is nothing perfect in an imperfect world.

"Materialistic or not, I think I have the right—and the obligation—to provide for my mother and sisters and my future family in an adequate way. A business career is my way of doing it. I represent a responsible manufacturer, I sell a responsible product, and, whether Ina thinks so or not, I deal squarely with my clients.

"Selling is only the beginning of my job. I arrange credit terms for my franchise holders, set up budgets, stand by to help them operate a small commercial enterprise successfully. Often I wish that Ina could realize there is more than one way to help your fellow man."

Ina and Chet were a joy to work with," said the dark-haired, pleasant-voiced woman who handled the couple's premarital counseling at the American Institute of Family Relations. "Both were intelligent, very much in love and highly motivated—willing to give as well as to receive. Nevertheless, both were apprehensive about their future together.

"Like the majority of young couples, Ina and Chet had devoted their courtship to putting their assets and talents on display, hiding their defects and grossly deceiving each other in the name of romantic love. Good marriages are built on a foundation of truth. When a man and woman exchange wedding vows, they enter a compact to expose to each other all personal weaknesses, sore spots, insecurities, doubts, prejudices, fears. In short, they must share their innermost thoughts and feelings.

"In the course of their premarital counseling, Ina and Chet leveled with each other. As a result, they became privy to previously concealed aspects of their personalities and past experiences, and thus got a big head start on the average bride and groom. (*continued*)

MAGNOLIA BLOOMS

By John Wheatcroft

You clipped lush sprigs from your
blossoming
tree to lavish some fragrant spring
on us indoors. A fugitive

sweetness greeted us on entering
our living room after an evening
walk. Heart-rooted offerings outlive

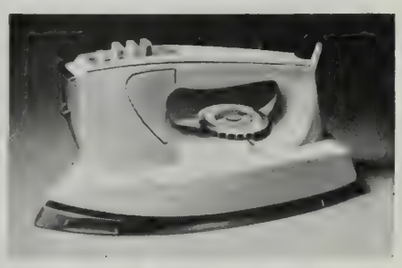
all blooms, like seeds. No little thing
in a time of self and steel to bring
flowers and graciously to give.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?
continued

"As soon as Chet confided in Ina his financial responsibility to his mother and sisters (a circumstance he had unwisely withheld), she immediately understood his sudden determination to 'make money' and became more sympathetic with his new career and goals.

"Indeed, after we talked in detail about Chet's sales job, Ina learned something about herself. She perceived and acknowledged that the basis of her lively and vocal anti-business attitude not only rested upon genuine youthful idealism but also was tinged with snobbishness. She had a secret wish, of which she was unaware, to conform and remain a member in good standing of her 'in' group of campus intellectuals. Nowadays business success is pretty much out of fashion with certain segments of a college-educated generation.

Chet himself felt too unsure and uneasy in choosing a business career to defend his course either to Ina or her father. Although extremely annoyed by his prospective father-in-law's well-intentioned but excessive interference in his private affairs, Chet swallowed his irritation and kept quiet. Why? He disliked 'to hurt anybody's feelings.'

"True enough, Chet was kindhearted and closemouthed by nature. Kindness and reticence are by no means assets in every situation. Chet didn't understand this.

"It is impossible to go through life, either married or unmarried (as I pointed out to Chet and Ina during our interviews), without hurting or being hurt. The fear of hurting somebody, or being hurt, is no excuse for refraining to act or speak up on occasions when action and candid speech are called for. Attempting to avoid hurt by postponement or evasion almost always fails and usually serves to increase the pain for everybody concerned.

"Many important issues, which unattached men and women may gracefully sidestep, must be faced by married couples. Marriage carries with it the obligation to communicate. And in every marriage, however loving, there is an element of hostility. When two people live in close proximity, they are bound to scrape each other's nerves on occasion, be at total war at times, be at peace at other times. There are also times of joyousness and ecstasy, which are for the treasury of remembrance.

"When you marry, as I said to Ina and Chet, liberty may be broadened in one respect, but in another respect it will be curtailed. When your liberty is curtailed, you will feel frustrated, and a frustrated human being is an angry human being.

"Anger is an integral part of marriage, just as it is a part of living, and, since this is so, the way a man and wife deal with anger, the way they manage disagreements, is vitally important to their happiness.

"Unlike naïve teen-agers, counting on unruffled bliss, Ina and Chet fully anticipated that as married people they would differ, argue, fight. However, each was only dimly aware of the quarreling patterns of the other. Ina was quick with hot, explosive words; Chet was inclined to sulk and nurse his grievances and rage in silence.

"After analyzing their very different reactions to anger, their dissimilar quarreling patterns, the three of us discussed what I describe as 'successful marital fighting.' In successful marriages, successful fights are usually waged under definite ground rules rules tailored to the specific needs of the couple involved. Ina and Chet, with some degree of guidance from me, settled in advance upon several rules they believed would meet the demands of their situation and personalities in future fights.

"The three of us covered every contingency and possible cause of dissension that occurred to us—financial, sexual difficulties, in-laws, etc. Four of the rules for 'successful fighting' that Ina and Chet arrived at, although personal to them, I believe have general application.

"Rule 1. Every quarrel should have a set time limit. This means that each combatant has the right to specify: 'Let us argue and fight for thirty or forty-five minutes, no longer,' or perhaps, 'I'm too furious to talk at all, but I'll speak my mind in fifteen minutes after I cool off.'

"Rule 2. In every fight, the embattled must stick to *one* issue instead of dragging in irrelevancies.

"Rule 3. Low blows are disallowed. In our counseling, Ina and Chet confessed to and catalogued various personal shortcomings really painful to them. To give two examples: Chet was bothered by the notion his hair was growing thin; Ina considered herself too tall and awkward. They pledged themselves never to throw up to each other gawkiness, baldness, or physical defect about which one or the other might be sensitive.

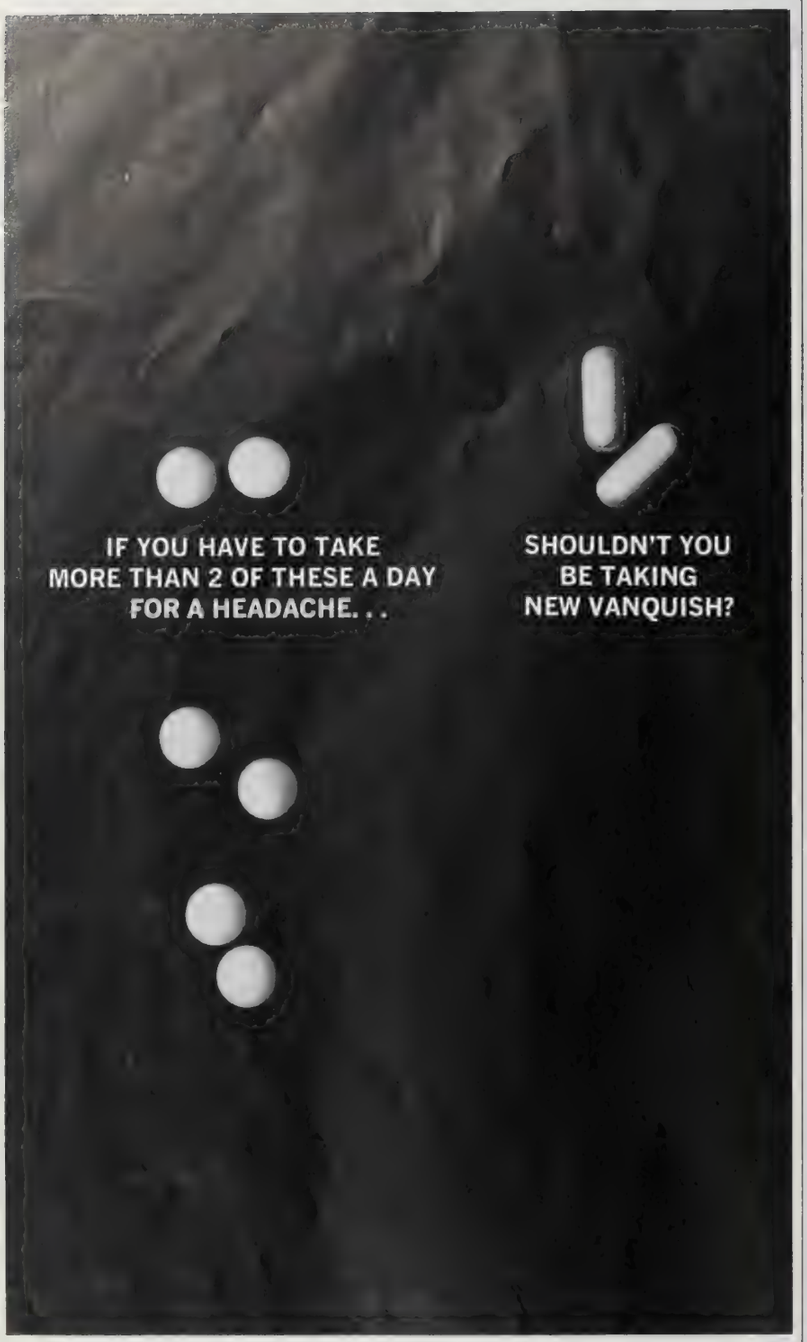
"Rule 4. This has to do with the in-law problem, nearly always an explosive issue with the newly married. Ina promised to take care of her kinfolk and keep her parents off Chet's back. In turn, he promised to serve as a buffer between her and his mother and sisters—if necessary. Thus, if Ina's father succumbed to a kindly impulse to meddle in Chet's affairs, it was up to Ina to block the move and let Chet off the hook. (Oddly enough, this mutual commitment proved more difficult for Chet to carry out than for Ina. Soon after their marriage, his mother moved from the East to California.)

Ina and Chet have now been married three years, and are the proud parents of two of the four children they want. Since Ina happens to belong to my garden club, I see them fairly often—but not professionally. Recently I had a chance to talk to her. She told me that she and Chet had quarreled like all couples, just as they expected to do, but had stuck by their rules and learned a tremendous amount about each other in the process of quarreling.

"Chet soon joined us. The two of them paid me and the institute a compliment. They agreed that their premarital counseling was their finest, their favorite, their most useful wedding gift." **END**

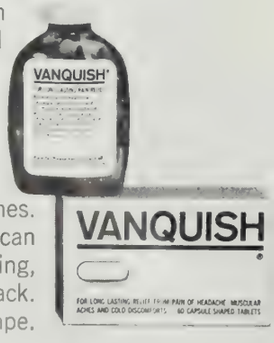
This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.


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Introducing here—Fashion Site—a new *Journal* showcase of great fashion buys too good to miss and available in stores all across the country. First to check in—tattersall checks in a two-piece hip-belted dress with a tie in its own image, that checks out perfectly in almost every spring-into-summer situation. Of rayon and acetate "linen," by R&K, 10–18, $23. Hat, Adolfo Realites; shoes, I. Miller; Kayser gloves. Hairdo, Raymond Costantini. At the following stores:

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Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE SO SMART, SO HOW OLD IS HARRIET ?



LOIS WYSE Naturally you do not know how old Harriet is. ou only think you know. Nowadays, nobody knows how old body is. Only nine-year-old boys, 90-year-old men, and 38-r-old grandmothers talk about their age. Everyone else ceals it. We conceal overage under creams. We conceal it n girdles, giggles, and false eyelashes. We think no one can ss our age, but we are sure we know everyone else's. "How she be twenty-nine when she was in my brother Harold's duating class?" "Don't tell me Jayne is forty-three. I re-nber when her name was Jane, and she didn't know long sion from chemistry." There is a foolproof way, however, pinpoint the age of a lady you suspect is subtracting years should be adding. The way is not through the eye but the Cosmetics are deceptive, but the ear is perceptive. To find age of that blonde, don't ask her. Just steer the conversa-n carefully, and figure it out yourself.

SHE IS UNDER 35 IF . . .	SHE IS OVER 35 IF . . .
her best friends are named Stacy or Tracy.	she remembers when girls who looked like Barbra Streisand did something about it.
she doesn't know about Rinso White, Helen Trent, or Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories.	her engagement and wedding rings are a matched set bought on time.
she thinks she's too young for mink.	she turns the crib into a planter.
she honestly believes gray hair is beautiful.	her hairdresser doesn't call her by her first name.
she never heard of Mia Farrow's mother.	she never heard of Maureen O'Sullivan's daughter.

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My Second Family By Bing Crosby

Not many fathers have a chance to apply the lessons learned from raising one set of children—or to work at the task with so much zest, no matter what goes wrong.

I can't think of a more exciting project for a man my age than raising a second family. This second crop of young Crosbys keeps me feeling just a mite younger than I should, maybe, but it's a thoroughly delightful experience.

The youngsters have me playing baseball, handling guns and fishing rods and opening my eyes to wonders I never saw before, or perhaps that I've just lost touch with during the past 20 years.

I'm having so much fun that I almost hate to see the children grow up. I'd like to see them stay this age forever. Harry's already seven. Mary Frances is six, and Nathaniel, four and catching up fast. *(continued on page 157)*



"The new family of youngsters is a great deal like their mother Kathryn—tremendously interested in everything." And here they all are exploring (above, left to right): Bing, Nathaniel, Mrs. Crosby, Harry and Mary Frances.

Photographs by Bob Willoughby

She had been faithful to the firm and to Mr. Pike since the age of seventeen, and what thanks had she got? Meet the delightful Miss Conway, out for revenge.

It would never have happened had Miss Sylvia Conway not been a tidy woman. She was, as usual, the last to leave the office on Friday night and was on her way out when she noticed a light burning in Mr. Foster's room. When she opened the door to switch it off she beheld a scene of squalor that affronted her fastidious nature.

On Mr. Foster's desk was a half-empty bottle of whiskey, flanked by two cloudy tumblers. Reposing in the ashtray were two old cigar stubs.

Illustration by Erik Blegvad

Miss Conway briskly corked the bottle and put it in the bottom drawer the filing cabinet. Then, very gingerly, she picked up the glasses and t ashtray and bore them off to the washroom. The glasses she cleaned, t contents of the ashtray she dispatched via the only means at her dispos As she pulled the plug she thought disapprovingly of Mr. Foster, w couldn't do business without the aids of alcohol and tobacco.

She polished the glasses on a clean hand towel and carried them ba to his office, where she arranged them on his desk, crystalline reproache to confront him on Monday morning. His blotter, she observed, was cover with doodles, telephone numbers and some personal memoranda print in capitals, which she could not avoid reading. One said: *Contact Tom abo*



Henley. The other: *Remember Julie's birthday and ring Anne about the theater.*

Miss Conway pursed her lips. Mr. Foster was a bachelor, and what he did out of office hours was no business of hers, but she resented the defacement of the company's stationery and the intrusion of his private life into a working environment.

Her chair was crooked, so she moved it to stand squarely before the kneehole of his desk. She retrieved the wastepaper basket from the middle of the floor and set it in a corner. Having restored some semblance of order, she turned to leave, and at that moment saw on the floor a piece of paper which had, apparently, blown off his desk. She bent to pick it up, turned it over to lay it on his blotter and suddenly saw what it was.

Now, Miss Conway had strict views about the sanctity of privacy. So, in the split second that the nature of the document became apparent to her, she averted her eyes, endeavored to close her mind and dropped the slip of paper on the desk as if it were a smoldering firecracker.

Then, like a sleepwalker, she crossed the room, switched off the light, rang for the lift, descended to street level and, after slamming the front door, began walking home.

She noticed none of the familiar landmarks as she went, and her head nodded in time to the tap of her high heels on the pavement. An automobile braked and hooted as she crossed the road against the lights. A bicyclist, missing her narrowly, shouted a rude word. (*continued on page 145*)

The Last of the Suffragettes

By Roma Sherris





Fashion Free Fall

Not light years away, but right now, this summer, a chance to soar off into a new fashion orbit, wearing the kinds of clothes that make you feel as free and weightless as a space-walker—kicky culottes, free-swinging pants, flighty pajamas and tent-y dresses—all in a brilliant galaxy of designs and colors. And these pretty little space clothes will take you to some of the most exciting happenings anywhere in the universe. By TRUDY OWETT, FASHION EDITOR.

OPPOSITE: Floating right out of this world, a tent-shaped dress in light-as-air silk chiffon by Joel Schumacher for Mam'selle Division, Puritan Fashions, 3-13, $70. Adlib shoes, KJL earrings. Newly freed from at-home restrictions and leaping into outer space (or wherever else the party might be), the one-piece culotte pajama, like those above. LEFT: crepe de chine in a bold abstract print (comes with matching scarf). Leo Narducci for Guy D, 6-16, $70. RIGHT: Windowpane checks in rayon crepe, by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, 6-14, $70. Golo sandals; earrings by Sandor Goldberger.

Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky; Hair Styles by Raymond Costantini



Brave new breakaway fashion, ABOVE, LEFT: top and pants; both of stretch nylon knit, 6–14, by Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier. Each, $19. Castlecliff earrings. Fit for a moon maiden, BELOW, LEFT, a space-happy tent dress of violet nylon Enka knit, hooded and scattered with daisies. By Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort, 3–13, $36. Stellar attractions, OPPOSITE, both designed for ultra-quick take-offs. Far right: Op-checked culottes, of double-woven cotton by Regina Porter for Porter House, Ltd., 6–14, $25. Sandals by Golo. Right, sleeveless white skimmer of Dacron and cotton knit that starts and stops with diamond-patterned tubing. By Ingeborg, for Jane Irwill, 6–12, $35. Sandals by Capezio. Astronaut suit, Dimensions Craft, Marlboro, Mass.

Shopping information on page 134.



HOW AMERICA LIVES Last February, the Iowa Supreme Court delivered one of the most controversial custody decisions of recent times. Its subject was Mark Painter, 7. His mother had died in an auto accident. Alone and deeply distressed, the boy's father, Harold Painter, 35, a California writer and photographer, placed Mark in the care of the boy's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Bannister, who live on an 80-acre farm near Ames, Iowa. No one disputed that Mr. Bannister, 60, a retired information director of the state university, provided a fine home for Mark. But when, within about a year, Mark's father was remarried and had a new home waiting for his son, the grandparents protested that Harold Painter was not a fit father and refused to give him up. The father sued. The trial raised questions of fundamental concern to every parent: What is the best environment for a child? What are the best qualities a mother and a father can have? Who is more important—the

SHOULD THIS FATHER

YES: BY JESSAMYN WEST

The headlines themselves were usual enough: COURT AWARDS BOY TO GRANDPARENTS. An old story, I thought, without reading further. The father irresponsible, drunken. A lawbreaker. Member of some sect that refuses children medical care. Or proper education. A record of child neglect. Or abuse.

But it was not an old story. It was a new story and a chilling one. A court had arbitrarily and in a confused and confusing interpretation of facts declared that a child could be taken from his parent because the court considered writing for newspapers "arty," commercial photography "Bohemian," "political liberalism" suspect, wide reading "intellectually stimulating" and life on the West Coast devoid of the values of a "stable, dependable, conventional, middle-class Middle West background."

Only the last statement is undebatable. Life on the West Coast cannot provide, however stable, dependable, conventional and middle class, a "Middle West background"; though it can provide, since one fourth of its citizens, including me, were born in the Middle West, many Middle West values.

The only place outside of *Alice in Wonderland* or Franz Kafka that such reasoning seemed possible was in one of the totalitarian countries where the state, disregarding the rights of parents, can determine the mold in which the child is to be shaped. In the Germany of Hitler's time certain books—the Iowa court mentions that books on Zen Buddhism are in the father's home—were suspect. Children in Germany were also to be protected from "intellectual stimulation" that might cause them to ask embarrassing questions about Nazism.

I live near the father in the case, Harold Painter. I am, as he has been, a free-lance writer with no set income. I say "has been," for neither in his recent work as a copy editor for ex-Senator Knowland's exceedingly conservative paper, the *Oakland Tribune*, nor in his present employment as a photographer for the Job Corps, is he without what appears to bulk large in his in-laws' eyes: a dependable weekly paycheck.

I, too, like Hal Painter, have books on Zen Buddhism on my shelves. I quoted in *A Quaker Reader*, which I edited, parallel sections chosen from the writings of Zen Buddhists and Quakers to show the similarity of their thought.

But, though I have one foot in the father's camp, that of a Western writer living, as he does, in a wooden (*continued on page 149*)



Harold Painter (below with his new wife, Marylyn) has acquired a new home for his son Mark (right).



biological father or a "father figure"? What arrangements should parents make for their children before disaster strikes? How useful are child psychologists in predicting the future adjustment of a child? The District Court ruled that the Painters and the Bannisters were both qualified to rear Mark and that he should therefore be raised by his real father. On appeal, the Iowa Supreme Court agreed that the father is a fit parent, but that the "philosophies of life" of the two couples are "entirely different" and the Bannister home, offering a less "Bohemian," more "conventional, middle-class" atmosphere, is more stable and therefore more suitable. With additional legal moves impending, the Journal asked novelist Jessamyn West ("Friendly Persuasion"), an Indiana-born resident of Napa, Calif., to argue the case for Harold Painter; and Paul Engle, the distinguished Iowa-born poet and author who still teaches in Iowa, to defend the Bannisters.

RAISE HIS SON?

NO: BY PAUL ENGLE

This father should not raise this son. If the Supreme Court of Iowa had given Harold Painter custody of his son Mark, it would have followed sentiment, not law. It would have accepted the romantic notion that, because a man sired a child, that child must be possessed by him without regard to the child's emotional state.

The court chose the liberal, modern way, by putting the best interests of the child first, and by accepting expert testimony from a psychologist whose whole career had been centered on the scientific study of children: Dr. Glenn R. Hawkes, head of the Department of Child Development, Iowa State University, and former president of the National Association for the Education of Young Children. He was not a friend of the Bannisters, grandparents of Mark.

Dr. Hawkes spent many hours with Mark, alone and with the grandparents. He testified:

"I was most concerned about the welfare of the child, not the welfare of Mr. Painter, not about the welfare of the Bannisters. Inasmuch as Mark has already made an adjustment and sees the Bannisters as his parental figures in his psychological makeup, to me this is the most critical factor."

In the opinion of Dr. Hawkes, the real father image for Mark was not his biological father—about whom he was uncertain, referring to him as "Hal"—but the grandfather, who had been close to Mark and responsible for him for more than two years.

At the trial, Dr. Hawkes remarked: "I am appalled at the tremendous task Mr. Painter would have if Mark were to return to him, because he has got to build the relationship from scratch. There is essentially nothing on which to build at the present time. Mark is aware Mr. Painter is his father, but he is not very clear about what this means. In his own mind the father figure is Mr. Bannister."

Why should this be true? The facts, many of them recited by Painter himself, prove that he had acted, in the years when Mark was tiny, with considerable disregard for Mark's welfare, and with a very great indulging of his own rapidly changing preferences.

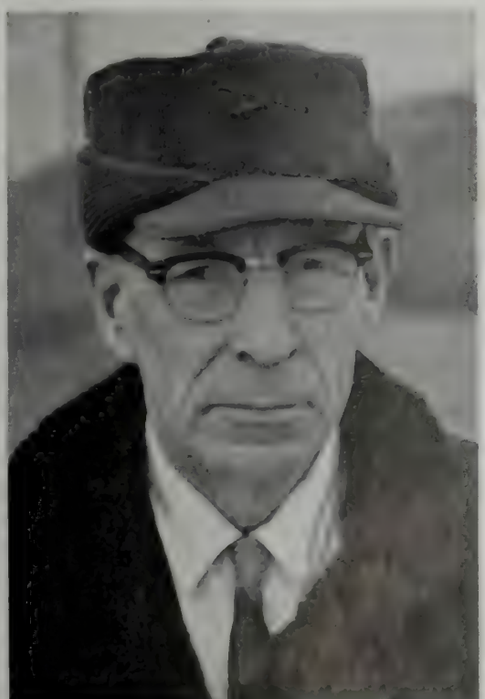
Look at the day of Mark's birth. Painter had bought a house 22 miles from Anchorage, Alaska, a structure utterly unsuited for a pregnant woman (the furnace and stove failed, and the well went dry, so that he had to haul water in a truck), because he liked its rustic look. His wife, Jeanne, was staying with a friend in Anchorage as the time for her labor approached. On the actual day, after he finished work in the late afternoon, Painter went to a bar with newspaper friends, did some shopping, and then drove out in the country to their house, without even telephoning his wife to ask her condition, because he had to feed the dog!

Thus, his indulgence of himself, and his apparent indifference to his wife's pain and ordeal, meant that others had to take Jeanne to the hospital. Painter was called that evening about the birth, but although he had only a short distance to drive, it took him several hours to reach the hospital (allowing a half hour for a flat tire).

Mark lived in seven houses in five years, hardly suggesting that his life was the central concern in his father's mind. Painter had seven jobs in 10 years; two he quit, two he was fired from, and with all he was discontented. This world is full of men who do not like their job, or the place they live, but stay on out of regard for their children. Not Painter. When he wanted to move, the little family was packed up once more and transported, often with a loss of money, often Jeanne's.

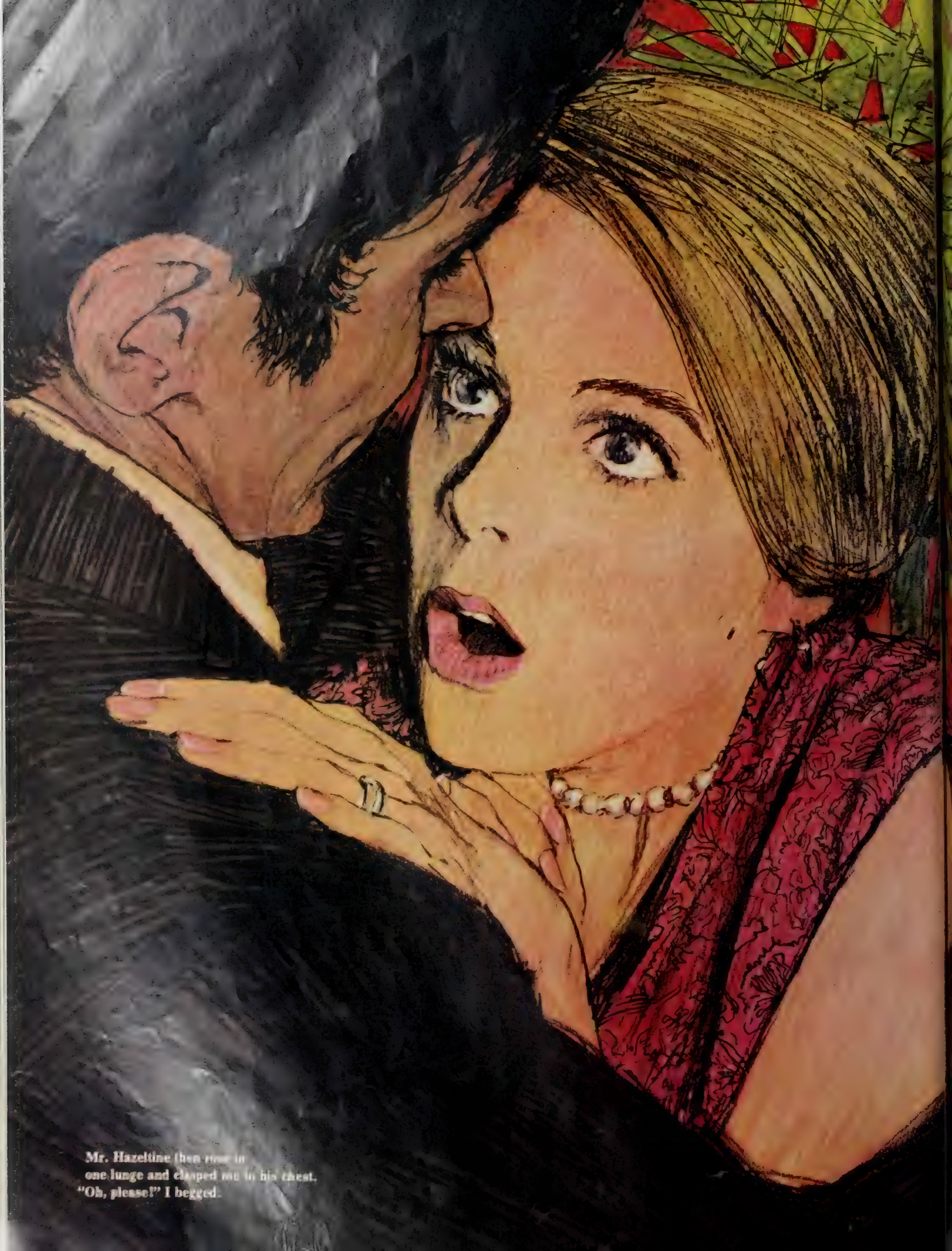
Painter did not hesitate to send his wife off to work each day, hauling Mark's little sister to a nursery school in another state, so that he could stay quietly at home, while his wife supported (*continued on page 154*)

Grandfather Dwight Bannister is "desperate" to keep his grandson.



On this 80-acre Iowa farm, little Mark Painter has been living with his grandparents for 2½ years.





Mr. Hazeltine then rose in one lunge and clasped me to his chest. "Oh, please!" I begged.



O.J. HAZELTINE

Every poetic schoolgirl dreams of high romance. Fortunately, not many are faced with it.

BY MARGARET COUSINS As a girl I was compulsively romantic. Oh, I was not one of your dreamy introverts, pining at the lintel; I was simply impatient to get on with whatever was waiting out there. I was able to attract a satisfactory number of boys, with no more on their minds than hand-holding or a fumbling kiss. They were sunburned Slim Jims with tentative Adam's apples, holding down summer jobs at the ice house or the garage to build up their muscles for football, full of horseplay and improper suggestions they had no intention of acting on.

They lacked conversation.

"How's about we should go out to the lake tonight, Angie?"

"What for?"

"Oh, you know—sit around, have a few beers, shoot the breeze."

"I'd rather go to the movies." A good deal of my romantic compulsion derived from the movies.

"So, OK, Stupid, if you want to miss the moonlight."

Walking home under the blossoming trees, heavy with summer, June bugs sawing away on their built-in violins, I succumbed to my star-crossed dream, far away from the inarticulate partner groping beside me.

"What you thinking about, Angie?"

"Oh, nothing . . ."

"Aw, come on."

"You wouldn't understand."

"You think I'm a dope."

"Honestly, Johnny ——"

"Pardon me for living!" He was miffed. He had spent his money.

"'By yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops!'"

"Huh?"

"What did I tell you."

"I didn't come here for any English Lit. lesson!"

We parted in coldness. Retired to my virgin couch, I mourned the lovers I had never had.

It was inevitable that I should write poetry, or at least that's what I called it. It was derivative of all the poets I admired, and I had catholic taste. Still, *(continued on page 161)*



SPRING SPREE: NEW FABRICS, NEW LOOKS

Spring is the begin-again season, when off with the old and on with the new is nature's glorious inclination. And the mood is catching. With such inspiration, who can resist wanting to get into the creative act? We couldn't. Like nature, we were after brand-new effects. So our decorating and pattern departments pooled resources and talent, then came up with the bright ideas on these and the following pages—ideas based on the premise that crisp, colorful fabrics imaginatively used can give as much delight as a freshly blooming spring garden. All you need to apply this premise is a fancy-free outlook. Just let yourself go. A decorative fabric for your new at-home dress? Why not. A dress fabric for your sofa? Of course. That's all part of the fun. From a practical standpoint, over-the-counter dress fabrics are usually so inexpensive that you can redo an entire room, and repaint it, too, for amazingly little. And, since the cost is nominal, you can indulge a current (but possibly temporary) craving for red, white and blue, or pattern on pattern on pattern—then change your mind and take an entirely different tack on another spring spree next year.

BY NORA O'LEARY, Patterns Editor
and MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor

Photographs by Horst



The lively ways of black and white, left, played off against each other in ten different cotton prints. Deeply ruffled curtains in black, with a tiny white design, reverse to white, with a tiny black design. Taking the place of shades, white cotton lace has been hung straight down from window rods. A length of wallboard, covered in striped cotton by Waverly, creates a lively interplay between windows. Drapery and pillow fabrics by Valtex. Sofa fabric by Woodson. Empire evening dress of snowy white cloqué by Wm. Anderson. Vogue design 6847.

Black and white again, right, this time bringing contemporary vibrancy to a basically white dining room. The fabric is zebra-like patent vinyl cotton (by Tiger Fabrics), used to upholster dining table and for seats and backs of simulated-bamboo director's chairs. To give architectural interest to a room that has none, arches, filled with pierced metal grill painted white, were constructed 18 inches from an end wall. Pretty at-home halter dress, bordered at the hem with fluffy white ostrich feathers, of imported cotton voile by Wm. Anderson. Vogue design 6797.





Small room for a small girl, left. Standard treatment for a tiny room like this is to use a one-pattern, one-color approach. But here, three patterns and many colors are mixed in just the right amounts to create an illusion of space. Note that the pattern of each of the dress fabrics used is different in scale (generally the best approach when using more than one pattern in a room). Large flower print is used in niche, for quilted bedspread, and to give the illusion of a lower ceiling. Tiny flower print lines curtains, is laminated to window shade, and covers chair-seat pads. Curtains and tablecloth are of gingham. All three fabrics by Wm. Anderson. The smocked dress is made from two widths of gingham (by Dan River Mills), joined at the shoulders with one-inch straps.



A new and softly glowing spring atmosphere was created in the small foyer, left, by covering everything—walls, ceiling, folding screen—in a cotton flower-print fabric on a black background (by Everfast). The panel detail on walls and folding screen is supplied by half rounds of bamboo, cut to length, mitered, sprayed with red lacquer and fastened to the fabric-covered wall. Red-lacquer chair, reproduction of an old bombé chest, and a shocking-pink carpet by Mohawk complete the look. The dress, newly bare, with cut-out sides and back, is Vogue design 6820 in Moygashel Irish linen.

Strong, pure flag colors, fresh as an ocean breeze, make the living room-terrace combination, right, cool-looking and inviting. Red, white and blue checked fabric by Everfast was stretched, canopy-like, under the ceiling of the terrace, and was also used to make the scalloped valance and curtains. Low seating in living room—actually mattresses upholstered in Everfast's new Tree of Life pattern, placed on castered plywood sheets—can be rolled around for flexible arrangements. Shifty little baby dress is of white eyelet batiste by Record Lace. Vogue design 6825.





Spring refreshment for a bedroom, left, comes from a happy combination of printed sheets and gingham dress fabric. Curtains, dust ruffle and canopy of bed are made of border-print sheets ("Wood and Flower" by Springmaid). Gingham check (by Wm. Anderson) is used on walls and for bedspread and canopy lining. Bamboo-like canopy posts come in sections, can be bought at most hardware stores. (We've painted these a bright lemon yellow.) Made in a flash of brilliant stripes bordered in yellow (Springmaid Avril and cotton), tent-shaped lounge dress is Vogue design 6224.

A subtle change of mo
for an elegant library, righ
curtain, made from iridesce
India-inspired fabric, hu
on a handsome brass ro
Curtain fabric is a so
The same fabric, treat
with an all-over flower patte
and a deep, sari-l
border, is used for t
dress. This is a perfe
example of the kind
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itself beautifully to fashio
Fabrics are from a coordinat
group of three Bemberg a
Dacron semi-sheers
Cohn-Hall-Marx. Dress w
scoop neckline. Empi
waist and tiny puffed slee
is Butterick design 390
Desk is a reproduction of a
18th-century mahogany hu
table by Kittinge
An inexpensive way to crea
the expensive look of d
wood paneling is to use—as w
did—stock molding
walls and plywood door
then stain everything wi
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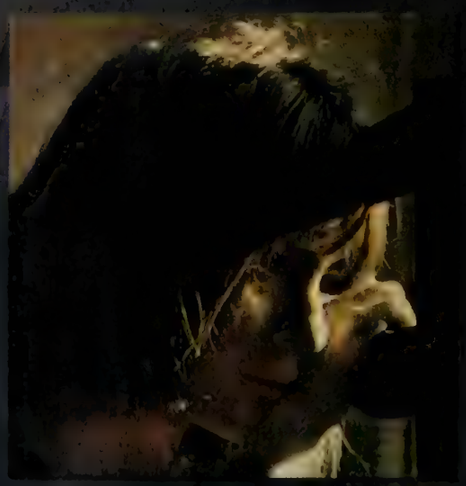


Spring fabric magic for an old-fashioned sun porch (the kind we're all newly nostalgic about now). Window shades were made from a panel print dress fabric, laminated with an iron to Du Pont's new Tri-Lam. Shade edges were bound with grosgrain ribbon, tassels are heavy orange yarn, all united by a valance covered with orange cotton. We covered the sofa, chaise and chair with an all-over scaled-down version of the shade print, punctuated everything with a scattering of brightly colored pillows. All cotton prints by Elias J. Schwarzschild. The sunny fashion here, top and matching floppy pants of Moygashel linen (the same fabric that covers pillows). Vogue design 6725. Necklace by Mimi di N.

SHOPPING INFORMATION, PAGE 134
BACK VIEWS, PAGE 163



a·bor´tion









the doctor s dilemma

by Dr.X

of
the best seller,
"Intern"

The woman facing me in my examining room that sunny morning did not look like a tragic figure. She was young, attractive, and trim in her pink-checked summer dress. At 33, Sue James (as I shall call her) was a little chubbier than she would have liked, but otherwise she looked like any other secure, suburban housewife with two bright children, a pleasant home, good health, and a husband with a solid job and a promising future.

Then she told me her problem. "I'm pregnant again, Doctor," she said, "and I just don't dare to be. I've got to have an abortion."

I had learned long ago that there are good times for a doctor to keep his mouth shut. "Suppose you tell me what's up," I said, as if she had just told me that Johnny had athlete's foot again. "Then we'll take it from there."

The story, familiar to any doctor, was the more painful because I knew these people so well. Bob James was a brilliant and ambitious young architect, rising rapidly in his firm and putting in an 18-hour day. When he and Sue were married eight years ago, they were both immature kids, too young to navigate the emotional shoals of financial hardship, long study hours and conflicting personalities. As they matured they had grown apart, despite the arrival of two fine children whom they both loved. Two years ago their troubled marriage, floundering toward divorce, had been salvaged only by the counseling that I had urged them to seek.

Since then it had been a tough, uphill fight. Sue had been a strong-willed, stubborn girl, determined to make things go her way; Bob was rigid and hot-tempered, quick to accuse, too insecure to accept blame for his faults. "We've been working hard to make things better," Sue said, "Bob even harder than me. And we've been getting there . . . but Bob insisted from the start that there be no more babies until we were both sure. I promised. And now this." Her voice was bitter. "We flew to Mexico City for a few days, just the two of us. It was the first real time we'd had together in years, and it was like old times, but I wasn't careful enough. Now my period is almost a month late and I'm getting queasy in the mornings and . . . well, you add it up. All I know is that I *can't* be pregnant, not now."

"Why not?" I said. "Isn't it possible that Bob could understand?"

"*Bob?*" She just looked at me. "You know Bob better than that."

She was right. I had known Bob and Sue James well for over five years. I had delivered both babies, treated all the family's illnesses. Bob James was not the understanding type.

"In another year it might be different," Sue told me. "We're just now beginning to *see* each other after all these years. But now Bob would be certain I'd purposely betrayed him by letting this happen, and there wouldn't be any hope of understanding. It would all be over, then and there. I need *time*, Doctor. I've got to have help, that's all."

"Do you realize what kind of help you're asking?" I said. "There's no possible chance to make a case for a therapeutic abortion. And I won't do a criminal abortion for you or for anyone. It could cost me my license to practice, my livelihood, maybe even a prison term. I won't take that risk, Sue. Not even for you."

It was straight talk, purposely blunt. I could have softened it, but when plain language was indicated, I knew that was what Sue James preferred to hear. "So just what do you propose that I do?" I asked.

"If you won't do an abortion yourself, you must know somebody who will. That's all I can ask." She paused, and for the first time I caught the cold note of desperation in her voice. "I'm afraid," she said finally. "I don't know any other place to turn . . . but I do know one thing. If you won't help me, I'll take care of it myself."

It was no threat, just a statement of fact. This woman meant precisely what she said, and I believed her. I'm not sure why, because women *don't* always mean it. Part of it was knowing Sue for five years as her family doctor—her weaknesses, her capabilities, her stubborn resolution when the chips were down. Part of it was the doctor's hard-won ability to spot the real from the phony. Part of it was what every doctor learns the hard way from the unfortunate and sometimes tragic misjudgments he has made.

There was a time years before when I heard another woman say, "If you won't help me, I'll take care of it myself," and I had ignored the desperation in her voice and sent her on her way, regretfully but firmly. I'd felt very smug and moral about it all day until that evening when her father had called me frantically to say that she was bleeding to death in the bathtub. She had "taken care of it herself" all right—with a butcher knife. She was dead by the time I got there. An isolated case, of course, but I thought of it now as I looked at Sue James.

Sue James had a problem that was wellnigh insoluble in any acceptable manner in America today: an unsought, unwanted, and predictably tragic pregnancy. Sue had no place to turn for help but to her family doctor. I was faced with two choices, each as reprehensible as the other.

I could "abandon her in her hour of greatest need," as one medical spokesman recently expressed it; or I could help her find a flagrantly illegal solution. I couldn't even ask for expert consultation; there was no one to consult with. And either choice seemed uncomfortably like playing God.

I resolved this problem in precisely the same way thousands of my colleagues are resolving similar problems every day: I sent Sue James to an abortionist. By any acceptable standards it was a bad solution. It did nothing whatever to help resolve the *real* problem—a social disease that involves well over one million women each year in the United States and needlessly takes the lives of more than 5,000 of them.

Yet a week later Sue James was safely free of a pregnancy she was certain would be disastrous to her marriage. A year later she was pregnant again—because both she and Bob wanted her to be. During a prenatal office visit she said a very strange thing.

"I tried my best to hide it," she said, "but I was terrified when I came to your office that morning. I knew I had to have an abortion, but I had read so many horror stories about such things that I was almost out of my mind with fear. I thought I'd have to go to some butcher, sneak around meeting people in parking lots to be driven some place blindfolded. I thought there would be horrible pain and danger—that maybe I'd bleed to death, or be raped or dumped out dead in a ditch somewhere. I thought sure there couldn't ever be any more babies when it was done. And then I found out all those things were lies. Why? Why can't somebody tell the *truth* about abortions, just once? Or did I just happen to be lucky?"

I knew then that I had to write this article.

Sue James did not "just happen to be lucky." Nor is there anything particularly remarkable about the city in which she lives, as far as the availability of competent abortionists is concerned. With its 200,000-odd people and its miles of sprawling suburbs, it is very much like a hundred other metropolitan areas in the United States. Yet in this city there are at least four competent, reliable, full-time criminal abortionists at work.

Since very early in my practice here in one of the suburbs I have known who these men were, where and how they worked, what one could—and could not—expect of them, what they charged. I am sure that I share this knowledge with virtually every other physician in the city, although none would admit it except to close medical friends. Not one of my ethical colleagues, to my knowledge, has ever made any effort to censure these men or to curb their activities, nor does any such move seem very likely in the future. Because, thanks to these men, our city has remained remarkably free of the appalling abortion disasters that you read about so often.

What, exactly, happened when I decided to help Sue James?

First, I made sure she really was pregnant, not only by physical examination but by laboratory studies as well. While blood and urine specimens were being taken, I made a brief telephone call to the city. I've never met the man I talked to; I knew him solely from the recommendation of other doctors in town, and from the reports of other patients I had referred to him in the past. When arrangements had been made, I turned back to a very frightened Sue James.

"First of all," I said, "nothing is going to happen unless you are entirely certain that you want it to. The rabbit test will take two days. If it's positive, you can keep the appointment I just made for you . . . or not. If you see this man, be perfectly frank with him. He's agreed to see you, but he won't do a thing if anything strikes him as phony." I gave Sue a name and a room number in a respectable downtown office building. "The appointment is for two Thursday afternoon," I said. "The abortion will be done there at that time."

"You mean I just walk in the door?" she asked, incredulous.

"You just walk in the door. The man there is an M.D. He will use a local anesthetic; you will not be put to sleep. There will be some discomfort, but not much more pain than you'd have with a tough menstrual period. It will take about fifteen minutes. Half an hour later you'll be free to go home. Plan to take it easy that evening and to go to bed early."

"What if . . . something should happen?"

"The man will give you some medicine to take home," I told her. "Take it exactly as directed. Telephone me here the moment you get home. Until (*continued on page 139*)

Doctor X, author of the best-selling book Intern, *is a young general practitioner in a major city. He says: "Without the use of a pseudonym I could never have written with the freedom and candor to be found here."*

Photographs by Harold Kreiger



The most powerful woman in the world today, the first woman ever elected to hold the most important office in a major country, Indira Gandhi presides over the huge subcontinent of India and its 480 million people at a crucial hour in history.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY BETTY FRIEDAN

How Mrs. Gandhi Shattered "The Feminine Mystique"

Indira Gandhi had left her ministers and advisers to visit the folk dancers who had come to New Delhi from all over India. When I caught up with her, in a haze of dust and flies among the bullocks, donkeys, goats, men, women and children crowded between the tents, she was having her picture taken with the dancers from riot-torn Kerala. Suddenly there was a blare of sound, and the dancers were shouting and jumping, waving spears inches from the Prime Minister's head. I saw her reproving her security guards, who were trying to close in with big ropes to keep those spears away from her. Then, smiling, looking cool in the heat, the Prime Minister of the world's largest democracy kicked off her shoes and, barefoot, joined in the dance. She saw me staring at her and winked. . . .

I had come to India with the questions we all have in America, where the thought of a woman President is still so inconceivable that its very mention is a joke. How is it possible for a woman to be elected Prime Minister of India, where enforced seclusion of women in purdah, child marriage, and suttee—burning of widows alive on their husbands' pyres—outraged Christian missionaries less than a century ago? In the United States, woman, so long supposedly emancipated, can only aspire to adorn the White House more or less decoratively, as the President's wife, making headlines according to her flair for fashion; she may second a political nomination as the "woman vice-chairman," or hold some nominal token appointment; but could she occupy the seat of power in her own right?

Indira Gandhi is, of course, Nehru's daughter. But could a female Kennedy, Roosevelt, Churchill, de Gaulle or Adenauer even be *imagined* in a similar situation? Think of what would happen in our smoke-filled rooms if, to avert a split in the Democratic Party, someone proposed Jacqueline Kennedy as a "unity" candidate. Knowing that in India, as everywhere, power is hotly fought for, I wondered what price Mrs. Gandhi had to pay, as a woman, in competing with and surpassing men? Is she, to put it bluntly, a battle-ax who has forsworn her femininity and become, in everything but name, one of the boys? Or is she torn by enormous conflicts, between the exercise of her political power and her basic nature as a woman? Or does she draw on unique strengths and abilities as a woman in her political life?

Because I had written in my book, *The Feminine Mystique*, about the fulfillment of women in the world outside the home, the *Journal* sent me to India to search out the answers to these questions. I received incredibly openhearted, soul-baring, painstaking help from Indians, from Indira Gandhi's closest friends and from her political opponents. The way they invited me into their homes and talked to me so openly seemed to indicate that they were delighted at the notion that there was an important aspect of life where Americans might be more "backward" than they.

Finally, I had the opportunity to get to know Indira Gandhi personally, traveling with her by plane, helicopter and jeep 2,330 miles across India on her first trip among the people as Prime Minister. I was the only American and one of the two women in her party of 14. The 48-year-old head of state talked to me, alone and at length, about her life, her marriage, her rise to political power; her feelings about womanhood and her country.

Underlying my many questions was one basic one: Is Indira Gandhi Prime Minister only because she is Nehru's daughter, or does her place as the leader of 480 million people have implications for women generally?

Political insiders in India seemed to feel that if Nehru had died in 1954 rather than 1964, his daughter would never have been considered a possibility for Prime Minister. Until that time, although politics and the struggle for Indian independence had dominated her life, her own importance had been merely as Nehru's official hostess, housekeeper, and the doorkeeper to his office.

An elder statesman who was close to the family told me that Nehru himself would not have thought of his daughter in her present post. "In the early years, Nehru used to bully Indira in an absolutely shocking way," he told me. "He would shatter her self-confidence. She was a mass of nerves. Only in the last five or six years did he begin to treat her as an equal. She accepted the role he gave her, whatever it was; she took the tongue-lashings. But it was the jobs she began to do on her own that seemed to bring her alive. Her father will be peeping over her shoulder all her life. She'll always be trying to prove herself: 'My father didn't think I could, but I have.'"

The challenges Indira Gandhi took on herself, beginning in her early 30's, after her children were in school, gave her a political identity of her own. I learned about these as she unfolded for me the story of her life.

"Doesn't it frighten you, being Prime Minister?" I asked her, thinking of an American President's words, "The buck stops here."

"It hasn't frightened me yet," she answered. "I've already had the experience of having the buck passed to me, though nobody ever made a fuss about it. All the things I've done were big challenges that I'd never met before. But I grew up with the idea that courage was the most important thing. My mother and father both drummed it into me. My mother fought for

(*continued on page 165*)

3

Great Books of Personal Advice
A Special Bonus Section

How To Be a Working Mother Without Really Crying
By Lois Benjamin

All you need to know to pack up your troubles in the old lunch bag and smile, smile, smile.

•

Five Roads to Emotional Maturity
By Joshua Loth Liebman

More wisdom for today's woman from the rabbi who wrote the best-selling Peace of Mind.

•

Making a Weak Marriage Work
By Jo Coudert

The author of Advice From a Failure *tells how to love successfully, even though married.*

1. HOW TO BE A WORKING MOTHER WITHOUT REALLY CRYING

By Lois Benjamin

Working mothers, like the weather, are now a fact of life that everyone can talk about, and often does. Also like the weather, we are something nobody knows quite what to *do* about, beyond recognizing, a little uncomfortably, that we seem to be here to stay.

Despite the loud, constant chorus of experts debating that tantalizing old topic "Should You Be a Working Mother?" an eerie silence descends every time one of us answers the question with a resounding YES. From that point on, every expert from Dr. Spock to the lady next door washes his or her hands of us; it's strictly a do-it-yourself project, and don't come crying to them.

Fearlessly, almost nine million of us in the United States have taken the plunge anyway. And, unlike ocean voyages, in which getting there is half the fun, most of us are finding working motherhood a long, stormy trip—during which keeping our heads above water is only half the battle.

What's more, it's a battle that has to be fought all over again every day, including weekends.

How *do* we keep it up, when nobody has ever told us what to do when the babysitter quits at 9 A.M. Monday, or how to get Timothy to eat his spaghetti on Saturday, when we know he scraped the bowl clean all week for Grandma? And, most important of all, how do we cope with our guilty consciences—those built-in alarm systems we all have to remind us about the dangers of neglecting our families? (A working mother's guilty conscience has the knack of buzzing loudly at the drop of a child's tear or a husband's shirt button.)

The truth is that most of us lead lives of noisy desperation—and, somehow, we get used to it. In fact, we've discovered that, as a way of life, desperation isn't half bad. Especially since, for us, it comes in such a rich variety of forms. Sometimes we do have trouble remembering which of our worries are *worth* feeling desperate about—and which aren't. But the answer is basically easy: Worrying desperately about being a good wife and mother is OK as long as you don't overdo it. But worrying about the *mechanical* problems of coping with your complicated "double life" is not only upsetting, it's ridiculous.

Because it can all be made to work beautifully—even the guilt, and even the tears. Furthermore, we're about to show you how.

First of all, don't ever expect your household to run like IBM clockwork while you go about your glamorous and carefree business downtown. If there were any serious research on the subject, the findings would finally squelch the myth that working mothers have to be more efficient and better organized than homebodies. Everybody thinks we ought to budget our precious, crowded hours as carefully as we do our earnings, allotting, say, 23 minutes for personal grooming, 37 minutes for meal

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preparation, one hour and 12 minutes for "creative play" with children.

I once calculated, in the interests of pure science, the exact distribution of the 65 frenzied minutes between the ringing of my alarm clock and the arrival of the nursery-school bus, when everybody troops downstairs—one child into the bus, the other into the park with the nurse, Mommy and Daddy into the subway. Even taking into account that I put on all my makeup on the subway platform, thus saving a crucial four minutes, I found that barely 16 minutes actually went toward getting myself ready for the working day. That included showering, dressing, fixing and gulping breakfast (standing up), collecting gloves, handbag, assorted papers and two packages of children's clothes that had to be returned to stores during lunch hour.

In the remaining 49 minutes, the children had to be awakened, dressed, fed, cleaned up, vitamin-dropped, coated, hatted and kept out of seven different kinds of mischief ranging from cornflake-spilling to stuffing plastic blocks down the radiator.

The total operation is somewhat like an old silent movie, with the camera speeded up for comic effects. Only nobody laughs.

Yet somehow we all do manage to arrive at the office on time with our shoes matching and our smiles on straight—except for those times when the baby-sitter's bus is late or she calls in sick or a case of chicken pox suddenly erupts at 8:15 the very day we have a 9-o'clock meeting with an irascible client.

Even then, necessity is the working mother of invention. One lady advertising executive recently faced such an emergency—her sitter just failed to show up one morning—by simply piling her baby, attaché case, collapsible playpen, security blanket, toys and teething biscuits into a taxi and reporting for duty. Madison Avenue adjusted nicely to the sight and sound effects of a six-month-old in a natural-shoulder romper suit.

Then there was the working mother in Cambridge, Mass., whose ten-year-old son twisted an ankle in school. Mother was miles from home, and knew it would take her an hour to reach him. What to do? She calmly called the student employment office at the nearest university, and hired a nice car-owning upperclassman to pick the boy up at school, drive him home and play checkers with him until she arrived.

You see, when faced with *real* trouble, a working mother usually muddles through with flying colors.

If you have only one child, a dependable substitute and a fairly flexible job, you find you can juggle time, energy and resourcefulness with extraordinary skill and have enough of them left over to be a gracious hostess to dinner guests and a lively weekend Watusi partner to your husband.

You may even begin to feel highly pleased with your efficiency on all fronts, and to figure that all those dire warnings about how tough it was going to be were, like the premature reports of Mark Twain's death, highly exaggerated.

But then, all of a sudden, there's another baby or a new job or a change in baby-sitters, and pouf! there goes the juggling act. Or else, after two years of racing home from the office every night and spending all your "free" time on child care and housecleaning, you finally, all at once, go stark, staring stir crazy.

The first thing a working mother-of-two (or more) learns is that if she could have just one wish it would be for a Mary Poppins willing to do a little plain cooking on the side.

Unfortunately, the unsupercalifragilistic truth is that few working mothers, with the possible exception of Julie Andrews, could afford her. And even if we could, Miss Poppins might suddenly open that parrot-handled umbrella and whoosh off some weekday morning—and what boss is going to swallow a story like that?

So most of us make do with whoever is available: a grandma (if we're lucky) or the harassed neighbor lady who "minds" our kids along with her own, but can't make any of them mind her; or, *in extremis*, the $70-a-week nanny who is "marvelous with children" but leaves the dusting to us.

Compared to a working mother, no full-time housewife ever has a *serious* help problem even if her cook quits in the middle of a dinner party. With nothing more at stake than convenience, a sparkling house and beef bourguignon, the homebody mother can afford to hire and fire at will. But one harsh word to *our* mother's helper tonight may be all that stands between us and complete chaos tomorrow morning.

Since we all know this as well as we know the pediatrician's phone number, we put up with a great deal less than perfection because we value the continuing presence of a dependable human being far more than we care about the dust on the bookshelves. Is it any wonder that employment agencies report an increasing number of nursemaids who only want to work for working mothers? In our homes they are on their own all day, with a minimum of orders and a free hand. Our children tend to be easier to manage because when Matilda says no, there is no mommy at home to override the veto. And we pay them more than we can usually afford because we can't afford to gamble with the welfare of our children.

Ironically, the more competent our substitute is, the more we worry that our kids will end up belonging to her more than to us. Yet you must steel yourself to let her use her own judgment on non-policy matters once you are committed to her. If she refuses to give Johnny a third piece of chocolate cake, she'll want to know that you'll back her up. But if she believes in early toilet training, while you're inclined to *laissez-faire*, this is an area in which what you say goes.

No matter how loving, pleasant and reliable Matilda is, we all fret more than we should about her intellectual influence on our children. Even if she prefers Superman to Robert Louis Stevenson and lets Johnny watch too much TV, bear in mind that stay-at-home mothers who have children *and* the house to cope with are not exactly full-time stimulators either. It can't be only working-mothers' children who watch all those terrible cartoons.

Besides, we can make up for the difference in lots of ways. We can be extra stimulating when we are home. We can also see to it that our children have plenty of constructive activity while we're out—good toys, company (other children), regular outings—so that they and Matilda aren't left *completely* on their own.

The working mother whose helper is her own mother, or her mother-in-law, is likely to have her own set of complaints. The average grandmother won't settle easily for anything less than benevolent—but absolute—rule in any household in which she is queen for a day. When she says that she raised you on cream of barley soup, you'd better stock up on cream of barley soup, even if you gagged on it as a child. You will, after all, be needing Grandma again tomorrow, 9 to 5.

In short, whether or not the "other woman" in your children's life is hired by you or related to you, you've got to put almost as much effort into your relationship with her as you put into your marriage, your mothering and your job. The process of raising children when you do it all yourself is unpredictable enough. But when you share the job, day by day, with another woman, it's a slalom course for an Olympic skier—and downhill most of the way.

On her first day at the office, every career mother learns that no matter what kind of outside-the-home work she does, the job comes with one big fringe deficit: her conscience. As regularly as coffee breaks, a working mother gets guilt twinges. (Bobby has 103 fever; what am I doing here typing memos? Mary is playing the bunny in the school play; what am I doing here selling insurance?) And somehow, the better you like your job, the harder the twinges hurt.

The mother who works only out of severe financial need suffers from acute dissatisfaction, chronic fatigue and the debilitating feeling of being trapped—the same symptoms, by an odd coincidence, that bored housewives keep complaining about.

But the working mother whose sense of joy in living comes partly from whatever she does *besides* wife-and-mothering pays for it on a constant installment plan—so many conscience attacks per week.

Deep down we're still afraid that a working mother is a not-quite-criminal species of female.

However, since a conscience, even a guilty one, is what makes people higher than animals, a working mother who knows how to use her guilt constructively may find it a pretty good thing to hang onto. For example, a successful fashion editor we know steadfastly refuses to attend any weeknight party that starts before 9 P.M. She goes home directly from work and stays there until her two children have gone to sleep. Working mother's guilty conscience? You bet—and a darned good one.

We also know a lady doctor who has been taking her kids along on house calls since

they were babies. She *could* have left them home with the housekeeper, but she feels that her office hours add up to enough time away from them, and, besides, it's such a nifty way to show them what Mommy does all day.

Curiously, mothers who don't have jobs rarely develop guilt complexes, no matter how much time they spend away from their children. Hordes of homemakers can be seen browsing through department stores every afternoon, untroubled by the thought that they ought to be home broadening their children's horizons. Similarly unconcerned are the millions of ladies furiously engaged in welfare work, *Kaffeeklatsches*, bridge, or stamp-licking for the League of Women Voters. Chances are that when their children really need them, they do stay home. But when our children really need us, we stay home, too.

What do we mean by "need?" Does Mary, playing the lead in the school play, *need* you out there in the cheering section? If she's going to feel like the most forlorn and underprivileged bunny in the class if you're not there, the answer is *yes*. If yours is the kind of job that doesn't allow occasional juggling of time, you're going to have to work awfully hard to make it up to her. But it's a rare boss who won't let an employee off for an hour or two, if he gets adequate notice, and if the employee is willing to make up the time.

If your child is sick, the answer to whether or not he needs you is dictated not so much by what the thermometer reads as by how he reacts to illness, how old he is and how fond he is of your stand-in. You have to measure all of these factors as *objectively* as you can.

Mothers who don't work are generally a lot cooler about their children's illnesses, and they also know when and how to shrug off those tears. But the working mother often lets herself be bullied by a youngster's tears because each whimper seems to confirm her own lacerating doubts about her double life. If *she* thinks she's wrong to go to work, that small, sob-choked voice pleading, "Don't go, Mommy," is like an echo from her own tormented heart.

The key to the right decision lies in finding the subtle, often precarious balance between following your level working head and your not-so-level mothering heart. It's almost like developing a new kind of woman's intuition. You do what you think you *should* do, but you never base it on guilt alone. Your decision must serve a more constructive purpose than just providing temporary relief from those twinges.

This rule applies equally to the time you spend at home. It's bad enough carrying that heavy conscience to the office at 9 A.M., but most of us tote it back home at 5, and let it browbeat us all night.

We are so frantic about making up to our children for "lost" time that we give in to every demand, let mischief go unpunished, bite our tongues to keep from admitting we're tired, and generally knock ourselves out playing Supermother to prove to that nagging inner voice that we really aren't the Wicked Witch of the East.

And it's all so *unnecessary*. If only we could master a few of the lifesaving phrases that stay-at-home mothers roll out so easily all day—phrases like "Not right now," "Don't interrupt," "It's bedtime" and, especially, "I said No!"

To get the hang of this sort of jargon, you need to feel as relaxed about being home as if you had been there all day, too.

A distraught working mother recently described a frank talk she had with a child psychiatrist about her guilt feelings. She complained that her children seemed "excessively boisterous" and contrary when she was home, yet they were angelic during her absence when the housekeeper was in charge. When she served vegetables on weekends, nobody would eat them, though when she was at work, the carrots and spinach magically disappeared.

Worst of all, she confessed, she found it almost impossible to "discipline" them (even her housekeeper told her she spoiled them), and when she forced herself to try, the children didn't respond. Why? *Because they had learned that if they held out, good old guilty Mommy would always give in.*

This working mother is a perfect example of how not to let your conscience be your guide. The psychiatrist, despite the fact that he was no supporter of working motherhood, pointed out that children, *regardless of where their mothers are between breakfast and dinner*, need to know where behavior lines are drawn. And the lines need to be drawn in the same place, consistently. Once a child knows you haven't the heart to say no to him, he's got you, and both of you will be sorry later.

Let's imagine that you return from the office tonight, determined to make a graceful, perceptive, *calm* transition from working to mothering. How do you begin?

Start by refusing to make or take social phone calls for the first few hours after you get in. Nothing enrages children more than finding you on the phone when they've finally got you home.

Make it a rule to postpone important conversations with your husband until after the children are asleep.

If the children are fed before you get home, try putting off your own dinner hour. It doesn't really matter if you eat at 8:30 instead of 7 on the dot. Pour your husband a drink and nibble happily on carrot sticks *en famille* instead of planting the children in front of the television set or trying unsuccessfully to start them off to bed.

My children have never gone to sleep much before 9, even when they were infants, because I believe that bedtime ought to be a lot later for the children of working mothers. I also believe, for what it's worth, that the children of non-working mothers who get packed off to bed minutes after Daddy breezes in from work also miss a good deal by being banished during those precious unwinding hours—and so does Daddy.

I admit that those hours also allow plenty of time for outbursts on all sides, which is pretty healthy, too. I've finally learned that "excessive boisterousness" when I'm around—especially at night—is mostly plain excitement at having me home. If a child bursts into a room shouting when I'm on the phone, or gets into things that he knows are forbidden, I make some allowances for the fact that he needs to be paid attention to, right this minute, and that this is his way of saying so.

It boils down, as usual, to that basic need to be relaxed, whether you're a working mother or not. If you feel comfortable around your kids, and they feel comfortable around you, you can usually trust your instincts about dealing with noise and naughtiness—and, yes, even vegetables. In time, you'll find that old guilt will keep out of it, all by itself.

The same holds true for the bigger issues that involve a working mother's major sacrifices. Nobody will tell you it's easy to give up vacation trips to Europe (minus the kids), or to resist sending an eight-year-old to camp, or to turn down a dinner party because it would mean two week nights out in a row. Guilt will always play a part in such decisions, but, with a little practice, you *can* learn how to keep it from stealing the scene.

Every woman, working or not, has anxieties about her record as a mother. We have all been raised to blame ourselves for every small imperfection in our children. "What did I do wrong?" we ask, every time Johnny sucks his thumb or Susie flunks math. The only difference is that every working mother thinks she *knows* what she did wrong.

She went to work.

If we secretly believe we're short-changing our children, they'll soon believe it, too. The moral is that working mothers have to stop driving themselves to do more for the children than common sense indicates. We've got to stop buying more toys more often, dispensing more treats, allowing more breaking of more rules than we would if we were at home full time.

In other words, we've got to get over the idea that we're paying the children back for something we've denied them. The more comfortable *we* are about our double life, the more relaxed our children will be. Take a look at a toddler who's been accustomed, since birth, to having lots of friendly faces and hands around him, instead of just his mother's. He rarely bursts into tears at the sight of a stranger, and he's a lot less balky about changes in his routine. Flexibility never hurt anybody, least of all a child—*or* his working mother.

With all our nagging doubts about ourselves and our chosen way of life, the fact is we must be doing something right. Scientific studies on the children of working mothers keep piling up evidence that our kids are doing very well indeed at the complicated business of growing up into healthy people. They're doing us proud, which is something we can be pretty proud of, even when those guilt twinges are acting up. And one day soon word may even get around that conscience is what makes working mothers the best mothers of all. END

2. FIVE ROADS TO EMOTIONAL MATURITY

By Joshua Loth Liebman

"Is life worth living today?" is an emotional question, not an intellectual one. Here we are in the realm of our most intimate personal feelings, and our task is to make our feelings as mature as our bodies.

Many of us are just beginning to understand that there are at least three different kinds of maturity: physical, intellectual and emotional. We often suppose that a man or woman who is grown up in body and adult in mind must necessarily be mature in feelings. Nothing could be further from the truth. A person may be an intellectual giant and an emotional dwarf at the same time. It is this disparity that makes life so difficult. Now we are just at the beginning of discovering a curriculum and a discipline for emotional maturity.

Primitive man roamed the earth for countless aeons, physically mature but intellectually and emotionally infantile. Then came the growth of language, the discovery of writing and other arts of communication, the birth of science.

From the time of Plato to our own day, the emphasis on education has been primarily upon the acquisition of knowledge, training in skills, and victory over nature. We have learned how to develop strong muscles and clever minds. We are just now beginning to realize the necessity to develop mature emotions. Humanity will never be happy, the world will never be at peace, life will never be truly worth living, until we have become artists of emotional adjustment, and learned to manage ourselves as well as our bodies and the forces of nature.

There are, it seems to me, five roads to emotional maturity.

The first is to be brave enough to accept our own imperfections. In one of his most brilliant insights, Alfred Adler called this the courage of imperfection. Somewhere in our childhood we develop exaggerated notions of what we want to be and of what life demands of us. Some of us never escape the compulsion to achieve perfection. Because in adult life we find incompleteness everywhere, we feel a civil war raging between what we once dreamed of being and what we must necessarily become. How many there are who go throughout life eaten away by a sense of inadequacy and of inferiority, living under the unnecessary tension of trying to be better and abler and more successful than their fellows! As Dr. Rollo May points out, "The so-called faultless painter of the Renaissance, Andrea del Sarto, was decidedly second-rate; the giant of them all, Michelangelo, himself realized how far short he fell of perfection." Genuine success, measured by the ultimate contribution to humanity, requires that one accept imperfection in one's endeavors.

Nature does not demand that we be perfect. It requires only that we grow. In work, in art, in friendship, in love, we are all amateurs. Unhappiness can come from the fact that we too often take the all-or-nothing attitude toward the universe. Life is not a matter of "all" or "none"; it is "more" or "less." All of us are handicapped in one way or another; all of us are destined to experience suffering and disillusionment. All of us are going to shed many tears and shout with much laughter before our day is finished. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that his greatest feeling of relief came when he realized that he was not called upon to be God, that man is never called upon to be God. We are frail children of dust, striving for perfection, but fortunately never achieving that static, unmoving goal.

We go through many stages in our development. As children and as youths we often come to expect life to give us unblemished joy, unstained happiness. Sometimes we share the ecstatic optimism of a Browning or a Walt Whitman and declare that the whole earth is good and it is sheer joy to be alive. Then pain intrudes upon our paradise, and we become disillusioned and give way to despair. "Life," we say, "is imperfect. Friends are deceitful, fame is fleeting, love is fickle."

The way to a mature happiness is to move from the stage when we say "yes" to all of life, through that stage when we say "no" to all of life, to the ultimate stage when we say "in spite of." In spite of disappointment, sorrow, frustration, imperfection, we can make life worth living, friendship worth treasuring, love worth serving, work worth doing. This is the true human situation. Man, becoming healthy, learns to affirm himself, even though he is imperfect, and also to affirm his fellow men. We come to love others because of their faults as well as their virtues. They are human like ourselves. They are our fellow men. This perhaps is the ultimate meaning of the phrase "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." We begin to take ourselves and our neighbors for what all of us are.

The courage of imperfection means, therefore, that while we shall strive always to achieve the best in our power, we shall not torment ourselves continually by seeking an impossible perfection. Many human beings go throughout life punishing themselves more severely than anyone else could possibly punish them, criticizing themselves, inwardly tearing themselves down, disparaging their own worth. Such self-flagellation shows that the individual has not grown up, that he has not become able to face himself and his conflicts and his impulses without too much disturbance about them. Creative growth should be the goal. When we accept this truth, we learn that failure and error are ofttimes as valuable teachers as success and achievement. We are not put here on earth to become rivals of God. We do not carry, like Atlas, the weight of the whole universe. We are to be struggling, aspiring human beings, aware always that there is a chasm between what we are and what we ought to be, but never permitting that chasm to become the grave of our happy adjustment to life.

The second way to make life worth living is to develop a mature conscience. Life often becomes a burden because we are afflicted with an overwhelming sense of guilt and of sin. The psychologist's distinction between a grown-up conscience and a childhood conscience is still unknown to most people. A childish conscience is built out of the inevitable frustrations of the childhood periods; because many things have to be forbidden a child which are perfectly manageable and permissible in adult life. Yet multitudes of people carry with them through adult life the infantile conscience of childhood. Life often seems not worth living to men because they see the accusing finger wherever they turn; they hear the reverberating echo of "It's wrong" resounding ceaselessly in their minds.

Life becomes a burden to many men and women because they go through the streets of experience feeling that upon the signposts of life are written the words "Failure! Deceiver! Hypocrite! Sensualist!" Certainly men do on an adult level

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sometimes commit crimes against their loved ones and against human society, crimes that are real sins and that do require real atonement, reparation, repentance. How much of human life, on the other hand, is now made miserable because men carry into adult life the childhood prohibitions that no longer have any real justification! When we are infants, our fathers and mothers have to protect us against falling, have to force distasteful medicine down our throats. We are not at that stage permitted freedom, self-reliance, independence. Lacking judgment and experience, we are impressed with the many "Thou shalt nots" that serve to guide and protect our growing bodies and expanding spirits. The tragedy is that the necessary prohibitions of our infancy often become the destructive inhibitions of our maturity, that dependent reliance upon others becomes indecision, unsuited to the grown-up world. We become afraid to liberate ourselves from the chains of yesteryear. We are afraid to trust our mature judgment and to realize that we now have within us the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, good and evil, cruelty and kindness; that we can trust our mature consciences to guide us through temptations.

It is only when we become liberated from the prohibitions and commandments that served our childhood needs that we can become free, healthy personalities, making life worth the struggle.

The third way to make life worth living is to develop still another kind of courage, the kind of courage that gives us a combative spirit. Just as it is not usual for a religious leader to say that there is a danger of overworking the conscience, so it is not usual for him to praise the combative spirit. Yet there is a danger in too much sweetness and light. Life becomes depressing when we try to distort the realities of our experience and pretend that we are something that we are not. No human being is born into this world an angel. We are creatures who come with anger, hostility, and pugnacity as natural instincts. We are assured by the physiologists that aggressiveness even has its own special physical organs, the adrenal glands, and that if these do not function normally, a man cannot have any kind of character that is vigorously worthwhile.

Like the rest of our primitive instincts, combativeness can be misused, but it is an indispensable ingredient of human vigor that can be sublimated and put to creative uses. Winston Churchill may be taken as a symbol of the combative spirit of the man who knows how to become angry and how to use his anger for great constructive ends.

The trouble is that here, too, we are misled by childhood experiences. When we were very young, we had undirected temper spasms, anger tantrums. We were punished, and taught that we must control our hostility or be punished again. So, many human beings grow up into timid personalities who keep their antipathies to themselves! Since they cannot express normal anger in the outer world, they turn upon the safest object of their wrath, namely, themselves, and make themselves miserable and their loved ones miserable. Many unhappy people have to learn the art of being constructively pugnacious; he who never expresses his hostility against things outside himself will be nonetheless giving vent to it within himself. One's fear of expressing oneself against others results in the destruction of one's own self.

We are imperfect human beings. Anger is one of the expressions of our imperfection. The scientist working vigorously against the evils of nature is one example of the way that we can express our innermost feelings of antagonism and harness our combativeness to great redemptive causes. If we want to make life worth living, we, too, need to express a normal amount of aggressiveness insofar as life itself permits. Instead of its being a destructive force, aggressiveness can be channeled into a creative attack upon disease, injustice, slum districts, delinquency, war—all the evils that can give us a justification for anger.

The fourth way to make life worth living is to adopt a long-range scale of values. As we grow up, we have to do without certain momentary pleasures for the sake of more lasting pleasures. Every level of our development requires that we deny ourselves for the sake of more lasting satisfactions. This does not mean that we should have no moments of ease, of relaxation, of unburdened leisure, but it does mean that we should measure the pleasures of the moment against the joys of a lifetime. The more immature we are, the more we cry out for immediate, often inconsistent and irreconcilable delights. The more mature we become, the more we realize that we have to weigh a present pain against a future pleasure, and a present pleasure against a future pain. To do this well is to become an artist in the values of life.

Not only in our personal lives, but also in the life of humanity, we must be able to choose long-term values. We should know that the defeat of the moment is not the defeat of eternity, that civilization is a tougher plant than we imagine. It has widespread roots, and even when war withers its tendrils, it sends forth bud and blossom and rich fruit in other climates and in other times. We who live through an age of fire and hail and snow are often too much overwhelmed to feel the coming of new life beneath our feet, and the promise of a new day concealed beyond the fogged horizon. Life will not perish with us; humanity will not die when we die.

We can live only with the resolve to make our best contribution to whatever culture shall survive and to live for the triumph of men whom we shall never know. This also is maturity—spiritual maturity.

The fifth way to make life worth living is the way of love. This sounds like a simple prescription. It is perhaps the most difficult of all. We are told that the word "love" should be used in the broad sense of true friendliness with other human beings, of one's considering the interests of others as well as oneself.

Probably the major cause of unhappiness is the incapacity to give affection and love. This is the predicament of the egocentric; it leads to failure, to illness and despair.

We are all acquainted with the story of Narcissus, who fell in love with his own reflection in the water. In extreme cases of insanity, people sometimes lose all interest in the outside world; life for them goes on only within a self-created vacuum. Yet there are many so-called normal people who are narcissists, who are interested only in self-aggrandizement, who can see in other people only an audience, obliged to give admiration, praise, and affection. The result is loneliness and unhappiness.

It is futile to tell such people that they are selfish, that they are egotistical, that they are immoral. Their self-love is a symptom of insecurity and fear, usually stemming from childhood experience. When the little boy feels that he is rejected, when he feels that those who should love him do not, he may turn all of his own capacity for affection onto himself. He is forced into loving himself as he would want his parents to love him. This is one of the reasons that marital unhappiness and divorce are dangerous to growing children; in these circumstances they are deprived of the love and understanding they need as they will never need it again.

Egocentricity is perhaps the most tragic of all the causes of cynicism and pessimism. An individual may be so deeply concerned with his own self that he believes he constructs his own universe, establishes his own truth or falsehood, and writes his own Ten Commandments. Such an individual tends to become swamped in his own subjectivity.

Being excessively self-centered is a symptom of mental illness. People who suffer from extreme sensitiveness, from a persecution complex, from fear of their neighbors and of the opinions of others, all make the mistake of assuming that everyone is concerned with them. They define the universe in terms of their own little egos.

To avoid this tragic fate, we have to feel that there are persons and causes and powers outside our own egos worthy of our devotion, our loyalty, and our love. The more we avoid narcissism, the truer becomes our sense of interdependence and of our mutual growth with others, the happier becomes our own personal destiny and the richer our own joy. This is the paradox about the world: that he who wishes to find himself must lose himself.

We shall never find life worth living so long as we remain imprisoned within our own little egos. The secret of survival and success in the world is to place one's ego at the service of loved ones, of large social purposes, of great causes.

The world of tomorrow is going to need more healthy-minded, well-adjusted, sane spirits than ever before. If we keep these five ways of emotional maturity steadily before us, we shall be able to affirm that life is worth the struggle. It is worth it in its own terms, and because it gives us the possibility of making those terms better for the infinite generations yet to come. Suffering we shall certainly undergo, failures we shall certainly encounter, tragedy will often be our lot. Yet we can create an unconquerable human spirit that proclaims, in spite of all and through it all, that life can be made worth living. END

3. MAKING A WEAK MARRIAGE WORK

By Jo Coudert

The majority of couples step into the same boat, set sail, and then refuse to bail, feeling that the marriage ties hold them together and no further effort is required on their part. For this reason, love has no greater enemy than marriage. I know of only two or three loves that have survived marriage, but I know several that have survived its absence in admirable style.

I was taken for dinner on a recent evening to the apartment of a couple who have been together for 12 years, together but not married. They were a couple well beyond middle age, and they gave every indication of being an old married pair except that they so clearly liked each other. Each listened when the other spoke, each was as polite to the other as they were to their guests, and each had a lightness of spirit that allowed them to laugh a lot together. Do you know a couple who have been married a dozen years whom this description fits? I can think of just one.

I remember clearly a dinner at a country inn where I happened to be sitting facing a table at which there were a man and woman and two small children. My companion remarked what an attractive family they were. I said unhesitatingly, "They're not married. The children are her daughters, but he and she are not married to each other." My companion watched them for several moments and said, "You're right. He's listening to her." This has stayed in my mind because it seems such a commentary on marriage.

I am not about to advocate living in sin, but there is much to be said in favor of living in a marriage as though one were living in sin. The letdown in love arrives under either circumstance, but when there are no marriage vows to have turned the key in the lock and either half of the couple is perfectly free to walk out the front door, both halves guard tenderness, guard affection, guard the sensibilities of the other. They cope because they have to cope. Nothing else is going for their relationship except the effort each is willing to make to preserve it, and to value each other.

People who love each other really owe each other at least the amount of forgiveness each grants himself. If the married pair believe that because they are married they do not have to try, they may not part, but they will have lost their chance at richness and ease together.

There is a phrase used in the theater, the "suspension of disbelief," which is used to indicate that the audience at a play must be willing to suspend their disbelief that what is happening on stage could actually be happening. When the letdown comes in love, this same willing suspension of disbelief is necessary. It does no good to say, "This can't be happening." It is happening. You are seeing things about the other person that you never saw before, and they are real, they are a part of him, they are not going to vanish. Criticism, accusation, or aggrieved complaint will not erase them. They must be believed. They must be accepted.

A friend of mine married a man whom she knew to be careful with money, but she was startled to find, when they settled into the routine of married life, that he was obsessed with knowing where every penny went. He would not open a joint checking account nor allow her to have charge accounts, and he required that she keep each cash-register receipt from the grocery store. Ridiculous and unfair? Of course it was, but somehow she was able to refrain from screaming at him: "How dare you treat me like a child who's not to be trusted!" Instead, she said to herself, *Good heavens, so that's the way he is. Well, that's the way he is.* She remained undefensive; she told herself that it had nothing to do with her, *i.e.*, that it did not mean that he did not love her; and she set about living with him as he was.

One evening she remarked that the household expenses were averaging about $40 a week. He did some figuring, and said it was almost exactly that. "If you would feel comfortable about it," she said, "now that we know what the amount is, you could give me that much each week and I could make certain of staying within it." He refused, saying he liked to keep an eye on things. "All right," she answered equably. "I expect that's what your father did with your mother, and you're used to its being done that way." It was true that his father had been a dictatorial man, and he had not admired him for it. Apparently, he turned the resemblance in behavior over in his mind, for a few weeks later he suggested that he give her $40 a week to run the house on.

A somewhat similar series of steps led to her achieving charge accounts and a joint checking account. She still considers money an area in which she must proceed with great caution, but by accepting him as he was and not trying to change him, she did change him, at least enough so that he was perfectly easy to live with, and their love survived their being married.

Oddly enough, her love not only survived but it grew. It is one of those quirks of human nature that you love the person whom you treat well, not necessarily the person who treats you well. Love follows the trail blazed by generosity. If you behave with tact and understanding and good will, you will become ever more fond of the person you behave excellently toward. The other will benefit, but it is you who will benefit greatly, for you will love more—more, perhaps, than you thought possible, and that is an incomparable feeling. We all know we want to be loved, but we are less aware of just how much we wish to love.

Being generous is not as difficult as refraining from pointing out one's generosity. I remember once, when I was about 12 or 14, I made a resolution not to say critical things. My mother walked into the room with a red blotch on her neck, and, resolution firmly in mind, I complimented her on how well her hair looked. She beamed and said how nice it was to get a compliment, and I promptly said, "Well, I've made up my mind only to say good things to people, and so I said that instead of telling you about the blotch on your neck." I couldn't

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bear for her to be unaware of how gracious I had been.

We all want praise and appreciation, and particularly do we want it when we have been big enough to overlook flaws in another or insults to oneself. What good is it to be a shining light if the light stays hidden under a bushel? But stay hidden it must. All is undone if gratitude is expected. An air of righteousness and that highly unattractive quality, self-sacrifice, creep in, and it is better to be plainly attacking than to display these sly and mean traits.

The Persuasive Advocate

One of my friends, happily married for some years, mentioned to her husband one day that she was thinking of renting a loft space and moving her hobby of weaving out of the house. Perhaps, if all went well, she might try to market her fabrics. "What are you going to use for money?" her husband asked. She was taken aback, for he was a generous, easygoing man who was proud of her accomplishments as a weaver and had never made the slightest objection before to her spending money on looms or materials. When she pointed this out, he said that he considered a hobby one thing, a business another, and he had no intention of paying the rent on a loft.

Both tried, over a period of several weeks, to make their points of view clear. Not only did they get nowhere on this subject but other minor hurts and disappointments began to be rung into the argument, and the disagreement seeped into all areas of their life. This so distressed them both that they agreed they must simply accept that each had a blind spot on the subject and they would not talk about it anymore.

All writings I have seen on marriage have as a central piece of advice: Talk things over. Air your problems. Do not let grievances fester. Work out compromises. But the longer I live and the more I observe, the less sure am I that this is good advice. These two people had the luck and the wit to recognize an impasse and the generosity and mutual respect to be able, finally, to leave it alone; but much was said in the weeks before they let it lie there that, while not permanently damaging, would have been better left unsaid; and nothing was said in those weeks that had not essentially been said in the first five minutes when she stated her wish and he stated his opposition.

This is almost invariably the case: The first five minutes are meaningful and necessary so that each knows the other's position, but everything after that is repetition and elaboration and, ultimately, the dragging in of irrelevancies. One person does not change another's mind with words; only the person himself can change his mind, and he is not likely to do so under the pressure of argument.

If, after the husband stated that he did not intend to pay the rent on a loft, his wife had simply said, "Oh," and then nothing more, the argument would have continued, but entirely within the confines of the husband's mind. Perhaps he would have said to himself: *I've always praised her work and said it was more exciting and imaginative than the commercial variety. She must think now I didn't mean it, and feel hurt. She's competent at managing money. She's got a practical streak. Maybe it isn't such a bad idea, and if it does go down the drain, so we don't take a vacation this year.*

We always feel compelled to state our own case, but the truth is that the most ringing advocate we have is the other person's mind. This wife, for example, might or might not have gotten her loft and loom if she had stayed silent, but she did not get it by arguing, and the argument itself made something go out of the marriage.

A caution must be entered here, however. An icy or reproving or hurt silence is abominable. The silence, so as not to be ugly, must be intelligent, thoughtful and noncommittal, and it is silence on the particular topic, not on other conversation. When an impasse has been reached, an easy transition to another subject is best. Or there is a handy phrase that can be used. I once read that a man who got derogatory letters about his work invariably answered with a one-sentence reply: "Dear Sir (or Madam): You may be right. Sincerely yours." An interested "You may be right" indicates that you are taking the trouble to think over what the other has said, which is flattering and disarming, while at the same time it allows you to reserve judgment.

The Sandpaper of Anger

A close friend taught me the creative value of silence. When she had said or done something I considered thoughtless or rude or unkind or selfish, I would behave in an aggrieved way to convey that I was out of sorts with her and to provoke her into inquiring why. But she never asked. She just went along as though I were my usual self, and eventually my irritation would fade.

This is in contrast to another valued friendship that was lost because the brow of either of us had only to cloud slightly for the other to ask: "What's the matter? What have I done wrong?" Unfortunately, the one asked was always able to give a full bill of particulars, and the other quickly responded defensively in kind. We chronically talked out our differences and aired our grievances, until finally we had so bruised and bored each other that we grasped an excuse to go our separate ways.

In suggesting that the better part of wisdom may lie in not speaking of the disliked qualities in the other, I do not mean to imply that awareness of them should be suppressed. On the contrary, they must be recognized, but as much as possible only in dialogue with the self. To confront the other with them will not act as sandpaper to smooth off the rough edges of the relationship; the effect will be to cause an abrasion through which love will hemorrhage.

This does not rule out quick, instant anger flashing in response to momentary provocation. Spontaneously expressed, such anger is neither dangerous nor destructive. It is when anger is allowed to build that its bursting is ugly and contaminating.

The Paper Weapon

When I was in college, the mother of a friend took several of us out to dinner, including a girl who planned to marry at the end of the semester. The mother said she had just one piece of advice to offer the engaged girl, and this was that she and her future husband make a pact to bring up unpleasant matters in the form of notes to each other. Her point was that a complaint which has been humming in the mind like a wasp may look picayune when set down on paper. If so, the note can be ripped up. Or if the complaint continues to seem justified after it is written, the note can be delivered, freeing one's mind of prolonged rumination.

My own system is to write an imperious, insulting note, such as: "Only a stupid, thoughtless, selfish monster would make a sandwich at midnight and leave the bread open and the butter sitting out and crumbs all over. Clean up after yourself! I'm not the maid!" After I have savored it for a few minutes, I then tear it up and hunt for a way to phrase my gripe lightly, such as: "I know I'm bad-tempered in the morning, but you don't have to add to it by leaving the kitchen a mess."

The most effective way of persuading someone to see your point of view is to introduce it with a thought with which he already agrees. Since anyone would agree that I am bad-tempered before breakfast, I have obtained 50 percent agreement with my note immediately and have only 50 percent to go; moreover, it is disarming to tie in a defect of one's own with mention of another's.

Love, Let Us Be Kind

The best preservative of humor in marriage is outside interests. If there is complete concentration on the marriage, perspective is lost, and without perspective there can be no humor. Having other things to think about keeps the events in a marriage from getting out of proportion. Besides, it gives you something to talk about. This is no small matter, for marriage is a dialogue, and if one partner has nothing to say of interest to the other, the other eventually stops listening. Marriage is love, it is sex, it is family, but ultimately and essentially it is companionship.

Companionship can be tended in the same way that friendship can be nurtured: by a generous interest in the other's concerns, by refusing yourself the luxury of being bored, and by treating the other with never-failing courtesy. This last might appear to be the least because, in friendship, politeness comes easily. But, in marriage, it seems to be the most frequently omitted ingredient. A friend of mine listens attentively to everything I have to say, but when his wife speaks, he cuts her off impatiently. My friend is a fool to treat me politely and his wife rudely, for her friendship is far more important to his well-being and contentment than mine.

Many people, if they were to treat other people as they treat their spouses, would soon have not a friend in the world. Why it is assumed that marriage is more impervious to the effects of discourtesy than friendship, I do not know, but of the people I have encountered, only headwaiters, truck

drivers and married couples are consistently insulting. If I were to formulate a single banner to raise over marriage, it would be this: Love, let us be kind to each other.

What To Do Before the Minister Comes

The worst piece of advice I have ever been given was: "Go ahead and get married. If it doesn't work out, you can always get a divorce." It made marriage sound so easy, like accepting a job that has been offered because if you do not like it you can quit and do something else. Even at 19, I should have known better, but, alas. . . .

Marriage is not a job, and divorce is not two weeks' notice and out. Two people can do each other serious and lasting damage in the enclosed space of a marriage. Wounds are inflicted, the scars of which are borne for a lifetime. Far more anxiety and depression are involved than could have been predicted. It is impossible to escape unscathed, or even lightly scathed, from a marriage. Between in and out there is a bruising road to travel, and it is infinitely preferable to reconnoiter the road sanely before setting foot on it than to embark on it casually and take a chance on what lies around the bend.

If saying to yourself, *Remember, this is the person with whom I'm going to spend the rest of my life*, gives you stern pause, this is not sufficient reason in itself for ruling out the marriage. The mistake lies in saying: *Well, I'll marry and see how it goes.* The wisdom lies in saying: *Well, I'll marry, and some of it will go badly. What will be difficult? And will it be more than I can cope with?* It is not a question of not marrying because of problems, but of recognizing them, facing them, and making them a familiar part of your thoughts.

To rely on the reforming effects of marriage is not a sensible hope. Very few people does marriage improve. The man who drinks heavily before marriage is quite capable of becoming an alcoholic after it despite, or because of, the responsibilities of marriage. The woman who is hypochondriacal before marriage will not automatically abandon her somatic preoccupations; instead, they may increase tenfold.

Since love is a notable corrupter of taste and judgment, it can be useful to give some weight to the opinions of other people about the person you are in love with. While they may be blind to the ineffable qualities that delight you, they may, by the same token, have a sharp vision for qualities or potentialities that have escaped you.

I remember a friend of mine commenting offhandedly about a man I was in love with: "My, he sure doesn't want you to have any life apart from him, does he?" I was not unaware of this, but I had chosen to see it in the flattering light of devotion to me; after this remark, I began to be conscious of the pathological insecurity behind it.

While the parents of the person you love are not likely to point out their offspring's problems, they are quite apt to embody them. People have a way of being very like their parents or, in reaction, very unlike them; and since it is possible to appraise the parents of the person you are in love with much more objectively than the person himself, it can be revelatory to take a close look at them. The best guarantee that a person will like and enjoy and be good at marriage is pleasantly married parents of his own.

The offspring's parent of the opposite sex can provide an answer to a most interesting but rarely asked question: Why does this person want to marry me? One seldom thinks to query another's impeccable taste and flawless judgment in falling in love with oneself, but the truth is that there will be a transference factor present.

A friend of mine, aware of this, looked with care at her fiancé's mother and thought her to be an unattractively positive woman inclined to demand that her husband and son cater to her. This was not the image my friend had of herself, of course, but, in attempting to cope with the information honestly, she faced the fact that behavior of her own, which she had previously defined as inability to resist taking advantage of her fiancé's good nature, was, in truth, an inclination to manipulate him. At this point, she could say cynically that if that was what he wanted, why should she deny him his masochistic pleasures? Or she could take the long view and curb her own natural propensity in this direction so that, when the fever of love returned to normal, they could transit to steady love, she without contempt for his accommodating ways, he without a sense that he had been taken.

Concurrently with the attempt to make intelligent guesses as to what the other sees in you, it is enlightening to reverse the examination and question what you see in him. As his parent of the opposite sex can reveal something of what the other unconsciously responds to in you, so can your own parent of the opposite sex suggest his appeal for you.

There is a last, and odd, question to ask: What would the other's life be like without me? If you have a sneaking suspicion that it would be a perfectly good life, go ahead and marry. If you have an equal suspicion that you, too, would manage reasonably well, you can marry with double assurance, for you can assume then that you want each other more than you need each other, and wanting is a much better long-range basis for marriage than needing.

How Soon the Bells?

There is one type of marriage in which it can be fairly safely assumed that needing each other has been mistaken for wanting each other, and this is the teen-age marriage. The years from 17 to 23 are crucial years for the acceptance of aloneness, and acceptance of the essential solitariness of every human being is prerequisite to maturity. The teen-ager who goes from his family directly into a family of his own is avoiding adulthood. He is duplicating, in haste, the situation he cannot find the strength to do without. Teen-agers marry to be mothers to each other, not to be spouses to each other.

At what age should one marry? As a rule of thumb, perhaps not until you are past the age of feeling strongly that you must marry. When you have gained assurance that you can cope effectively in the world, when you feel comfortable on your own, when you have had time to develop an awareness of the self as a quite separate person, and, more particularly, when you have been deeply lonely and felt the panic of loneliness ebbing, it is safe to marry, for then you can have fair confidence that you are marrying the person, not the institution.

The Imperfect Script

Suppose that the love of your life turns up before you are ready? Life is not notoriously cooperative about such things. The timing may not be the best; the circumstances may not be the most propitious; you may, without prompting, be able to foresee some difficulties quite clearly. I have not meant to imply in any of this that you must have the perfect script before you go into production. As in the theater, many a seemingly sure-fire hit closes on Saturday night. I saw this in my teens in the persons of a boy and a girl who were inseparable all through school and married the day after they graduated from college. It had been a 12-year courtship, and the marriage lasted three months. Again as in the theater, many a predicted flop has undergone revisions and been turned into a long-running hit.

In all human enterprises, there is an element of risk and luck. But the fact remains that your chances are best the more you and the other are persons in your own right and the more you are able to penetrate to an understanding of the type of interaction there is between you. All problems cannot be foreseen, but the foreseeable problems should be within manageable proportions.

If you are tempted to marry someone because he needs you, go ahead, but keep in mind the experience of this country with foreign aid; the recipient of your benefactions is not necessarily going to admire you for your generosity, and he may go to hell in a handbucket even more rapidly in order to prove his independence. People are as jealous of their sovereignty as nations, and sovereignty must be respected. Marriage is an alliance between equals, and if the equality is a fiction, it must be a fiction so carefully adhered to that it becomes a fact.

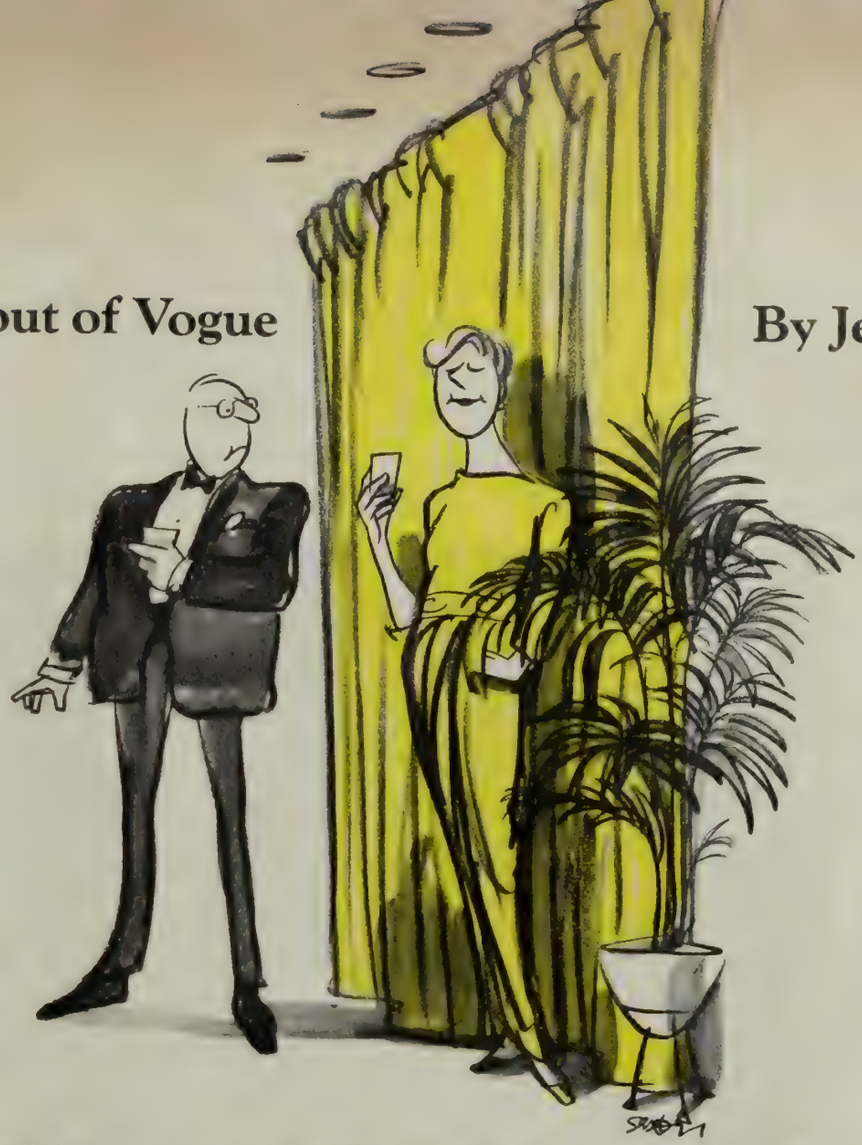
Lastly, do not marry because you are afraid of losing someone, for you can only hold by letting go; and do not marry because you are afraid of being single, for you will never feel so alone as you will in an unhappy marriage.

Just as many people marry for neurotic reasons as stay single for neurotic reasons, and there are just as many people unhappily married as there are unhappily single. Edna Ferber's famous comment is that being single is like death by drowning: a delightful sensation once you cease to struggle. I cite this not to commend to you the state of singleness but to suggest that it is not necessary to be panicked into marriage through fear of it.

Most men and women who truly want to marry, sooner or later find someone they truly want to marry, and it is infinitely preferable to come late to a good marriage than early to a bad one. END

I just stepped out of Vogue

By Jean Kerr



Last spring I saw a play called *And Things That Go Bump in the Night*. I won't tell you the plot. But it was about this young man who was so disturbed that he turned up in the second act wearing a dress.

I don't know what he was disturbed about. But I know what I was disturbed about. He was wearing my dress. I mean the one I had on. There it was, the same check, the same little piqué collar, the same dreary buttons down the front. Except for the fact that I wear my hair longer and I'm getting quite gray, we could have been twins.

My first instinct was to flee the premises immediately, perhaps on the pretext that I was suffering appendicitis pains. (After all, it is not widely known that I have already parted with my appendix.) But it occurred to me that if I dashed up the center aisle looking precisely like the leading man, I might be regarded as part of the entertainment. So I just slouched down into my seat and pressed my purse up under my chin in the hope of covering at least the collar of that wretched dress. Thereafter I just waited until the entire audience had dispersed before I crept out under cover of darkness.

The incident left its mark on me. But it did serve to clear up an episode that had always been something of a mystery. Two years earlier I had been standing in the lobby of a hotel in Venice (I thought it was high time I took my own movies of those pigeons). Standing next to me, waiting for her key, was a woman I recognized as the celebrated couturière, Valentina. I noticed that she was looking exquisite in beige linen. I also noticed that she was staring at me in some perplexity. It was as though she were mentally snapping her fingers.

Thinking I understood the situation, I said, "Madame Valentina, we've never met, but my husband reviews plays and I see you very often at opening nights." And I told her my name. She smiled, and said very quietly, "Oh, I *knew* the name."

I didn't have the wit, or perhaps I didn't have the heart, to ask the next question: "What didn't you know?" So we bowed and parted gravely. Of course, it's all clear enough to me now. I was wearing that same damn brown check dress, with—oh, my God—blue tennis shoes. And Madame Valentina was asking herself, "Where did she buy it? When? *Why?*"

Well, that's what happens when you try to hobnob. As for that particular dress, I have already taken a rake and some matches and burned it in the driveway. But the question remains: Why do I have *all* these horrible golfing-type dresses when, for one thing, I don't even golf. It's true that I am tall and hard to fit, but I don't think the saleslades I get even *try*. At the first sight of me they smile wanly (as though greeting the recently bereaved), waggle their heads and say, "Oh, I'm afraid I wouldn't have a *thing*."

Now how can they tell that when I haven't even taken off my coat? Eventually, they brighten up just enough to ask, "Has madame tried our sportswear section?" Passing the buck is what I call it. Anyway, that's my problem. I've been trying the sportswear section for 20 years.

Other women arrange their wardrobes with (*continued on page 164*)

Illustration by John Saxon

THE SHORT SKIRT...THE LOW HEEL...AND THE LEG BETWEEN

Last chance to trim your legs for the bare-knee hemlines.

Short skirts are practically a fact of life now—designers in Paris and on Seventh Avenue clinched i during the recent Spring Collections. How short you wear your skirts is up to you, of course. But if you'r like most women, you'll probably be baring your knees by summer. So shape up. Since legs are where th eyes are, you owe it to yourself and to your audience to make the newly exposed area between hemline an shoe as pretty as possible. Here's how:

Begin with shoes. The chunky little low-heeled variety is best with short skirts, because flat or almos flat heels make the legs look longer and straighter, give the illusion of greater distance between heel an knee. (High heels have the opposite effect—they're fine with longer skirts, look positively dowdy with shor

To tighten calf muscles: Balance on toes on 2-inch-thick book, heels extended beyond book. Press heels



slowly down to floor as shown. Go back up on toes. Then down again. Repeat 10 times.



To firm entire leg: Stand, back straight, feet together. Balance on right leg. Swing left leg, toes pointed, to the



front as far as you can. Do 6 times. Repeat 6 times to the side,then to the back. Repeat with right leg.

ones.) It's a matter of proportion. The shoes above (by Bill Blass for Capezio) and at right (by Newton Elkins for Donald Brooks) are good examples of what designers are currently showing with their own clothes.

And now that legs are really in the limelight, consider your walk, too. Designer Bill Blass commented (and we agree with him) that a woman looks a bit silly when she minces along in a short skirt. Much more attractive is a quick, gay stride—shoulders back, but relaxed, arms swinging freely, legs moving out from the hip socket. Think of Julie Christie and her snappy, swingy walk.

Walking itself is marvelous for your legs. In fact, a brisk six- to eight-block hike every day helps to tone and firm almost every muscle in your body. To get maximum results from walking, concentrate on your toes. Push off with them. Think of them as gripping the pavement through your shoes.

As for exercise, it can't do anything to change your basic bone structure. But—happy thought—it *will* make your legs prettier, trimmer, firmer. Active exercise includes walking, sports, dancing and all the bend-

Photographs by Francesco Scavullo

and-stretch routines (four really good ones for your legs right here on this page, others on page 53). Active exercise can be as simple as rubbing the insides of your knees together as vigorously as possible, without moving your feet. Do it while you iron or wash dishes. It helps erase the fatty pad many women have at the inside of their knees. Well-known leg expert Lucille Bouchard recommends the following massage, which redistributes fat, helps tone and shape the leg: While sitting, grasp ankle, tightly, with both hands; then move hands, still tightly grasping the leg, very slowly up the calf and over the knee. Do this 10 times to each leg. A passive way to exercise thighs and knees: use a Relax-A-cizor. Simply place the special pads on the area you wish to firm up, set a dial, then relax and let the machine go to work.

Finally, take advantage of all the great new products created to help keep legs and feet looking their best. Pretty legs are free of hair, of course. There are several attractively designed, lightweight razors and electric shavers on the market now, and there are the cream and wax depilatories. The cream depilatory is smoothed

For trim ankles: While sitting, "draw" circles in the air with toes of right foot, beginning with



tiny circles and gradually making them larger. Do 10 times. Then repeat with left foot.



To firm knee area: Stand erect, feet 6 inches apart. Raise right knee, then straighten.



Hold while doing knee "dips" with left leg. Do 10 times. Then repeat with left leg.

Above, right: Close-ups of the free-swinging, brisk walk that whittles.

on legs and, after about 15 minutes, hair seems to "melt" away. With a wax depilatory, hair is quickly and painlessly stripped off. These last two methods seem to retard growth of new hair. When hair does grow back in, it will probably be finer and softer than before. Rough, scaly knees—in full view now with short skirts—are a problem shared by many women. A good way to cope is to treat your knees to a facial (yes, facial) mask. The mask will smooth away scaliness, stimulate circulation, and thus bring a pretty, rosy glow to the knees. And, if you love the flattery of a rich, golden tan on your legs, you can get one easily with one of the new instant-tan makeups. The best of them go on without streaking and dry to a nice, non-shiny matte finish, give the groomed look of stockinged legs without the bother of stockings. Keep toenails polished (the silvery, frosted colors are pretty with open-toed sandals). In fact, with shoes going so much barer this summer, why not start out the season with a professional pedicure? Finally, don't forget to use an extra-rich body lotion for everyday after-bath smoothing and softening of feet and legs. (continued on page 53)

By Susan Harney
BEAUTY EDITOR

Drawings by Albert Elia

JOURNAL'S COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH. NUMBER 3 OF A SERIES



The Settlement Cook Book

"Never underestimate the power of a woman," is the *Journal* slogan. What better illustration than the completely new edition of one of America's most beloved cookbooks, *The Settlement Cook Book* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95)? Back at the turn of the century, in Milwaukee, a Mrs. Simon Kander volunteered to teach cooking to new immigrants at the neighborhood settlement house. "Instead of having the students laboriously copy each recipe from the blackboard," she asked, "why not print them?" "Impossible," replied the gentlemen of the settlement board. "That would cost $18!" Undaunted, Mrs. Kander talked the ladies of the volunteer committee into donating their heirloom recipes. She collected the favorite European dishes of her students as well, and insisted that each recipe be tested several times in the donor's own kitchen—a rule she followed so enthusiastically that her husband once begged her, "Cut that pancake out of the bill of fare for at least a week!" To finance the project, the ladies sold advertisements in the book. In April, 1901, a thousand copies of a slender cookbook appeared with the tantalizing title, *The Way to a Man's Heart . . . The Settlement Cook Book*. By 1909, the proceeds had provided a new settlement house, and its site as well! For more than 60 years (and 1½ million copies) the cookbook has paid for countless community services in Milwaukee. New brides and expert cooks cherish its reliable, common-sense recipes, menus, and such gems of household lore as how to make soap. We are proud to have the new, 32nd edition of *The Settlement Cook Book* for our May condensation. Recipes begin on page 126.

ROBUST CASSEROLES

From the more than 3,000 recipes in The Settlement Cook Book, we have selected robust casseroles—perfect for beginners, and as thrifty as they are mouth-watering. Most are ideal for preparing ahead, storing in the freezer. The soufflé-like Cheese Sandwich Casserole, between the leaves of the book, can be (in fact, should be) prepared a while before baking. The Chicken-Green Bean Casserole (center) includes a can of "chop-suey vegetables" as well as green beans and a topping of canned French-fried onions! The Lobster-Mushroom Casserole (right) is Total Elegance—star of any party. Try baking casseroles, as we did here, in individual serving dishes. Then freeze, and at serving time, reheat only the number you need.

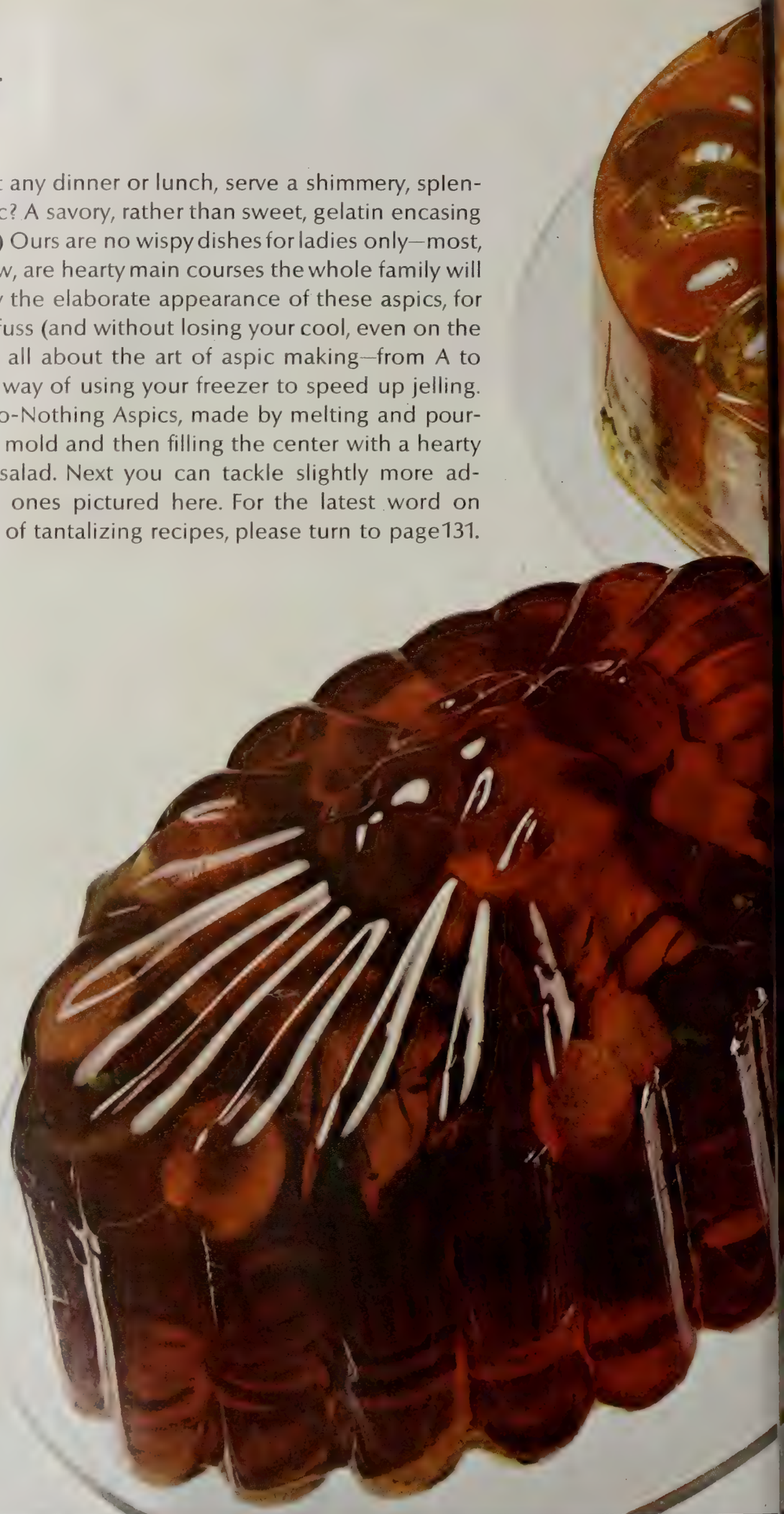
Photograph by Irwin Horowitz

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ASPICS WITHOUT ADO

To make a dazzling display at any dinner or lunch, serve a shimmery, splendorous aspic. (What's an aspic? A savory, rather than sweet, gelatin encasing meats, fish, vegetables or fruit.) Ours are no wispy dishes for ladies only—most, like the Boeuf en Gelée, below, are hearty main courses the whole family will love. Don't be intimidated by the elaborate appearance of these aspics, for you can make them without fuss (and without losing your cool, even on the hottest summer day). We tell all about the art of aspic making—from A to Unmolding—including a new way of using your freezer to speed up jelling. You might begin with our Do-Nothing Aspics, made by melting and pouring canned aspics into a ring mold and then filling the center with a hearty meat, seafood or vegetable salad. Next you can tackle slightly more advanced productions like the ones pictured here. For the latest word on aspicmanship, plus a windfall of tantalizing recipes, please turn to page 131.



Nothing halfhearted about this classic main-dish aspic composed of roast beef, plus thin, thin slices of onions and carrots in a beef, sherry and herb-flavored aspic. Turn it out of the mold as we did here: it's Boeuf en Gelée. It's also perfectly proper to serve it directly from the mold as the French often do. Just call it "Boeuf en Terrine."

By Poppy Cannon, Food Editor



Balls of cream cheese rolled in pistachio nuts and tucked in apricot halves peer through this golden aspic. The gelatin, made with apple juice and ginger ale, is so good we heaped more, like crushed topazes, in the center. It's an unusual salad, satisfying enough to be a luncheon main dish.

As an entrée for a summer luncheon or to begin a little dinner party any time of the year, serve Eggs in Aspic like these. Absolute simplicity to make—no more than lightly poached eggs nestled in a gelatin made of chicken consommé flavored with tarragon vinegar and topped with tarragon leaves. If you can't find fresh leaves, use the sprigs that come in a bottle of tarragon vinegar.

Photography by Richard Jeffers

A moment of silence, please, in honor of the fourth Earl of Sandwich—a gambler so inveterate he asked his servant to plop some meat between two hunks of bread, so he wouldn't have to stop gambling to eat. History doesn't record if the Earl won, but his creation proved lucky for posterity. In gratitude, we've conjured up some fanciful guises for the Earl's namesake, from one bite to a whole meal.



Isadore Seltzer



For high tea or for party nibbling, these Chicken Rouladen sandwiches (made of chicken spread) and Fiesta Ribbons take no time to make with these variegated chicken, ham and verdant watercress-butter fillings. To keep them fresh all through the party, we've hidden them in a hollowed loaf of bread, a technique the French call *Pain Surprise*.

The great chef Escoffier deigned to mention only a few sandwiches. He gave a recipe for just one: a pressed sandwich that he called the Bookmaker's, remarking, "This kind of sandwich, which is liked by racing people, is a most substantial affair, and it will be seen from the following recipe it might, in an emergency, answer the purpose of a meal." Escoffier's recipe called for a thick steak and was pressed with a letter press. Our economical version uses ground beef, but it tastes like no hamburger you've ever made. We use our heaviest skillets to press them down.



Photograph by Bernard Gray



Arnold Varga







Pineapple, orange rind and walnuts in a sandwich? Wait till you try our Hawaiian Eye "Saladwich": crusty rolls are hollowed then filled with a mixture of cottage cheese and fruit. So zany are we about saladwiches, we've created a bevy, including a nutty apple-banana combo. They're so easy to carry, so easy to eat!



Paul Davis

American as the Stars and Stripes is a peanut-butter sandwich (though the grinding of peanuts by mortar and pestle goes on in China, Africa, Indonesia!). Our man-type version, with bacon and onions, is a touch wacky, but wonderful hot or cold.

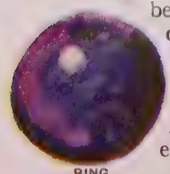
The *Journal's* own invention, a crusty baked-pie sandwich, was inspired by the famous ham-and-egg pies of Cornwall. But it substitutes bread slices for a pastry crust. In a hurry? Whip up the individual *Journal* Pie-lets, using muffin tins.



Seymour Chwast

"Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy?" Billy Boy's mother knew whereof she spoke when she inquired about her future daughter-in-law's prowess in this department. Several of the world's most famous dishes star this succulent, delicate fruit. The all-time gala dessert? Blazing Cherries Jubilee, of course! Chicken Montmorency—tender, crisp-browned chicken laved with a sauce of crimson Montmorency cherries—is one of the prides of French cuisine.

Another French dish that has inspired countless poets to paeans of praise couldn't be simpler: glowing red-black sweet cherries, plucked right off the tree, arranged in a wicker basket lined with green leaves, and served along with little bowls of water in which the cherries are swished before being popped whole into the mouth. (One of the world's oldest rules of etiquette is the ancient maxim, "Never make two bites of a cherry.") And it would be downright unpatriotic to forget deep-dish cherry pie, which vies with apple as the great American mealender.


BING

The cherry probably got its name from Cerasus, an ancient city in Asia Minor where it is supposed to have been first cultivated. Originally all cherries were so sour, they were in fact strictly for the birds. There is a legend that Mithridates, King of Pontus, bred the first sweet-cherry tree with his own royal hands. Three hundred years before Christ, cherries spread to Greece, and in 70 B.C., the Roman consul Lucullus, most famous of gourmets (and maybe gourmands), brought them into Italy where they "enriched the third course in Rome." Cherry trees came to America with the first European settlers, in plenty of time to have made the George Washington story truthful, which it wasn't. Mason Weems hewed it with his own little hatchet, out of whole wood, you might say, many years later.

Although there are more than 1,100 kinds of cultivated cherries, all fit neatly into one of two categories: Sweet Cherries (*prunus avium*) or Sour Cherries (*prunus cerasus*, also known as pie cherries in our part of the world.

Sweet cherries, lusciously juicy, are for eating out of hand, in salads, over ice cream, or with other summer fruits in compotes. The two most important varieties of sweet cherries are the Bing and Royal Ann.

The black, heart-shaped Bing cherry, famous for its winy flavor, is the result of a happy accident. An Oregon farmer, determined to develop a finer variety of sweet cherry, planted a thousand cherry seedlings. As they grew, the scrawnier-looking plants were weeded out, but one particular small and unpromising tree won the heart of the farmer's Chinese gardener, and he talked his employer into letting the little runt grow.


MONTMORENCY

The gardener carefully nurtured the seedling, and when it blossomed and bore the finest black cherries the farmer had ever tasted, he named the variety for his Chinese gardener, Mr. Bing.

The Bing Cherry is the variety most often sold fresh, because it is a good shipper and keeper. Other sweet, black cherries, which you may find at times, are the Tartarian, the Republican and the Chapman.

Rivaling the Bing in flavor and fame is the white, faintly blushing Royal Ann. Because the skin is so thin, however, it is difficult to transport and is only available canned. Ann is an ancient variety. In 1820 its name was Napoleon to honor the Little Emperor, but Seth Lewelling, who first carried seedlings across the American continent to Oregon in a covered wagon, lost the label identifying the variety and renamed it Ann—Royal Ann.

The sour or pie cherries, ranging from light to dark red in color, are too tart to eat out of hand. They're best for cooking in pies, tarts, cakes, jellies, jams and preserves, and for canning. By far the most popular variety of sour cherry is the Montmorency, which comes to market in July. Centuries ago this variety originated in the Montmorency Valley in France and it has always enjoyed a great popularity in Parisian kitchens. No one knows when it was first introduced to the United States. It is now grown widely.


ROYAL ANN

The first sour cherry to reach the market is the Early Richmond, which is often confused with the Montmorency. The late sour cherry is the darker-red English Morello.

What about the ubiquitous maraschino cherry—the very sweet, bright-red cherry that turns up on top of sundaes, in whiskey sours, inside chocolates and decorating Christmas cookies? Few people realize that maraschinos don't grow on trees. Most begin as white Royal Anns. They start to become a garnish cherry through a soak in a syrup of sugar, water and oil of bitter almond, and that deep, bright blush is artificially induced with coloring. Green maraschinos, most available around Christmas, are mint-flavored. Glacé cherries are maraschino cherries that have been left in the solution until they get really sugar-logged. This gives them a near-candied look and texture.

The first fresh cherries start rolling to market the first of May, and the last reach the store in August. Because of this short season, most of the year's crop of cherries is canned, which means they're around all year.

Try the red canned cherries with ham, pork chops, chicken and duck, or on breakfast pancakes and waffles. Or put canned, drained sour cherries into muffins and hot breads. For cherry pie and tarts (don't tell Billy Boy), you can buy cherry-pie filling all ready to turn into shells.

But nothing can equal the delight of eating sweet cherries fresh. To keep them at their best, handle them gently, store in the refrigerator and eat as soon as possible. *Never* wash fresh cherries until just before they're eaten. If they are stored wet in the refrigerator, they get soft and moldy. **END**



Illustration by Milton Glaser



Makes a gravy *



Makes a sauce **

Makes a meal



Delicious Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup makes it easy for you.

* *For lump-free gravy* in next to no time, just blend a can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with 2 or 3 tablespoons of meat drippings and ⅓ cup of water. Heat, stirring often. Delicious! And perfect every time.

** *For quick creamed vegetables* — asparagus, broccoli, onions, potatoes or carrots — blend Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ⅓ to ½ cup milk. Heat and add your vegetables or pour the sauce over them.



Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup turns a pickup lunch or supper into a meal. For that delicious soup gives you tender chicken and sweet cream... as well as warm satisfaction. So, quick! Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup.

Things to Do With Refrigerated Rolls

A biscuit in a tube, ready to bake, is not merely a biscuit. It can be a dumpling on a pot pie, a salt stick, a loaf of honey bread, a doughnut, a cruller, a doughboy, a Wonder, a Lover's Knot or Bridies, the little meat pies from Scotland. Here's a sample of what can happen:

Cut a hole. It's an old-fashioned **Doughnut.** Separate the biscuits from 1 (9½-oz.) pkg. refrigerated biscuits. Using a small ¾-inch cutter, remove a doughnut hole from the center of each. In an electric skillet or saucepan, pour 1½ inches cooking oil. Heat to 375°. Fry doughnuts 4–5 minutes or until puffy and deep golden brown on both sides. (Turn halfway through cooking time to brown both sides.) In a clean brown paper bag, combine ¼ cup sugar with ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Place doughnuts in bag and toss to coat with sugar mixture. Makes 10. Before frying, pull an outside edge through the hole of the doughnut—it's a **Lover's Knot.** Roll into a five-inch rope, twist, fry—it's a **Cruller.**

Little ropes again, for **Sesame Salt Sticks:** [illegible] (8-[illegible] pkg. refrigerated biscuits [illegible] Roll each into a [illegible] and brush with 2 tablespoons melted [illegible] margarine. Sprinkle with 1 [illegible] teaspoon sesame seeds. Bake at 375° for 10 to 12 minutes or until golden brown.

Brush with hot honey, raisins and pecans to make a **Honey Loaf:** Lightly grease a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Separate 2 (9½-oz.) pkg. flaky biscuits into 10 biscuits each. In saucepan, heat ⅓ cup honey, ⅓ cup chopped pecans, ⅓ cup golden raisins until just simmering. Line pan with 3 biscuits. Brush with a little honey mixture. Cut 3 biscuits in half lengthwise, and place one half biscuit at each end and two along each side of loaf pan. Brush with more honey mixture. Fill pan by layering remaining biscuits, brushing each layer with honey. (Save a little for glaze after baking loaf.) Bake at 375° for 25 to 30 minutes, covering with foil to prevent overbrowning if necessary. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack. Brush top with remaining honey mixture.

Sprinkle with seeds and drop on stew . . . a **Caraway Pot Pie:** Sauté ½ cup chopped celery and ½ cup chopped onion until tender. Stir into 2 (1-lb.) cans beef stew, 1 (6-oz.) can chopped mushrooms, drained, ⅛ teaspoon crushed rosemary leaves and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Place in a deep 2-quart casserole. Top with 1 (8-oz.) pkg. biscuits. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon caraway seeds and bake at 375° for 25 to 30 minutes until deep golden. Makes 6 servings.

Sprinkle with onion flakes for **Onion Croissants:** Shape 1 (8-oz.) pkg. refrigerated crescent rolls into individual crescents. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and stir in 2 teaspoons dehydrated onion flakes. Brush outside of crescents with butter and bake at 375° for 10–12 minutes or until golden brown. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon paprika. Makes 8 servings. (For **Fennel Croissants** substitute 2 teaspoons powdered fennel in place of dehydrated onion flakes.)

Fill with an oniony, nutmeg-touched meat mixture to make **Bridies,** as in Forfar, Scotland. In a medium saucepan, combine 1 (8-oz.) can tomato sauce with mushrooms, ½ cup chopped onions, ½ cup chopped hamburger meat, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Simmer 10 minutes uncovered or until meat and onions are tender. Stir in 1 chopped, hard-cooked egg. Cool and chill. Place 1 tablespoon meat filling in center of 16 refrigerated unbaked crescent rolls (2 pkgs.). Brush edges with water. Fold and pinch edges firmly to seal. Bake at 375°, 15 minutes.

Want **Wonders** or **Doughboys?** Cut into quarters, roll into balls or use the "holes" from your doughnuts. Fry like doughnuts a few at a time at 375° for 2 or 3 minutes or until golden brown. Drain on paper towels.

Easy Tortillas: Roll out refrigerated buttermilk biscuits on a corn-meal-dusted board until very thin. Skillet fry until golden brown on both sides. Serve with chili, anything Mexican.

Bacon Buns: Sprinkle 2 tablespoons diced, uncooked bacon over 1 pkg. refrigerated biscuits just before baking. Especially good with soups, eggs!

In these recipes unbaked biscuits from the frozen-foods case will perform equally admirably. Just thaw and unroll them first. **END**

Photograph by Irwin Horowitz



This is no place for "second best"... bring out the best in May Salads with Best Foods

ng garden flavors really
m with Best Foods. That's
use Best Foods is Real
onnaise, with a unique,
le flavor that works magic
other good flavors. So
n May's marvelous fruits
vegetables come your
, do right by them. Bring
the best that's in them with
Foods Real Mayonnaise.

SAUCY CHILI

1-1/2 ounces cream cheese
1/2 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/4 teaspoon minced onion
2 tablespoons chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives

Cream softened cream cheese thoroughly. Blend in remaining ingredients. Chill. Makes 3/4 cup.

STRAWBERRY SOCIAL

1/4 cup dairy sour cream
3 tablespoons mashed strawberries or fruit juice
2 tablespoons chopped nuts
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise

Blend all ingredients. Chill. Makes 1-1/4 cups.

SPRING GARDEN

1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/2 cup cottage cheese
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon minced onion
1/8 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

Combine ingredients. Chill. Makes 1 cup.



Line A Day

BY
POPPY CANNON

1. Lad's Love, Maiden's Ruin, Old Man, or some call it Wormwood. This feathery, lemony herb, worn by Danish lads and lasses on May Day, is the same herb that gives its name and distinctive flavor to Vermouth.

2. In France, it's time to drink May milk as you sniff the lilies of the valley.

3. On a bright May morning in olden New England, you'd have Baptist Cakes—small balls of bread dough bounced brown in deep fat and served hot, with syrup.

4. In Russia, during this new May week, they used to make a centerpiece of budding birch boughs and *piroshke*—crusty envelopes or tiny little canoes filled with meat and baked.

5. The case for *piroshke* may be of bread, pie or biscuit dough. For an interesting, unusual filling: combine 2 cups leftover cooked meat, 1 small onion, 1 hard-cooked egg, all finely chopped, ½ cup tomato sauce. Season. Bake.

6. Celebrate National Baby Week by stealing from Junior some of his new custardy Dutch apple dessert to spoon over warm gingerbread.

7. Kentucky Derby Day, famous for Breakfast Collations and Raggedy Britches, 2 small twirls of cookie dough, ends pinched together, legs spread apart.

8. On her own day, every little mother should have breakfast in bed served on a frilly tray with as many carnations as she has children. Waffles—pop-pop out of the toaster!

9. May is salad month. In Italy, they have a May Salad with violets scattered among the greens. Wild Johnny-jump-ups taste best.

10. In Turin, we found the perfect dressing for such a salad: mix slowly 4 tablespoons olive or peanut oil, ½ teaspoon anchovy paste, the crushed yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs, pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon vinegar, beating constantly. Use the whites as a garnish.

11. The tulips stretch out mile upon mile of royal flowering across Holland. Tulips and *schelpen* go together: 1 cup each ground ham and mashed potatoes, 1 egg, beaten, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire, seasoning. Whip, pile into 4 buttered scallop shells. Dot with butter, broil until brown. Serve instantly.

12. German wine-makers say prayers today to the Three "Chilly" Saints so there will be no late frost and the vines will flourish.

13. Friday the 13th. Beans are lucky, onions, too. So we bury an onion quartered and spiked with 8 cloves in a big crock (2 cans) of old-fashioned baked beans. Bake, covered, 1 hour at 375°.

14. An Indian visitor chortled, "What you call Pig in a Blanket, we call Beef in a Sari." In the U.S.A. she bakes a chunk of beef frankfurter circled with ½ refrigerated crescent roll.

15. Unless you come from the Midwest, you may never have heard about Butter Brickle, a kind of butterscotch and almond toffee and an ice cream. It came originally from Sioux Falls, S.D. Now there's a luscious new Butter Brickle cake mix. And a frosting.

16. In California, canned, drained fruit cocktail, stone-cold, goes into cole slaw. With walnuts, yet.

17. Norwegian Independence Day, so we'll have a proper Norse supper of open-faced sandwiches. Seven kinds is the rule for good luck.

18. Peace Day—let's hope. What better way to promote amity than a People to People exchange of "receipts."

19. In parts of France on this Ascension Day, children go around begging for flour to make *beignets*—fritters of apple, apricot, banana, peach, pineapple or plum . . . a good thought for main dish or dessert.

20. Sweet, sour, mustard, mixed: gherkins, midgets, chips and wafers, kosher, dills and bread-and-butters! It's International Pickle Week.

21. In her endearing book *The Cook's Blessings*, Demetria Taylor suggests a Swirl dessert for St. Rita, who loved figs: Cook 8 crumbled Fig Newtons with ½ cup light cream till blended. Add ½ cup salted peanuts, ¼ cup peanut butter. Cool. Fold into 1 quart coffee ice cream. Refreeze.

22. Never limp, overcooked or grayed is fresh asparagus cooked by our new *Journal* method. Place single layer flat in a large, shallow skillet, cover with ½ inch of cold water, ½ teaspoon each salt and sugar. Boil 5 minutes. Let stand *uncovered* 5 *minutes* or until ready to drain and serve.

23. About what we thought was our new way of cooking vegetables such as asparagus (see above), Kim Lhalha says, "My mother in Burma always did it."

24. For their annual pilgrimage to Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, Provençal gypsies make a special stew. They tenderize beef by overnight simmering in red wine, add black olives and tomatoes. We'd use a packaged instant marinade.

25. For Shabuoth, the Hebrew feast of the first fruits, in Israel, there's the cake called Seven Heavens. One could improvise by cutting a pound cake crosswise into seven layers. Orange frosting between and on top.

26. During Shabuoth, dairy foods play a special role, particularly cheese blintzes and cheesecake. Luckily, both come frozen.

27. Outrageously delightful hors d'oeuvre: a miniature ball of deviled crab nestled in a mushroom crown. Serve hot.

28. In Britain and all over the Continent, everyone flocks to the country for the Whitsun weekend.

29. Gooseberries ready for the "Love Feast." On Whitsunday we glory in jade—a gooseberry pie with a latticed crust.

30. Memorial Day picnic—deviled eggs! Most dramatic as little barrels: slice off top third of hard-cooked eggs. Devil yolks. Stuff. Wrap with thin strips of anchovy fillets so that they look like small wine barrels. Secure with toothpicks.

31. "Carry umbrellas," says the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. Lunch on the porch.

Illustration by Tom Daly









...you'll like the good Hormel Ham in SPAM

Grill it: Top slices of SPAM with tomato and onion slices and cheese, broil until the cheese melts. SPAM California! □ **Frill it:** For appetizers, skewer chunks of SPAM along with cherry tomatoes, olives, pickles, Le Sueur Brand mushrooms, peppers, whatever looks good. SPAMlets! □ **Slice it:** Use your own bean recipe or favorite canned beans, slice in the good Hormel ham flavor of SPAM. Top with cheese slices and heat until bubbling. SPAMbaked Beans! □ **Spice it:** Dot a SPAM loaf with cloves, insert Dole pineapple slices, bake 30 minutes at 350°, basting with pineapple juice. SPAM Polynesian! □ There's no meat quite like SPAM. All by itself, it's great eating. Yet it goes so well with so many other foods . . . hot or cold . . . it always inspires delicious new ideas. SPAM is all juicy pork shoulder and famous Hormel ham, blended in one versatile loaf.



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As early as 1912, Morton was selling salt in a convenient round package instead of a bag. That idea helped make Morton America's favorite. Over the years, many other ideas have come from Morton. The original iodized salt, a superior moisture-proof package, an exclusive shake and pour top, and a salt of uncommon quality. Today two out of three salt buyers prove —a woman will always buy a good idea. When it rains it pours.

WINE WOMEN & SO ON

May Bowling

The Viennese gentleman spooned a small strawberry out of his goblet, put his hand upon the band of sunlight on the table that exactly matched the wine in his glass, gazed mistily into outer space, and made a confession. "Never," he mused, "would I have believed that I could think such a thing. But I must be honest, I must say the truth. The best possible wine to make a *Bowle* is from New York State."

He is not alone. For several years, and especially since President Johnson suggested in a memo distributed by the State Department that guests in American embassies should be encouraged to develop a taste for American products, European connoisseurs have become increasingly aware of American wines.

Last fall at the annual Grape Festival in Naples, N.Y., Senator Robert Kennedy spoke in glowing terms of the singular character of wines from the New York State Finger Lakes area, where the vineyards have much the same climate, the shale-like soil, and even the slopes to the Western sun comparable to the Rhine and Moselle valleys of Germany. In some sections they are comparable to the chalk gardens of the Champagne region of France.

Put the two together—the curiously subtle, delicate, but highly individual white wines of the Finger Lakes, and the elegant New York champagne with its ever-so-slightly musky, wild-grape fragrance—add fruits or herbs or even rose petals, and you have a May *Bowle* in the noble tradition. Serve it in a great bowl garlanded with flowers at a cocktail party on a soft May evening, or at a luncheon, and preferably in traditional stemmed wineglasses instead of punch cups. Yet, for all its elegance and opulence, a May Wine Party with a glorious May *Bowle* is utterly simple to prepare, and surprisingly thrifty.

To Make a May Bowle

Most highly publicized May Wine or *Bowle* is traditionally made with woodruff, a shy herb with a star-white flower that imparts a fragrance and flavor like new-mown hay.

Even more popular amongst May wine fanciers all over Europe is the strawberry *Bowle*, or one made with peaches or fresh pineapple.

The procedure in any case is beautifully uncomplicated. Sprinkle two cups of fresh sliced strawberries, peaches or pineapple (or two cups of fresh or one cup of dried woodruff) with 2 or 3 tablespoons of sugar. Add two quarts of white wine. Allow to steep at least three or four hours, or overnight, in the refrigerator. Strain out the fruit, which by that time may have softened and darkened a little. At serving time, pour over a chunk of ice or a heap of ice cubes in a chilled bowl. If you want more strength, add one or even two cups of the very best cognac or brandy. At the last moment, in front of your guests, pour in a bottle of chilled champagne. Makes about 15 servings, four ounces each.

Place fresh berries or fruit in the bowl. Some wisps of flowering—a sprig of mignonette, one of the tiny flower cups from a linden tree, or a scatter of rose petals—may be floated in each glass.

A New New York

The wild grapes of our country have always been controversial. Some of the battling harks back to the scrap as to whether Columbus or Leif Ericson discovered America, which he called Vinland—for the wild vines.

The taste and the perfume of these native grapes were often too insistent, too pervasive for European palates. But they were husky! Through the blazing summers and freezing winters they had survived and continued to flourish. In fact, all the vineyards of Europe would have been decimated in the early years of this century by a root louse if they had not been grafted and replanted upon our wild American roots.

Still, a taste for the original New York State wines was a special one. Often, especially for those persons schooled in the European traditions, the taste had to be acquired.

Now the situation is changed, with the widespread use of French-American hybrids and because of skillful blending and judicious balancing of native and hybrid grapes. Now, New York wines, especially the white wines, are enjoying a new vogue all over the country—even in California.

White Stars

Some wines, of course, are better than others. Here are our favorites—all beautiful buys priced well under two dollars a bottle.

These are graceful wines, not only for *Bowles*. Serve them also in tall glasses over rocks with plain or sparkling water as a spritzer, or pristine, chilled (but not too icy) in crystal-clear tulips, only half filled. Enticing on a warm day before a meal. Even though white, they make charming music with many meats—cold chicken, lamb, veal and ham. Seafoods? Of course!

Great Western has added to its line a bewitching innovation—their Vin Blanc Sec . . . a unique departure in American grape and wine growing, made exclusively from French-American hybrids. Their New York State Rhine Wine is clean, sound and delicate. The New York State Sauterne from Great Western is mellow but sprightly, with a particular lift at the end.

The grand old firm of Taylor makes a Sauterne and a Rhine Wine eminently suitable for *Bowles*, spritzers and plain sipping.

In the wind, to be introduced this summer, are new wines of hybrid grapes. These should cause considerable stir. Keep a lookout for them.

Widmer's, on Canandaigua Lake, has been for years the revered advocate of fine varietal wines. Right now their gentle Lake Niagara is a star—a semi-dry white wine, almost as sweet as a good French Barsac. Not at all cloying. For those who have an appreciation for the gloriously dry and characteristic wines of New York State: Delaware, Moore's Diamond, and Vergennes, all from Widmer.—POPPY CANNON



Don't



forget



the French's!



America's favorite mustard spreads pleasure wherever it goes. It's got the taste everybody loves. Aren't you glad that French's now comes in the thrifty family size, too?

The taste America loves best!

continued from page 113

CHEESE SANDWICH CASSEROLE

Here in the *Journal* kitchen we found that if you make the Sandwich Casserole in a glass baking dish, you should reduce the oven temperature to 325°. And whether you make it in a glass, metal or earthenware baking dish, use the bottom rack of the oven.

If you're not in the mood for grating two cups of cheese, why not grab a couple of packets of already-grated Cheddar? Comes premeasured, too (one cup in each package).

- 8 slices 2- to 3-day-old bread
- 2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 4 teaspoons butter
- 3 eggs
- ¾ cup instant non-fat dry milk
- 1¼ cups water
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 4 slices tomato

Cut crusts from bread. Butter 8-inch-square baking dish; place 4 slices of bread in bottom and cover with 1 cup of cheese. Top with other four slices of bread; spread each slice with 1 teaspoon butter. Top with remaining cup of cheese.

Mix remaining ingredients, except the tomato, and beat well until very light and fluffy. Pour this mixture over cheese sandwiches. Let stand 15 minutes. Bake 40 minutes in 350° oven. Top each sandwich with a slice of tomato and bake 10 minutes longer. Serves 4.

Mixture can be placed in refrigerator for several hours before baking. In this case, be sure to use a baking dish that can be placed directly in the oven fr the refrigerator.

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CHICKEN-GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

This *Settlement Cook Book* recipe co become your favorite emergency casse (though it's too good to save only emergencies). Everything in it can kept on hand to use at a moment's tice: the chicken, soup, vegetables French fried onions out of cans, the gr beans and chopped onions from freezer, the cheese ready-grated. And hour later, you're ready to serve din

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 can (14½ ounces) chop suey vegetables
- 3 cups cooked chicken, cut up
- 2 packages (9 ounces each) frozen green beans
- ⅓ cup chopped onion
- 1½ cups grated Cheddar chees
- 1 can (3½ ounce French fried onions

Blend soup, milk and salt. Drain ch suey vegetables. Fold in all the ingre ents except the French fried onio Place in 12x7½x2-inch baking di Bake at 350° F. for 45 minutes. T with French fried onions and bake minutes longer. Serves 4–6.

LOBSTER-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

You'll need two cups of white sauce this special-occasion casserole. Ple notice that the recipe (page 127, follo ing Chicken à la King) makes *one* c of sauce, and remember to double Short of time? Use canned cream sau or mix it up from a package of wh sauce mix.

- 2 cups Medium White Sauce, page 127
- 1 pound mushrooms, sautéed
- 2 pounds cooked lobster tails
- 1 egg yolk
- ¾ cup cream butter
- ½ cup grated Par mesan cheese

Combine white sauce, sautéed mu rooms and diced lobster meat. Beat y and cream and stir gradually into lobs mixture. Pour into buttered cassero dot with butter and sprinkle with chee Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° for 20 minutes. Serves 4–6.

LASAGNA

This lasagna, like most lasagna, needs stand and collect itself for about 15 m utes after baking. If you try to cut a serve it straight out of the oven, i likely to slide all over the plates.

- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 can (1 pound 4 ounces) solid pack tomatoes
- 1 can (8 ounces) tomato sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- ½ pound lasagna noodles, cooked just tender
- 1 pound ricotta or dry cottage cheese
- ½ cup grated Par mesan cheese
- ½ pound mozzarella cheese, sliced

Brown beef and garlic in oil, stirri with a fork. Add tomatoes, first draini off half the juice; add tomato sauce a seasonings. Simmer for 30 minutes. Co noodles, drain and rinse. Cover botto of a large, greased baking dish with 1 cups of beef mixture. Cover the be mixture with single layer of noodl Spread half the ricotta cheese on t noodles, sprinkle with ½ the Parmes cheese and place over this ⅓ of mozz rella. Repeat. Top with remaining be mixture and mozzarella. Bake in 350° oven for 45 minutes. Cut into square Serves 4–6.

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LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

Instead of cooking your own lima beans, you may use canned. You will need two (1-pound) cans—about 4 cups, drained.

2 cups dried lima beans
6 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
1 can (10½ ounces) condensed tomato soup or sauce
6 to 8 small pork sausages

Soak lima beans several hours. Add salt, boil gently, uncovered, until tender, about 1 hour. Drain. Place in a well-greased casserole. Pour tomato soup over beans. Place sausages on top. Bake at 350° F. until sausages are brown, about 1 hour. Serves 4–6.

CHICKEN À LA KING WITH SCALLOPED NOODLES

You could use canned chicken for this recipe, instead of boiling your own. In that case, use canned chicken broth for the one cup of chicken stock the recipe calls for.

To make the buttered bread crumbs for the topping, simply melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a small skillet or saucepan. Stir in 1 cup dry bread crumbs, seeing that they absorb the butter evenly.

3 cups cooked broad noodles
Chicken à la King, below
1 pound mushrooms, sautéed
1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Fill a well-greased baking dish with alternate layers of noodles, Chicken à la King, and mushrooms, using noodles for top and bottom layers. Cover with crumbs and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until the crumbs are browned. Serves 4–6.

CHICKEN À LA KING

3½ pounds broiler-fryer chicken, boiled
2 cups Medium White Sauce, below
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup sliced mushrooms
1 green pepper, sliced
3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup sherry
1 pimiento, cut up
salt, pepper and paprika to taste
2 egg yolks

In advance, remove chicken from bones, cut in small pieces. Make Medium White Sauce, using cream. Add chicken stock and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth. Cook mushrooms and green pepper in butter 5 minutes, stirring often. Add to sauce with sherry. Add chicken and pimiento and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Just before serving, reheat, beat egg yolks with a little water, add to sauce. Cook 1 minute.

MEDIUM WHITE SAUCE

1 cup hot cream or milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Scald the cream or milk. Melt the butter in a saucepan over low heat or in a double boiler. Add flour, stirring constantly. Stir in the hot cream or milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. If lumpy, beat well with rotary beater. Season and serve hot.

Editors' note: Another absolutely sure way of making the white sauce: Melt the butter. Remove from heat. Stir in flour. Return to heat. Stir 30 seconds. Off heat again, add *cold* milk. On again and cook, stirring till thickened. Shiny, silken texture. Never lumps.

Now! More body-building protein than a peanut butter sandwich. And lots more fun.



Something new for lunch. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli. Tender macaroni pies filled with beef—in a meaty tomato sauce. An average serving, ½ can, of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli has more protein than a bologna, boiled ham or peanut butter sandwich. And twice as much protein as a seven oz. bowl of split pea soup, four times more than beef noodle. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli is better for lunch than most soups or sandwiches—and children love it.

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Editors' note: We found a short-cut way to make Ham and Sweet Potatoes: brown both sides of a 2-pound packaged precooked ham steak (about ¾ inch thick) in 2 tablespoons cooking oil. Put browned ham on an ovenproof platter, cover, and put in a 325° oven. Add an additional 2 tablespoons cooking oil to the skillet. Drain a 1-pound, 1-ounce can of sweet potatoes and add to skillet. Sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Cook 5 minutes, turning constantly, to glaze and brown. Place around ham. Cover and bake 25 minutes at 325°. Serves 4.

HAM AND SWEET POTATOES

1 slice uncooked ham 1 inch thick
6 medium sweet potatoes, cooked and peeled
¼ cup brown sugar
nutmeg

Place ham in hot skillet, brown on both sides, turning often. Remove from pan and place in covered dish. Set aside skillet with drippings. Bake ham in moderately slow oven, 325° F., 1½ hours or until tender. Quarter potatoes and place in the skillet with ham drippings. Sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg. Cook slowly on top of the range, turning often, until well browned. Serve meat on hot platter surrounded with the potatoes. Serves 4–6.

TUNA TETRAZZINI

Four ounces of spaghetti go into this classic *Settlement Cook Book* casserole. Not mathematics-minded? Four ounces is a quarter of a pound. Most spaghetti comes in half-pound- or pound-size packages. Take it from there!

4 ounces spaghetti
1 can (10½ ounces) condensed mushroom soup
1 can (4 ounces) sliced mushrooms
1 small onion, chopped
¼ cup diced pimiento
¼ cup diced green pepper (optional)
1¾ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 cans (7 ounces each) solid pack tuna
¼ cup dry sherry
salt and pepper

Break spaghetti in pieces and cook. Mix soup, ¼ cup liquid from mushrooms, mushrooms, onion, pimiento, green pepper, and 1¼ cups cheese. Add spaghetti, tuna broken in chunks, and sherry. Mix lightly; season with salt and pepper. Place in casserole and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake at 375° F. for 45 minutes until bubbly and brown. Serves 4–6.

BEEF CASSEROLE STEW

Easiest stew imaginable—doesn't even need an occasional stirring. Just pop it in the oven and forget it. If you haven't any beef drippings to brown the meat in, butter or margarine will do nicely.

2½ pounds beef, chuck or round
salt and pepper to taste
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons beef drippings
1 small carrot, diced
1 small onion, sliced
1 cup strained tomatoes
1 bay leaf

Season meat, cut in pieces, dust with flour. Heat fat in a skillet and brown the meat in it on all sides. Place meat in casserole, add other ingredients, cover and simmer in a slow oven at 300° F. until tender, about 2½ hours. Serve with mashed or baked potatoes. Serves 4–6.

BRISKET BAKED WITH PRUNES (POTATO AND PRUNE TSIMMES)

Tsimmes—or tzimmes—is a traditional Jewish dish. It's sometimes made entirely of fruit, served as a dessert. But more often, as here, it is a dish made of a combination of meat, vegetable or vegetables, and some form of sweetening, with a small amount of sour salt or lemon juice to balance the sweetness.

The citric acid called for in this casserole is also sold as sour salt. Whatever the name where you live, look for it in the spice section of your supermarket. Any kosher delicatessen should have it. If all else fails, ask the druggist. Or use 2 tablespoons of lemon juice!

1 pound prunes
1 pound brisket of beef
salt and pepper
5 medium potatoes, Irish or sweet
½ cup sugar
small piece citric acid

Wash and soak prunes overnight in cold water. Place in pan with meat seasoned with salt and pepper. Cook slowly 1½ hours or until meat is nearly tender. Place meat and prunes on top of potatoes cut in small pieces. Add sugar and citric acid, cover and bake in oven, 375° F., until potatoes are done and all is browned, about 1 hour longer. Serve hot with gravy. Serves 4–6. END

WORLD IN A SANDWICH

continued from page 117

FIESTA RIBBONS

To lend a flush of soft green to the butter (as pictured on page 116), add a drop of green coloring. Be careful. No Kelly green, please!

- 2 (4½-oz.) cans deviled ham
- 2 Tb. mayonnaise
- 2 Tb. chopped celery
- 2 Tb. green pepper, finely chopped
- 2 Tb. yellow onion, finely chopped
- 1 Tb. chili sauce
- 1 (1-lb.) loaf white bread, unsliced
- 1 (1-lb.) loaf whole-wheat bread, unsliced
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup finely chopped watercress

In a medium bowl, combine 2 (4½-oz.) cans deviled ham, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped yellow onion and 1 tablespoon chili sauce. Mix well.

Remove the crust from a 1-lb. loaf unsliced white bread and from a 1-lb. loaf unsliced whole-wheat bread. Cut 4 slices lengthwise—6 inches by 4 inches by ¼ inch—from each loaf. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with ¼ cup finely chopped watercress. Spread one side of all 8 slices of bread with the watercress butter. Add a drop or two of green food coloring to intensify color, if you like. Spread 3 tablespoons of the deviled-ham mixture on one side of 6 slices of the bread, leaving 2 slices (1 brown, 1 white) without filling. Make 2 stacks: 1 brown-white-brown, 1 white-brown-white. Top stacks with remaining 2 slices of bread and press firmly together. Wrap in damp cheesecloth and refrigerate until serving time.

At serving time, cut each stack in half crosswise and cut each half lengthwise into four 1-inch bands. Cut each band in half crosswise. Makes 32 sandwiches, 1½x1x1½ inches.

TUNA TIERS

Beige and white whirligigs for a cocktail or tea party. Give them a topknot of half a black olive or a tightly curled anchovy coiled around a caper.

- 1 (3¾-oz.) can tuna
- 1 hard-cooked egg yolk
- 1 Tb. chopped black olives
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tb. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. anchovy paste
- 1 (1-lb.) loaf white bread, sliced ⅛ inch thin
- ½ of a (1-lb.) loaf whole-wheat bread, sliced ⅛ inch thin
- 1 Tb. softened butter or margarine

Mash smoothly 1 (3¾-oz.) can tuna, drained, and 1 hard-cooked egg yolk. Mix well with 1 tablespoon chopped black olives, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Chill.

Slice crosswise into ⅛-inch slices a 1-lb. loaf of white bread and half a 1-lb. loaf of whole-wheat bread. With cookie cutters (or glasses) make twenty 2-inch circles and twenty 1-inch circles from the white bread. From the whole-wheat bread make twenty 1½-inch circles. Spread one side of each bread circle thinly with a little softened butter or margarine. Spread tuna mixture on one side of all the brown circles and all the smaller white ones. Place them together (tuna side down) so that you have a small tower made up of big white, middle-sized brown and little white. Makes 20.

JOURNAL'S HAM AND EGG PIE

Although the original idea came from England, specifically Cornwall, long ago, our *Journal* pie sandwich is truly indigenous—happily, speedily modern. This is our nomination for Very Important Sandwich of the Year—serve it at a teen-age gala, a committee meeting, lunch or sophisticated midnight supper. It will be a sensation hot or cold.

- 9 slices white bread, trimmed
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 2 Tb. prepared mustard
- 6 eggs
- 2 Tb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 tsp. instant or 1 Tb. chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup cooked ham, julienne or diced

Cut 6 slices white bread in half lengthwise and 3 slices in half diagonally. Mix 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Spread the bread lightly with the butter-mustard mixture on one side. Arrange the lengthwise slices in a well-greased 9-inch pie pan, lining bottom and sides. In a medium bowl, combine 6 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese, 1 teaspoon instant onion or 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Beat slightly and add 1 cup cooked julienne or diced ham. Pour the egg-ham mixture into the bread-lined pie plate and top with the 6 diagonally cut bread slices, buttered side up. Bake in 350° oven for 45 minutes or until top is golden brown and the egg mixture is set. Makes 6 servings.

Journal Pie-let Sandwiches: Even quicker, individual versions of the *Journal*'s Ham and Egg Pie, these pie-lets are easier to prepare in a muffin tin or custard cups.

Spread 16 slices of decrusted white bread with the mustard-butter mixture. Line 8 well-greased muffin tins or 8 small ovenproof glass dishes with 8 slices of the mustard-buttered bread. Pour about ¼ cup of the ham mixture into each dish and cover with the remaining bread slices, buttered side up. Seal edges tightly by pressing together with your fingers. Bake in 400° oven for 20 to 25 minutes or until top is golden brown. Makes 8.

CHICKEN ROULADEN SANDWICHES

Chicken rouladen is the formal name. But we prefer "diplomas" because they do have the look. Make charming place-card holders for any graduation party—kindergarten to college.

- 2 (4¾-oz.) cans chicken spread
- 2 Tb. finely chopped onion
- 3 Tb. sweet pickle relish
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tb. finely chopped pimiento
- 18 slices bread (white or brown)

In a medium bowl, combine 2 (4¾-oz.) cans of chicken spread, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 3 tablespoons sweet pickle relish, ¼ cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento. Mix well. Cut the crust from 18 slices bread and roll each slice lightly with a rolling pin to flatten. Spread 1 tablespoon of chicken mixture on each slice. Starting at the longest end of each slice, roll lightly, as for a jelly roll. Wrap with a thin ribbon of pimiento. Makes 18 sandwiches.

For *pinwheels*, chill sandwiches in freezer 10 minutes and cut each sandwich into fourths. Makes 72 sandwiches.

BOOKMAKER'S HAMBURGER

In his own book Auguste Escoffier calls it the Sandwich de Bookmaker, and prepared it at the famous Carlton House in London to be transported to the races in Ascot. The insides of the slices of bread, as he points out, become saturated with meat juices. Thick slices of leftover meat loaf can be substituted for hamburger. Pour ¼ cup undiluted condensed beef bouillon over meat and proceed.

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. thyme
- ¼ cup vegetable oil
- 2 Tb. prepared mustard
- 1 Tb. prepared horseradish
- 6 large hard rolls—round, seeded
- 6 red onion slices
- Watercress

In a medium bowl, combine 2 lbs. ground beef, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon thyme. Shape into 6 patties about ¾-inch thick, using ½ cup of the beef mixture per patty. Place ¼ cup of vegetable oil in a heavy skillet and brown patties over medium heat about 3 to 5 minutes on both sides. (Patties should be rare.) (*continued*)

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In a small bowl, mix 2 tablespoons prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish. Using 6 hard rolls, cut each roll crosswise into 4 slices. Wrap top and bottom slices in foil and set aside. Spread the center slices with the horseradish-mustard mixture and top with meat patties. Wrap sandwiches in foil and place on a cookie sheet. Place a second cookie sheet on top of rolls and weight it down with heavy skillets or some other heavy object to press sandwiches down. Chill for 2 or 3 hours.

At serving time, remove the weights and unwrap the sandwiches and the reserved top and bottom slices. Arrange a red onion slice on the 6 bottom slices and top with the pressed sandwiches. Top the pressed sandwiches with watercress and add the top crust of rolls.

To serve hot: Fill a pan half full with hot water. Wrap sandwiches tightly in foil and place on rack over pan. Warm in 350° oven for 30 minutes. Makes 6.

BACON-SCALLION SALAD SANDWICHES

The first scallions and radishes of spring are a glory. Put them together with rye bread and mustard. Delicious with a glass of cold milk, buttermilk, or beer!

½ lb. bacon (12 slices)
6 slices rye bread
2 Tb. prepared mustard
6 lettuce leaves
12 radishes, sliced
12 small scallions

In a heavy skillet, fry ½ lb. bacon. Drain on paper towels. Meanwhile, spread 6 slices rye bread with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Place 1 lettuce leaf on each slice of bread. Cover with thinly sliced radishes. Add 2 small scallions and 2 slices bacon to each sandwich. Serve immediately. Makes 6.

MAN-TYPE PEANUT BUTTER AND ONION

Stone-cold peanut butter gets balky, difficult to spread. Treat a jar of peanut butter as respectfully as a fine Burgundy. Use and serve at room temperature.

1½ lb. bacon
1 cup peanut butter
6 slices onion
12 slices white bread
2 Tb. butter or margarine

Cook 1½ lb. bacon until brown and crisp. Drain well on paper towels. In the meantime, spread 12 slices of white bread with 1 cup of peanut butter, using a rounded tablespoonful on each slice. Place 4 or 5 slices of cooled bacon and 1 onion slice on 6 slices of bread and top with the remaining 6 slices. Heat 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a large, heavy skillet, and brown each sandwich lightly on both sides or brush both sides and broil about 1 minute on each side. Makes 6 servings.

HOT TOMATO RAREBIT SANDWICH

A can of cheese soup, toast, sliced tomatoes add up to something fabulicious for lunch or a quick supper.

1 (11-oz.) can Cheddar cheese soup
1 Tb. prepared horseradish
¼ cup green pepper, chopped
2 Tb. stuffed olives, chopped
12 slices toast (unbuttered, decrusted)
12 tomato slices
½ cup buttered bread crumbs

Prepare 1 (11-oz.) can of Cheddar cheese soup according to label directions for sauce. Add 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives. Arrange 6 slices of toast in a greased square baking dish. Pour half of the cheese mixture over toast slices; top with 6 tomato slices, and 6 more toast slices. Pour the other half of the sauce over the sandwiches. Top with the other 6 tomato slices and sprinkle with ½ cup buttered bread crumbs. Broil 6 inches from heat for 3 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

HAWAIIAN-EYE SANDWICH

At a luncheon you could genteelly use a knife and fork, but we attacked them happily hand-to-mouth.

2 cups (1-lb. container) large-curd creamed cottage cheese
1 Tb. grated orange peel (1 orange)
½ cup coarsely chopped pineapple chunks, drained
¼ cup canned chopped walnuts or pecans
6 club rolls
Small lettuce leaves
Shredded carrots

In a medium bowl, combine 2 cups of large-curd creamed cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon grated orange peel, ½ cup coarsely chopped and drained pineapple chunks, and ¼ cup canned chopped walnuts or pecans. Mix well. With a sharp knife, hollow out center of 6 club rolls, leaving walls about ½-inch thick. Arrange small lettuce leaves around the edges of the hollows and then fill each one with 4 tablespoons of the cottage-cheese mixture. Garnish with shredded carrots. Makes 6.

TOPLESS BANANA SANDWICH

Tossing the banana and apple slices in a bowl with lemon juice keeps the fruit from browning. Adds snap!

1 large apple
2 small bananas
3 Tb. lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise
1 Tb. chopped walnuts
2 Tb. grated Cheddar cheese
6 slices raisin bread

Cut 1 large apple in quarters and slice each quarter into 6 thin slices. Cut 2 small bananas crosswise into thirds and cut each third into 4 thin lengthwise slices. In a medium bowl, combine the apple and banana slices and pour 3 tablespoons lemon juice over them. Toss well and drain.

In another bowl, mix ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts and 2 tablespoons grated Cheddar cheese.

Spread about 1 tablespoon mayonnaise mixture on each of 6 slices of raisin bread and arrange 4 apple slices and 4 banana slices on each. Makes 6 servings.

BROCCOLI AND SALMON SANDWICH

An attractive pair—broccoli and salmon flaunting their charms, open-faced.

2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen broccoli spears
1 (1-lb.) can salmon
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. cider vinegar
6 slices bread
2 Tb. chopped parsley
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Dash paprika

Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen broccoli spears according to pkg. directions. Drain; chill. In a medium bowl flake 1 (1-lb.) can salmon, drained. Mix lightly with ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon cider vinegar. Place about 2½ tablespoons of the salmon mixture on each of 6 slices of bread. Spread evenly, leaving a thin margin on all sides. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley around the edges of the bread. Place 2 broccoli spears on top of each sandwich. Garnish with an egg slice. Final dash—paprika. Makes 6. **END**



How to dress up a chicken

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Want to perk up pork chops?

Serve 'em with Betty Crocker Au Gratin Potatoes. Rich, aged Cheddar cheese in a smooth sauce. Great for th guy who brings home the bac



CS WITHOUT ADO

ued from page 115

ord about our new freezer technique ing aspics: Although it flies in the f tradition, we use the freezer for setting. But watch the timing as lly as you would if you had a cake oven.

list the minimum freezer time it for the aspics to set. Since many s affect the temperature of a freezer, ay find you have to reset the timer e minutes longer.

tch the aspics carefully to make hey don't freeze. Ice crystals form- the gelatin will minimize its set- ower and cause watery aspics.

o bear in mind that the best aspics t the *firmest* but the most delicate. u must make a choice between a lid aspic and one that is a little too ry, choose the tender one and don't ld it; serve it in its own dish.

ezing does not give as firm a set as erating, but it is quicker, when is at a premium.

tested our recipes in a full-size r. The freezer in a freezer-refrig- r combination tends to be about 15° er, so may require a little more to set aspics.

ways rinse the mold in cold water drain, but do not dry, before pour- n the aspic. Or you can paint the with salad oil *very* lightly.

get the maximum setting strength the gelatin, always let it soften for utes in some of the liquid. Heat the of the liquid to a boil, and pour it in.

or the final long setting period in the er or refrigerator, always cover the with plastic wrap. This will pre- the aspic from drying out and hening.

Whether you use the refrigerator or er, open the door as little as possible e the aspic is setting, so the process quick as possible. All our times were ed this way.

o unmold: With wet fingers gently n the aspic from the sides of the d. Immerse the mold for 30 seconds ater that is almost hot. (Be careful to get the aspic wet.) Cover with a e or serving platter and turn the two de down together. If the aspic doesn't ge, cover the bottom of the mold a hot, wet dishcloth and shake.

After unmolding, always return the ic to the refrigerator (or freezer) for minutes to chill again thoroughly.

EUF EN GELÉE

call it *en terrine* if you serve it still in mold. If you want to make a splendid ty production (as we did, for the pic- e on page 114), simply roll the slices of f up, jelly-roll fashion, instead of tting them in flat.

10½-oz.) cans eef consommé cup sherry kg. powdered elatin love garlic ay leaf up thinly sliced arrots
1 cup thinly sliced onion rings
½ tsp. salt
1 lb. cooked, sliced roast beef
2 Tb. chopped parsley

2 (10½-oz.) cans beef consommé and cup sherry add enough water to mea- re 1 quart. In a large bowl, blend 2 pkg. wdered gelatin with 1 cup of this beef uid. Let soften 5 minutes. Add 1 clove rlic and 1 bay leaf. Dissolve by blend- g in the remaining 3 cups of boiling ef liquid. Set aside to cool. Discard rlic clove and bay leaf. Meanwhile, in small saucepan, cook 1 cup thinly ced carrots and 1 cup thinly sliced onion rings with ½ teaspoon salt and 1 cup water. Simmer until just tender. Drain and cool. To assemble: Rinse a 1½-quart mold with cold water. Drain, but do not dry. Pour in ½ cup beef liquid. Refrigerate 15 minutes or until set (or put in the freezer 10 minutes by your timer). Arrange roast beef slices, cooked carrots, cooked onions and chopped parsley in layers over the set aspic until you have used 1 lb. beef slices, 1 cup cooked carrots, 1 cup cooked onions and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Fill to the top of the mold with remaining beef liquid. Refrigerate 2 hours or 30 minutes in the freezer until firmly set. Serve unmolded (following above directions) or serve *en terrine* as in France—still in the mold cut into chunks, slices or wedges. Makes 6 servings.

INSTANT TOMATO RING WITH SHRIMP SALAD

Canned aspics are made with pectin rather than gelatin. They take and hold their shape at (cool) room temperature and can be sliced and served right out of the can. Here we've added chopped celery, onion, a trace of hot pepper. Assemble at the last moment or the aspic may "weep."

2 (13-oz.) cans tomato aspic
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup finely chopped onion
2 drops hot-pepper sauce

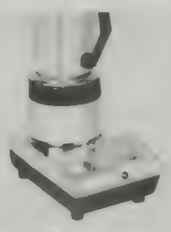
In a medium saucepan, gently heat 2 (13-oz.) cans tomato aspic with ½ cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup finely chopped onions and 2 drops hot-pepper

continued



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Use your own metal spatulas or utensils and it won't flinch! Its no-stick surface isn't just a coating—it's a permanent layer, locked deep in the metal base. Washing takes only a second or so. You can cook anything from fried eggs to broiled steaks to fancy baked foods! And don't use a drop of butter if you don't want to. Wouldn't it make a lovely gift for Mother's Day, or for a bride? Or for yourself.



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ASPICS WITHOUT ADO *continued*

sauce just until blended. Pour into a 4-cup ring mold. Cover with plastic wrap. Refrigerate at least 1½ hours (or 20 to 30 minutes in freezer) until set.

Shrimp Salad:

- 1½ cups coarsely chopped cooked shrimp (¾ lb.)
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- ½ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tb. cider vinegar
- Sprigs of watercress

In a medium bowl, combine 1½ cups coarsely chopped cooked shrimp (¾ pound), 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Stir in ¾ cup mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon cider vinegar. Cover and refrigerate until serving time. To serve: Unmold tomato aspic ring according to above directions. Fill center with shrimp salad. Garnish with watercress. Six servings.

BEET ASPIC WITH CUCUMBERS

The cucumbers may tend to lose some water when they're cut, so be sure to drain them *before* you add the sour cream, which goes in only at the *very* last moment.

If you're feeling adventurous—and slightly Scandinavian—you might like to substitute 2 (8-oz.) jars of herring in sour cream tossed with ½ cup diced apples for the cucumber salad in the center of the aspic.

- 2 pkg. powdered gelatin
- 2 (12½-oz.) cans consommé madrilene
- 1 (1-lb.) can julienne beets
- 2 Tb. lemon juice
- 1 Tb. horseradish, drained

Cucumber Salad:

- 2 cups cucumber cut in matchstick strips
- 1 Tb. chopped onion
- ½ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tb. lemon juice

In a small bowl, blend 2 pkg. powdered gelatin with 1 (12½-oz.) can consommé madrilène. Let stand 5 minutes. Dissolve over hot (not boiling) water. In a large bowl blend with remaining (12½-oz.) can consommé madrilène, 1 (1-lb.) can julienne beets, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon horseradish, drained. Pour into a 5-cup ring mold. Cover with plastic wrap. Refrigerate for 2 hours (or 30 minutes in the freezer by the timer), or until set.

To serve: Unmold the ring mold onto a large flat platter, following above directions. Fill the center with cucumber salad made by combining 2 cups of cucumber cut in matchstick strips with 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Blend in 1 cup sour cream and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Makes 6 servings.

EGGS IN ASPIC

The tarragon sprigs that garnish the eggs can be fresh, or from a bottle of tarragon vinegar. If you use fresh tarragon, plunge it into boiling water for 30 seconds, rinse it in cold water, then pat dry. If your tarragon comes out of the vinegar, rinse it in cold water and then pat it dry.

- 2 Tb. tarragon vinegar
- 6 eggs
- 1 (12½-oz.) can chicken consommé
- 1 pkg. powdered gelatin
- 6 sprigs tarragon (fresh, or from the bottle of tarragon vinegar)

Fill a large skillet halfway to the top with water. Add 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar. Bring *just* to a simmer. Poach 6 eggs, 3 at a time, in the water until whites are firmly set and the yolks are still soft. Carefully lift them to a p towel-lined cookie sheet to drain cool. Trim to a perfect circle, usi cookie cutter. (Or, to make a pe circle, the eggs can be poached poaching pan.)

Add to 1 (12½-oz.) can chicken sommé enough water to make 2 cu all. In a small bowl, blend 1 powdered gelatin with ½ cup of chicken liquid. Let soften 5 min Stir in the remaining boiling chi mixture. Place 2 tablespoons of mixture in each of 6 (4-oz.) indivi soufflé dishes. In each, place a spri tarragon. Set in the refrigerator to (or 5 minutes in the freezer). Ren and place 1 egg face down in each m Fill each with ¼ cup more of as Cover with plastic wrap. Chill in frigerator at least 2 hours or until or place in freezer 30 minutes by tir Unmold onto a serving platter, follow above instructions. Makes 6 servi

REMOULADE SAUCE (for Eggs in Aspi

Either a main course or an appeti our Eggs in Aspic are classically sented with this simple but marvelou savory Remoulade Sauce.

- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped
- 2 Tb. prepared sharp mustard
- 2 Tb. chopped parsley
- 2 Tb. lemon juic
- 1 Tb. prepared horseradish
- 1 tsp. anchovy pa
- 1 clove garlic, crushed

In a small bowl, combine 2 cups may naise, 2 coarsely chopped hard-cook eggs, 2 tablespoons prepared sh mustard, 2 tablespoons chopped parsl 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespo prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon chovy paste and 1 clove crushed gar Cover and chill at least 1 hour. Se along with Eggs in Aspic. Makes 2 c approximately.

APRICOT-CHEESE MOLD

The gold of apricots, creamy-wh cheese, the leaf-green of pistachio nuts a symphony of springtime colors. A p fect beginning—or ending—for a brid luncheon.

- 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can apricot halves, drained
- 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese
- ½ cup chopped green pistachio nuts or pecans
- 4 pkg. powdered gelatin
- 1 qt. apple juice
- 1 (½-inch) piece root ginger or ¼ tsp. powdered
- 1 (1-pt., 12-oz.) bottle ginger ale

Drain and chill 1 (1-lb., 1-oz.) can ap cot halves, (approximately 16). Divide (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese into 16 equ pieces. Roll into balls and roll each b in a little of ½ cup of chopped gre pistachio nuts or pecans. Press each b into an apricot half. Chill. Meanwhile, a large bowl, blend 4 pkg. powdered g atin with 1 cup apple juice and 1 (inch) piece root ginger or ¼ teaspo powdered. Let soften 5 minutes. Ble softened gelatin with remaining 3 cu boiling apple juice and 1 (1-pt., 12-oz bottle ginger ale. Discard ginger roo Place 1 cup of the gelatin mixture in t bottom of a 6½-cup ring mold. Place i refrigerator 30 minutes to set or 15 mi utes by the timer in the freezer. Place apricot-cheese halves, nut side down, o the gelatin. Pour in the gelatin mixtu just until the apricots are covered. R frigerate 1 hour to set or 30 minutes, b the timer, in the freezer. Remove an place remaining apricot halves nut sid down in the ring mold and fill to top wit gelatin mixture. Cover with plastic wra and refrigerate 1 hour or until set. O place 30 to 45 minutes by the timer i

e freezer. Place remaining latin mixture in large (10-oz.) stard cup mold. Cover and ill or freeze along with the ng mold until set. To serve: mold ring onto serving plat- r, following above instruc- ons. Place gelatin from cus- rd cup on a board covered ith damp waxed paper. Using sharp, wet, broad-bladed nife, chop into pieces. Use to l center of ring mold. Makes to 8 generous servings.

HICKEN À LA KING SALAD ITH CRANBERRY ASPIC

n extraordinary chicken salad ade in moments from canned hicken à la king. Chilled in- ead of heated! Jellied canned ranberry sauce (another in- tant "aspic") may get weepy it stands around too long. emedy: slice, arrange the erving platter *just* before ou're ready to eat.

(1-lb.) cans jellied cranberry sauce
(10½-oz.) cans chicken à la king
cup coarsely diced celery
cup sliced fresh mushroom caps or 1 (4-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained
¼ cup chopped onion
Tb. lemon juice
Tb. chopped parsley

Chill 2 (1-lb.) cans cranberry auce until set. In a medium owl combine 2 (10½-oz.) cans hicken à la king with 1 cup oarsely diced celery, 1 cup resh sliced mushroom caps or (4-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, rained, ¼ cup chopped on- ons and 2 tablespoons lemon uice. Cover and chill. To erve: open 2 (1-lb.) cans cran- berry sauce and remove in 1 piece by opening both ends, ushing through. Cut each can into 8 slices crosswise. Arrange overlapping slices in a circle on a large flat platter. In center place chicken à la king salad. Sprinkle salad heavily with chopped parsley. Makes 6 servings.

JELLIED HAM PÂTÉ

A filling and substantial family dish—and as fascinating and intricate as a mosaic when you slice into it. If you don't want to fuss with the chaud-froid glaze, simply soften an 8-oz. package of cream cheese with ¼ cup sour cream and frost away!

3 (4½-oz.) cans deviled ham
2 (10½-oz.) cans beef consommé
2 pkg. powdered gelatin
1 lb. sliced cooked ham
½ cup sliced stuffed green olives
½ cup sliced pitted black olives

Remove any fat from the surface of 3 (4½-oz.) cans of deviled ham. Blend together in a small bowl and use to line the base and sides of a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan evenly. Chill. Add to 2 (10½-oz.) cans beef consommé enough water to measure 4 cups. In a large bowl, blend 2 pkg. powdered gelatin with 1 cup beef liquid. Let soften 5 minutes. Stir in remaining boiling beef liquid. To this add 1 lb. sliced cooked ham cut into julienne strips (4 cups approximately), ½ cup sliced stuffed green olives and ½ cup sliced pitted black olives. Chill, covered, in refrigerator 4 hours or until set. Or set in the freezer 45 to 60 minutes by the timer. To serve: Run a small spatula between the loaf pan and the deviled ham mixture. Unmold onto a serving platter, following above instructions. Return to refrigerator.

Chaud-froid:

1 pkg. powdered gelatin
½ cup white wine or chicken broth
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream

Make chaud-froid glaze by blending 1 pkg. powdered gelatin with ½ cup white wine. Let stand 5 minutes to soften. Dissolve over simmering water. Remove, and stir into mixture of ½ cup mayonnaise and ½ cup sour cream. Place 15 minutes in freezer by timer until semi-set. Using a spatula, frost outside of aspic loaf. Return to refrigerator for 30 minutes longer (or 5 minutes by timer in freezer). Decorate with parsley or thin slices of olives and pimientos. Makes 6 to 8 generous servings. **END**

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Journal Shopping Center

10 WAYS TO MAKE A LITTLE KITCHEN BIGGER
pages 56–58

Roll-out storage drawers: Rubbermaid. Sable-walnut pegboard with Delrin plastic fixtures: Masonite. On pegboard: decorative paper towels and holder, Scott; portable mixer, Hoover; tool set with tea strainer, rolling pin, pastry blender, large strainer, Ekco; white nylon tools for Teflon utensils, Foley; long pastry board, Seabon, 54 E. 54th Street, N.Y.C.; painted birds, apple-cutting board, brass horn, red lantern: Market Fair, 152 Main St., Nyack, N.Y. Three-tiered hanging wire basket: Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Wood Spice Savor sets and racks: Mort Marton, 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Blue ceramic salt box, yellow rooster: Seabon, 54 E. 54th St., N.Y.C.; small wire basket, brass pepper mill, Market Fair, 152 Main St., Nyack, N.Y. Shelf Organizer: Grayline. Handled baskets: Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Puritron Working Wall with Hamilton Beach appliances. Iron tool rack: Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Hardware for wall-cabinet lazy Susan: Washington Line, Ekco Building Products. Expanding wood wall rack: Helen Gallagher-Foster House, 6523 N. Galena Road, Peoria, Illinois. Storage turntable: Rubbermaid.

FASHION FREE FALL
pages 84–87

GUY D.—Hostess pajamas: available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz Bros., Houston. ROBERT SLOAN—Hostess pajamas: Bergdorf Goodman & Co., New York; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati: I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. MAM'SELLE—Dress: Lord & Taylor, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Bramsons, Chicago; Mam'selle, Seattle. ATELIER—Tank top and pants: Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Auerbach Company, Salt Lake City. MR. MORT—Hooded tent dress: Lord & Taylor, New York; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester, N.Y.; The Higbee Company, Cleveland; Boyd's, St. Louis JANE IRWILL—Dress: Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago, and Beverly Hills. PORTER HOUSE—Short culotte: Bonwit Teller, all stores; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; The Bon Marche, Seattle.

SPRING SPREE: NEW FABRICS, NEW LOOKS
pages 92–97

Shipping charges are not included in pri quoted below. Please also note these New Y store addresses, used throughout this secti Macy's, Herald Square; Bloomingdale's, Lexi ton Ave. & 59th Street; Lord & Taylor, Fi Ave. & 38th Street; B. Altman, Fifth Ave; 34th St. All other store addresses are in N York City, except as noted.

Page 92—Black and White Room.

Dress fabric: William Anderson 45-in. cotton rayon piqué, $2.50 yd., from Macy's.* Sofa co is Woodson's "Papeete," 50-in. cotton, $9 yd., on special order from Bloomingdale's.† D peries and valance of "Catalina," 45-in. ra and cotton; pillows of "Discothèque," 45- cotton, and "Catalina"; all by Valtex Fabri $1.19 yd., from Macy's.* Curtains of 36-in. cot lace by Stern and Stern, $7 yd., from Lord Taylor.* Wall covered in Waverly's "Cir Stripe," 36-in. cotton satin, $4 yd., on spec order from B. Altman.† Ceramic garden se $80, from Charles Gracie, 148 E. 58th St. Fl of ⅛-in. vinyl, 12x12-in. tiles, $1.15 ea., p installation, by Amtico.

Page 93—Dining Room.

Dress fabric: William Anderson 45-in. polka- cotton voile, $1.79 yd., from Macy's.* Tat chair seats and backs, covered in Tiger Fabri zebra patent vinyl, $3 yd., from Bloomingdale' Telescope's Oriental style director's chairs, $15 ea. from The Chair Store, 180 Third Ave. Wh ceramic bamboo plates, $3 ea.; box, $5.50; a planter (used to cool champagne), $4.50, fr The Mayhew Shop, 603 Madison Ave. All sh from Stix Rare Shell Gallery, 13 Vandam Fostoria's "Silhouette" crystal water goblets a tulip wines, $3.50 ea., from Stern's, 41 W. 42 St. Hand-dipped 24-in. tapers, $2.95 a box of by Dansk Designs. Epco ½-in. expanded gr (used between background arches), 18-gau steel, 46¢ sq. ft., can be ordered from Jay Har Co., 101 Park Ave.

Page 94 top—Girl's Bedroom.

Dress fabric: Dan River's "Virginia Chec 36-in. cotton gingham, 89¢ yd., from J.J. Ne berry Stores.* Checked gingham (draperies a tablecloth), $1 yd.; large floral print (bedspre ceiling and niche lining), and miniature flo print (chair cushions, drapery lining and wind shade), $1.99 yd.; all 45-in. William Anders cottons, from Macy's.* Laminating fabric standard window shade cloth costs approx. $ for a 3x6-ft. shade, at all custom shade sho Unpainted poplar furniture from Country Wor shop, 95 Rome St., Newark, N.J. Wicker ar chair, $35 unpainted, from Walters Furnitu Co., 893 Second Ave. Black bentwood side cha $16, from Be Seated, 950 Second Ave. "Welcor House" Acrilan carpet, $9.95 sq. yd., by Al ander Smith. Crystal chandelier, $185, by Cha man Mfg. Co., Avon, Mass.

Page 94 bottom—Foyer.

Dress fabric: Moygashel's "Clare," 36-in. line $4 yd. from B. Altman.* Walls covered in "Tina 54-in. cotton duck by Everfast, $4 yd. fr Bloomingdale's.† Molding of 1½-in.-diamet bamboo (split lengthwise), $1.50 for a 15-ft. po from Charles H. Demarest, 215 Water St. "Av lon" carpet in cerise wool, $13.95 sq. yd., Mohawk. Armchair, $295, and Bombé Che $495, from Doris Dessauer, 210 E. 58th Paper poppies, $1.25 ea., from Fred Leight Imports, 177 MacDougal St.

Page 95—Red, White and Blue Room.

Dress fabric: Eyelet batiste, 39-in. cotton, $5. yd., by Record Lace Co., from B. Altman Draperies, valance and canopy of "Ginghamette 45-in. chintz, $2 yd.*; chair cushion and lo lounges covered in "Tree of Life," 44-in. cott satin, $3 yd., and pillows in solid red, white a blue, 44-in. chintz, $1.75 yd.†; all fabrics Everfast. Heatilator fireplace, $269 (includes ft. of pipe), from Wayne Modern Building Pro ucts, Route 23, Wayne, N.J. Rattan mushroo chair, approx. $100, through decorators fro Stendig, Inc. "Bianco Rosetto" ceramic til 8x8-in., $1.95 sq. ft. from Country Floors, 214 26th St.

Page 96 top—Bedroom.

Robe fabric: Springs Mills' "Balladier," 45-i rayon and cotton, $1 yd., from Stern's, 41 W. 42 St.* Draperies, canopy and dust ruffle of Sprin maid "Woodland Flower" percale sheets, $4. (double size). Canopy lining, bedspread and wa of William Anderson 45-in. checked cotton, $1 y from Macy's.* Bamboo-turned bedpoles Spindle-Flex; kit, containing 15-in. base block a six 15-in. pole sections, ready to assemble a paint, $12.50, from M. Wolchonok & Sons, 7 Third Ave.

Page 96 bottom—Sunroom.

Pajama fabric: Moygashel's "Clare", 36-in. line $4 yd. from Bloomingdale's.* Schwarzchild "Golden Twill," covering sofa, chaise longue a chair pads, $2 yd., and "Panel 19" for windo shades, $2 a panel, are 45-in. cottons, fro Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.* Cotton panels a laminated to DuPont's Tri-Lam adhesive-bac window-shade cloth, available from custom wi dow shade shops. Upholstered sofa, $359 muslin, by State of Newburgh. Wicker chai longue, $110, and rattan coffee table, $25, fro Walters Furniture Co., 893 Second Ave. Ba Harbor wicker chair, $56, and ceramic lamp bas $100, through decorators from Luten, Clary, Ster

Page 97—Library

Dress fabric: Cohn-Hall-Marx "Ranee," $4 yd Draperies, "Chorale," $3 yd.; both of 45-i rayon and dacron, from J.W. Robinson, L Angeles, Cal.† Kittinger's Hunt Table, $450, an smoking chair, $350 in muslin (both in standar finish mahogany), from W. & J. Sloane, 41 Fifth Ave. Antique lamp base, $275 from Dor Dessauer, 210 E. 58th St. Prefinished walnu block flooring, 72¢ sq. ft. from Designed Woo Flooring Center, 137 E. 57th St.

*Sold in dress fabrics departments.

†Sold in drapery and slipcover fabrics depart ments.

♥ MASH NOTES ♥ FOR THE AVOCADO ♥

Any other fruit would just be crushed if you mashed it. Not the California avocado. It goes on its delicious way to perk up almost anything around. For instance:

Burgers Montezuma: Blend 1 peeled avocado and 1 Tbsp. each mayonnaise, catsup, chopped onion, lemon juice. Salt to taste. Spread on 6 broiled burgers, for a royal treat.

Avocado, slightly mashed and seasoned with salt or lemon juice, makes a marvelous spread for English muffins, toast, or bagels. Try it at your next brunch. Just make sure your avocados are ripe enough to yield to gentle pressure.

We'll send you other serving suggestions for avocados, in return for a postcard to Box 336-M, Costa Mesa, California.



CALIFORNIA AVOCADO ADVISORY BOARD



Avocados from California

BORTION

ntinued from page 99

e abortion is done, my hands are tied; t as soon as you step out of that office an legally step in, even admit you to e hospital as a case of natural miscar- ge if complications arise. So, no mat- what happens, I will be covering for u. Got that?"

She nodded. "What will it cost?" she ked.

"Two hundred dollars, and you should ve it with you when you go there. sh, no checks. You pay in advance.

"Between now and Thursday you ust face the fact that this is a com- etely illegal procedure. This man is lnerable to arrest and imprisonment. e'll do his job well, but he can offer u no protection. I can cover you gainst medical complications, but even can't protect you if it comes to trouble ith the law. You should realize that a ry real physical risk is involved, ough we'll try to keep it to a mini- um. You should try again to find me better answer than this, and con- der how you may feel about it later. you have a single doubt in your mind y Thursday afternoon, just don't keep e appointment. But you'll have to de- de irrevocably by then."

The test was positive. Sue was still etermined. At four that Thursday fternoon she called me as I had asked. he was back home and it was over. She ounded tired, but she also sounded re- eved. She had made her decision and one through with it.

Sue James was not the first woman to ome to my office seeking an abortion, or is she likely to be the last. Every hysician in the country has such cases. ome doctors—I suspect astoundingly ew—reject such requests out of hand or reasons of conscience, no matter who he patient or what the circumstances. The overwhelming majority handle this roblem essentially the same way I did, f not frequently, at least occasionally.

I do not pretend that I think this was *good* solution to Sue James's problem. Nor do I propose here to debate the rights and wrongs of it. But whatever else might be said, Sue James had her abortion at the hands of a highly skilled and competent abortionist, with a mini- mum of pain and at a cost about equal to that of an appendectomy.

What is more, *what happened to Sue James is substantially what happens to hundreds of thousands of other American women every year.* And is going to con- tinue to happen until some kind of workable answer is found to a grievous medical, moral and social problem.

By knowledgeable estimate there are *between one and three million* criminal abortions every year in this country. These figures are only educated guess- ork; *nobody* actually knows how many. least one pregnancy out of every four this country today is purposely er- ated by abortion—yet not one in 00 is done under legal sanction. How ll the rest come about? Thousands hysicians like myself across the ry could tell you, if only they dared. the layman, the word *abortion* criminal or illegal termination of nancy. To the doctor, it simply he loss of a pregnancy from any ome point between conception me the baby could survive out- other's womb. In general, doc- uish between the natural or spontaneous abortion (the polite expression is "early miscarriage"), which occurs without any intervention, and the *induced* abortion, which is deliberately brought about in some way by someone, be it doctor, mother or abortionist.

Spontaneous abortions occur; no one really knows why. For the expectant mothers eager and happy to be pregnant, they can be tragic misfortunes. Doctors do know, however, that a great many "spontaneous" abortions they treat are no more spontaneous than the speeches at a political banquet. They know that a reluctant mother-to-be has, in fact, helped the "misfortune" along, but, if she diligently insists that it all just happened out of the blue, no action is likely to be taken against her.

Nobody knows how many genuinely spontaneous abortions occur in this country every year. Many never come to medical attention at all. What about the induced abortions? A small percentage, less than 0.01 percent of the total, are legally induced by ethical physicians under hospital conditions for one or another legally recognized "medical indication." All the rest are criminal abortions, at the hands of practically anybody who will take the risk of doing them, whether he knows the technique or not, and under conditions varying all the way from appropriate to appalling.

What "medical indications" justify abortion under the law in this country today? To answer this we must look at the law—at the *laws*, that is, because there are 50 of them in the United States, all different. To a doctor, these laws have one thing in common: none has any real medical meaning. No state permits abortion across the board, "on demand," so to speak. One state, Louisiana, forbids *all* abortions without exception. In the other 49 states, abortion may be permitted to preserve the life (and in some states even the health) of the mother, but none of these laws defines precisely under what medical conditions. The truth is that there are extremely few conditions today in which a pregnant woman's *life* is actually threatened by a pregnancy. Some conditions can have tragic effects on the unborn baby: German measles, for one example, contracted by the mother during the first three months of her pregnancy. But the abortion laws, curiously enough, do not reflect much concern about the future of the unborn baby.

In aggregate, our abortion laws are not useful or workable. Their net effect is to restrain the doctor from using his best medical judgment. In many areas most doctors won't even consider therapeutic abortion at all because "medical indications" are so vaguely defined. Those who do them insist upon concurring opinions, in writing, of two or three consultants who are also willing to put their necks on the block. If a hospital begins to have an embarrassing number of therapeutic abortions, the medical staff may dodge the risk even more effectively by appointing *boards* of doctors, preferably about seven or so, representing every medical specialty from bone surgery to ophthalmology, to agree on all applications.

The result? There aren't very many legal therapeutic abortions in this country. Criminal abortion is left to take up the slack. And that slack gets taken up, regardless of the law or any other consideration.

In countries such as Sweden and Denmark where the "medical indications" for abortion have been greatly liberalized, legal therapeutic abortions have increased greatly in number. The vast majority of these abortions are justified on such grounds as "emotional instability" of the mother, "mental weakness" or "neurasthenia." A favorite "medical indication" in those countries has been reported deadpan in the medical literature as the "worn-out housewife syndrome," presumably describing the woman who has had three or four children in rapid succession and is physically beaten down by the strain of caring for the existing children and keeping a house together. We can only wonder how many American mothers would happily line up to qualify as "worn-out housewives" if somebody gave them half a chance!

Few conscientious doctors would argue that "on demand" abortions would be either suitable or wise in a country with the social attitudes and the economic conditions that *(continued)*



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prevail in America. Yet they agree that where there are such laws a woman at least can decide whether she wishes to continue a given pregnancy, and doctors are not forced to trump up doubtful or spurious "medical indications," nor to step outside the law.

Restrictive as our own abortion laws may be, they are rarely enforced, or at best enforced in only a token fashion. No other laws in America are more universally ignored or flouted. Law-enforcement agencies are supposed to track down, arrest and prosecute criminal abortionists. Yet the indictments and convictions each year are so few as to be laughable. One metropolitan area, Los Angeles, has a special police detail to apprehend abortionists, but in many a city the police are the abortionists' best friends. Doctors are required by law to report any evidence they may encounter of illegal abortions; they rarely do so unless the evidence is so blatant that *nobody* could ignore it.

As a medical student working in the emergency ward of a huge county hospital, I once became indignant about a woman admitted by the resident in charge as a case of "spontaneous miscarriage" when she obviously—by her own admission—had gone to an amateur abortionist. "Why don't you report her to the police?" I demanded.

The resident just laughed at me. "You don't think she'd ever admit anything to the police, do you?"

"No."

"And there isn't any way we could *prove* she had an abortion, is there?"

"No."

"Then forget it. You start reporting cases like this and you'll end up with nothing but headaches. The police would send a man out to give this woman a hard time, and he'd end up by reporting 'no conclusive evidence,' and that would be that. And pretty soon we'd have the cops sore at *us* for bothering them all the time."

I thought at the time that this was just a matter of a callous house doctor and a corrupt police force. Later I found out it was a fairly typical picture. We are faced with abortion laws that are impractical and virtually unenforceable. They do little but tie the hands of ethical doctors who are concerned about the health and welfare of their patients. And then we are subjected to a steady stream of incomplete, distorted, or false reports about criminal abortion practices. From these come the sort of horror stories that had terrified Sue James:

- That abortion is medically a difficult and dangerous procedure, fraught with the threat of hemorrhage, blood poisoning, permanent sterility, or sudden death.
- That the woman seeking an abortion must go to an incompetent butcher working in filthy quarters; that she must risk her life, pay any price asked, throw herself on his mercy.
- That, if she survives the abortion at all, she will become sterile, or suffer dreadful emotional consequences, unbearable remorse, lifelong feelings of guilt.
- That most women seeking abortions are unwed mothers and that helpless teen-aged girls, especially, are victims of the ruthless "abortion racket."

Do these statements even begin to represent the whole truth? There is reason to believe that they do not.

One morning a few weeks ago I sat i a small, comfortable office in a distar city talking, with remarkable candor, t a tall, gray-haired man across from m Dr. Fairwell (as I shall call him) looke more like an aging clergyman than physician who had spent most of h life as an outlaw engaged in "the mos vicious racket in the world." Dr. Fair well was a full-time criminal abortionis and it was only through a stroke c blind luck that he was talking to m at all.

I knew from experience how crimina abortion was practiced in my own city there, at least, the horror stories wer not true.

But maybe in other cities the horro stories were true, though I didn't thin so from what I had heard from doctor in other places.

I could think of no way to find out until I had an extraordinary opportunity to interview an active professional abor tionist in a city halfway across th country from my own.

The sign on his door said:

BODY PLASTICS LABORATORIES
Hours 11:00 A.M.–2:30 P.M.
Monday–Friday

Inside was a small waiting room clean, tastefully decorated. Dr. Fairwel waved me through to an inner office that was obviously his consulting room. To the rear, I could see exactly the sort of examining room and surgery you would expect to find in any obstetrician's office.

Dr. Fairwell talked with me for almost two hours. Hesitant at first, he obviously liked to talk about his work and rarely had the chance. I think he was reasonably frank, and much of what he said had the unmistakable ring of truth.

Now 66, he had been practicing in the same office of that same building for 32 years, a rather revealing fact in itself. The office, though small, was immaculate and cheerful. As it faced on the busiest avenue in town, there was a great deal of traffic noise. And he spoke in a very quiet voice. (I reflected later that any kind of electronic eavesdropping under those conditions would be difficult if not impossible.)

His odd choice of office hours was no accident. "During those hours hundreds of people in the building are going back and forth to lunch; nobody has ever noticed the large number of young women coming in and out of my door." He was guarded about his volume of business, but from other things he said I guessed that he was averaging three or four abortions a day, five days a week. His fees varied with the risk involved and the affluence of the patient, but averaged about $250.

At first he was wary, obviously sizing me up. Finally he relaxed. "Well, Doctor," he said, "what can I tell you that you don't already know?"

"First of all, I wonder where your patients come from," I said. "How do they know about you?"

"The majority are referred by doctors," he told me. "The men in town all know that I'm here, and they know I'm reliable. That's my major source."

"How many doctors?" I asked. "Half a dozen, maybe?"

He laughed. "I'd say at least forty or fifty doctors in this area, and some far afield, refer patients to me more or less regularly. Usually they refer only those patients they know quite *(continued)*

Yesterday, you may have had a reason for missing a good, nourishing breakfast.

Today, you don't.



Now you can have new Carnation instant breakfast –makes milk a meal that's too good to miss.

Each glass delivers as much protein as two eggs, as much mineral nourishment as two strips of crisp bacon, more energy than two slices of buttered toast, and even Vitamin C—the orange juice vitamin. It comes in a lot of great flavors, too. Look for them in your cereal section.

well and can trust to be discreet. By the same token, *I* decide whether to take a given case or not, and most of my time isn't spent in surgery at all. It's spent right here, talking to patients."

"What patients do you screen out?" I wondered.

"The woman who doesn't really want or need an abortion," he replied. "The woman who isn't going to keep her mouth shut. The woman who is going to panic if complications arise, and then wind up in the hospital emergency ward instead of calling me. *Any* woman who strikes me even a little bit wrong, for any reason whatever. I can tell the ones I want and the ones I don't." He chuckled. "Every now and then I have a spotter come in here. The minute she walks in the door, I know that here is a woman who is not pregnant."

"How about other referrals?"

"Well, satisfied patients refer their friends, of course. It takes a while to build up that kind of practice, but I've been here a long time."

This abortionist preferred women who were pregnant no more than two months, but he would go to three months or even four—"under extreme conditions," he added, "and then only when I am quite sure the backing is reliable."

"You mean that the referring doctor will backstop you in case of trouble?"

"Exactly."

"Then you *do* have complications from time to time."

He looked at me reproachfully. "Now, Doctor, you know perfectly well I do. Not often; I work with great care. But unforeseeable and unpreventable things can happen. And, of course, I can't use the hospital, myself. I can handle minor complications, but the moment a real threat appears—hemorrhage I can't control, a perforation—the referring doctor knows about it at once."

"What if there is no referring doctor?"

"There are three or four men in town who regularly cover for me; I simply turn the case over to one of them. And let me tell you, in all the years I have been here, I've never had a major disaster. No patient has ever lost her life at my hands. That's one of the reasons I've survived."

I asked him about the problem of pain, and the kind of anesthesia he used.

"Local anesthesia, an ordinary uterine nerve block, together with a minimum of sedative given pre-operatively. It's not ideal; once in a while a patient will have quite a bit of pain. But, for me, general anesthesia is just too risky. One man here in town had a patient under anesthesia die of cardiac arrest right in his surgery, a pure and simple anesthesia death. In a hospital, she could have been saved, but in his office he couldn't do a thing about it. I might add he isn't operating anymore."

The surgical technique that Dr. Fairwell described was essentially what I had expected, dilatation of the uterine cervix with the standard dilating instruments and removal of the implanted fetus by means of smooth-edged forceps. Dr. Fairwell never used a sharp curette. "That means, of course, that once in a while I miss, maybe once in 200 cases. When that happens, I repeat the procedure at no additional fee. I'd rather do that than take the extra risk of using a sharp blade."

What about the age and marital status of his patients?

"About sixty percent are married women between twenty and thirty-five years old," he said. "A sprinkling of divorcées and widows, and then a smaller percentage of unmarried girls, mostly career girls who haven't snagged a husband yet—or who thought they were going to with the pregnancy and then found out differently."

"What about girls in their teens?"

"Nothing but trouble," he said flatly. "Whenever I can steer clear of the high-school and college crowd, I do so. The abortion itself is more difficult, and the possible sources of complaint are so great that it just doesn't add up. When I *do* accept a teen-ager or a college girl, it is only after I've talked to her *with her parents right here with her.* Or her husband, if she's married." He shook his head. "Even then I don't like it. More often than not those girls don't know *what* they want—whether they want an abortion, or to carry the baby and give it up for adoption, or what. If I can discourage them from abortion, that's what I do."

From there we went into the question of harassment by the police or ethical doctors. "Aren't you terribly vulnerable?" I asked. "Don't some referring doctors demand kickbacks? And how much do you have to pay to keep the police off your back?"

"I've never paid a nickel to anybody," he answered. He saw the disbelief in my face and laughed. "No, that's true. When I first opened this office years ago, I knew that if I ever once started paying off there would be no end to it. I also realized that there were better ways to handle the problem. Look, Doctor . . . *the police know that somebody is going to be practicing abortion in this town, no matter what they try to do about it. So do the people in the District Attorney's office. They also know the difference between a good abortionist and a bad one.* There are a few cities where the police keep finding women dead in the gutter. The police here don't have that trouble, and the authorities leave me alone. I conduct my business quietly and with discretion. And the authorities are glad there's a competent man working in this town instead of a blundering amateur." There was an unmistakable ring of professional pride in his voice. "What's more, the police and the others are as human as anybody else. They have their little problems, too, and they know if anyone in their families needs my services, I am here for them to call on"—he smiled wryly—"at a very reasonable fee."

"What about the Internal Revenue Service?" I asked. "Do you report all your income?"

Dr. Fairwell laughed. "Of course I do. I'd be an idiot not to. They know I'm here, too, and you may be sure that I report every penny of my income. And I've helped out people in their offices from time to time, too, which helps." He looked out at the sunny sky. "No, I've had no trouble with tax officials. I know one man who did, though. He wasn't as careful as I am and maybe a little more greedy. So one fine day the Revenue Service slapped him with a bill for $62,000 in delinquent taxes!"

"I suppose he's still in jail," I said.

"Ha! He never got near a jail. Do you know what happened? *He and the Internal Revenue Service went into the abortion business together,* that's what. He said, 'Gentlemen, I have no money to pay you; I know only one way to get it; what do you recommend?' and they said, 'Get back to your office, Doc, we'll be glad to take it in monthly installments, plus interest.' He's still in practice—that was eight years ago—but I think he



...ery ...obably reports his income now."

I ...ll could hardly believe the free-...m, action this man was claiming. A... abortionists in other cities as free le... harassment as you say you are?"

He shrugged and spread his hands. I ca...t tell you. I just don't know. I do ...ow what happens in places where ...ey *re* harassed. Take Los Angeles, ...r ...stance. The police there began ...ing down as hard as they could, ...d ...ove out all the competent men. ...o ...hey have the amateurs on their ...s so many amateurs that they'll ...ave control over them. They've ...ro... their women to the wolves, ...at what they've done. They don't ...ewer abortions, don't kid yourself. ...e price is extortionate now: $1,500 ...d ... for an incompetent job.

...d do you know what the police ...ave to deal with now? The trailer ...s. A driver pulls a trailer along the ...while the abortionist does his work ...sit. When he finishes, they stop ...ump the woman out to find her ...way home while they move on. ...ey work on the water—floating ...ies. I ask you: Who can do a care-...fe abortion in a lurching trailer or ...ncing cabin cruiser? The police ...e people who live in a town can ... their choice: clean, safe abortions ...ppy, dangerous ones.

"...m not ashamed of what I do. It's ..., yes. That does not necessarily ... that it's *wrong*. I do my work well, ... believe I perform a needed service ... is city. Apparently enough other ...e think so that I stay in business, ...hat's all I ask."

...etrospect, I knew perfectly well ... Dr. Fairwell was not telling me the ...e, exact truth. I do not believe that ...as always careful and cautious as ...uld, nor that he was as free from ...sment as he claimed. I could not ...t his pose of selfless humanitarian-... without reservation, although I ... *he* really believed it. I knew that ...d been talking to a tough, amoral ...man who had spent decades in a ...h business, for profit, and I felt ... that, in any case, his fee would ...e before the welfare of the patient. ...et, in spite of all this, I left his office ...inced that *most* of what he told me ... not only true but representative. ...allied with what I knew of my own ..., with what I had heard from other ...ors, with what I have found in the ...ted valid literature available.

... nothing else, I was certain that ...t he said was far more valid than ... commonly heard horror stories. ...at *are* these stories, and what *is* true ...ut them? More important, what is ...e? Let us look at them in detail.

...bortion is a dangerous procedure, ...atening the very life of any woman ... submits to it.

...ometimes true, but also very mis-...ling. As many as 5,000 women a year ... his country do indeed die as a result ...criminal abortion. Yet in countries ...ere legal abortions are done in great ...nbers by trained surgeons under hos-...al conditions the death rate for abor-...n is significantly less than our own ...th rate for tonsillectomies!

...The key to safety lies in the skill of ... abortionist and the conditions in ...ich he works. Abortions done by ...mpetent surgeons involve little risk; ...se performed by unskilled persons ...h little knowledge of female anatomy and no experience with the possible complications can be dangerous indeed. And all too many women *do* fall into the hands of amateurs and bumblers, or, worse yet, try in desperation to do abortions on themselves.

An incredible number of women do just that. I have seen them repeatedly in my own practice; so has every other family doctor. Some try various medicines and nostrums, which have little effect but to make the unfortunate woman violently ill. Some women erroneously believe that such things as a blow on the abdomen, a fall downstairs, or exceptionally vigorous sexual intercourse will help dislodge their pregnancies. When such methods fail (as they almost invariably do), women have tried to abort themselves with an ungodly variety of home instruments—the list is fantastic.

And the results can be dreadful. An error of a fraction of a degree in the angle that a knitting needle is inserted can spell the difference between safely penetrating the opening of the uterus and spearing a major artery. In fact, the woman who tries to abort herself by *any* means is literally staring death in the face. So is the woman who goes to the amateur abortionist. The thing the horror stories neglect to point out is that *these extremes are unnecessary.*

• *The woman seeking an abortion must go to a butcher, tolerate filthy conditions, submit to indescribable pain, and pay an extortionate fee as well.* *(continued)*



And no wonder. All the variety she wants. All the flavor she craves. All the vitamins, minerals and protein she's known to need. What more could any cat ask? Except a ball of yarn, maybe. Get her Friskies...from a world leader in nutrition—Carnation.

Sometimes true, but not necessarily so. There are no statistics available, but everything I have been able to learn indicates that every metropolitan area in the United States with a population of 100,000 or more has at least one competent, experienced, full-time professional abortionist. These men are not amateurs nor fast-buck fly-by-nights. The local doctors know who they are and how they can be reached. These men survive in practice because they are skillful and reliable. "I've spent a lot rougher times in the dentist's chair and thought nothing of it," one girl told me following her abortion.

The horror stories tend to dwell on the work of the fly-by-nights. Yet safe, relatively painless, and moderately priced abortions *are* available, and widely so. The real tragedy is that so few women know it. Their family doctors could tell them. Many practicing registered nurses know where a woman could turn, or at least know where to find out. In a last resort, a canvass of four or five discreet women friends would be likely to turn up this information, but women don't even ask. They believe the horror stories.

• *Most women seeking abortions are unmarried, often teen-agers, trying to escape from illegitimate pregnancies.*

The truth is that the overwhelming majority of criminal abortions are sought by women over 20, most of them married women seeking relief from unwanted pregnancies conceived in their marriages. Unmarried teen-agers account for very few, probably less than 10 percent. Of 1,067 women who discussed their abortions with researchers at the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, 57 percent were married at the time of the abortion. Another 12 percent had been married at one time. Only 31 percent had never been married.

Certainly there are unmarried teen-age girls who seek relief from unwanted pregnancies. But it is my own experience that most of them and their parents can be dissuaded, if anyone makes an effort. These teen-age girls are far more receptive to the idea of having the baby—and giving it up for adoption—than, say, a harried, worn-out housewife of 28 with four small children.

• *Criminal abortion frequently causes permanent sterility, and always leaves permanent emotional scars, shame, and feelings of guilt in its wake.*

Certainly an incompetent abortion can introduce infection that, if untreated, can lead to permanent sterility. But this happens only under the worst conditions. The woman who has a competent abortion with proper attention to surgical cleanliness and with proper follow up runs little risk of sterility.

But what about the emotional backlash? We might well expect such trouble following an act so universally condemned by society and done of necessity under clandestine circumstances. Yet available evidence, from the Kinsey studies and elsewhere, suggests otherwise. If criminal abortion actually leads to emotional disturbances, they are almost always mild and transitory, quickly resolved by the passage of time and the resumption of normal life activities.

The truth is that virtually all of the dreadful things described in the horror stories are avoided by multitudes of women every year. In fact, increasing numbers of ethical physicians today are performing "therapeutic" abortions in hospitals, on debatable medical indications and often on shaky legal grounds.

It is also true that a startling majority of ethical doctors refer patients to competent criminal abortionists. They, like myself, are primarily concerned that the woman who is determined to have an abortion at least be in safe hands and then be protected against the complications that can occur.

If these things are true, then why are the horror stories so widely accepted as the whole truth about abortion? I think the answer lies in the ancient attitudes we have been taught—and in our own fear of looking unpleasant facts in the face. The whole question of abortion is a highly emotional matter. It is tied up in our minds, deep in our emotional lives, with an interlocking chain of other emotionally loaded subjects: sex, womanhood, marriage, motherhood, adultery, good and evil, right and wrong.

It has been virtually impossible to isolate the question of abortion and consider it separately, free of all the rest. Because of this, I believe that we as a society foster the horror stories with the misguided intention of frighten young women away from prema sex activity and in the misguided h that by ignoring the truth about a tion we can somehow make the w problem go away.

There is not likely to be an overn change in this area. But the probler abortion will never be solved by dod it. Certainly an airing of the truth to be the first step. Only by talk about the truth instead of the ho stories do we even h a chance to face subject effectively.

Meanwhile, are th any solutions, a things that we can *now* to handle the pr lem of abortion bett Thousands of doct and thoughtful layn are questioning whet our present answer the problem is the b we can ever achie Surely it cannot right that more th a million women in U.S. each year sho feel driven to step o side the bounds of l and social sanction.

Part of the ansv doubtless lies in p venting those pregna cies in the first pla With the variety of s contraceptive tec niques available, the is no reason for an u wanted pregnancy day. We should ba contraceptive educ tion in every way can. Nevertheless, u wanted pregnancies a going to occur, so th is not the whole answ

I have said very lit about the rights a wrongs of abortion these paragraphs. S ciety declares that it wrong. What socie *does* is something el Ultimately, a solutio must be found und the law. I suspect th there is a clear manda for revision of our poin less abortion laws virtually every state the Union.

Some countries ha sought solutions by li eralizing the medic indications for abortio Others have legalize abortion across th board, "on demand, for any woman who wanted on But a woman with an unwanted pre nancy has more than a medical proble on her hands.

She needs wise, compassionate an unbiased counsel. She needs help d ciding what is really the best course f her to follow. She may need psychiatr counseling.

For a beginning, we can make abo tion a matter for intelligent, compassion ate discussion in this country, and se that the lies about it are replaced b the truth. The truth, after all, is th only foundation on which to build *an* kind of reform. END



OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

d from page 83

nway registered none of this. All ld see, dancing before her eyes, figure in the last column of Mr. salary slip which she had lately d from his office floor, and which that, after National Health In- Contributions and Income Tax n deducted, he was paid £20 a more than herself.

she had been with the firm teen years and Mr. Foster only nd since she was in a superior (Mr. Pike neither bought nor hout her advice and had never own to consult Mr. Foster about g), you might suppose that onway was blazingly angry.

ct, she was no such thing. She cked, abashed and deeply hurt. , she remembered the day she ered the firm at seventeen. How, e years, she had become in- able to Mr. Pike. How he in- y abided by her judgment in ts of crisis. How he praised her ts and competitors alike. "With- s Conway, I'd be out of business ime." (He certainly never said Mr. Foster.)

Conway had always dealt fairly Ir. Pike and had not doubted did the same with her. The word eration had never, since the day ned him, been mentioned. She ken it as a sign of Mr. Pike's sen- that, in granting an emolument Christmas, he would write a l little note about a "tangible ex- n" of his appreciation of her s. An increase of salary (nothing ar as a rise) would be announced similar way. And, aglow with ation, Miss Conway would com- a letter of thanks to place on his hen he was out of the room.

Foster, in his financial dealings Mr. Pike, had, she supposed, pro- with less delicacy but to greater le.

Snaps Miss Conway's discovery not have wounded her so much r. Foster been clever, industrious rthy of respect. Perhaps her m was exacerbated by the knowl- hat her bank balance, depleted e expense of recently moving to a lat, was precariously close to an aft. Perhaps Mr. Foster's being d for a fortnight's holiday in ca, while she, for reasons of my, was proposing to go to her in Bognor Regis (she heartily d them both) made matters

that as it may, she was deeply Mr. Pike, whom she had always led as the soul of integrity, was her for a financial ride.

injustice of her position flooded e a tidal wave, and when she got , she did an unprecedented thing. oured a stiff gin from the bottle left from Christmas six months pre- y and, having downed it, drank er and burst into tears.

ll I need now is a cigar," Miss Con- slightly drunk for the first time in ife, sobbed to her empty room, I'll be just like Mr. Foster."

roughout the weekend, she sought me to terms with her situation. At , she reproached aloud the absent Pike. At others, her words were ted toward shaming the whiskey-drinking, cigar-smoking Mr. Foster. But all the time, like a plaintive theme, she was haunted by a voice that was not her own . . . her late mother's words of resignation, echoing across the years.

"It's a man's world, dear," she'd say, conditioned by the conduct of the dashing and unreliable gentleman who was her husband. "One law for them and another for us. Don't try to fight it. You'll only wear yourself out. It's a man's world and we've got to accept it."

By the time she left for work on Monday morning, Miss Conway had more or less bowed to her mother's philosophy of acceptance, and was prepared to view the inequality of her status as one of the facts of life—or very nearly so.

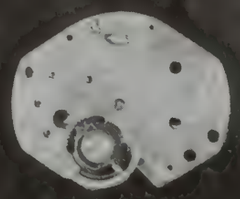
Indeed, that might have been that and the whole affair no more than a storm in a teacup, had she not decided to walk to work (which she understood to be relaxing as well as healthful) and to take an unfamiliar and thus potentially stimulating route. She therefore set off half an hour earlier than usual to allow herself plenty of time.

It was a blue-and-gold June morning, the newly painted terraces of Georgian houses on her way as divertingly gay as rows of dolls' houses. The London squares, leafy and well mown, were almost deserted. Once or twice she stopped to sniff at an early rose unfolding its petals to the still, warm day.

Eventually she entered Russell Square, where small jets of water tossed their spray a foot (*continued*)

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Watch with no jewels.
Metal is used . . . instead of jewels!
Made by our biggest competitor.
Price: $15.00

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First of all, you should know jewels in a watch are used as bearings for tiny watch shafts—and as cups to hold oil for the ends of the constantly spinning axles. Jewels are smooth and hard. Practically impervious to wear. A jewel lasts a lifetime!
But what happens without jewels?
This:
Metal is used . . . instead of jewels!
If a metal part (instead of a jewel) is used in the roller of a balance wheel assembly, a microscope will reveal wear in just one day. In thirty days, a jeweler's eyepiece will reveal more wear. Now the timekeeping accuracy of the watch may begin to deteriorate. In six months, you can often see the damage to bearings, pivots, pins with the naked eye. Wear is vitally damaging metal parts, leading to loss of accuracy.
Ever hear of a jewel wearing out? Did you?
Vantage puts jewels in all its watches.
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or two into the air, then to fall and wash over great disks of copper-colored stone. She paused a moment to watch and then left the gardens, walking quickly—for the trees and the gracious architecture would now give way to office buildings where late Victorian and Edwardian extravagances stood side by side, uneasy neighbors, with contemporary austerity.

Miss Conway was not an admirer of modern architecture and she stared censoriously at a halfhearted skyscraper, erected by the Co-operative Permanent Building Society. She might have respected it more, she thought, had it shown the courage of its convictions. But it was not even a cloud-scraper with its mere ten stories. Critically she surveyed the walls from the pavement upward. At eye level, her gaze was arrested by words carved into a slab:

> The Women's Freedom League, founded 1907, worked for equality between men and women from its headquarters on this site between 1907 and 1959.

Miss Conway looked at the legend, transfixed, and as she did so her mother's precepts sloughed away. Superimposed on the inscription, she beheld in a temporary hallucination the ghostly image of Mr. Foster's salary slip.

Then the walls melted away, and in their place she saw a humble room in which a small band of suffragettes prepared manifestos which would rally the women of the country to their cause. They were pale from their prison experiences, but their eyes blazed with visionary purpose.

The picture faded and Miss Conway was left staring at the bald words on the wall. Not normally given to talking to herself, and certainly not addicted to bad language, she observed, "Well, that was a bloody waste of time," to the astonishment of a passerby.

What with her dalliance in the squares and the revelation of the Co-operative Permanent Building Society, Miss Conway was fifteen minutes late for work. Even Mr. Foster had arrived before her. She did not care, however, and she swept in, her cheeks a little flushed and her mouth set in an unaccustomed line of determination.

She was just removing her hat when Mr. Pike looked into her office for the third time that morning.

"Ah, Miss Conway!" he exclaimed. "Good, good, you're in. Just to let you know that I'm meeting Mr. Armstrong at eleven and that I'd like you to accompany me. It looks," he added, with satisfaction, "as if the deal will go through."

"Wouldn't you," Miss Conway asked icily, "prefer to take Mr. Foster?"

"Foster?" Mr. Pike repeated, astounded. "Good heavens, no. Whatever made you think that?"

"I just thought—one way and another—that you might," she replied tartly, peering in the looking glass and applying more lipstick than was her wont.

Mr. Pike retreated hastily into his room, distinctly shaken. He had never before heard Miss Conway speak so sharply, and had certainly never known her to apply makeup in his presence. For the first time in eighteen years she had behaved like a woman instead of a calculating machine. It was entirely out of character, and the unexpectedness of her conduct unleashed a train of thought most inappropriate to office hours. It was as if, he thought, mopping his brow, he had stumbled into a boudoir.

In one disconcerting instant the familiar, workaday Miss Conway had vanished, and a mysterious and tantalizing shape taken her place. He had noted the spirited (one might almost say provocative) tilt of her head and been felled by the seductive curve of her skirt as it blossomed into rotundity below her waistline. Much disturbed, he took a long drink of water and two aspirins and endeavored to apply himself to a study of the figures which would be open to discussion later that morning.

Miss Conway, in the next-door office, struck her typewriter keys with asperity and projected waves of hostility through the wall which separated her from Mr. Pike.

On her way to the cloakroom, an hour later, to prepare for the meeting with Mr. Armstrong, she passed Mr. Foster's room. The door was half open and a strong smell of cigar smoke pervaded the corridor. "Better meet at Henley," she heard him saying. "I won't come into the office at all that day. I've told the old man I've got to go for a medical checkup."

Miss Conway, remembering his salary slip and the words on the Co-operative Permanent Building Society's skyscraper, shook with rage. She aimed a savage kick at the emergency fire bucket in the corridor before storming into the Ladies.

We will gloss over the complications of the business transaction with Mr. Armstrong. Sufficient to say that it was thanks to Miss Conway's acumen and grasp of facts and figures that the matter was settled to the benefit of Mr. Pike, who had only partially recovered from his earlier discomfiture.



"Well, it doesn't relax me!"

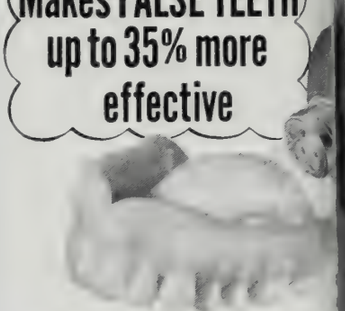
KEEP FEET DRY
COOL, COMFORTA



Walking ease from morning till
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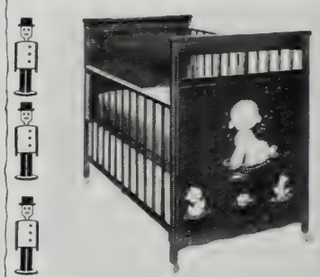
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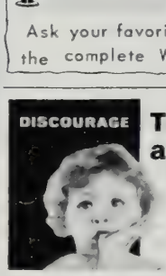


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Well," he said when all was con-
cluded, "I don't know what I'd do with-
out you, Miss Conway, I always . . ."
He flashed her a nervous smile, hoping
she would blush and lower her eyes
modestly, as she always did. Instead, he
encountered a frigid stare which caused
a contraction in his stomach and an
irregularity in his pulse rate.

"Well, we must be off," he exclaimed
with a heartiness he did not feel. And,
once outside, suggested in a conciliatory
manner that they should take a cab.

"Thank you," Miss Conway replied
coldly, "but I should prefer to walk."
And, setting off at a brisk pace, her long
arms swinging handsomely in Amazonian
stride, she steered the silent Mr. Pike
through the side streets until at last they
reached the Co-operative Permanent
Building Society, where she halted.

"The face of London is changing, is it
not, Mr. Pike?" she demanded. "Tell
me, what do you think of this building?"

Mr. Pike stared obediently at the
office. He suspected that he was ex-
pected to make some profound archi-
tectural judgment and was conscious of
his inadequacy. "Very functional," he
said guardedly at last. "Good, light,
airy office accommodation. Clean lines,"
he added lamely, "and, er, so on."

He had failed, Miss Conway noted,
with increasing irritation, to notice the
inscription.

"Why, look," she exclaimed in mock
surprise, altering her tactics, "there's
something written on the stonework."

Reluctantly, Mr. Pike tore his gaze
from Miss Conway's animated profile
and saw the words, as if through a fog.

"Nice," he remarked absently, "to
think they're commemorating the old
landmarks. By the way," he added,
listening back to familiar ground, "Fos-
ter's got to have a medical checkup on
the third. Hope it's nothing serious. He
won't be in that day, and he has a
couple of appointments which he can't
arrange. I wonder if you'd be kind
enough to take over for him?"

"I don't suppose," Miss Conway
snapped, "that I have much alternative:
1907 or 1965, it doesn't make much
difference, does it? I think I'll go and
have my lunch now, if you don't mind."

And Mr. Pike was left where he stood,
watching the swing of her shoulders, the
undulation of her hips and the slender
outline of her ankles, as she marched
away down the crowded pavement.

That afternoon, Miss Conway typed
several words a minute faster than she
had ever done before, while Mr. Pike,
apprehensive and confused, lurked in his
office and took another aspirin. That
evening, he waited until he heard her go
out of her room and down the passage,
and then shot out of the building to
avoid having to say good night to her.

When Miss Conway got home after
work, she found a letter lying on her
door mat. It was from her aunt and
contained a ticket for the center court at
Wimbledon the following day.

"I don't suppose you'll be able to go
yourself," the letter ran, "and, alas, I
find at the last minute that I can't
either. But it seems a shame to waste
the ticket and I'm sure you'll know
someone who could use it." Mr. Foster,
for instance, Miss Conway thought
grimly, bringing out the Christmas gin
again. It had been a trying day, she was
unaccustomed to strife, and she felt a
drink would do her good. It did. And
this time it didn't make her cry—to the
contrary, as she sipped it, she conceived
a capital idea.

Mr. Pike did not feel at all well when
he got up the following morning. He had
passed a restless night, and such sleep
as had come his way had been punc-
tuated by disturbing dreams of Miss
Conway. He felt so overwrought that he
decided to spend most of the day out of
the office to collect his thoughts, and
was therefore disconcerted to arrive at
the lift doors at the same moment as
Miss Conway herself.

She was wearing an extremely flatter-
ing blue-and-white silk dress with a
low-cut neckline, three-quarter-length
gloves and a picture hat. Not even in his
dreams had she looked so delectable.

"Good morning, Mr. Pike," she said
sweetly. "I know you'll understand, but
I shan't be in after lunch. I have," she
continued hastily, looking away, for she
was an unpracticed liar, "to go to my
grandmother's funeral."

Mr. Pike cleared his throat, stared
at the kid glove which so becomingly
molded her well-built arm and felt a
great surge of protective pity.

"I'm so sorry," he murmured. "I had
no idea that you had suffered a loss."

Miss Conway's guilt was mollified by
the reflection that she had, indeed, suf-
fered a financial loss.

By two o'clock she had taken up her
center-court seat, her interest in the
scene only slightly impaired by mild
pangs of conscience and the recollection
of her deserted desk. By three, she was
absorbed in a men's (*continued*)



singles match. By half past three she had fallen in love with one of the contestants, a dark-haired, crew-cut young man with hips as slim as a Western hero's and limbs as lithe as a panther's. By four, she was emotionally exhausted, willing her hero to success. An hour later, she was frantically applauding his narrowly won five-set victory.

While Miss Conway was swaying with the crowd in time to the crack of the top-spin drives, Mr. Pike was sitting morosely in his office, having abandoned his earlier intention of going out. He was conscious of an oppressive silence, and the absence of the usual faintly heard tap of Miss Conway's typewriter next door.

Once, he went into her room on the pretext of searching for a letter. It looked clinical and forlorn without her—the only personal reminder a phial of scent which she had left on her desk. He took out the stopper and sniffed it. Miss Conway's presence became almost tangible and he saw her again, all soft and silk and misty blue with the broad brim of her hat becomingly shading her face.

It was at that moment that it occurred to him that she had looked remarkably festive for a funeral. Possibly, he thought, she was honoring an expressed wish of the deceased. No mourning. He recollected having heard that some people even made provision in a will for a party rather than a wake.

Her unusual manner over the last day or two must have been promoted by the stress of a last illness and the grief of bereavement. He reproached himself for not having offered comfort. If only she had confided in him . . .

He waited at the office after the others had gone home, in the dim hope that Miss Conway might return. Bleakly, at eight o'clock, he left.

Miss Conway went to work next morning with that feeling of elation which follows a delightful stolen experience. She felt slightly wicked, entirely unrepentant and recalled with detailed pleasure the glancing volleys, the bounding smash, the flowing backhand, the hawk-flight serve of her hero of the day before.

She was humming a little tune when Mr. Pike put his head round her door to inquire solicitously how she felt.

"Fine, thank you," she replied with a brilliant smile.

"And yesterday?" Mr. Pike asked reverently.

"Oh," said Miss Conway, without pausing to think, "it was terribly exciting. Right up to the last minute, it might have gone either way. There's a very good account in the paper."

She saw Mr. Pike's frozen face and suddenly remembered. There was a long, long silence.

"Ah, well," he said at last in a strangled voice, "I'm so glad you are bearing up so well."

The second he got into his office, he opened the window and loosened his tie. Either he was going mad or Miss Conway was. She had, however, looked completely normal, more attractive than ever and well in command of herself. He, on the other hand, had passed a completely sleepless night and had, while in the bath that morning, caught himself protesting aloud his affection for Miss Conway. He inspected his reflection in the looking glass and saw with alarm that his eyes were bloodshot and his complexion mottled. If there was anything wrong with either of them, it was not Miss Conway.

He sank wearily into his chair, took the *Times* out of his briefcase and started searching for an account of an unusual happening at a funeral.

The days that followed were traumatic ones both for Mr. Pike and for Miss Conway—he nerving himself to make a declaration, she steeling herself to raise the question of her salary. A note, she felt, would not do at all. The women of the Freedom League would have had the courage to voice their demands.

The date of Mr. Foster's supposed medical checkup came and went. Miss Conway's resolution was stiffened by the discovery that he was hoarding a two weeks' backlog of correspondence and a bottle of brandy in his bottom drawer.

Lack of sleep, a pressing-down feeling in his head, a shaky hand and an inability to concentrate drove Mr. Pike inexorably toward the point of confession. And on the morning that Miss Conway arrived, her well-rehearsed speech trembling on her lips, Mr. Pike forestalled her and got in first.

"I should like to have a word with you privately, Miss Conway," he blurted out the moment she came in.

Miss Conway nearly jumped out of her skin. She had always believed in extrasensory perception and it suddenly came to her that Mr. Pike had read her thoughts and knew precisely what was in her mind. Once she had recovered from the shock, she was filled with a great feeling of rapport toward him and walked confidently into his room to stand, radiant, waiting for him to speak.

Mr. Pike paced the carpet several times, blew his nose and cleared his throat.

"Miss Conway—Sylvia," he said with difficulty, "there is something I must ask you. We have known one another a long time and you must have guessed how highly I regard you . . ." He paused a moment and then stumbled on. "I cannot carry on alone any longer. I want you beside me to share my joys and my burdens, too. I need a partner . . ." Speechless now, he took her hand, gently turned it over and fervently kissed the palm.

"Oh, Mr. Pike—Arthur—how wonderful," she cried and her eyes were filled with tears. "You mean legally and everything?"

"Of course, my dear," he murmured, somewhat shocked that times were such that a question of this kind should be necessary.

Quickly, she bent forward and kissed his cheek and then, as quickly, she had gone.

Mr. Pike stood alone in his room, dizzy with emotion. A golden future stretched before him. Sylvia, in a diaphanous housecoat, welcoming him home in the evenings. Sylvia, presiding over a silver teapot, hostess to his guests. Sylvia, mother of a little Pike, heir to the business. . . . She would be a severe loss to the firm, of course, but no doubt he could train Foster to take her place.

Miss Conway stood alone in her room next door and she was dizzy with emotion, too. His generosity and foresight warmed her like a shaft of sunlight.

How she had misjudged him, she thought. A golden future stretched before her. The applause of the shareholders, as she read the company report, rang in her ears. Her brilliantly manipulated takeover of Mr. Armstrong's business was the lead story in the Financial Times.

Once the deed of partnership was drawn up by solicitors, she would set the pattern for the future by firing Mr. Foster. **END**



YE :
B JESSAMYN WEST

co nued from page 88

h e set on two acres of gr nd (and with weeds in the y), I was born in the grand- p nts', the Bannisters', c p. I was born a Middle W terner. I, too, have sung, "I vay, Ioway, that's where t tall corn grows." And I c still hear my young moth- homesick voice singing, o rough the sycamores the c llelight is gleaming on the l ks of the Wabash far away." M first book, *The Friendly P suasion*, is a kind of love p m to Indiana. And I, except f the wisdom and unselfish- s of a grandmother who f rly wanted her eldest grand- d to remain with her when n young parents moved to C ifornia, would possibly still h Hoosier. I shall never cease t hank that grandmother for p mitting me to be a Western- e for seeing to it that I grew u in my own family, and not o n only child in a family of f elderly persons.

My grandmother had all, a good many more, of the Bannisters' reasons for believ- that I would have a more ble, affluent and conven- nal upbringing with her and grandfather than I would California. My mother had ee children. I, the oldest, s exactly Mark Painter's e, six going on seven, at the ne of the family's proposed ve to California. My moth- s parents had objected, as d the Bannisters, to her mar- ge. My father was a non- aker marrying into an old aker family. And he had ld down in the seven years his marriage enough jobs to ake Hal Painter a piker.

My grandmother's fears were r more well founded and rea- nable than the Bannisters'. here was no home for us to to, out West, weeds or no eeds. There was no job in rospect. My mother was ail- g, while my grandmother as a robust woman in her rly 50's. Unlike the Iowa urts, however, what my andmother feared for me out est was not mental stimula- on but its lack. She valued arning. She was a great ader, a reciter of poetry, a acher, a Sunday-school super- tendent. And if I was her vorite grandchild, she was y favorite person.

Only one psychologist was nsulted during the court pro- edings in Iowa, a Dr. Glenn . Hawkes, a professor at Iowa ate and thus a colleague of wight Bannister, also em- oyed by the state university. While the Iowa Supreme ourt placed great weight on r. Hawkes' opinions, the wer trial court discounted his ews, stating: "The court has ven full consideration to the good doctor's testimony, but cannot accept it at full face value because of exaggerated statements and the witness's attitude on the stand."

What that attitude may have been those not present at the preliminary hearing cannot say. Judging by the nature of his report, one might guess it to be one of omniscience about human nature and impatience with anyone who disagreed with him.

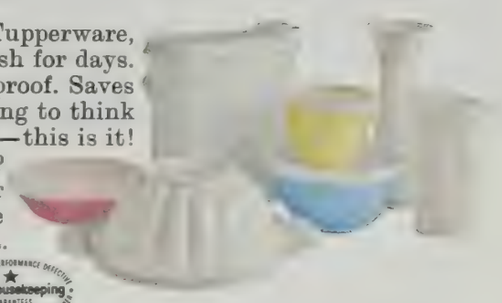
He considered Mark, "not well adjusted" because he "told tall tales"; an incipient Bohemian?; "aggressive, not liked by his classmates"; Western energy and drive? And Dr. Hawkes made much of what he has convinced himself: that Dwight Bannister had been able to substitute himself as a "father image" to Mark, replacing Mark's own father.

The grandparents do not live who cannot, if they wish to do so, subvert a child's loyalty from his parents. Good grandparents given the responsibility of caring for a grandchild try to see that this does not happen. But, though it may happen in spite of the efforts of grandparents, the child who has spent five years with his own father does not forget the man, unless perhaps care is taken to brainwash him, to whom he addressed (*continued*)

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YES *continued*

the second word he ever spoke: Daddy.

Brainwashing, Dwight Bannister candidly admitted in the trial for the custody for Mark Painter, was his intention. This man who had never had a son decided the minute he heard of his daughter's death to have a substitute son in the person of Mark. He had apparently never liked his son-in-law and had every opportunity to alienate the child from his father.

Bannister's investigators asked many questions of many people. Was Hal Painter a drunkard? An idler? A radical? An unloving father? A psychotic? The court ruled that he was none of these things. Square in the middle of normal was the psychiatrist's report. "Belonged to no political organization and took no part in political activity." "Never stayed away from home in the evening or went to taverns." "Drank beer, not mixed drinks." "Victorian in his concept of duty, decorum and suitable language." "Loving to wife and children." "An ideal father." "Ambitious and hard-working." Did he once spend too much for a camera? Buy a boat he could have gotten along without? This was the worst Dwight Bannister could do in the way of black-listing his daughter's husband.

Meanwhile, he had the boy. Candidly he again admitted in court proceedings (the report of which runs to 1,000 pages) that he expected the boy to think of his father as Hal, not Father. He refused to let the boy speak to his father on the phone, on one crucial occasion going so far as to mislead Hal Painter about his son's whereabouts. It was not his intention, he admitted to the court, to make the transition from grandparents to father easy. He did not intend that a transition ever take place.

Is it to be wondered that a boy in such a household as the Bannisters' should be disturbed?

To me, nothing has been advanced to show why Mark Painter should not be raised by his father, but much has been revealed inadvertently by the Bannisters themselves as to why their home is not suitable for Mark.

At six I am sure I found my energetic poetry-reciting grandmother more appealing than my mother, who, besides being frail, had two other children to look after. She had no doubt become my "mother image," and if I had been the one to choose, I would certainly have chosen, rather than adventure and the broadening of my powers of adaptation and observation, the known and pleasant farmhouse of my grandparents, with its open fires, ticking grandfather clock and grandmotherly cups of sassafras tea.

Fortunately, neither I nor my family, and certainly not a court—for the stability and conventionality of the "Midwestern way of life" in those days included the family's ability to decide its own affairs without the employment of investigators and child psychologists—did not have to make a decision.

My grandmother withdrew her invitation. She had not, she said, the right to make it. True, I was the apple of her eye, and, with all her own children gone, she longed to have me with her. But her love did not have geographical limitations. She did not think that she had the right to cut me off from the younger generation that had produced me and that should, rather than hers, be the

those horric
age spots

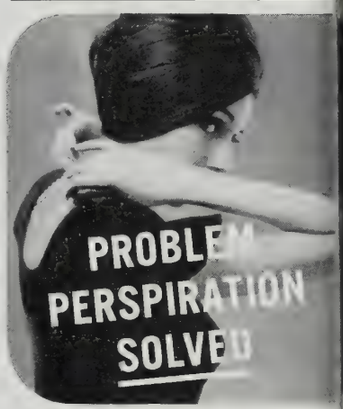


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ringboard for my leap into life. She
d not approved of her daughter's
oice of husband. But, schoolteacher
at she was, she had bethought herself
at if job-changing, pecuniary success,
ligious conformity and political con-
rvatism were criterions for the up-
inging of children, Emerson, Alcott
d Lincoln, to say nothing of Audubon
d Grant, would have been separated
court order from their children.

She bade us farewell on a rainy April
ay, and we went on to California, where
e experienced many of the privations
e had foreseen for us: lived in a tent
r a while; moved from it to an un-
inted house; encountered centipedes
doors and rattlesnakes outside; chased
adrunners and coyotes; ate stewed
ckrabbits; went to school as no Hoosier
that day would have done, with
lexicans and Japanese; had, as my
randmother had foreseen (until the
range grove my father had planted
me into bearing), little money. But
y grandparents were of a different
pirit. It did not occur to them not to
hare, simply because a grandchild was
ot under their roof, their means with
heir son-in-law's less affluent family.
he Iowa court has termed Harold
ainter's income, $9,000 last year,
negligible." If $9,000 is "negligible" to
he Bannisters, they must have many
imes this amount; I am astonished that
t has not occurred to them (if they
hink that their grandson will lack for
worldly goods here) that Iowa money
s accepted at face value in California.
My grandmother, 50 years ago, under-
tood this. Regular packages of books,
f hand-smocked dresses, and back copies
f *St. Nicholas* arrived in California.

My grandmother did not make as a
ondition of her love and generosity a
onformity to her way of living. Her
laughter had chosen to be a Californian.
What my grandmother hoped for was
levelopment, not duplication. She did
ot equate, as the Quakers never have,
possessions with probity; or wide in-
erests with instability.

She was loving, she was generous; she
was, in three years, dead. Except for my
grandmother's wisdom and unselfish-
ness I would have been an orphan at 10.
Returned no doubt to my parents, but
forever doubtful of their love because
they had permitted me (even though I
wanted to stay) to live with my grand-
parents. Deprived also of what, next to
my real family instead of a pseudo-
family, however well meaning, I value
most—my heritage as a Westerner.

It is this heritage that makes the Iowa
court decision so shocking: that decision
puts conformity ahead of individualism;
it puts an assured income (state-paid in
the case of Dwight Bannister, Dr. Glenn
Hawkes and the Supreme Court judges)
ahead of the chanciness of private enter-
prise; it puts class consciousness and
class pride ahead of the Western "a
man's a man for a' that"; it puts an in-
tolerant sectionalism ahead of an ap-
preciation of our sectional differences.
And, above all, this decision condemns
what has been the basis of the develop-
ment of the United States, the whole
westward movement, including risk-
taking, intellectual curiosity, and a re-
luctance to accept any methods as best
simply because, "that's the way grandpa
did it."

Here on the West Coast this heritage,
more recently come to us than to other
sections, has not yet been forgotten.

Since Harold Painter and his wife
Marylyn live near me, it was easy for
me to see their home and to get opinions
about them from neighbors and from
men who had worked with Hal Painter
on the *Oakland Tribune*. I wanted to do
so because I persisted in believing that
a decision such as that handed down by
the Iowa Supreme Court could only
have been based upon some "secret
flaw" in Painter known to them but un-
known to me, which incapacitated him
as a father. This was egotistical of me.
The Bannisters had employed investiga-
tors on the West Coast capable of prying
with professional skill far beyond mine
into Hal and Marylyn's background
without being able to find a single peg,
other than such pejorative adjectives as
"Bohemian," "arty," and "intellectu-
ally stimulating" (to quote the Iowa
Supreme Court) on which to base their
case.

One wonders in passing what evidence
might have been brought in had the son-
in-law been able to stage an investiga-
tion of the father- and mother-in-law on
the same scale as that which was run on
him? If he could have obtained the ser-
vices of an expert on "the psychology of
the aging" from the University of Cali-
fornia, might there have been a report
of a neurotic, affection-hungry couple,
fallen into the vacuum of grown children
departed and retirement looming, trying
to make one last reassuring contact with
someone dependent upon them? Even if
it meant rejecting their own daughter's
wish as expressed in her will? *(continued)*



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Terry Wilkerson, Harold Painter's boss on the *Oakland Tribune*, was one of the persons interviewed by the Bannister investigators.

Of them, Wilkerson says, "They were continually trying to pin things on Hal that were not so. I told them repeatedly that I had never seen Hal drunk. They wanted to know everything he'd ever told me about religion and politics. They were definitely trying to get something on him, even if they had little idea how to go about it. The Bannisters had two or three private detectives going around for information, too, and a photographer shot pictures of the Painter home long before the trial started. Those private eyes contacted all sorts of people here, and they went north, too, to Seattle, Oregon and Alaska. You know that cost him a lot of money. They must be desperate for something."

Terry Wilkerson's belief in the man who worked under him at the copy desk is so strong that when the Iowa court decision became known, he put on the *Tribune* bulletin board a petition directed to the U. S. Supreme Court, supporting the Painters. There were 200 immediate signatures.

What did Iowa mean by "Bohemian"? Trying to catch hold of a handle somewhere, a reporter, interviewing Painter on a San Francisco radio station, asked, "Have you had any experience with drugs?"

"Drugs?" said Hal Painter, slightly dazed. "Well, we have aspirin at home on the shelf. That's a drug, I guess."

Marylyn Painter, Phi Beta Kappa, with a master's degree, former Red Cross worker, also struggling with the meaning of "Bohemian," wondered if her guitar-playing had anything to do with the Iowa image.

Actually, the impression Hal Painter gives is professorial; more professorial than reportorial, actually. He is a stocky, pipe-smoking man of quick smiles and thoughtful, precise speech.

There is an old Midwestern saying, "As a man marries so is he." If this is true, Harold Painter is a studious, conscientious, home-loving man. His first wife, Jeanne Bannister, came out of a churchgoing, Sunday-school-teaching farm family of Iowa. His second is a member of a most conservative religious body, the Roman Catholic Church; she is a woman with a practical turn who has been able by the warmth and skill of her decorating and furnishings to give an old California farmhouse a charm early California farmers (like early Iowans) had little time for. This house, with its two surrounding acres, ungardened, and unmowed, may not be a grandmother's ideal home, but it would suit a small boy to a T.

The community of Walnut Creek, where the Harold Painters live, has been settled by people who value rural living; by fathers willing to commute to their jobs in Oakland and San Francisco so that their children can have the advantages of sun, space, pets. As its name indicates, it was once a valley of walnut groves, of cattle and grain fields. The cow population may have decreased since those days, but the horse and dog population has surely grown.

Hal Painter's first wife, Jeanne Bannister, was, to judge by what she did, more adventurous than he. It is not every young woman who wants to attempt the rough-and-tumble of the still largely male reportorial world. Let alone, as Jeanne Bannister did, in an outpost as far west of Iowa as Anchorage, Alaska. Perhaps by Iowa standards she too was "arty," "Bohemian," "intellectually stimulating"; perhaps by going to Alaska she had hoped to kick over the traces of such "Middle Western" stereotypes as "arty" and "Bohemian." No account is available to us of the reasons that prompted Jeanne Bannister to put so much distance between herself and her Iowa home. Nor of why she chose what amounts to our last frontier as a place to settle.

There is a report, however, that her parents objected to her marriage to Hal Painter, a fellow reporter whom she met and fell in love with in Anchorage. There is also the report of a strange provision in Jeanne Painter's will, an injunction one would not normally expect a wife to feel called upon to make. Jeanne Painter in her will provided that in case of her death her children should remain in her husband's care. Under ordinary circumstances this would be taken for granted. Did Jeanne Bannister believe the circumstances involving her own family not to be ordinary? And did she try to foresee and to forestall some attempt to take her children from the way of life she had chosen for them? Jeanne Painter did die. Driving her small daughter to nursery school one icy morning, in Seattle, she and the child were killed in an automobile accident. Harold Painter and his son Mark, who were not in the car, survived.

Harold Painter, when his wife died, expressed his grief in terms few wives have ever inspired, and few husbands ever been able to express. Hal Painter in his own home held a private memorial service in which he read a reaffirmation of his love and devotion to his wife. A public funeral service followed. To this, Hal Painter wore not widower's weeds but the clothes in which Jeanne had been accustomed to see him. I know nothing about the funeral customs of Zen Buddhists; but Hal Painter, emphasizing as he did the spiritual rather than the physical side of death, was in the Christian tradition.

Rudy Van der Veer, a reporter on the *Oakland Tribune*, and a friend of Harold Painter, says that Painter loved his first wife so much that "her loss had an overwhelming and devastating effect on him. Hal really flew off the handle. His life was completely shattered. He felt that he had lost his whole world. That's why he ran through all those jobs. He was only beginning to find himself again when he came to the *Tribune*."

Van der Veer and his wife think so highly of Hal and Marylyn Painter as parents that they took out an affidavit declaring that in case of their own death they could think of no one better than the Painters to bring up the five Van der Veer children.

It was during this period when he had "lost his whole world" that Hal Painter, much as he loved having Mark—the one link with the family he had lost—with him, decided for his son's sake to ask his wife's parents if they would look after the boy temporarily. He no doubt rues the day. He made the mistake generous and gentle people often make of believing that the Golden Rule is really operative. He believed that the Bannisters would care for their daughter's little son; would rejoice in his presence, but teach him also to remember and love his father, to whom he must rightfully be returned some day. This is the understanding that Hal Painter thought he had with his son's grandparents. If the Bannisters had this understanding when they took the boy, they found when Hal Painter asked for his son's return that they were unable to keep faith with it.



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The emotions of the Bannisters are easy to understand. Their acts, the hiring of investigators to dig up damaging evidence hoped for but not known to them about their son-in-law; their view of the grandson's affections, these can be excused as the French excuse acts involving the passions. Love, even of a grandchild, can become a passion.

Their act can be understood, sympathized with, excused. It should not be legalized.

I am no sentimental believer in the sacredness of the biological bond of parenthood per se. But when the biological bond exists together with unusual fitness, it is sentimental and illogical to argue against it. Hal Painter is at present working at the Job Corps center in Pleasanton, near his Walnut Creek home. He was drawn to this work because it made use of his skills as a photographer; because it had to do with boys; and because, though it pays well, human helpfulness, not money-making, was its chief goal. The director of the center, Steve Uslan, says that Hal Painter is "uniquely suited" for the work. "His ability to draw kids out of their shells is quite remarkable."

But this man, with this "unique ability" with boys, has been denied by the Bannisters and the Supreme Court of Iowa the right to exercise this ability with his own son.

There is no one, surely, who does not wish the boy Mark Painter to live with those persons who will give him the best opportunity to live a full and rich life; a life stable and conventional and affluent insofar as stability and conventionality and affluence are conducive to the development of what is best in him.

What reasons have we for believing that this life could not be led with his own father? There is the reason advanced by Dr. Glenn Hawkes, the child psychologist, who states that Mark will "go wrong" if returned to his father's home. What does "go wrong" mean to Dr. Hawkes? The Iowa Supreme Court has suggested that to them "go wrong" means to be other than "Midwestern, middle class, conventional." Hal Painter insofar as I can see is middle class, and conventional, and thus at least two thirds acceptable.

Dr. Hawkes has said that Mark, on arrival at the Bannister home, was "inclined to tell "tall tales" to emphasize the "big I." He was "aggressive" and "not liked." He is now "well disciplined," "relatively secure" and "popular." A natural boy has become a little organization man.

Few parents, few grandparents, given the chance of choosing between the Bannister and the Painter homes, would fail to choose the Painter home. What is bound to be the effect, psychic and moral, on a child required to grow up in a home where there has been so determined, costly and quite possibly vindictive an effort to denigrate the man who fathered him? To downgrade the choice the boy's mother made of husband, of profession and of the section of the country in which she chose to live? To grow up in a home that, in its bigotry about class, about creative work, about those sections of the country where the good life can be lived, ignores a fundamental condition of the good life: that one recognize that in my Father's house are *many* mansions; many ways of life.

Few parents would condemn a child to being an orphan—if (*continued*)

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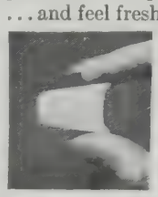
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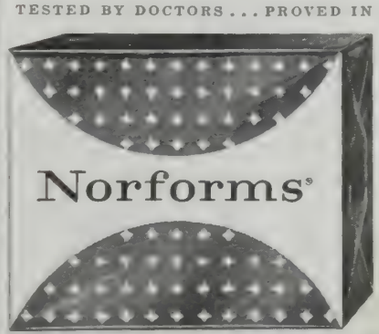
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YES *continued*

actuarial tables are to be believed—at sixteen, and quite possibly earlier; to condemn him to be forever an only child and always to have as parents persons who appear, to put it in the nicest way, "peculiar" to his young friends.

This was one of the trials Jeanne Painter wanted to spare her son in the possibility of her death. Friends in Washington testified that she had spoken of her desire to have her children brought up by people of her and Hal's age. Her first choice if she should die was the children's father. If he, too, should die or be incapacitated, she had thought not of her own father and mother but of a cousin of her own age. Only the fact that this cousin had children of her own and financial problems of her own to think about persuaded Jeanne Painter to name, in case of her husband's death, her mother.

I know what I'm talking about. My husband and I brought two sisters, aged 11 and 13, from Ireland to live with us. They have not—as Dr. Hawkes says children adopted after six or eight and with some history of instability (the "tall tale," "the big I," the "aggressiveness") are prone to do—"gone bad." But they have had to suffer some mental distress because of our age.

Should this father have his son? Yes, and not alone because he can furnish his son a home of greater richness than possible with the Bannisters. This fath should have his son because if Hal lo Mark, a frightening, unfair and vicio legal precedent will have been esta lished. No young couple will dare pla a child for caretaking with anyone, wi out the fear that the caretaker, if he h the desire to retain the child and t money to hire lawyers and private ey to further his case, may get legal h of the child. And somewhere there w always be a child psychologist able argue that the longer the child is in t custody of those who have seized hi the more those persons who now ha become "nutrient figures" to the ch should never be displaced.

The question "Should this father ha his child?" involves also, "Should th mother. . . ?" After all, she can longer speak for herself. Would she wa her child placed back in the environme from which she had removed herself a which questions the way of life and t husband she had chosen?

Mark belongs with his father. N only for the child's sake but for the go repute of legal justice in this countr

And for those who have any lingeri doubts about life in the Far West a its unsettling effects, I ask them to r call the Iowa farm boy who came We became mentally stimulated and we on to become President of the Unit States: Herbert Hoover. **EN**

NO: BY PAUL ENGLE

continued from page 89

him and he would have the leisure to fail as a *writer*. It was on such a trip that his wife Jeanne and his daughter Janet were killed. In what sounds suspiciously like self-pity, Painter commented on his life at home that he spent "a good deal of time waiting for my family to return from her job." What courage!

As soon as a lawyer could persuade the state of Washington to unfreeze the small estate Jeanne had left, Painter possessed it. Janet had a savings account in trust of about $250 and Mark one of about $300. Withdrawing these, and cashing stock that the Bannisters had given Jeanne (Painter testified, "It was hoped that they [the stocks] would be saved for the children, and I knew that." The hope was for their education), he bought about $1,100 of photographic equipment and a boat valued at $3,500, the total being close to the entire sum inherited from Jeanne.

Instead of adding dead Janet's small account to Mark's, so that Mark would have a little security, Painter spent the entire amount in a reckless and self-indulgent manner, leaving Mark without a dime. Ultimately, he gave away, returned or sold the equipment, realizing only $180, and sold the boat at a loss of several hundred dollars. He lost more on the Anchorage house and on the duplex they later occupied in Pullman, Wash.

It seems to me that a man has a right to quit his jobs and buy foolishly—but not when this means disregarding the interests of others, especially his own family. Although Mark was dependent on him, and he had some of Mark's savings, Painter did not take a steady job from December, 1962, until June, 1963, when presumably he had used up the inherited funds. His attitude was, stated in his own words: "About the Portland news job, I hope you understand when I say it took guts not take it; I had to get behind myself a push. It was very, very tempting to a cept a good salary and settle down to steady, easy routine. As I approach Portland . . . I began to ask what, the long run, would be the good of th job: 1. It was not really what I wante 2. Portland is just another big far town, with none of the stimulation takes to get my mind sparking. Anywa I decided Mark and myself would better off if I went ahead with what I' started and the hell with the rest, sin swim or starve."

It was Mark, now without mother a sister, whom Painter was asking "sink, swim or starve." Is this the ca and sacrifice one expects of a fathe Is it the risk one asks a desolated boy five years to take, when there is a secu solution?

Painter had some sense of his ow nature: "I have on occasions done wh I have characterized as blowing m stack. When I was talking to Dwig Bannister in June, I am afraid a goo part of the stack was still intact. If had blown my stack, I would probab be in jail right now. I was to the poi of doing physical violence. I certain felt that I could have strangled both M and Mrs. Bannister. My emotions we enough. I felt like attacking both them. . . . I wish I could have strangle them both." The people he wanted strangle were those who, through gif to Jeanne, had allowed him to refuse an job for six months after her death, wh had brought back his own son from state of intense anxiety and harshne to others, and made him a controlled an fine child. As so often, Painter's attitud was dominated by his own wishes an rights, not those of his son.

This matter of a father's rights versu a child's welfare is the heart of the cas The court was not arguing that it coul go into Painter's home and take awa his son. It was only making *(continue*

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a judgment that, in the single instance of Mark, "we do not believe we have the moral right to gamble with this child's future. He should be encouraged in every way possible to know his father. We are sure there are many ways in which Mr. Painter can enrich Mark's life."

Recognizing that, when Mark came to the Bannisters, he was very aggressive, pushing children out of seats, pulling a chair out from under one, stoning dogs that could not run away, that several witnesses testified he was disturbed, the court felt he should be kept in the home that had helped subdue those qualities, that had given him stability of a sort that might vanish quickly if he had to make still another move.

Mark told three people, his teacher, a welfare worker and Dr. Hawkes, that he wanted to stay with the Bannisters. The improvement in Mark's control of his aggressions—the overcoming of his slapping of kids and his inability to play with others, his discovery that a little discipline is necessary—came in the Bannister house, and might all be lost, Dr. Hawkes testified, if Mark had to begin again. This was the real issue.

Nevertheless, other aspects intrude. For example, there were two funerals for Jeanne. One was held by Painter alone in a basement; he wrote a letter to Jeanne. The other was public, in a church, where he wore slacks and a sport shirt. It is hard to imagine that defiance as being Jeanne's wish. However, the court said, "These matters are not related as a criticism of Mr. Painter's conduct, way of life or sense of values. An individual is free to choose his own values, within bounds, which are not exceeded here."

To say that Mark would grow up in a "conventional, middle-class, Middle West background," as the Iowa Supreme Court phrased it, does not mean that he would be condemned to rot in a life of outdated conventions. When Mark's mother died, Dwight Bannister offered to take the boy back to Iowa, saying that pioneer men would often leave their children with grandparents while they went off to establish a new home. It was natural that he should use an older, familiar way of life as an example, for the traditional American values are still respected in the Midwest.

This country needs precisely those virtues that the Supreme Court so clumsily described. Without them, the "unstable, Bohemian and probably intellectually stimulating" types could not survive, for they need a solid center to keep the country stable while they pursue their erratic lives out on the fringe.

Thrift sounds very dull to a man who ignores it, who lost or used foolishly what money he and his wife could gather. The Midwest is full of people saving frugally to pay taxes that support the Job Corps that today gives Painter his salary.

A proper regard for others has kept the Midwest from those extremes that mar the life of California. Furthermore, the artist needs not only talent, he needs some food; chances are a lot of what he eats comes from the Midwest, where the fact that you raise corn does not mean you are corny.

The Bannister home is quite probably more "intellectually stimulating" than the Painter. In it are *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *The New York Times*. All four Bannister daughters went to college, and all married college graduates, save Jeanne. In their community Mark's grandparents are regarded as progressive. These are not people opposed to the life of the mind. Nor is Iowa. From the Bannister home, with its space and its wide fields, you look across to Iowa State University, one of the world's great agricultural institutions, on whose efforts much of the world's anguishing hunger may depend for solution. That university is building a multimillion-dollar arts center. Not far south is the Eero Saarinen Art Center in Des Moines. Not far east, in Marshalltown, is the Community Center, given to the city by J.W. Fisher, a businessman who is also on the board of directors of the Metropolitan Museum Association. To the center, Fisher has given paintings by Monet, Pissaro, Vuillard, Vlaminck, Degas, Renoir.

If Mark wants to be an artist, he couldn't live in a more favorable spot than a farm north of Ames. If he wants to go to a university with a higher concentration per capita of painters, sculptors, printmakers, musicians, composers, actors, writers than almost any other in the country, he can go to Iowa City. If he wants to be a scientist, he can study at the atomic research center in Ames or if qualified, at Dr. James Van Allen's space research center in Iowa City. And the Bannisters will guarantee that he does what he wants.

Painter has a different view of educational institutions (he failed two high schools and never graduated from college—because he only wanted to do his own things). Remembering that stability in the home was a prime factor in the court's decision, it is worth noting this excerpt from a Painter letter: "All organizations do not set very well with my nature. . . . Their purposes are never mine. My work here has been in defiance of the established way of doing things. . . ."

When the Bannisters sent Painter some of Mark's drawings, he replied, "I got that pile of junk of Mark's that you sent me." This hardly suggests the free, artistic spirit. Time and again Painter promised Mark he would visit him, and almost never did. This is Mark's main criticism of his father. When Painter put Mark with his own foster family, the McNellys, he moved into an apartment that allowed children to visit only on Sunday. When the McNellys asked him to contribute $40 a month for Mark's support, he called the Bannisters and asked them to come and get Mark because there was an emergency, but when they arrived he couldn't recall what the emergency had been.

Was the case a matter between the conventional and the liberal mind? Hardly. The Bannisters are known as liberal Democrats who joined in helping Iowa give President Johnson the largest percentage majority of any northern state. Bannister himself wrote an outraged defense of the Negro, citing the abundance of his own Negro friends and demanding that "this slave-owner language should die." I do not know Painter's civil-rights works.

Not religion, politics, art, the middle class versus the Bohemian, Iowa against California (too many Iowans live in California for that!) was at stake here, but an intelligent little boy and his future. The court had to decide where that boy could best hold on to the precarious balance so affectionately brought into his life by some highly intelligent grandparents, one of whom had become the father image in his life. The comment of Dr. Hawkes was: "Disruption at this point, I think, would be detrimental to the child even though Mr. Painter might well be a paragon of virtue." To their honor, the court accepted that. **END**

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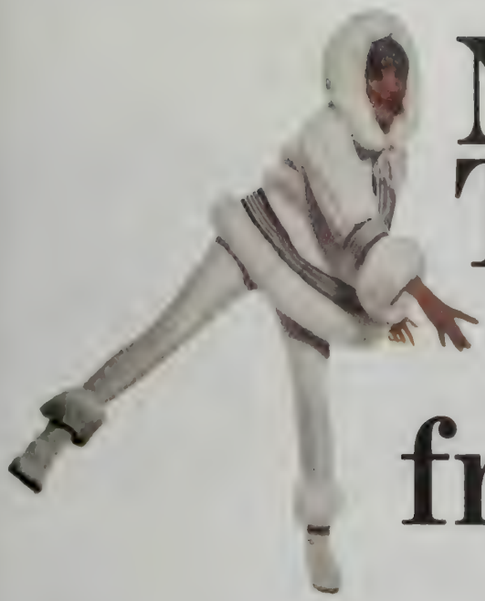
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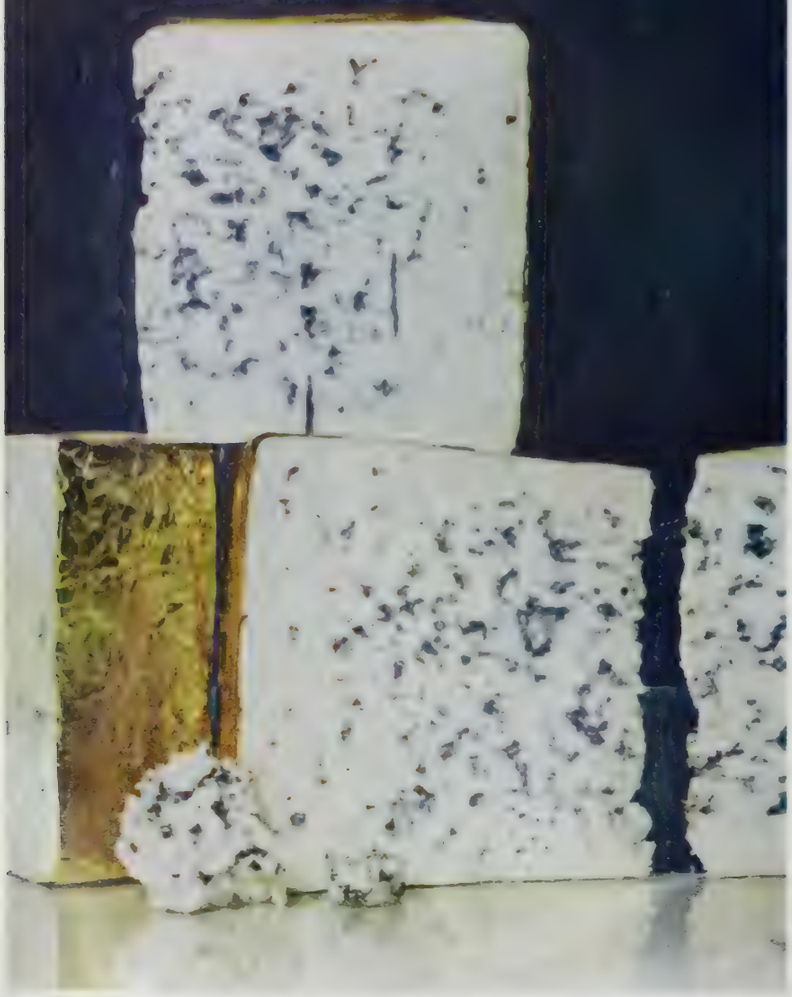
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Such a fantasy imposes on the adult imagination, and yet it was a commonplace truth . . . at San Simeon.

There the illuminated palace sometimes glowed at night above a fog that lay like a mist of silver around its enchanted hill. By day its ashlar towers gleamed in a white sun, forceful reminders to all who came there of the owner's secular power.

Harried men no longer come to San Simeon to say *yes*, and perhaps win a compliment before returning to their posts in the owner's publishing empire. Nor do Hollywood's gilded children come now, as they once did, to search for new film contracts beneath their dinner plates in the medieval refectory.

The past broods over San Simeon. It was the home of an extraordinary man, gifted, powerful, and strange. Once its great halls pulsed with the laughter, the small talk, the whispered awe of hundreds of weekend guests. Now it is a museum, and at night the closed gate locks in one of the most restive silences of recent history.

It was the palace of a barony that at one time was half the size of Rhode Island. But, for all its feudal span, it was a peculiarly American barony. The baron, or more precisely the *seigneur*, slept in a massive bed carved for Cardinal Richelieu, but within reach there was a telephone connected to a 24-hour switchboard. The palace had an airport, a fleet of 40 automobiles, a radio operator, a Fokker trimotor, and 146 rooms, each with its own telephone. It had a private motion-picture theater with a daily change of program, but it also housed baroque splendors of a sort tha would have commanded the admiratio of the wealthiest ducal bankers o Renaissance Florence.

For example, it had a rare mosai vestibule floor, presumably from a firs century house in Pompeii, an iron gril from a 16th-century Spanish convent 17th-century Gobelin tapestries loome in Renaissance Paris, medieval choi stalls from an Italian monastery, a door way designed by the architect of the library of St. Mark's in Venice, a ceiling carved more than 400 years ago for a castle in Europe, four 2,000-pound marble medallions from Denmark, and a 16th-century French fireplace.

Lacking a coat of arms, the owner arrayed in the refectory the silk *gonfalon* that had once hung from the houses of old families in Siena. Of course, he needed no coat of arms; the name Hearst conjured more images in the public mind than could have been crowded onto a shield or banner.

His was so vivid a presence in recent American life that one is surprised to learn that the dream of San Simeon first took shape in Paris, during the third quarter of the 19th century.

In 1873, when William Randolph Hearst was 10 years old, he made his first trip to Europe. In London he told his mother he would like to live in Windsor Castle. His wish might have been that of any boy stirred by tales of chivalry; but when he got to Paris his similarity to any other boy ended abruptly, dramatically. He fell in love with the Louvre.

Ten—and filled with wonder—he was enchanted by the marvels he found in the dim galleries. Here were masterpieces of painting and sculpture and an entire civilization of *objets d'art* that only conquerors could assemble and possess. He turned to his mother with a request that embraced the entire treasure. "Buy it for me, Mom," he said. "We can afford it."

Phoebe Hearst had said in letters to her friends: "Willie . . . seems to understand everything." (*continued*)

Why does Mrs. Maurizi serve French's Instant Mashed Potatoes with her very own Veal Palazzo? (Because French's cares about flavor as much as she does.)



Mrs. F. Maurizi, Weehawken, New Jersey

Mrs. Maurizi knows that extra care... extra touches of flavor... make Veal Palazzo one of her husband's favorite dishes. Naturally, in potatoes her choice is French's Instant Mashed Potatoes. She knows French's values fresh, homemade flavor as much as she does. French's even supervises the growing of potatoes–100% White-Meat Idahos. Why? Flavor. For Mrs. Maurizi and her husband. For you.

Mrs. Maurizi's recipe for Veal Palazzo:

Top 1 to 1½ lbs. veal scallops (12 pieces), or very thinly sliced veal cutlet, with thin slices of ham and Swiss cheese.

Roll up and secure with picks. Brown veal rolls in 2 tablespoons butter in skillet. Sprinkle with salt and white pepper. Stir in ½ cup white or rose wine, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 1 bay leaf, and ½ teaspoon basil.

Cover and simmer 15 minutes. 4 servings.

At that moment he already had a clear grasp of the central fact of his life: the power of money. His father, an extremely successful prospector who was a partner in the Ophir (Comstock lode) and Ontario silver mines, was soon to take an option on the Homestake gold mine. Later he would open the Anaconda copper mine. George Hearst would not have been caught dead in a museum, but his mines, which were among the world's richest, allowed his son to spend $50 million on art in 50 years—and to build San Simeon.

San Simeon was actually a complex of mansions. The three guest houses, each a small palace, bore separate names: La Casa del Sol faced the rising sun; La Casa del Monte faced the Santa Lucia Mountains; La Casa del Mar faced the Pacific. La Casa Grande, the great house, also faced west. The public knew the complex in its entirety as San Simeon, the name of the bay and village below. In a poetic moment during his youth, Hearst named it *La Cuesta Encantada*, The Enchanted Hill. He himself was the poet-enchanter: the hill was barren and he made it bloom.

Hearst entertained many famous visitors at his palace. Among them were Winston Churchill, Calvin Coolidge, John Nance Garner and George Bernard Shaw. In the '20's and early '30's an invitation to San Simeon was an index to status in Hollywood—only those who "really mattered" were invited. The great house lodged such variously gifted leaders in the theater arts as Louis B. Mayer, Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Louella Parsons and Errol Flynn.

The worldly countenance of San Simeon was more than balanced by the omnipresent madonnas scattered about the halls and chambers. There were madonnas in tapestry and ceramics, madonnas in paint and stone, madonnas in silver and gold. These sentimental icons of motherhood recalled Hearst's great devotion to his mother, Phoebe Apperson Hearst, a remarkable woman who had given $21 million to educational and philanthropic causes.

Twenty men tended San Simeon's gardens, on which Hearst spent $500,000. Once, when he was advised that a landscaping project he had dreamed up would cost a great deal of money, he responded testily, "Never mind the cost. Do it."

A large crew of craftsmen was recruited just to set the tiles of the Pompeiian mosaic in the vestibule, the $1 million outdoor swimming pool, and the $1 million indoor swimming pool.

San Simeon was the strategic headquarters of a $14 million campaign to make Marion Davies first among her glittering peers in the movie world. The tremendous effort failed, despite Miss Davies' warmth, good humor and decent generosity. Her failure meant that Hearst, too, had failed; it had been his desire to become the world's leading movie maker.

Because his ambitions were so great, Hearst's disappointments might have shattered him, if he hadn't owned San Simeon. He tried to become the governor of New York. He tried to become President. He tried to start a third party. He failed in each of these efforts—and, all the while, San Simeon grew. "Had he not been able to turn to some diversion like the building of San Simeon, I think he would have gone crazy," his personal lawyer told biographer W. A. Swanberg. Hearst thus brought something new to ducal life: the palace as therapy.

In its time of glory, San Simeon ran up a maintenance bill of $6,000 a day. One of the most sumptuous dwellings in the world, Hearst always referred to it as "the ranch." The "ranch" did, in fact, have 20,000 head of beef cattle and horses. Palominos, Arabians and Morgans were bred there.

The ranch also had one of the largest private collections of animals in the world, including zebras, ostriches, water buffalo, elephants, tigers, deer and kangaroos. Some of the animals freely roamed the grounds.

San Simeon gathered together an [illegible] mélange of architectural and decora[illegible] styles, difficult to describe. It has [illegible] called Gothic, Spanish Renaissa[illegible] Spanish-moresque, and baroque. Ol[illegible] Carlson and Ernest Sutherland B[illegible] described it as a "Venusberg" b[illegible] upon "the meretricious charms" [illegible] Hollywood and the "pseudo-aesth[illegible] ideals" of its owner.

Stewart Holbrook asked of Hears[illegible] residence: "Was he a Spanish grandee[illegible] an Italian gentleman of the Ren[illegible] sance, a Roman senator, a French kni[illegible] of the Crusades, an English lord of [illegible] manor or a German baron?" San S[illegible] eon generously provided the sett[illegible] for all these roles.

It fell to Julia Morgan, a fine [illegible] self-effacing San Francisco archite[illegible] to accommodate the stylistic whims[illegible] the owner. She succeeded, for San S[illegible] eon eludes all but one classificati[illegible] It is a boy's dream come true.

Most people well knew that Hea[illegible] was a man of impulse, and examples[illegible] it abound at San Simeon. When he s[illegible] the original towers that had been bu[illegible]

on the palace, he had the top section[illegible] torn down immediately because the[illegible] were too plain. And once, on a tri[illegible] when he smelled a Daphne shrub, h[illegible] quickly cabled his horticulturist to circl[illegible] the grounds with them.

In 1947, 28 years after he starte[illegible] work on San Simeon, Hearst suffered [illegible] heart seizure. He required the regula[illegible] attention of a specialist, so Miss Davie[illegible] bought a home in Beverly Hills, an[illegible] the great castellan was driven dow[illegible] from his enchanted hilltop. He woul[illegible] never return; four years later he wa[illegible] dead at 88.

Experts have estimated that San[illegible] Simeon cost at least $35 million t[illegible] build and furnish. Every hall and cham[illegible] ber was swollen with astonishment[illegible] that are now measured by the tourist's[illegible] eye. "Was this Marion Davies' bed[illegible] room?" The guide is instructed by his[illegible] employer, the State of California, t[illegible] turn aside all questions about Miss[illegible] Davies.

Thus, even though dead leaves are no[illegible] longer painted green, an air of unreality[illegible] lingers in the corridors of San Simeon. Fittingly, one might add. For nothing[illegible] so importunes reality as a man's hav[illegible] ing once lived there who personally spent[illegible] almost *half a billion dollars*. **END**

CHILDREN'S PICNIC

By Helen Harrington

Take, on a children's picnic, three
barking pups, some skipping and
singing,
and shouts and laughter, and bright
eyes to see
rabbits in the brush and a bluebird
winging!

Take quick boots, feet eager to run
along a bank where wild flowers are
growing,
and hands that will clap at bright
bits of sun,
and a rope to jump and a ball for
throwing.

Anything will do to eat
if there are basketsful of glory,
dispositions sunny-sweet
and someone who will tell a story!



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pour for a berry perfect pie.

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From the Journal Workroom

Dictionary of Sewing Terms

Backing—Lightweight reinforcement fabric.
Backstitching—To secure end of line of stitching, backstitch ½ inch.
Basting—Long temporary stitch by machine or hand.
Bias—Any direction away from straight lengthwise or crosswise grain. **True Bias**—The diagonal line formed when fabric is folded so crosswise threads run in same direction as lengthwise threads.
Boning—Flexible strips used to stiffen seams or edges.
Casing—Hem, facing or seam binding through which drawstring or elastic is drawn.
Directional Stitching—To stitch in direction of grain to prevent fabric from stretching.
Ease—Fitting seams of unequal length so excess fabric won't appear to pleat or buckle.
Edge-Stitch—A line of stitching on outside of garment close to a folded edge, *i.e.*, collar, belt, lapped seam.
Gather—To control fullness by drawing up the thread.
Gore—Shaped, tapered section of skirt, dress or coat, wider at the lower edge.
Grain—Direction of woven threads of fabric. Lengthwise grain—threads running parallel to selvage edge. Crosswise grain—threads running from selvage to selvage.
Gusset—Shaped fabric piece inserted at underarm of garment to give ease and aid in fit.
Inset—Fabric or trimming inserted for fit or decorative purposes.
Interfacing—Material used between garments and facing to strengthen, shape or stiffen outer fabric and to prevent stretching.
Interlining—Wool fabric that's placed between lining and garment for extra warmth.
Lining—Fabric to cover inside surface of a garment or a section of a garment.
Marking—Transfer of symbols from pattern to fabric with tailor's tacks, chalk and tracing wheel, pins.
Miter—The diagonal seam at the corner of a hem or a straight band.
Nap—Short fibers that form a soft surface and lie smoothly in one direction. Not to be confused with pile.
Overcast—A slanting stitch used to finish cut edges that ravel easily.
Pile—Weave of a fabric having upright surface threads such as velvet.
Pin Basting—Pinning seams or darts before stitching.
Seam—Line formed by sewing together parts of a garment or edges of fabric.
Seam Allowance—Width of fabric beyond seamline, ⅝ inch on Vogue Patterns.
Selvage—Narrow, woven border on lengthwise edges of woven fabrics.
Sizing—Finishing process that gives fabric and yarns stiffness and strength.
Stiletto—Small, pointed instrument used to punch holes in fabric for eyelets as in belts.
Stitch Lengths—Four basic lengths are: *Regulation* (12 to 16 per inch); *Basting* (longest stitch on your machine); *Ease Stitch* (about 10 per inch used for easing in fullness); *Reinforcement* (about 20 per inch).
Tension—Relationship of needle thread to bobbin thread on machine as it pertains to the amount of pull on each.
Trace—To transfer pattern symbols or a fitting mark to fabric with chalk and tracing wheel or line of basting.
With Nap—Term on pattern envelope means that all pattern pieces on cutting chart lie in same direction.

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AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

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Lemons: The Golden Touch

Back in the days of the Gold Rush, lemons were almost as valuable as the gold itself. Forty-niners paid a dollar for a single lemon! Nowadays lemons are still worth their weight in gold; but, lucky us, they are one of the most economical magic touches in the kitchen.

To begin, here are some tips on lemons as general cooking aids:

Just a teaspoon of lemon juice in a pot of boiling cabbage will prevent the usual cooking odor.

A teaspoon of lemon juice in the cooking water of cauliflower or potatoes will prevent discoloring.

And a teaspoon of juice in boiling rice will give you the white and fluffy texture you desire.

But lemon juice is not just a preventive medicine: it's a flavor arouser. Try some of the following recipes and see how lemon brings out the natural character of all sorts of food.

LEMON BUTTER

This is especially good with cauliflower and green beans as well as broccoli and spinach.

¼ cup melted butter or margarine
1½ Tb. lemon juice
1 tsp. dried chives

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon dried chives. Heat and mix with drained cooked vegetables just before serving.

LEMON DRESSING

Add our lemon dressing to your salad for something special: the dressing won't fight the wine you may be serving the way a vinegar dressing does.

¼ cup salad oil
¼ cup lemon juice
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. salt
Dash pepper
1 small clove garlic

Mix ¼ cup salad oil, ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Rub salad bowl with small clove garlic. Toss dressing and greens.

LEMON WAFFLES

With a packaged pancake mix as the base, we've conjured up wonderfully light, lemon-flavored waffles that are quick and easy to make. Don't bother to grease the waffle iron—our recipe automatically does the greasing while the waffles cook.

4 cups packaged pancake mix
½ cup melted butter or margarine
2⅔ cups milk
2 eggs
2 Tb. grated lemon rind
⅔ cup lemon juice
Lemon wedges (garnish)

Mix 4 cups packaged pancake mix, ½ cup melted butter or margarine, 2⅔ cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind and ⅔ cup lemon juice with rotary beater. Pour batter onto hot waffle iron. Serve with ice cream or warm syrup, and garnish waffles with lemon wedges, if desired. Makes about 6 waffles.

The lemon is universally known for the wonders it works with fish. Here are some lemony thoughts:

For fish fritters, cakes or croquettes, add a little lemon juice to the mixture before shaping. This will allow the lemon flavor to cook with your fish and develop more fully.

Add lemon juice and rind to creamed and scalloped fish dishes, too. Just keep your sauce hot (not boiling) and stir it constantly while adding juice and/or rind. Serve with lemon wedges and parsley for color, as well as flavor.

As for broiling fish, the simple and standard basting of butter, lemon and paprika is always good and easy. But we'd like to suggest this tangy lemon marinade.

LEMON MARINADE

¼ cup fresh lemon juice
2 Tb. cider vinegar
1 tsp. finely chopped onion
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. finely chopped garlic
¼ tsp. black pepper
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 bay leaf, crumbled

In a small saucepan, combine ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon finely chopped garlic, ¼ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 bay leaf, crumbled. Heat just to boiling point. Pour marinade over fish in glass or enamel pan; let stand 1 hour. Remove fish from marinade and broil, brushing with more marinade. Cook only until fish is flaky, about 5 minutes on each side.

LEMON-PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Summer without lemon desserts is like a beach without water. Scorching days demand something quick, easy and refreshing—like this delicately flavored lemon sherbet.

You might like to serve this sherbet in hollowed-out lemon shells; they freeze just as nicely as the sherbet does.

2 eggs
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup light corn syrup
2 cups milk
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup pineapple juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Beat 2 eggs until very light and add ⅓ cup sugar a little at a time as you continue to beat. Add ½ cup light corn syrup, 2 cups milk, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup pineapple juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Freeze in freezer trays until almost firm, then beat thoroughly. Return to freezer and freeze until firm.

VERSATILE LEMON PUDDING

Packaged lemon-pie filling-pudding mix is the secret of this quick and cool summer dessert. Although we suggest combining it with chopped orange pulp, you may use any fruit you like, such as pineapple or bananas.

1 (3⅝-oz.) pkg. lemon-pie filling-pudding mix
1½ cups diced orange sections
⅓ cup moist shredded coconut
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Prepare 1 (3⅝-oz.) pkg. lemon-pie filling-pudding mix in top of double boiler, following pkg. directions for pudding. Add 1½ cups diced orange sections and ⅓ cup moist shredded coconut. Chill. Serve in parfait glasses topped with whipped cream, and, if you like, a twist of lemon.

LEMONY PEAR PIE

Chilled pies are just right for hot weather, especially if you make them in the morning and chill to serve later in the day. This one makes a particularly light conclusion to a hot meal.

2 egg whites
⅓ cup light corn syrup
1 cup boiling water
1 (3-oz.) pkg. lemon gelatin
1 (1-lb.) can pears, drained and diced
1 Tb. lemon juice
1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
1 prepared graham-cracker pie shell

Beat 2 egg whites until foamy. Gradually add ⅓ cup light corn syrup. Continue beating until stiff peaks form. Set aside.

Pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 (3-oz.) pkg. lemon gelatin in large mixing bowl. Stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Add 1 (1-lb.) can pears, drained and diced, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind. Fold in egg whites. Chill until mixture thickens slightly, stirring occasionally. Pour into prepared graham-cracker pie shell. Chill until set.



EMON-RICE CUSTARD

You may prepare this creamy essert in layers, or with the ice and custard mixed together. The secret is all in the aking and stirring. Since rice s heavier than custard, it will ink to the bottom layer. If ou'd rather blend the rice all hrough the custard, simply tir it about every 10 minutes or the first 45 minutes of bakng time, then let the dish bake or the remaining time undisturbed.

cups cooked rice
½ tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
eggs, slightly beaten
cups milk
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
Tb. lemon juice

ombine 2 cups cooked rice, ½ easpoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 4 ggs, slightly beaten, 3 cups nilk, 1½ teaspoons grated emon rind and 2 tablespoons emon juice. Pour into buttered aking dish, set in shallow pan of water, and bake at 425° for bout 50–55 minutes.

EMON OATMEAL CRUNCH

This is excellent served hot with ice cream, or served cold as chewy squares. It refrigerates beautifully and lasts a long time (that is, if the children don't discover where it's hidden!).

1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
½ cup lemon juice
1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
1½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup uncooked oatmeal
½ tsp. cinnamon

Blend together 1 (15-oz.) can sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind; set aside. Sift together 1½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cream ⅔ cup softened butter or margarine and blend in 1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed. Add 1 cup uncooked oatmeal, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and flour mixture. Mix until crumbly. Spread half the oatmeal mixture in a buttered 7x11x2-inch baking pan and pat down. Spread condensed-milk mixture over top and cover with remaining oatmeal mixture. Bake at 350° until brown around edges (about 25 minutes). Cool in pan for 15 minutes; cut into 1½-inch squares. Serve hot, or chill in pan until firm.

BASIC LEMONADE

Here's a lemon recipe that has lasted for generations, because it's the perfect thirst-quencher. Ours is a basic recipe: for variety, try adding orange juice, pineapple juice, apricot nectar or honey, or even two thick strips of cucumber rind for a melony flavor. Improvise at will.

6 cups water
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup sugar
¼ cup orange or pineapple juice, apricot nectar or honey (optional)

Mix 6 cups water with ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup sugar and, if you like, ¼ cup of another fruit juice, or honey. Garnish with maraschino cherries. Serves 6.

Finally, here are a few quick tips on other ways of using the very versatile lemon.

Grating lemon rind is a slow and bothersome job, especially when you're in a hurry. When you have a free moment, grate or blender-whizz a batch, scatter on a cookie sheet and set, uncovered, in freezer for about 1 hour. Then pop into freezer bag or wrap in foil and return to the freezer—to grab already grated whenever needed.

Remember, bottled lemon juice saves squeezing and straining time.

When you feel you can't wait another minute for a frosty cold drink, reach for packaged lemonade mix for a presto-quick drink.

Next time you make muffins, biscuits, or a cake from a mix, add a little lemon rind to vary the flavor. **END**



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Henry Fonda Takes the Fifth

We all read the headlines: FONDA TAKES FLYING FIFTH; MARRIES STEWARDESS 30 YEARS YOUNGER.

And we all said, "Hmmm."

Which, of course, meant that Henry Fonda, "veteran star of stage and screen" and, at age 60, probably the world's most boyish grandpa, was now appearing in the trickiest role of his career: Bridegroom, for the fifth time, opposite a young ingenue from way off Broadway. The critics, the gossips, and even the faithful fans couldn't wait to start buzzing about how long it wasn't going to last.

And now that the honeymoon is technically over, how *is* the bridegroom doing?

Well, it's like this up at the Fondas'. First, there's Henry, stretched out in his high-back wicker chair, on the top floor of the four-story Manhattan brownstone he's owned for 14 years. There's a lot of sunshine pouring through the windows and lighting up six still-life paintings—all by Sunday painter Henry Fonda.

Then there's a table crammed with Fonda family portraits—Henry's actor son Peter (27) and his actress daughter Jane (28) in double frames... the small, sunny face of a 2-year-old imp named Bridget—Peter's child, and Henry's first grandchild . . . and finally, another smiling pixie named Amy, age 12, Henry's youngest child, adopted during his third marriage.

Outside this warm, comfortable, emphatically family room, the house was in a state of cheerful chaos. Though Fonda has owned the brownstone through two marriages, the new Mrs. Fonda—like any excited first-time bride—succumbed at once to the newlywed's nesting instinct. She just had to do the whole thing over. And Henry was all for it. "You won't recognize the place," he exclaimed happily.

Blonde Shirlee Fonda, shoulder-length hair bouncing as she raced down the stairs, had just gone out to do a round of decorating errands. Fonda was chatting about domestic bliss—in all its aspects. As a cook, the bridegroom admitted modestly, he is simply fabulous. "Fonda Fish Stew is known throughout the neighborhood. Those who can't eat it can smell it for blocks."

Shirlee is no slouch in the homemaking arts, either. But when a husband like Henry Fonda boasts about, say, his wife's needlework, it goes something like this: "Shirlee is very good at it—but I've read the instructions and I'm getting even better than she is."

Finally we got to the subject of those snide headlines—"Fonda Takes Flying Fifth. . . ." The actor glanced casually at the one about Shirlee being 30 years his junior.

"Twenty-six," he said calmly.

"What was that?" we asked.

"Twenty-six years younger, not thirty. Shirlee is thirty-four. I don't think she's too young for me, nor does she think I'm too old. I don't feel my age.

"And no, I didn't meet Shirlee o a plane, although I knew her whi she was still a stewardess. We' known each other for two years be fore we married. But even when knew that I wanted to marry her, held back. It wasn't that I enjoye bachelor living. For me marriage i the only fulfilling way to live. But was embarrassed about marrying fo the fifth time.

"I wasn't worried about the publi or even about my own children. Bu I care deeply about my family, and didn't want my relatives' kids t have to apologize for me. It doe sound rather horrible, doesn't it? . . Five marriages."

"But then why *have* you had five marriages?" we wondered. "You're hardly the type. You seem so solid and sensible."

"I guess I just wasn't a very good husband," Fonda replied dejectedly. Did he really believe that? No, but he didn't want to blame any of his past wives. And then he talked a bit about them.

The first Fonda marriage hardly outlasted the honeymoon. On Christmas Day, while playing in a stock company, he married an enchanting young fellow performer named Margaret Sullavan. By summer, both the stock company and the marriage were over.

His second marriage was, he says, relatively happy. It lasted 15 years, and produced Peter and Jane, but ended with his wife's tragic death after a long illness.

The third marriage was to Susan, the young and pretty stepdaughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the famous lyricist. Susan and Henry Fonda adopted a baby girl, Amy. But friends say Susan just couldn't enjoy Henry's sedentary and often introspective life. To his undisguised grief, she left him. Today, happily remarried, Susan remains friendly with her ex-husband, and shares Amy's time and love with him.

Although Fonda will not discuss it, his friends will tell you that he married his fourth wife, a jet-set Italian beauty, on the rebound from Susan. Afdera Fonda loved parties, nightclubs, exotic travel. Her husband, always shy with strangers, preferred sticking close to home and friends. He still does. They finally divorced after six years.

After his divorce from Afdera, Fonda devoted much of his time to his daughter, Amy, and watched with pride as his older children, Peter and Jane, developed into successful actors.

At 60, Henry Fonda looks forward to becoming a grandfather again soon. He also hopes to become a father again. "Shirlee," he explains simply, "would like a baby."

Meanwhile, Shirlee, sweet, pretty, first-time bride, tends to her needlework, writes to her husband's children, redecorates her new home—and, quietly, adjusts to life as the fifth and, hopefully, the last Mrs. Fonda. **END**

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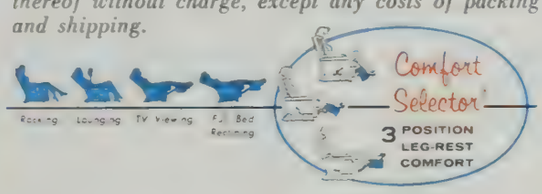
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It's In Your Mind

Useful News of Psychology and Psychiatry

By BARBARA SEAMAN

Antique Antics: The antique furnishings in your home, the items you select and how you use them, express a good deal about what you think you are. So concludes Dr. Robert Maisel, a University of California sociologist who has been casting his scholarly eye on today's booming antiques market.

Dr. Maisel finds that there are two distinctive patterns of acquiring antiques. There is the "fine goods" purchaser who values costly materials, painstaking production, high artistry, and elaborate workmanship. Families who collect "fine goods" are expressing an affirmation of traditional values and a respect for middle-class virtues such as respectability and politeness. On the other hand, there is the "new eclectic" who is "less interested in intrinsic quality than in interior-decoration possibilities, less awed by solemn achievement than amused by traits of naïveté, ugliness or quaintness." The "new eclectic" takes pride in combining objects that have different merits, meanings and worth. She may pay a high price for and treasure certain crude, primitive, or mass-produced items. Her satisfaction lies in displaying her creative imagination and decorating skill, while also rejecting what is seen as the "imitative, passive taste of the older bourgeoisie."

Which style does Dr. Maisel admire more? He is an observer, not a critic, but he does say "the newer style, perhaps superior in imagination, often gives the visitor the feeling of attending an exhibit rather than visiting a home."

Fingerpaints NOW: If you dream of your daughter becoming a creative and original young woman, perhaps you shouldn't push her too hard toward playing with dolls. In fact, if she is something of a dreamer or a tomboy, this may bode well for her vocational future.

Dr. Ravenna Helson, a psychologist at the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research, has been studying girls who are seniors at Mills College and at the University of California. She has found that girls who enjoyed imaginative play and artistic activity in childhood are usually more creative in young adulthood.

The little girl who makes up poems and stories, who daydreams, who enjoys dressing up, painting, drawing, and putting on shows is apt to retain and refine her artistic interests.

And the little girl who likes to play with boys, climb trees, hike, explore and go bicycling may eventually score high in intellectual effectiveness and independent achievement.



Northern gives you more softness for the money than any other tissue you can buy



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Noise and Nerves: Do ringing doorbells and telephones plus the crosscurrents of your youngsters' TV programs, stereo sets, guitar practice, scraps and squabbles sometimes wear your nerves to a frazzle? If so, it's not that you're cranky or a bad sport. Many doctors and psychologists have lately expressed concern about the adverse mental effects of certain kinds of noise.

For example, Dr. Norman Rosenzweig and Dr. LaMaurice Gardner, a psychiatrist-psychologist team at Detroit's Sinai Hospital, recently tested three groups of healthy, well-adjusted young men to determine what kind of noise would disturb them most. The test subjects were instructed to lie as motionlessly as possible for a period of eight hours. All of them wore earphones.

The first group of young men heard tapes of intelligible stories, playlets, puzzles and jokes. The second group heard "white noise"—a mixture of various sound frequencies that sounds like the steady whoosh of a jet engine or a radio that is not tuned in. The third group heard tapes of stories and playlets, but the tapes were played backward. The effect of listening to a backward tape turned out to be different from listening to white noise. It is like hearing a foreign language that is somewhat familiar, and that the listener keeps trying to make intelligible. One of Dr. Rosenzweig's subjects correctly identified a voice on the backward tape, but could not, of course, make sense out of the words.

An object of this experiment was to find out which volunteers could last out the full eight hours. (Incidentally, they were being paid by the hour.) When the meaningful tapes were played, only one out of six volunteers dropped out. When white noise was played, four out of 10 dropped out. When the tapes were reversed, two thirds of the volunteers gave up.

Those who did survive eight hours of either white noise or a backward recording showed confused thinking and had memory problems for a period after their ordeal. So there now is scientific evidence that a long exposure to a meaningless noise is quite disturbing and disorganizing to most people, and that a garble of human voices is perhaps the most unnerving sound of all.

The Principal of the Thing: Many jests have been made about the new civil-rights law that outlaws job discrimination based on sex. But one of the nation's leading authorities on elementary-school education, Harvard Professor Neal Gross, believes that the new law may be no laughing matter.

Dr. Gross is director of the National Principalship Study, a long-range government-sponsored investigation of 41 big-city school systems. He and a University of Illinois colleague, Dr. Anne Trask, have reached some distressing conclusions about what they call "the sex factor in the administration of schools." Dr. Gross suggests that certain school systems have grown so eager to attract and keep male personnel that some of the men are being promoted too easily. The percentage of female school principals in the U.S. has gone down, from 55 percent some years ago to 35 percent today.

Yet, according to Dr. Gross and Dr. Trask, the typical female principal is more effective in her role. In a national sampling of 175 elementary-school principals (86 women and 89 men) it was found that, *on the average*, the female principals exercised firmer leadership, succeeded in getting their teachers to make more effort, and were more on top of what was really going on in their schools.

Dr. Gross does not mean to say that a male cannot be a superb school principal. What does concern him is that in many districts *more* capable women are being passed over for promotions that are going to *less* capable men. **END**

Beauty Signals

Yes, they say, are windows the soul, an index to ur health, and, if you're te most women, they're ur very best feature. ngs have been written out, poems have been dicated to the allure of a ir of flashing brown (or een, or blue) eyes. It akes good sense, then, no atter which way you look it, always to take the ry best care of your eyes. ere, some new products help you do so.

ook in the mirror. Is your gaze clear and bright as you ink it should be? If the anver's no, dash out and get a ttle of Eve of Roma's fabuus eye drops, and see what appens. Check the mirror gain after using them—eyes ould look clearer, the whites hiter. And they'll feel wonerfully refreshed, too. (Incientally, we know lots of men ho swear by these drops.) A ottle costs $5. Lord & Taylor, ll branches.

aziza's Saturated Herbal Eye ads work wonders when your yes feel tired and look puffy. ust lean back, close your eyes nd place a pad on each. Use hem while you're in the tub, r taking a nap—and be sure o include them in your preparty preparations. A $2 jar ontains 65 pads.

Don't neglect the delicate, hin-skinned area around your yes. Even at 20, tiny lines can how up—and become wrinkles—because of dryness. One f the nicest ways to cope with he problem is to smooth on a very rich cream like Jacquet's Creme Appateer. Massage in circles with your forefinger. (It feels wonderfully relaxing, too.) A one-ounce jar is $2.50.

For a wide-eyed, innocent look, try Revlon's Soft White Liquid Eyeliner. Brush-stroke it on all around your eyes in a neat, thin line close to the lashes. $1.50.

L'Oreal's cake eyeliner stays put from morning to midnight. It comes in a miniature plastic paint box, with its own brush, mirror and a tiny well for water. Our current favorites, of the five colors available, are gray and navy blue. $2.50.

For anyone who has any special sensitivity to makeup, Ar-Ex Eye Shadow Stick could be the answer. It's unscented, hypoallergenic, and its colors are just as pretty as those in the standard cosmetic lines. It comes in pastel shades of blue, turquoise and brown. $1.50.

Now that lots of eye makeup is the rule rather than the exception, removing it could well become a tedious nightly chore. It needn't be. Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Cleanser Concentrate and Eye Make-Up Remover makes a clean sweep of the job and does it quickly, thoroughly and, most importantly, gently. A bottle costs $2.

That special gleam in your eye that he loves so much—you can help put it there with a new pearly cream from Charles of the Ritz called Spotlights. Dab a bit under your brows, on your cheekbones, under your eyes, too. (A little goes a long, long way.) Eyes will seem to open up and look clearer. It works like a charm, day or night. $5.

Blue close to the eyes makes them look larger, brighter. That's why Pablo, famous makeup man for Elizabeth Arden, draws a blue line just above the lower lashes. He uses Arden's Soft Eyeliner Pencil. Surprisingly, the pencil line seems to disappear; so does the reddish rim that most people have under the eyes. $2, with refill. **END**

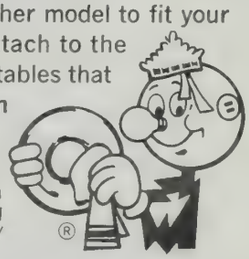


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Dishes come out cleaner. Glassware sparkles. And because water temperatures are around 150°—dishes are sanitized. There's a dishwasher model to fit your needs: **Portables** that simply attach to the hot water tap. **Convertibles**—portables that can be installed later. And **built-in** models that fit under counters.
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Elizabeth Post

Brighter Light

Your kitchen's busiest spot—the sink—should be light, bright and shadow-free. Shine up this center (and your spirits, too) with these easy and attractive good-light designs. **BY ELIZABETH GOETSCH**



A Light Plus Shelf
For a sink on an inside wall, light is needed all day long. A 36- or 48-inch-long fluorescent fixture (plugged into an outlet or wired into a circuit) hung directly on the wall lights sink and serves as a small shelf. Choose one with sloping face to direct light down. For agreeable illumination, insist on deluxe or warm white tubes (cool white makes people and food look ghastly).



A Built-in Look
A fluorescent fixture above a window gives an excellent spread of light. The problem is to shield eyes from glare, the lamps from view. Easy solution is to build a box for fixture with translucent plastic top and bottom. Hung between cabinets, this looks trim, diffuses pleasing light up and down. The up-light will add sparkle to decorative items atop the box.



The Light That Hangs
For drama, choose a pendant lamp with a gay-colored shade (it should be white inside). Suitable hanging lamps range from old poolroom types with green metal shades to sleek modern ones with colored or textured bulb enclosures. Or make a shade from an inverted basket or a whimsical fabric stretched on a frame. Hang lamps so you don't see the bulb, or use a clip-on diffuser.

tame

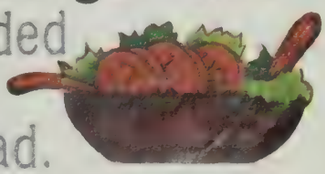




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Wild on tomatoes. It's blended with 18 herbs and flavors.





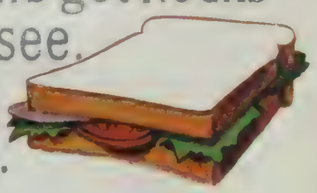
Wild on potato salad. And you don't have to add a thing.

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Wild on sandwiches. Go wild with new American Dressing.



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Y SECOND FAMILY

ntinued from page 81

The best thing about being a father l over again at my age—and let's put at at about 60—is that a man has ore time to watch his children than he es the first time around

Naturally, I sometimes make comarisons with the way I raised my four der boys, Gary, the twins Philip and ennis, and Lindsay.

I guess I was too busy in those days take the interest in raising my first mily that I take now. I think I was a od parent, and I know my sons had a od mother. But I'm sure I'm a better ther now, because I have experience go on. And I have more time to ink about parenthood. When the boys ere growing up, I was doing a weekly dio show and cutting a lot of records. here were three or four movies a year nd personal appearances.

Well, I've slacked off the pace a little. ow I have time for breakfast with the hole family, every morning. And I have ncheon with Nathaniel, who comes ome at noon when we're in Hillsborugh, our home outside San Francisco. he other two children get home from chool around three o'clock, and the mily always has dinner together. I ouldn't have it any other way.

When the older boys were small, we used to have so many guests for dinner that they generally ate at an earlier table, and their mother and I would take the second sitting. In those days I never got home until eight o'clock or after, and the boys had to be in bed by nine.

This new family of youngsters is a great deal like their mother Kathryn—tremendously interested in everything. But, of course, when kids are into everything, you have to watch them all the time.

Mary Frances, for instance, constantly gets into her mother's wardrobe. She's forever trying on all her gowns, hats, false eyelashes, the whole bit—chignons, whatever is around loose.

Harry's worse, and in a dangerous way. He has no fear at all. Cars, trains, fires, heights, anything that seems risky or scary, he seems to get into somehow. He's always wanting to light something—the fire, my pipe, candles. The other day he was fooling around with my guns and knives, and I gave him a scolding. But he bragged about his daring: "I love dangerous things," he said. I think he's going to be another *Batman*.

These youngsters may be more imaginative than my older boys were, and therefore more inclined to get into mischief. But I just can't punish them when they've done something out of sheer exuberance, or because they're lively and active. I become a disciplinarian, however, when they're rude or disobedient. For those things I can work up a little heat and maybe give them a good shellacking.

When we're out to dinner or perhaps going to church, their mother keeps score of the offenses. If they do something wrong, that's one stroke across the backside. If they do something else wrong, that's another. And finally after three or four hours it's up to six or seven strokes apiece with a leather belt. (Actually, the swish is more frightening than the blow because we always make sure to take the edge off the impact). About an hour before we get home Kathy says she'll take a stroke off for every nice thing they do. Usually I have to apply the leather belt, and if I don't, Kathryn will. I hate to spank them, but they obey with alacrity as a result.

But I think punishment should be reserved for vicious deeds or for being rude or unkind. For a lack of regard for other children's playthings, belongings, or for the feelings of other youngsters. The thing that really gets the leather belt swishing with abandon is when reports come to us of misbehavior in school, or at catechism class, or in church.

Any bad manners at the dinner table or failure to eat properly, and they are sent out into the kitchen to finish dinner. This galls them inordinately because they are essentially gregarious children, and they like to be where the action is.

But I never punish them just for being full of beans. One time when we were up at our ranch, I caught Mary Frances sneaking out with most of our breakfast cornflakes, to feed to her pets—four little Welsh ponies. What do you do? The little girl, after all, is a new experience for me, and I leave most of her discipline to her mother. Mary Frances is full of tricks, though. I was going to give her a lickin' the other day, and she said: "It won't hurt!"

I said, "Oh, yes it will. I hit pretty hard."

"It won't hurt me!" *(continued)*

SANTA'S CHILDREN

This chart shows the distribution of gifts among the 17 children Santa didn't forget after all . . .

(See p. 24)

Rickie	Community Council of Greater New York City	$1,328.47
Sandra	United Fund and Community Council of Houston and Harris County, Houston, Tex.	1,016.90
Jennifer	Health and Welfare Planning Council of Memphis-Shelby County, Memphis, Tenn.	956.10
Diane	Health and Welfare Council of Hennipin County, Minneapolis	1,504.57
Roger	Health and Welfare Association of Allegheny County, Pittsburgh	1,616.33
Hilda	Community Council of the Atlanta Area	580.01
Joshua	United Community Services of Greater Milwaukee	1,493.64
Ellen	United Community Fund of San Francisco	600.54
Grace	United Community Services of Metropolitan Boston	529.86
Timmy	Community Health and Welfare Council, Cincinnati	1,386.74
Paul	United Community Fund and Councils of Essex and West Hudson Counties, Newark, N.J.	1,463.00
Buddy	Health and Welfare Council, Philadelphia	1,920.83
Felicia	Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago	586.25
Mary Ann	Social Welfare Planning Council, New Orleans	767.16
Johnny	Community Service Council of Metropolitan Indianapolis	570.83
Ronnie	United Community Services of Greater Des Moines	504.92
Joey	Community Welfare Council of San Diego	988.15



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For you, it may be cabbage. Or pizza. Or French fries. You name it. Just about everyone has certain foods that upset their system, causing acid indigestion or irregularity.

That's when Phillips' Milk of Magnesia sets things straight.

Suppose those foods get your stomach upset with too much acid. Phillips' relieves that acid upset, heartburn or even nausea *in seconds*—literally!

Or (let's call a spade a spade) suppose you're constipated. Phillips' will start you back to regularity in just a few hours—gently, comfortably, completely. In fact, it's the kind of laxative doctors recommend.

For acid upset, you take just a little Phillips'. For constipation, a little more. And if you're worried about taste, don't. Flavored Phillips' really tastes good!

Mind you, it's still not a good idea to sit down and eat yourself sick. But next time you have a little too much of a good thing, hurry up and take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. *That settles it!*



Regular or Mint Flavored

I asked why, and she said, "I contract my buttocks."

And she did, the little dickens. I gave her three or four good whacks, and when I got through she just sorta looked at me and sniffed and walked away. Not a tear.

You could say with certainty that this group of children is less reverent where old Dad's concerned. I just had to lift an eyebrow to restore order with the older family. Now all I get is a momentary hush, and then it's chaos again.

I guess I might add that I'm enjoying the flip, casual relationship with these youngsters more than I did the strict obedience I got from the boys. These children seek me out more often for advice. Rarely did the boys come to me with questions. But Mary Frances and Harry can go on interminably with queries, and even little Nathaniel is rapidly reaching the same point.

I sometimes enjoy taking Nathaniel to school or for a walk. Not long ago we were out for a walk at dusk, and he said, "Daddy, it's getting dark."

"Yes, I see," I answered.

He then asked, "Who darked it?"

That's a big question to answer, and I'm afraid I didn't do too well explaining the earth's rotation to a four-year-old.

I'm not a big believer in applied psychology. I wouldn't know where to begin. However, the new crop lacks the ability to entertain themselves. I've noticed that. The four boys learned to amuse themselves far more than the new little family, with the possible exception of Mary Frances. I'll be working in my office answering mail or something, and she'll make 15 or 20 entrances in different costumes. She'll come in and whirl around and bow and sing a made-up song on any subject.

I like that. Parents should allow their children to entertain themselves. Instead, too many of them work overtime to occupy their playtime. Not us. We seldom take the kids out to entertain them. Maybe a Disney picture, but that's all, unless Kathryn's in a play. They enjoy seeing their mother perform.

And television is taboo around our house except on Friday and Saturday nights, when there's no school the next day, and then only cartoons or a Disney program.

As much as Mary Frances and Harry get a kick out of seeing me once in a while on TV, or speak up about being related to "Bing Crosby," the older boys used to fight it. They shrank from publicity—I don't think the kids in their schools even knew that they were the children of an actor.

I used to take the boys up to prep school in Santa Clara after a weekend at home, and they would always make me stop the car three blocks away from school, and let them walk the rest of the distance, so the fellows around the school yard wouldn't see me or the car.

I hear a lot more about being "Bing Crosby" from this new group than I ever did from my boys. Mary Frances and Harry will even say "You're a star" every once in a while. Harry has quite a sense of humor about it, in fact. He knows when I'm in a hurry I don't like to stop and sign autographs. So, just to tease me, he'll walk down the street at my side and suddenly holler: "Here comes Bing Crosby! Everybody come for an autograph!"

Then I'll give him a good swift kick in the pants. He thinks that's tremendously funny. If my older boys had pulled anything like that, I'd have put them in Coventry or sent them to Devil's Island.

Sometimes I think I might have driven the four boys too hard, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. I still think it's better to err on the side of discipline than laxity with children. Discipline gives youngsters a sense of security.

I had a big Nevada ranch for the boys and myself when they were young. They went up there every summer and spent three months with the men on the ranch, working for the same salary. Digging ditches, fixing fences and pitching hay. It wasn't a lark. My purpose was to let them learn through hard work how tough life can be for a man who earns a living with his hands.

Maybe I worked them too hard. It discouraged any of them from becoming ranchers, which was a disappointment to me.

Now I have another, smaller spread up near the Oregon border in California. We raise a few cattle and quarter horses. I'll give Harry and Nathaniel a swing at work up there and see how they take to it. They seem to like it now, but it's too early to tell yet. I guess we'll spare Mary Frances the ranch work—although she does love those horses.

I really don't have to think up things for Harry to do. If there's anybody around the place working, he wants to help. Nathaniel seems able to entertain himself, too. But it's difficult to channel him in any direction. If there's some special thing we think he ought to be doing, he'll immediately choose something else.

However, we all face our problems together. I don't have to reduce myself to the seven-year-old level, and they don't have to attempt to rise to adult understanding.

It worked that way with my older boys, too. I tried to give them an idea of responsibility early in life. They learned values on the ranch, and until they were in their twenties they had allowances, which they rarely spent. They never asked for automobiles or other items of affluence. They didn't want to appear as if they had money.

After they got to be 21 or so, their sense of values changed a bit, and they went the other way. It was a bad time for a while. Now they are living simply again.

Looking back, I wish I had begun training the older boys for show business earlier in their lives. Gary's the only one who's still active in show business now. And maybe it's just as well. I didn't encourage the boys to become performers until they convinced me they had gone as far as they were going to go in college. Gary made it to his junior year at Stanford, but he had such an overwhelming desire to be an entertainer that I couldn't hold him down any longer.

So the boys formed a quartet—I thought it was a good one, too. Then Gary went out for himself, and the other boys did a trio for a while. Now Dennis is in the production end of the business at Desilu, and doing well there. Philip came back recently from a tour entertaining servicemen in Vietnam; I heard he did a fine job. And Lindsay. Well, he's in several ventures. He's part owner of an Italian delicatessen in Palm Springs. He has an interest in some vitamin company. Occasionally he works in Western pictures. He's sort of a dreamer. A little hard to light a fire under, but he seems to be pretty well adjusted.

There'll be no thought of show business with my new family for many years, even though they seem to share the same interest in it as my older boys did. Their mother feels the same way about it as I do. But the youngsters do have an ear for music—all of them. And if any of



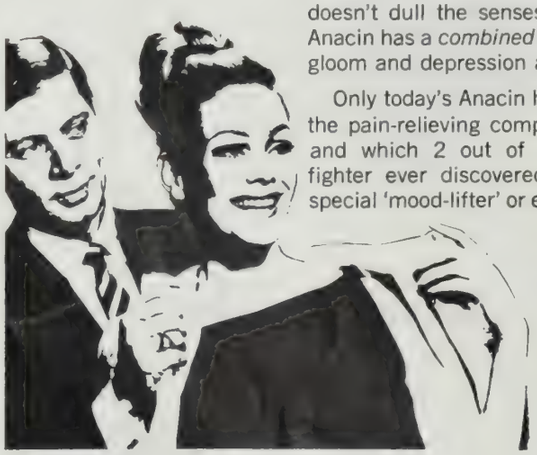
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How To Understand The Church Today!

Many sincere people profess to be confused.

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them continues to show talent and determination, I think I'll give them some help and training

Essentially, though, the best thing anyone can do for little children is set an example. For my money, you can't overdo that with kids. The best thing a father can do for his children is to *be* with them—the more, the better.

We spend about three months a year—from March to June—near La Paz, down in Baja California. It's a remote little colony with nice Mexican people, isolated, with no telephones, no radio, no television. I'm with the children all the time down there except when they're in school. We eat all our meals together. I believe in that. And we have a great time on the beach gathering shells and fishing. Mary Frances is a keen collector of sea life and creepy creatures. She really brings some repulsive things into the house—isopods, sea urchins. Interesting little girl, that Mary Frances.

I sometimes wonder what my own father would have thought of these grandchildren. He and my mother were rather strict parents, but we adored them. We came out of a Catholic home, seven children, and my father didn't make a great deal of money. My mother raised us on his small salary and everybody got through college somehow

We were a religious family, and I think every child should have some religious faith. I don't care what religion as long as it is a faith in some supreme being. It's a good resource, a support for youngsters as they grow up.

As children, we weren't given any spending money or luxuries. Anything like bicycles or motorcycles we earned ourselves. We all worked during the summers and had part-time jobs during the school year. I had a paper route and did janitorial work.

My father was a bookkeeper, but he always saw that we had music in our home. I remember when he was making about $175 a month and we owed the grocer and the rent and I don't know how many others. We'd just moved to Spokane from Tacoma, and with his first check he bought a new Edison phonograph. My mother could have killed him.

"What about the bills?" she asked him.

"We'll worry about that later," Dad replied. "We need music in the house."

Years later, when I found some success in Hollywood, he almost burst with pride. When he was in his sixties, I brought him out to help me handle my business affairs. He still carried a pocket full of my clippings at all times.

I think I know now how he felt. If one of my children ever does anything outstanding, I'm sure it will give me more satisfaction than anything I've ever accomplished myself. Maybe someday it will happen. I don't care in what field—athletics, science, music, literature, or whatever.

And even if they don't, I'll still feel that raising my two families has been the most important part of my life. And certainly the most rewarding. **END**

GHOST STORY

By Marie de L. Welch

I met a fellow searching by the sea.
The boardwalk's single lamp shone
dismally.
He said that he was looking for his
key.

He said he had been looking half the
night.
I said, "You're sure you dropped it
here, all right?"
"No—could have dropped it further
down the shore,
But there's no other light."

And so to war.

DO YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER?

Age (9-14)

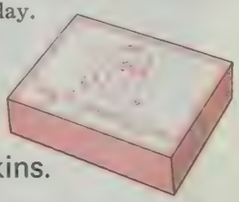


Here's the nicest way to prepare her for maturity

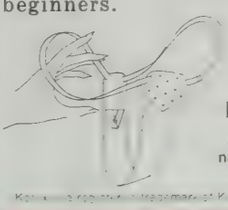
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continued from page 91

it had some sort of cadence and struggled to interpret the tumult in my chest. I was impressed with it at the time, wondering how it had come out of me.

I was secretive about my poetry. My hearty family had a strong sense of humor. Their talk ran to recipes and relatives, bridge and the baseball score, who married whom and begat what. Past Shakespeare and the Bible, their interest in literature was minimal; they weren't acquainted with Emily Dickinson. It would have disturbed them to discover a neurotic in their midst.

If I had approved of my own poetry, there was little else that satisfied me about myself. My physical aspects did not seem to coincide with my soul. I was indisputably healthy, round of cheek and limb, with strong teeth and clear eyes and a brush of sun-streaked hair. In my undistinguished countenance the future could be scanned—wife, mother, chairman of committees, doer of good works. I was the typical product of that wholesome middle-class background despised by artists. What hope was there for me? I had had a happy childhood.

I don't think it occurred to me that anyone would ever read my poems, failing the dark stranger who lingered on the edge of my imagination. To submit my verses to alien eyes, I felt, was tantamount to appearing in public naked. I was as ignorant of publishing as it was possible to be, and never intended to blazon my innermost thoughts in print. But I was conned into it by my college English professor, who must have had a large hole in the pages of the school literary journal, which he supervised. He printed a half-dozen sonnets as a suite.

When they were published, I was elated to see my name in print. While my roommate slept, I was not above posturing before the mirror, muttering the deathless lines in a hoarse whisper with suitable gestures.

The impact of my literary debut on the campus was minor. My friends were at once suspicious and distrustful. "Did you really write *that?*" A few reedy young men began to regard me with speculation, and I was rewarded by having a tennis date call me "Hot Stuff" and leer at me over the net. Dr. Crossthwaite, the head of the English department, spoke to me one day. That was all.

But two or three weeks after the appearance of the poems I received a letter from an alumnus of the college. He signed himself O.J. Hazeltine, and the postmark was Parnassus, Tenn. It was a literary letter, written with a stabbing pen in an eccentric script on thick white paper. My correspondent deposed that my poetry had twanged the strings of his heart.

Reading the letter, I succumbed to the shakes. Was this the threshold of the great adventure? I sorted through the stock characters of my fantasy roster and selected a face for O.J. Hazeltine. I read and re-read the letter, folding the stiff paper over my heart, where it crackled inside my brassiere.

At length I answered with a masterpiece. My letter was produced with a concentration that I had never vouchsafed any of my courses. After painstaking editing I copied it neatly in my round hand, which went with my round personality, and shot it off to O.J. Hazeltine, secure in the distance of Parnassus from my own precincts. The letter was full of allusions, quotations and other grace notes, in which the lonely spirit cried out.

O.J. Hazeltine promptly responded in kind.

His letter was in the grand tradition. Though my critical sense was poorly developed, there was something in O.J. Hazeltine's baroque prose that made me nervous. But how could I refuse what I had always wished to have? The temptation was too great. I extended myself in answer, enclosing a few poems which I felt were suitably purple.

O.J. Hazeltine at once rewarded me with a love letter, impassioned and eloquent. If I had written it myself it couldn't have been more satisfactory. I could not understand the faint apprehension which kept me from responding immediately, or why I took a sudden, renewed interest in the hockey team. For some reason, I seemed to be too busy to write.

After a week I received another letter from O.J. Hazeltine, full of anxiety. Was his beloved ill, suffering, lost? Should he fly to my side to comfort and caress me? The thought of O.J. Hazeltine arriving on the campus to comfort and caress me almost sent me to the hospital. What would Daddy say? I hadn't even met the man. Good God!

I hastily scrawled a brief note in which I declared that I had never been more robust, but was simply bogged down in Anglo-Saxon and Math and mid-terms and he should relax. By return mail I received O.J. Hazeltine's anguished appeal. Something was wrong. He sensed it in my answer. Had he offended me? If so, he would cut off his hand. Did I love another? In that case he would commit suicide. My head reeled at these Gothic insinuations, which were not unusual in novels I had read, but this was life. The man was obviously mad. I decided to ignore the whole thing.

Three days later I received a telegram: *Arriving Mohawk Airport 5 P.M. Will call for you at 6. I kiss your hand. O.J.*

I broke out in a fine sweat. What could I do? Living in a well-supervised dormitory in a careful college, I had no place to hide. If I left town, I could be campused, maybe expelled. Besides, it was near the end of the month; my allowance had run out; I didn't even have bus fare. For all the wrong reasons, I wished I were dead.

I stumbled through the remainder of my classes, occupied with wild schemes of escape. What was the real O.J. Hazeltine like? He was certainly old, for he was already out of college. He was probably perverted, preying on innocent girls. A Dracula. I wondered what he did for a living. How could he leave his job in the middle of the week and buy such an expensive airplane ticket? Maybe he was rich. If he was so rich, why wasn't he already married? Maybe he *was* married—a Bluebeard. Here my mind faltered.

There was no one I could turn to, for this affair had been conducted in the direst secrecy. I wished I could ask my best friend, Sue Ann, what to do, but I lacked the courage. A man would have been better. If only I could have told Casey, with whom I had a date! I called him and broke the date, steeped in melancholy and unable to explain. He sounded huffy. I was alone, alone, and destiny was en route.

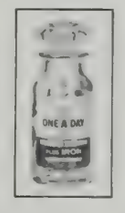
The thought of O.J. Hazeltine arriving at the dormitory and confronting Mrs. Major, the matron, demanding to see me, cut off my breath. But there was no help for it. I began to dress, laying out what little finery I had. As I arrayed myself, I tried to imagine that I was Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, going for her last barge ride. *(continued)*



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When Mrs. Major sent for me at five [illegible], with the news that Mr. Hazeltine was in the lounge, I could scarcely keep from screaming. From the [illegible] I could hear the warm sounds of conversation as the girls got ready for dinner. They seemed far away, enclosed in some safe circle from which I was excluded. Good-bye to all that, I thought, and threw back my head and started down the stairs.

There was only one person in the lounge. He stood with his back to me, staring out the window, a tall, gaunt figure, dressed in black. His dark hair grew down his neck to the edge of his collar. When I came abreast of him he still did not turn around.

I said: "Mr. Hazeltine?" in a raucous voice. He turned and looked into my face. He was handsome, in a curious way, and I suddenly wished for a comfortable old fat man. His head was long and narrow, with high-boned cheeks, an aquiline nose and delicately modeled mouth. His skin was a strange ivory color, and his hair, black and silky, fell over his high forehead. His eyes were dark, and burning. He was, in fact, Byronic in appearance, much like the lover of my imagination. His well-cut suit was oddly old-fashioned, its black color almost green in the fading light. He was wearing a low soft collar and a string tie, and his neck rose from this only in a pulsing column. There was a faint mustiness in the air, as if an old trunk had been opened. But he wasn't very old. I judged him to be about thirty-five.

"Angela?" He seized my sunburned paw, garnished for the occasion with Tiger Rose nail polish, and carried it reverently to his lips. It was all I could do to keep from snatching my hand away.

"Angela, Angela," O.J. Hazeltine murmured, and, continuing the tenor of our correspondence, "She walks in beauty like the night."

I looked down at my good wool dress and suede slippers, and still felt that he might be overstating the case.

"Are you pleased to see me?" O.J. Hazeltine asked, staring at me in a devouring way, as if he planned to take a bite out of my apple cheek.

"It's such a surprise," I said, faint and inadequate.

"Our hearts in glad surprise, to higher levels rise," quoth Mr. Hazeltine. He tucked my resisting hand in the crook of his elbow and we went out into the early dark.

I suggested that we have dinner at the campus Hamburger House, full of juke noises and familiar faces, where I felt I could hold my own, but O.J. Hazeltine objected. "We must be alone together," he told me. "I have booked a private dining room at the Damon Hotel."

The Damon was the only hotel in town, and it had always had for me a kind of moldy glamour—the lobby was full of enormous Edwardian portraits and red-velvet curtains. Now I thought of it as the last place on earth I ever wished to be. The evening ahead seemed to stretch into eternity.

I do not wish to give the impression that O.J. Hazeltine offered me any indignity. His courtesy seemed to have derived from a vanished age. It was simply that I could not cope with the fire I seemed to have lighted. This was what came of playing with matches.

We were served in the dim and draperied private dining room what can only be described as an elegant repast. I have never known exactly what a repast is, but this one was guinea hen and goblets of red wine. I drank sparingly of the wine, convinced by stalwart legend that it was drugged.

O.J. Hazeltine talked. Talk flowed from him in metaphor and simile, archaic in syntax and overblown with hyperbole. In the flickering light of the pink-shaded candles, his face seemed to be carved from ancient ivory, and only his eyes, burning like Blake's tiger, remained alive, fixing mine with amber pinpoints that seemed to leap from the black pupils. Now and again, captive in that net of language, I felt that my face had become a pale oval, floating in the dimness, mothlike, and, drained of all health and animation, I was in danger of becoming the woman he fancied me to be.

O.J. Hazeltine described himself as a planter, the last of his line, living in solitary splendor in the old house (the columned Palladian building, at the end of a lane of elms, rose before me long without mistress or heir, a situation I was in a position to remedy. He loved me. I was the mate of his lonely soul. He had waited all his life to find me. My stranger heart had spoken to his from the sterile pages of a magazine.

"Come fly with me, Angela, to the mountains of the moon!"

I could not think of any place I wanted to go less. "Oh, but I couldn't. I couldn't possibly, Mr. Hazeltine."



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PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 92–97



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"O.J.," he said tenderly. I never learned his name. What was it? Oscar Jacob, Orin Jasper, Octavius Julian? He never told me.

"O.J.," I parroted.

"You, too, are lonely. But you will never be lonely again."

That was what bothered me. "I just couldn't," I said. "Daddy would have a fit."

"You are enchained by a cruel father," O.J. said with relish. "Then we will elope!"

I had a horrid vision of O.J. scaling the ivy-grown dormitory wall, letting me down on sheets tied together and carrying me off on a palfrey, my wimple floating backward in the breeze.

"Oh, heavens no, he's not cruel," I said. "He just wants me to finish school." I had never been so grateful for my father's vehement dicta on this subject.

"Where is this tyrant?" O.J. demanded. "I will open his eyes to the light."

My inflamed imagination conjured the scene between my father, the vice president of a wholesale grocery concern, and this creature from another world. I very nearly swooned, for real.

"Marry me, Angela," O.J. cried, going down on one knee. "Promise to marry me or I perish!"

"Oh, please," I begged, horrified, "please don't do that. Please get up, Mr. Hazeltine. I don't know what to say!"

It was true that I didn't, and I was rarely at a loss for words—my specialty.

Mr. Hazeltine rose in one animal lunge and clasped me to his chest. His arms went round me like steel bands and I could feel his hot, wine-scented breath on my cheek.

"Thou has the sweetest face I ever looked on . . . as I have a soul, she is an angel," he said, and I felt myself waver, falling through space.

The situation was saved by an old waiter, who tottered in, coughing discreetly. I rallied, and said that I had to go: I was in danger of being locked out of the dormitory. Mr. Hazeltine admitted that I looked tired. Tired! I felt like a runner in the last lap of the Marathon. He took me to my dorm, leaving me with many tender promises for the morrow.

By morning I had a raging fever and was sent to the infirmary. Mononucleosis claimed me, and I was incommunicado for two weeks. I can only suppose that O.J. Hazeltine, frustrated by my unavailability or bored because I was such a ninny, took himself off to Parnassus or wherever he lived. I never saw him again.

In the lassitude of convalescence I thought a good deal about real life. I felt ashamed of having started something with my play-acting that I didn't know how to finish. While I couldn't believe that O.J. Hazeltine had been serious—he must have had some bizarre motive—I was still ashamed to have been a pretender. Now I faced the fact that I really wanted the security and support of middle-class virtue while toying with the hope of seeming Bohemian. I suppose it did not occur to me that this paradoxical outlook came of being young, for I felt awfully old at the time.

I have never ceased to be grateful to O.J. Hazeltine. In due course I married a good, kind man who is so inarticulate that he turns purple when he tries to utter a word of sentiment. I know now that the greatest poetry may be unspoken, the inexpressible language of the heart, lodged in a single memory. **END**

What do you give a bedwetter besides love?



lapse husband, were separated not true," she t on our plane trip a India. "It wasn't a ideally happy marriage. We were very happy at times. We quarreled tremendously at times. It was partly because both of us were so headstrong, and partly circumstances. I wouldn't have gone into public life if he had said no. But I am so intense in whatever I do, he must have been frightened to have it all concentrated on him. He wanted me occupied. He was very occupied with his own career. But when I went into r be

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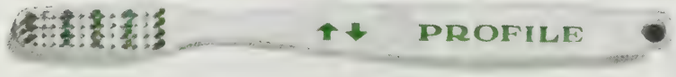
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I JUST STEPPED OUT OF VOGUE

continued from page 109

such *élan*. I have read that Mrs. Michelene Lerner keeps life-sized foam-rubber models of her figure in various fashion houses in Rome, Paris, London and New York. Then, if she sees a picture of a dress she admires, she doesn't even have to go in for a fitting. She can just call London or Paris and order it. I think this is a marvelous plan. And the reason I haven't had a dozen foam-rubber models made of my figure is not just that there isn't enough foam-rubber in the world. The real reason I'm hesitant is that I don't think a life-sized foam-rubber model of me could be stashed away in a closet someplace, between fittings. It would absolutely require a proper setting. It would have to be placed like Michelangelo's David—in a rotunda, with perhaps a skylight. Now, I have never been in a fashion house, but I doubt if they have rotundas. Also, I have the feeling that it would be rather depressing to have yourself duplicated all over the place. Imagine trying to eat some *crème brûlée* and realizing that you were getting fat in four different cities.

Mignon McLaughlin has written that a woman can remember exactly what she was wearing on every important occasion of her life. I believe that. I can remember. I just wish I could forget. Because even when I find a dress that is pretty and becoming, it turns out, in one way or another, to be a mistake. Let me give you a typical example.

Years ago, when my husband first went to work on a newspaper, we were invited to a dinner party by the man who was then the managing editor. Now, I didn't really suppose my husband would be fired if I should prove unsuitable (I don't think newspapers worry about their "image" the way corporations do), but I did suppose that I couldn't appear at a chic dinner party in a dress that buttoned down the front. I knew I had to take steps.

I went to Lord & Taylor and bravely marched into "Better Dresses." Then I stood in a corner for a while and studied the salesladies. What I did *not* want was an elegant saleslady. I knew, from past experience, that in the presence of a really elegant saleslady with a really elegant European accent I tend to drop my purse and my gloves and to develop coughing spells.

I finally selected one who seemed a little shy and nervous. I went over to her and took hold of her elbow. "Don't *argue* with me," I said. "I want to buy a dress. I want to buy a fancy dress. And I want to buy it this afternoon." She didn't seem startled by my outburst. She just sighed a little sigh that seemed to say, "Boy, I get all the nuts!" Then she went to work and found me a pretty dress. It was made of yellow silk pongee with metallic gold thread woven through the fabric. And so I went to the party calm in my conviction that for once I was wearing something that did not look as though it had been run up by loving hands at home.

My husband and I were the first to arrive because we had made the youthful error of arriving at precisely the time for which we had been invited. The editor and his wife greeted us in the foyer and were most gracious. I felt, however, that the wife's smile was a little bit strained. I understood everything when we walked into the living room. Three walls of the room were covered from floor to ceiling with draperies. And the draperies were made of exactly the same material as my new dress. What depressed me most was my feeling that *wouldn't* die of embarrassment.

I tried to appraise the overall situation. It wasn't so terrible. It just looked as though they'd had enough material left over to make a dress. But then why in heaven's name, would I be wearing it? Actually, it didn't matter so much to me that when I was standing in front of a drape I seemed to be a disembodied head. It mattered more to the other guests, who were hard put to analyze what they assumed must be an optical illusion. Conversations with me had a way of sputtering out. In fact, one man left my side in the middle of a sentence muttering, "I don't know *what* they put in this drink." Finally, I had to devote all of my energies to keeping near the one undraped—or safe—wall, where the heat from the open fireplace promptly took the curl out of my hair. Needless to say, we were not invited back.

Another reason I have so many dreary dresses is that I *know* I am a difficult size, which means that whenever a saleslady produces a dress that actually fits me, I feel a sporting obligation to buy it. (I consider a dress fits me when it reaches to my knees and can be zipped up by only one person.) I seem unable to make plain statements like "I can't wear beige because I *am* beige." I may venture a feeble question, "Don't you think it's a little on the beige side?" But if I do, the saleslady instantly counters with "Madame must imagine it dressed up with spanking white accessories." So naturally I buy the dress. I'm certainly not going to confess to that girl that I don't own one single spanking white accessory.

By contrast, my mother has great authority in these situations. I once went shopping with her when she was looking for a dress to wear to my brother's wedding. The saleslady brought out a somber mauve lace with that ubiquitous rhinestone pin on the hip. Mother waved it away. The saleslady turned frosty on the instant and asked, "Would you care to tell me what you don't like about it?" Mother smiled cheerily and said, "My dear, all my friends are being *buried* in that dress." She got results, and a very becoming gray chiffon, in 10 minutes.

There is this to be said for my ill-purchased dresses. They are, almost invariably, of such stout material and such sturdy construction that it gives me a very good feeling when I pack them off to the Clothes for Korea collection. Some people are denied even this small comfort. I have a friend, a very pretty girl named Margaret Mary who, in spite of the fact that her weight fluctuates wildly (that is to say, she keeps getting fatter) continues to buy chic clothes at fashionable boutiques. Of course, she can't wear them. And she tells me that when she opens her closet doors, it gives her the sensation of drowning. It's as if all the sins of her past life were swimming before her eyes.

The question is, what do you do with a closetful of unused velvet Capri pants or organdy sundresses? These cannot be dispatched to the deserving poor. Indeed, they don't even make good dusters. They just hang there, a reminder of the folly of human aspirations and the futility of nine-day diets. **END**

ontinued from page 100

ll sorts of rights for women, while she vas fighting for independence.

"Gandhi felt the struggle for indeendence had to involve the women as nuch as men, not only because they were half the population, but if you were asking a man to go to prison, face the firing squad and his wife said no, it would be much harder. So he appealed directly to the women, and gave them the hardest work—on the principle that, if you just put your big toe in the water, it will take you forever to swim, but if you jump right in, you're not afraid.

"Women rose to it, and they did things they had never believed they could do."

"Why do you object to the fuss about a woman Prime Minister?" I asked.

"As Prime Minister I am not a woman. I am a human being. I suppose I grew up taking equality for granted. Both my parents were in jail so much, I had to learn to make my own decisions and stand on my own feet."

Indira Gandhi never thought of political ability as *male*: the very methods of India's nonviolent revolution were as right for women as for men: spinning their own cotton and making salt from the sea instead of buying British goods. With the men often in jail, the women had to take the responsibility of leadership. As a 10-year-old child, with both her parents in jail, she herself organized a Monkey Brigade of children who would play outside officials' windows to pick up information. The letters her father wrote her from jail stressed, above all, the message, "Don't let making history scare you."

She defied her father and Hindu custom in marrying Feroze Gandhi (no relation to the Mahatma), a fellow student in London who was a member of the Parsi caste. Her wedding dress was homespun khaddar, which her father had woven in jail, and her honeymoon ended when she was arrested and jailed for leading an anti-British demonstration.

"The worst thing about jail was that everything was mud-colored," she told me. "After I got out, I couldn't get enough of colors, I had to touch everything I saw. After so much roughness, I had to feel soft textures."

Then came India's independence. Young Indira's mother was dead; her father was India's first Prime Minister, its George Washington and Abraham Lincoln combined. He kept summoning her from her home with her husband and two little boys. "Come immediately, there must be a dinner party"—for Khrushchev, Nasser, Mao Tse-tung, or Mrs. Kennedy.

"I spent half the time looking after my father's house, and half the time in Lucknow with my husband. The boys went back and forth with me. I didn't believe in leaving children to others. I only started doing things after the children went to school. Even then, I'd organize my day to be home with them after school."

Doing things at first meant getting involved in child-welfare projects, the sort of thing in which women in India—or America—try their wings while their minds are still mainly on their own children.

Usha Bhagat, who had been her children's kindergarten teacher and then her secretary, described her growth in these words: "There has been over these years a tremendous change in her. She used to be very hesitant, not confident and firm as now. When her father sent for her to run the Prime Minister's house—it was her sense of duty which made her go, not just duty to her father, but her sense of what her father meant to the country. She would have preferred to live in a small house of her own with Feroze.

"When Feroze got elected to Parliament, he took his meals and slept in the Prime Minister's house, but he worked and entertained his own guests in the house given him as a member of Parliament," Usha continued. "He refused to be just the Prime Minister's son-in-law. He had a very sensitive male ego, and he didn't like reflected glory. You could feel the tension developing between them. She is a complex person, so many sides to her.

"I have seen her literally put her mind to three things at once—dictating a memorandum on a welfare project, discussing a political campaign on the telephone, while on the desk in front of her is a table plan for a big dinner. The protocol may be correct, but it's all wrong from a human point of view—she always takes great pains to put people next to someone they would really like to talk to. And suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she sees that the arrangement of roses in the vase is not right."

Usha recalls Mrs. Gandhi as a young mother. "The mothers of other children, who were at home with them all the time and were always coming down to interfere at school, they never seemed to pay any real attention to their children. Whenever Mrs. Gandhi was with her boys, she paid intense attention to them. She talked to them, listened to them, discussed things in such an interested way, I don't think they ever felt rejected when she had to leave."

Various Indians told me dramatically that she had had to "choose between her country and her marriage," "sacrifice her personal happiness to her political duty," and so forth. But it was very hard to reconcile her air of joyous *affirmation* of life with such martyrdom.

"I hear these stories that my marriage collapsed and I left my husband, or that we were separated, and it's not true," she told me on our plane trip across India. "It wasn't an ideally happy marriage. We were very happy at times. We quarreled tremendously at times. It was partly because both of us were so headstrong, and partly circumstances. I wouldn't have gone into public life if he had said no. But I am so intense in whatever I do, he must have been frightened to have it all concentrated on him. He wanted me occupied. He was very occupied with his own career. But when I went into public life, and became successful, he liked it and he didn't like it. Other people—friends, relatives — were the worst. They would say, 'How does it feel, being so-and-so's husband?' He would get upset, and it would take me weeks to win him over. To hurt the male ego is, of course, the biggest sin in marriage.

"He was not a person who discusses these things," she said gravely. "He was a very good political speaker on any issue, but this kind of thing, about feelings and so on, he could not speak. But, toward the end, we were somehow getting beyond all this and becoming very close. The summer before he died, we had a nearly perfect holiday."

An old friend of the family said, "If he had taken advantage of being Nehru's son-in-law instead of resenting it so, it might have been different. But, then, he wouldn't *(continued)*



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have been Feroze. He was so touchy about where he was seated at public functions. She was very much in love with him, and so crushed when he would take it all out on her. He would often be quite mean to her in front of us. And, after a while, she hid the sadness and the hurt."

"I suppose you couldn't have turned yourself back into a little housewife," I said to Mrs. Gandhi.

She looked quite startled. "You know, that's always been my ambition," she said.

Her intimate women friends had all told me, sentimentally, sincerely, "If circumstances had permitted, Indira would have been quite happy just to be a housewife, puttering around her own house and taking care of Feroze and the children."

There never was one single choice, but a series of little choices. "Things happen so fast you don't have time to think, events, situations, you simply react to them," she explained. "The time I decided I should go to make a speech for a woman candidate when my father couldn't go. That's when it all began, really, discovering I could make the people listen. Why did I go? The good Indian would say it was just not in my stars to be that little housewife."

At 35, Mrs. Gandhi was put on the Working Committee of the Congress Party to head the women's division. She got the committee to agree that there should be a certain number of women on every slate, and she organized seminars and camps to teach even illiterate women how to take part in politics. Finally, in 1959, she was elected president of the Congress Party herself.

She gave up that post when her husband had his first heart attack. Ironically, she was in a train coming home from a brief political mission for another woman candidate when her husband suddenly had his last attack, in 1960. He kept saying to Usha, "When is Indira getting back?" "They were very close at the end," Usha told me. "It was terrible for her, that she was not there when he died."

Indira Gandhi does not think that "happiness" is the most important thing in a woman's life. She says quite simply that she has had "unhappy times and happy times." Nor does she think it impossible for women like herself, who insist they are "human beings first," to have a good marriage. She said:

"I didn't have less love. I think my husband gave very deeply to me and I to him. I think giving is what makes for happiness. I don't think he'd have been the person he was if he had been married to the sweet little woman in an Indian movie. He would have been just an ordinary husband. I think this conflict helped him to grow also.

"Conflict and unhappiness are not the worst things that can happen. It depends on the person. Either it can crush you, or build your strength. It's all the experience one has that makes one what one is—the wider the experience, the stronger one's personality."

Despite her personal times of unhappiness, there is no conflict between Indira Gandhi's private personality and her political personality. Both reflect her basic personality as a woman. She is so truly strong that she is able to be gentle—as strong men are gentle who are not torn by fears about their masculinity, strong enough to draw out the strength of others, instead of keeping them weak.

And this is why she is able to command respect from men that American women cannot. Here, a woman who breaks through the feminine mystique to enter public life feels so unequal that she is afraid to listen to her own voice and tries to become one of the boys in her thinking. Indira Gandhi seemed free to use her own strength as a woman. Over and over again I saw her use it.

I went with her 2,330 miles to Assam in her Indian Air Force Viscount, smaller plane, helicopter, and jeep. It was her first trip into the remote interior of India as Prime Minister. She spoke to an incredible crowd, half a million people, filling miles of mud flats on a riverbed, sitting motionless on the ground, people as far as the eye could see, a haze of dust swirling over their heads in the hot Indian noon, all staring intensely at the slim figure in the blue sari on the garlanded dais. She made three more speeches in Assam, as we moved farther and farther into the hills, flying past the Himalayas. The narrow roads from the airfields to the villages were rimmed by jungle, palms, mango groves, and endless tea fields, and lined with people.

The first time I heard her whistle-stop speech, the sunset was full on her face, and doves, eagles, crows whirled around her head. Her very look became vibrant, warm, alive, as if that thin frailness had been fed by the intent faces of the men

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in the diaperlike dhotis and the women, covering children with the ends of their saris, sitting on the ground. The strength of that current between her and the people is the source of her power.

What she says is simple enough: that Indians fought with nothing but the will to be free and earned their freedom, that they rose as one man to defend their borders against invasion, and were victorious. But if they do not fight now, with the same will and unity, against the real enemy—their own backwardness, poverty, ignorance—they cannot remain free. They must produce their own food, not rely forever on foreign aid, they must conquer inefficiency, bureaucracy, sloth, build industrial production, more schools. This can't be done by statements from the government, or by troops in battle, but only by the people—by *them*.

In the straw pandal, the village meeting hut on stilts, she invited me to the enclosure curtained with red and yellow shawls, where the local women senators and Congress leaders were helping her change to tribal dress. (With a clear sense that she embodies in her person the symbol of India as a nation, the Prime Minister wears, in every part of India, the particular local form of woman's dress, as she avidly tastes and relishes the regional dishes.)

The Assam ladies took down some shawls from their curtain wall to drape on me. The Prime Minister was staring at my feet. "Are you comfortable?" I was wearing barefoot thong beach sandals, slightly incongruous with a black silk knit dress, but I had had such trouble the day before getting in and out of the jeep and helicopter in high heels and stockings. She lifted the hem of her sari and showed me that she was wearing moccasin bedroom slippers. (In Delhi, she usually wore high-heeled open-toed sandals.) "On a trip like this, one has to be able to *move*."

I lost count of the number of times she made speeches, accepted salutes and rode standing in the back of the jeep the length and breadth of the crowd, at each village and airfield, so that no one who had come from miles, on foot, would miss the personal greeting, the "dharjan" or communication that strengthens her and her people. At some villages and airfields, where no speech was on her schedule, the expectation of the crowd was so intense that she spoke anyhow.

As we were flying past Mount Everest on our way back to Delhi, I looked into her compartment and said hesitantly: "If you're not too tired, if you've recovered ——"

"From what?" She laughed.

"You come alive when all your powers are used, is that it?" I asked her.

"Well, yes," she said. "But if you think this trip used that much of me. . . ." And, of course, for her, this trip was almost a joy ride, a holiday.

And suddenly I realized that the naturalness in Indira Gandhi's authority comes from using, not alien abilities copied from men, but abilities that are very much her own as a woman. For instance, her ability to compartmentalize her time and her thinking, to do four or five jobs at once, has always been the secret of a woman's creative energy.

Observers contrast her flexibility and her eye for concrete detail with the rigidity and abstract political style of many of India's strong men. A cabinet member said, "Indian politicians can get so hung up in ideological argument that nothing gets done. She has disposed of an amazing backlog of difficult decisions by somehow bringing together positions that had seemed to be opposite." Another said simply, "She is a people person."

Her image, as Prime Minister, is *not* Mother India, with its connotation of helpless children. It is much more the takeover of the younger generation, something like the Kennedy image, with its eagerness to break out of tired dilemmas and doctrines and make one's own frontiers.

Indira Gandhi said: "In the old days, the maharaja would dictate like a father to a family, and all accepted his decisions. The only way we can really move ahead now is for people to think things out for themselves, to take responsibility. The danger is our own need for dependence. I suppose it comes from being insecure, from having been poor, and deprived, and dependent, ruled by others so long."

On the trip to Assam, two men, high officials in government, explained to me with great passion what it had done to the Indian people—the years of being treated by the British like "children," as if we "were not capable of anything except to be hewers of wood and bearers of water, until we felt we were not good for anything ourselves."

Everybody was treated as Western women are still treated, as dependent, really not capable, not wanting to be anything but "bearers of water," housewives.

As a woman, I can understand very well why Indians now resent the idea of the United States or Britain or anyone else telling them what they should do. We say to them, "Raising your own food is all you should worry about. We will produce the industry or nuclear energy." That infuriates them even more than it infuriates a woman whose husband tells her: "You just keep the house clean and let me worry about the world."

Indira Gandhi is unmistakably feminine, but she cannot be understood in terms of the feminine mystique, not because she defies it but because she has simply not been constricted by the "either/or" thinking that paralyzes so many American women, career vs. marriage, self-fulfillment vs. love.

I talked to Indian village women who still live in purdah, forbidden to move outside the women's quarter of the house; to girls who are not even allowed out to go to school. Child marriage is now illegal, but everyone knows that, in parts of India, little girls are still literally being "sold" into marriage at eight and ten.

But the thrust of Indian society seems to be in the direction of the kind of equality educated women like Indira Gandhi now take for granted. Whatever his personal life, every Indian I met apologized for purdah as an "alien" deformity imposed on Indian women by foreign conquerors.

One authority on women, Mrs. Tara Baig, told me that in the ancient Hindu tradition, shakti, the female principle, is another name for energy, power. "Our history is full of brave women like Jansi, our Joan of Arc, who led an Indian army in uprising against the British a century ago, when Victorian women were stifling at home," she told me. "In the villages, where four out of five Indians still live, women work alongside the men in the fields. They will come up from poverty with the men and simply skip the nineteenth century."

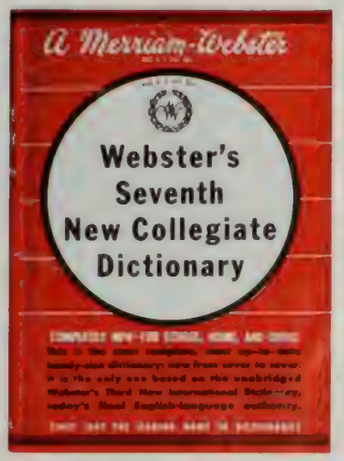
There are now 59 women in India's Parliament, compared with 12 in the U.S. Congress. Women recently have been ministers of state, magistrates, members of planning commissions on foreign policy as well as on health and social welfare.

(continued)



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Yet the current position of women in India is not simple and easy for a Westerner to understand. Frank Moraes, editor of the *Indian Express*, told me: "We can accept a woman as Prime Minister—there's nothing extraordinary about it. Women have been part of our political life ever since Gandhi. But most men in India still won't accept a woman as an equal in personal life."

A tall, bearded Sikh put it differently: "Some of your American men make me sick, holding open the car door as if women were so special, and then keeping them out of all their important affairs. Having a woman boss does not take away my manhood."

The issue of woman's equality never has created a battle of women versus men in India. It is being achieved as women have come out of purdah to fight alongside of men, at first for national freedom, now for the development of their country. Talking to Mrs. Gandhi and other Indians, I began to see we are bogged down here in questions about women that there neither women nor men ask. They simply take the answers for granted as part of their whole nation's emergence from the stranglehold of superstition and backwardness, the unfinished struggle in which Indira Gandhi has had the courage to assume the highest responsibility. **END**

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HOME

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JUNE 1970

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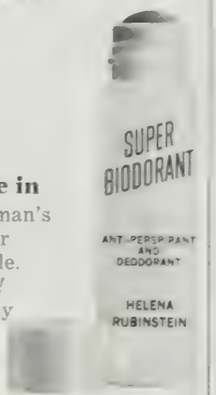
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JUNE, 1966 VOL. LXXXIII NUMBER 6

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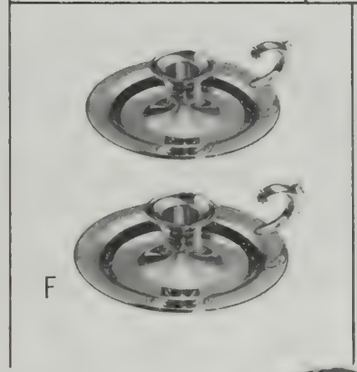
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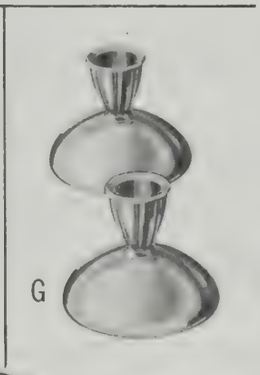












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OUR READERS WRITE US

The Overspenders

Dear Editors: I want to thank you for the very sympathetic article, HOW AMERICA LIVES: THE OVERSPENDERS, in the April *Journal*. I suppose we, too, could be considered "overspenders," and yet I like to think that we are responsible adults with, as the author, John Gunther, puts it, "excellent reasons for being in debt."

Our largest expense is a big, early-19th-century house in the country that we bought two years ago; the house is a "genuine antique" in more ways than one. Besides real beamed ceilings, enormous rooms and four fireplaces, we also got absolutely inadequate heating facilities, and a staggering number of repairs to be made, all of which cost us several thousand dollars. We expect to be paying for the house and the repairs for a long time to come, and *that* is our first and largest debt.

But we are interested in *other* things besides our house, and this gives us even more "excellent reasons for being in debt." Our daughter has been told by her ballet teacher that she is very talented; true or not, she is passionately fond of her dancing lessons and we do not want to deprive her of something she loves so much. We don't even have a television set, but pay enough for books, records and magazines so we could buy a color TV every year. The result is that we *are* in debt, and though not desperately so, I understand how the problem could snowball.

I think Mr. Gunther's article needed to be written. "Overspenders" like us are by no means rare, and it was nice to see that we are not all irresponsible children!

MRS. L.W. RASKIN
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Editors: My husband and I *do not* live beyond our income. Does this make us some kind of extraordinary people, or are there some more sane, sensible human beings around the country besides us? In comparison to the families in Mr. Gunther's article, we must be considered poor folks, yet we feel that we have most of the comforts of life. Many times, like everyone else, we have wished for luxuries we cannot afford. But do you think for a minute that I would endanger my husband's life by having him work overtime just so that we could "keep up with the Joneses," which seems to be the great all-American motto these days?

Just count us out of the Americans who like to keep up appearances and prestige. I am happy, and I know darn well that my husband isn't suffering migraines and won't drop dead from a heart attack from overwork.

MRS. JOSEPH A. SITAR
Waterbury, Conn.

The Kitchen Madonna

Dear Editors: I have read your story, THE KITCHEN MADONNA, in the April *Journal*. It was a truly great story, one of the best stories I have ever read. I am only 13 years old, but I will remember that story all my life. Thank you.

LISA COLLIER
Manhasset, N.Y.

Fondue Follow-up

Dear Editors: I am an American working and living in Switzerland. I certainly enjoy reading the *Journal*, but I take exception to the recipe for Cheese Fondue in the separate booklet THE WORLD'S BEST DISHES MADE EASY FOR LENT in your March issue.

I believe your readers deserve knowing how to prepare a real Swiss Cheese Fondue and enclose an authentic recipe.

CHEESE FONDUE

1 garlic clove
1 pint dry white wine (preferably Swiss Fendant)
1 lb. grated Swiss cheese
2 (6-oz.) pkg. processed Gruyère cheese, grated
1 oz. kirsch
2 tsp. cornstarch
Dash pepper, nutmeg

Rub fondue pot with 2 halves of garlic clove and remove. Set pot on stove at medium heat. Add wine (room temperature) and gradually add grated cheese. Let this mixture melt slowly, stirring constantly in figure 8 with a wooden spoon. As soon as mixture comes to a boil, slowly add the kirsch, in which the cornstarch has been mixed, stirring constantly. Season with pepper and dash of nutmeg. Remove pot from stove and place at the table on chafing dish stand with flame regulated so that fondue just barely remains at a boil.

Bread cubes are served with fondue, but the bread should not be too fresh and should have a hard crust. I would suggest French bread. Each person places a cube of bread on the end of a fondue fork and dips into fondue, stirring around well. Hot black tea or white wine should be served with fondue to help the digestion.

En Guete!

EVELYN SCHMELZ
Zug, Switzerland

Blondes

Dear Editors: I feel I must write and demand equal time for brunettes. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A BLONDE (April *Journal*) was a marvelous article, but I must point out that we have our share of attractive dark-haired girls. Elizabeth Taylor, Sophia Loren, Judy Garland and our last two First Ladies are a few. . . . There are *some* brunettes worth knowing.

MRS. GAIL CURLESS
Sandpoint, Idaho

We certainly intended no slight to the nonblondes of the world. On the contrary, this feature was one of a series that began last year with an article about gray hair, and we plan more features on brunettes, brownettes and redheads.—ED.

And Sweet Talk

Dear Editors: Just a few words about Russell Baker's THE VANISHING ART OF SWEET TALK (April *Journal*). If a strange woman came up to my husband at a party and said, as Mr. Baker suggests, "Let's walk together in the garden and watch the moon rise through the leaves of the chestnut trees," he would be floored and I'd probably floor her.

MRS. FRANK SCHERF, Jr.
Rockaway, N.J.



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by James Beard

America's foremost cook-author

A thinking hostess helps build up her husband's ego as a host. Outdoor cooking is a great way. It lets him shine while tending the grill or spit.

Here's my favorite seasoning for hamburgers served al fresco. Mix the meat with coarsely grated Cheddar cheese, chopped garlic, scallions, a dash of Worcestershire and mustard before grilling. The cheese melts within the meat and imparts a delightful flavor.



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Delectable idea: Sweeten blueberries with maple sugar or maple syrup. Serve with sour cream and sprinkle of cinnamon.

Good cooking to you.

James Beard



HAVE YOU HEARD?

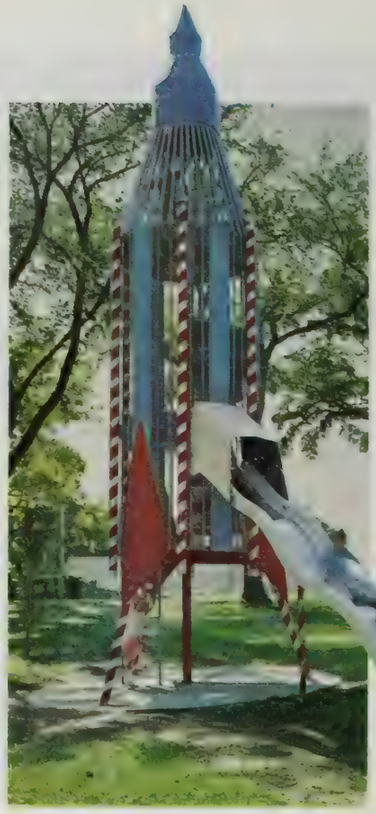
By Lois Benjamin

Have You Seen . . . what they've got on the launching pad now? A 2,800-pound red, white and blue space ship, to install in your neighborhood playground so that very small astronauts can get the hang of things without really blasting off.

The ship—dubbed XS-1—is the star attraction of Astro City, a new collection of exotic space-theme playground equipment designed to replace earthier items like swings, slides and monkey bars. (Astro City's swings are called Jet Stars, and they're shaped like rockets.)

XS-1 roars 33 feet from its concrete base to the tip of its molded fiber-glass nose cone. Kids climb a concealed spiral stairway (nonskid steel) to the platform ladder and, assuming all systems are Go, make a quick, safe descent via Wave Slide.

Cost of the mission is an orbital $1,495 (retail price of XS-1)—but then, just think what the U.S. Government spent on Gemini.



Have You Seen? In case you thought dolls had gone about as far as they could go in naughtiness, rudeness, and all-around lovable spoiled-brat realism, just wait till you catch Real Live Lucy in *her* act. Lucy, newest brain baby of the Ideal Toy Co., comes with a spoonful of spinach and a bottle of milk. When you give her the bottle, she laps it up. When you try spooning in spinach, she turns her head the other way. (It's all done with magnets, and isn't that cute?) If your little girl wants to have Lucy around for three adorable spinachless meals a day, she'll set you back $18. But think of all the vegetables you'll save.



Have You Heard? Next comic-strip character to go on TV—after Batman, the Green Hornet and company have made it safe for civilians: Little Orphan Annie. The show's writers aren't a bit worried about casting Annie or Daddy Warbucks, but they do expect a little trouble with Sandy. After all, how many big, stupid real-life dogs stand around in times of trouble, saying "Arf"?

Have You Heard? You must be psychic! How else could you *possibly* guess that E.S.P.—strange, spooky, believe-it-or-not science of telepathy, clairvoyance and crystal ball-gazing—is about to mesmerize you?

The medium in this case is television, and the seance is ABC-TV's fascinating report on *The Baffling World of E.S.P.* It's scheduled to appear June 16 (barring unforeseen events, of course).

ABC's intrepid team of explorers, none of whom belonged to the occult cult before tackling this assignment, came back scratching their heads and agreeing there's more to it than they thought—though they still don't know exactly what. However, Miss Susan Garfield, the young woman who researched, wrote, directed and helped produce the show (without, presumably, any help from supernatural sources), came back with at least one uncanny E.S.P. tale that she can swear to—even if she can't explain it.

In Prague, where she interviewed a leading European "parapsychologist," Miss Garfield was asked to put four items into four boxes, pack them with cotton and seal them. In another room, the parapsychologist asked another woman to identify the four objects. The woman described three out of the four—including the engraving on a charm bracelet in one box, the exact position of a small key in another.

P.S. Miss Garfield visited skeptical scientists, as well as confirmed psychics, in the U.S., Germany, Czechoslovakia, England, and the Netherlands. But she didn't find out what the mind-benders are up to behind the Iron Curtain. As she told the *Journal*, the Russians are *very* serious about their secret E.S.P. investigations. So far, not even James Bond knows why.

Have You Seen . . . the superbly round young French actress who looks just like her mother and, with any luck at all, will ripen in the same marvelous way? Her name is Catherine Allegret; her mother is Simone Signoret; and with Yves Montand (Mlle. Signoret's husband but not Mlle. Allegret's father), they are absolutely unmissable in a first-rate French suspense flick called *The Sleeping Car Murder*. Montand is a very sexy policeman. Signoret is triumphant, even as a victim. And Allegret, in her first movie—well, like *maman*, like daughter.



Have You Heard? It had to happen some day: a bunch of efficiency experts have made a frighteningly thorough study of what people actually do with *paper clips*. The experts tracked down 100,000 shiny new paper clips from the German factory where they were produced, to a large business office in Cologne, where they met the following destinies: 25 percent were used for cleaning typewriters, pipes and/or fingernails; 20,000 were used as chips to keep score during employee card games; 7,000 were used as emergency garters for women's stockings; 2,500 were used as makeshift screwdrivers in minor mechanical operations (like filling cigarette lighters); nearly 5,000 were nervously twisted, bent out of shape and discarded, for no apparent purpose, and over 7,000 fell to the floor, got thrown away, or simply disappeared—to be listed as "missing, fate unknown." Ah yes, one third were used to clip papers together.

Have You Heard? Whipped cream and other delights—for thin but fast-moving ladies—are the latest traveler's aid plan on tap in Paris this summer. A gastronomic European tour, designed to add 15 pounds' worth of enriching experience to your life, comes with a generous "trial" offer. Any skinny lady who doesn't feel fulfilled—figuratively speaking, that is—at the end of the tour, gets to make one more stop before going home: two weeks at a reducing spa, for a nominal additional fee.

Have You Circled?

June 5—for *The Age of Kennedy*, Part 2. NBC-TV's White Paper, for which Arthur Schlesinger served as consultant, is an anniversary portrait of J.F.K. as man, politician, and historical figure.

June 6—opening night at Stratford (Ontario). The 14th Shakespearean Festival starts with *Henry V*. Then come *Henry VI*, *Twelfth Night*, plus the Mozart opera *Don Giovanni*, and assorted other non-Shakespearean—but very festive—productions.

June 8—Good grief, *Charlie Brown's All Stars* is on CBS tonight. Second "Peanuts" TV special by cartoonist-creator Charles Schulz tackles the baseball season's biggest single problem—Charlie Brown's probable 1,000th defeat this season as a sandlot pitcher.

June 19—for Father. It's the very least we can do.

June 22—the day the Burtons come out to play *Virginia Woolf*. Who's afraid of Richard and Elizabeth, armed with Edward Albee's acid-tongued marital dialogue? World premiere tonight, Hollywood's Pantages Theater.

June 28—for the smell of hot dogs, the taste of soda pop and the sound of grand opera at New York's Lewisohn Stadium. Licia Albanese and Robert Merrill open the Metropolitan Opera's second season there tonight.


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Bronze Lustre's the name. Protects you while you tan soft, tan deep, tan smooth. Fights sun-damage, sun-aging with an exclusive Revlon sun screen. And it's loaded with special moisturizers; acts like a night cream in the sun to guard against sun dryness and wrinkles.
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Shown below in Biscayne Blue: 26" Pullman $45.00, Valette $45.00, Ladies' 21" O'Nite $29.50, Week End Tote $27.95, Beauty Case $27.95.

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There's variety too. Because Little Friskies still comes in original Ocean Fish Flavor (dressed up in a new package), as well as new Country Chicken and new Braised Liver Flavors! Only Little Friskies offers your cat all three of her favorite flavors.
So better get her a box of each. From a world leader in nutrition—Carnation



PET NEWS

By JOYCE DATTEL

Cleveland Amory, director of the Humane Society of the United States, gave the *Journal* a report on the recent hearings in Washington, D.C., concerning several humane bills pending in Congress:

"All of you who were shocked and outraged over the recent sensational exposés of dog and cat stealing for research laboratories will be glad to know that many of your Congressmen admit they have had more mail on this subject than the *combined* mail on Vietnam, inflation, poverty *and* civil rights.

"And you will also be glad to know that your mail brought action. Indeed, not content with a bill to make pet-stealing a Federal offense, Congress was also, for the first time, seriously considering a bill which would concern the laboratories themselves.

"Meanwhile, one doctor has taken action without waiting for the outcome of the hearings. Dr. David Timrud of Princeton, N.J., who ironically had *his* dog stolen, was infuriated by the impossibility of trying to trace his pet. He borrowed some money from a bank and, with his wife, started what may well turn out to be a nationwide answer to the problem—the tattooing of dogs. Thousands of people have already taken advantage of this.

"Here's how it works. You take your dog to your vet, have him tattooed with your social security number in the right groin—it's a relatively simple job and does not always necessitate the use of anesthesia—and mail your name, address and telephone number, with $3, to the National Dog Registry, Stanton, N.J. It is not necessary to mail your dog—as one overenthusiastic owner was on the point of doing. In fact, the Timruds point out that it is not even necessary to include a description of your dog. They have already contacted more than 2,000 laboratories, all of the nation's medical schools and even the Attorneys General of 48 states, all in an effort to obtain promises that no tattooed dog will be used for research.

"The Timruds have also asked that such a dog, on turning up at any lab, will be immediately reported to the Registry, which will then immediately get in touch with the owner. One veterinarian in Myrtle Beach, S.C., has already tattooed more than 1,200 dogs.

"When all is said and done, however, the credit for bringing pet-stealing to the attention of the American public should go primarily to a handful of hitherto unpublicized young women—all of whom did fearless yeoman work, in some cases risking their own safety. Among these are Miss Fay Brisk, of the Animal Rescue League of Berks County, Pa.; Mrs. Dorothy Dyce, of Detroit, Mich., and the Animal Welfare Institute; Mrs. Pearl Twyne, of the Virginia Federation of Humane Societies; Miss Florence Schippert, of the Humane Society of the U.S. and Bettijane Allen and Louise Norris, of the Animal Legal Protective Society. Some idea of what they were up against may be illustrated by the fact that Representative Joseph Resnick (D., N.Y.) stated that one animal dealer alone enjoyed sales last year of over $750,000; another dealer bragged that 'the dog-dealing business is the third biggest business in the Midwest.'

"At the hearings, the medical and research fraternity put on a remarkable show. Time and time again the scientists met sharp rebuttals from the senators themselves. When Dr. Maurice Visscher, president of the National Society for Medical Research, testified about his desperate need for 'enough animals,' Senator Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) said quietly, 'You don't need *my* dog, do you? She'd bite you, she would.' Another time, when Dr. Helen Taussig admitted that beagles were very widely stolen, 'So much so,' she said, 'that I would not have another beagle,' the Senator asked wryly, 'Do you think we ought to advise the White House of this?'

"When Senator Mike Monroney (D., Okla.) chaired the committee he was even firmer. He stopped short Dr. Lowell Greenbaum, president of the New York State Society for Medical Research, who had begun a long harangue about the 'grim activities' of humane societies. 'I disagree with you,' Senator Monroney said. 'I think we have heard enough in this committee to know that there are some pretty grim things that have gone on in the care and treatment of animals.' Dr. Greenbaum protested, 'I must say, Senator, that it is difficult sometimes to listen to a person who is not a professional person in terms of animal care.' 'Why is that?' Senator Monroney asked. 'I think human beings, whether they are scientists or not, know that

(continued on page 24)

PET PHOTO OF THE MONTH



What this little boy can't see doesn't even seem to hurt the dog. By Marion Rubinstein of San Antonio, Tex.



How far should a brunette go when it comes to making up?

All the way.

How would *you* like to have the ideal brunette complexion? You know the one. You've seen it (rarely). It's a flawless pink-warmed beige. It's the one a girl could *perish* for.

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Question: Would you prefer to spend the money that goes into life insurance premiums in some other way?

"Naturally. I'd prefer to spend the money
for something I could dust—like an antique
—or enjoy—like a vacation.
But those things are luxuries.
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This is one woman's opinion, expressed in a survey by a leading women's magazine.

Some other opinions? Women feel that owning adequate life insurance is essential to their families' security. They see life insurance as the best source of income in the event of a husband's death. They see it as a way to help pay for the education of their children. Provide income for retirement. And serve as a family emergency fund.

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PET NEWS

continued from page 20

when an animal has been subjected to necessary and important research experimentation, he is entitled, when he gets out of that laboratory, to fresh water, he is entitled to a decent-sized pen, he is entitled to exercise and even maybe a little sunshine.'

"At the hearings held for the pet-stealing bill of Representative W. R. Poage (D., Tex.), one doctor testified that the whole matter of dog-stealing was trumped up by 'know-nothing intellectuals'—a reference which seemed to baffle everybody, including the stenotypist. Another member of the doctors' group, a New Jersey state veterinary official, made a truly amazing declaration. The guilty parties in pet-stealing, he declared, were not the pet-stealers, not the pet dealers, not the laboratory pet users; the guilty parties were, he said, the *humane* societies. If only you gave us *all* the dogs from *all* the pounds and humane shelters, he seemed to be saying, and didn't destroy them uselessly, we wouldn't *need* to steal your pets.

"As Oliver Evans, president of the Humane Society of the United States, pointed out, the humane societies were 'hardly in the business of serving as collection depots for the laboratories.' I pointed out that the humane shelters were, from one end of this country to the other, supported by people who, 'rather than give a single animal to a single laboratory under the present inhumane, immoral and a-legal conditions obtaining there, would sadly, but without a moment's hesitation, destroy every single last one of those animals.'

"Originally the Poage Bill had included not only provisions for regulating dog-dealers but also provisions for the humane housing and treatment of laboratory animals. Most of the humane groups felt that with two strong laboratory bills already being considered by Congress—the Rogers-McIntyre Bill and Clark-Cleveland Bill—laboratory conditions should not be a part of the pet-stealing bill. And, curiously, since the doctors wanted the laboratory provisions out, the humane societies and the doctors found themselves, for once, on the same side of the fence, albeit for opposite reasons—the doctors because they want no laboratory provisions in any bill, the humane groups because they want strong provisions in a separate laboratory bill.

"Yet there were doctors whose remarks supported the humane side. The testimony presented by Dr. Samuel M. Peacock Jr., of the American Physiological Society and the American Academy of Neurology, was memorable. 'I have always,' he said, 'used animals in my research and will continue to do so.'

"The doctor continued: 'Suffice it to say that there is a misconception generally fostered by "organized science" that the scientist is always humane, thoughtful, concerned about the welfare of his research animals and that he is qualified to supervise their care. This is, in my opinion, not in accord with the facts. The scientist is human, he is busy, he is frequently harassed by many problems. As long as his supply of animals is maintained, he is usually not concerned that conditions are not what they should be, or if he is one of the few concerned, he finds himself in no position to do anything about it. It is very easy to ignore this problem. I have done it myself. . . . I sincerely urge Congress to support and pass these bills. By so doing, a shocking, deplorable, disgraceful business will be ended.'"

With due respect to the All-American mongrel, the No. 1 dog in the U.S., according to American Kennel Club registration, is the Poodle.

This is the sixth straight year that Poodles have topped A.K.C. files in number (just under a million), and the number of unregistered Poodles is probably as great.

A few Poodle problems are: (1) he requires the most frequent grooming of all breeds; (2) he is the most expensive dog to keep well groomed; and (3) Poodle clips are the most complex and time-consuming to master.

Now Poodle owners can do their own clipping. All they have to invest is $90.50 in equipment and $4.95 in a new book by Pearl Stone called *Clipping and Grooming Your Poodle* (Arco). (You *can* buy less expensive equipment, but Miss Stone recommends only the finest.)

Amply illustrated, the book carefully explains how to do everything from brushing and bathing the frisky dog, without getting soap in his eyes, to polishing his toenails. Expert Stone admits that it helps to have an obedient dog.

Then come the clips—the basic clip, lamb clip, Dutch clip, town and country clip, and more. When the do-it-yourself clipper has mastered these, he can go on to fancier patterns such as the English Saddle and Continental clips. What if you slip while clipping? Well, it always grows back.

The American Veterinary Medical Association held a symposium in Atlanta last month to discuss rabies control in the United States. According to Dr. James R. Hay of the A.V.M.A., rabies in pets was reduced last year, but wild-life rabies is definitely on the rise. Dr. Hay says that he doesn't want to frighten people unduly, but there are certain facts that everyone should know about rabies control. "Campers should be alerted to the friendly squirrel and the friendly skunk," says Dr. Hay. "It is not the nature of these animals to be friendly."

Dr. Hay hopes to coordinate all the people responsible for rabies control—city, state and Federal agencies—and to solve the problem by eventual elimination of the disease from the animal population. Several countries have accomplished just that—among them England, Australia, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. There is no known cure for rabies.

Dog owners should consult veterinarians about rabies vaccinations, but, according to the A.V.M.A., *most dogs should be vaccinated once a year* whether or not local ordinances require it. All pets should be identified by a rabies inoculation tag, and stray dogs should be reported to the police or the local pound.

Meanwhile, a new vaccine has been developed recently, which its makers claim can be used for pre-exposure protection from rabies. Older vaccines have not been recommended for immunization because they contain a "paralytic factor." The new duck-embryo vaccine does not contain this factor, and the National Institutes of Health have approved its use for the protection of people in "high-risk" groups. **END**



WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR DOG'S HIDDEN COAT AND SKIN PROBLEMS.

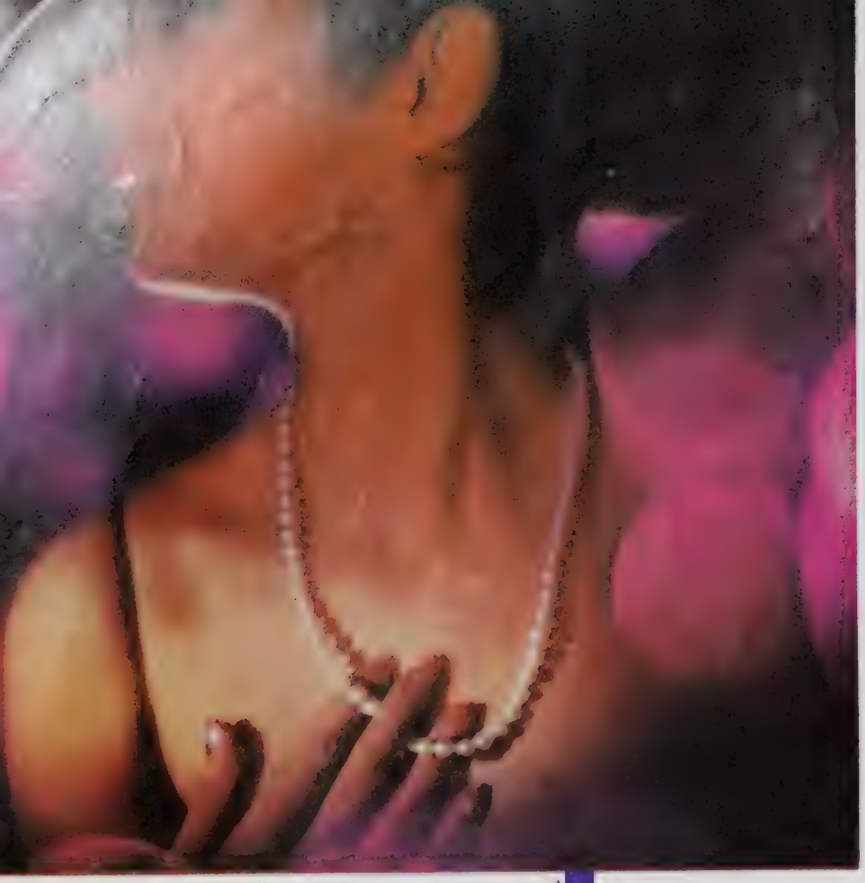
The first thing you may notice is scratching when he doesn't have fleas. Or maybe a dull, brittle coat. Both are often early signs of diet deficiencies that can lead to more serious problems. Now, from Pet'm Laboratories, comes new Pet'm Coat and Skin Daily Food Supplement to help guard against these diet deficiencies. It supplies essential polyunsaturated fatty acids and vitamins that even canned and packaged foods may lack. Vital nutrients pets need every day for bright, glowing coats and healthy skin.

Just squirt new Pet'm Coat and Skin Supplement on your pet's food. It's that easy. Dogs like the flavor. Cats, too. So give your pet a chance at the coat and skin he could be showing. One bottle lasts the average dog for thirty days. Then, if your pet doesn't look better and scratch less, we'll give you your money back. Just mail us the empty bottle. What can you lose? Nothing but your dog's dull coat and dry, itchy skin. If new Pet'm Supplement doesn't help, the problem may not be diet deficiencies and your veterinarian should be consulted.

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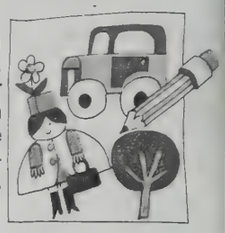


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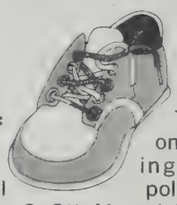
The greatest child-care experts in the world are mothers, because they alone know the special joys and daily headaches of bringing up children. To tap this natural source of experience, we asked our readers to share with each other their best solutions to the everyday problems of living with children.



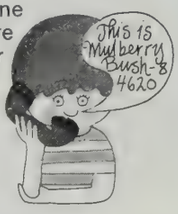
TRAVEL BINGO: To keep children busy on a long automobile trip, make travel bingo cards. On pieces of cardboard (saved from your husband's shirts), paste colorful pictures (a fire truck, a moving van, a lady in a blue dress, etc.). As the child spots the corresponding object, he checks it off.—Mrs. P. Paris, Slovan, Pa.



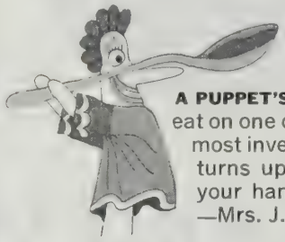
BARGAIN ON BORROWING: When my children borrow something of mine—a pen, scissors, cellophane tape, etc.—I always require their most prized possession as a deposit. I've found that nothing less will impress upon them the importance of returning what they have borrowed.—Mrs. R. Raneri, Chelmsford, Mass.



FOLLOW THE RED DOTS: To teach a child to lace his own shoes, dip one half of the shoestring in red food coloring, then paint every other hole with red nail polish. The child simply matches red to red.—Mrs. G. Ott, Montclair, Calif.



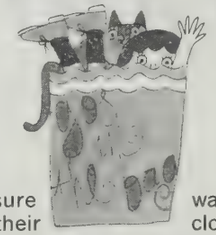
MEMORY MINDER: To teach a child his phone number, have him sing it to the tune of "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush": "Webster 8 . . . 46 . . . 20, Webster 8 . . . 46 . . . 20, Webster 8 . . . 46 . . . 20, So early in the morning."—Mrs. A. Rowen, Orange, Conn.



A PUPPET'S HELPING HAND: Getting a toddler to eat on one of his "off" days is a chore for even the most inventive mother. The next time your child turns up his nose at lunch, put a puppet on your hand and let the puppet feed the child.—Mrs. J. Snodgrass, Miami, Fla.

MONKEY SEE: To help my little girl get accustomed to her new glasses, I made some miniature eyeglasses out of pipe cleaners for her doll.—Mrs. C. Kievit, Pompano Beach, Fla.





NAG BAG: Here's a sure way to teach your little litterbugs to pick up their clothes and toys. Take a large, sturdy bag and embroider "Goes-in-the-Bag" on it. Toss everything you find out of place into the bag. To retrieve a belonging, the child must do a chore—Mrs. C. Britt, Los Angeles, Calif.



OUTFOX THE PHONE FIDDLERS: My toddlers are constantly playing with the telephone—so we keep a piece of tape over the buttons to keep the line open. When the phone rings, we simply lift up the tape and replace it when we've finished talking.—Mrs. E. Sullivan, Roslindale, Mass.

The Journal pays $25 to the first contributor of each item published. Please address your solutions to Mary Sykes, c/o Ladies' Home Journal, Rm. 6, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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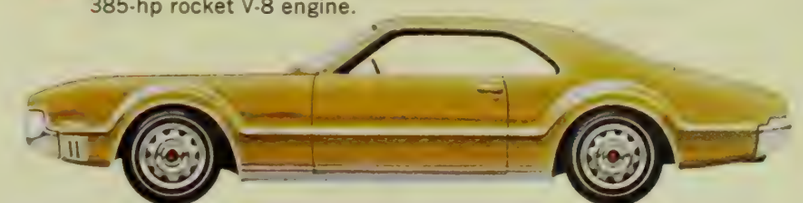
2 **Place your "Entry Card" directly over "Game Board" on any Chex Sweepstakes cereal box or the Chex display at your grocery store, or see Rule 5 below.**

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4 *If you have a winning "Entry Card,"* keep the stub marked receipt and send your "Entry Card" via registered mail to D. L. Blair Corporation, 25 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

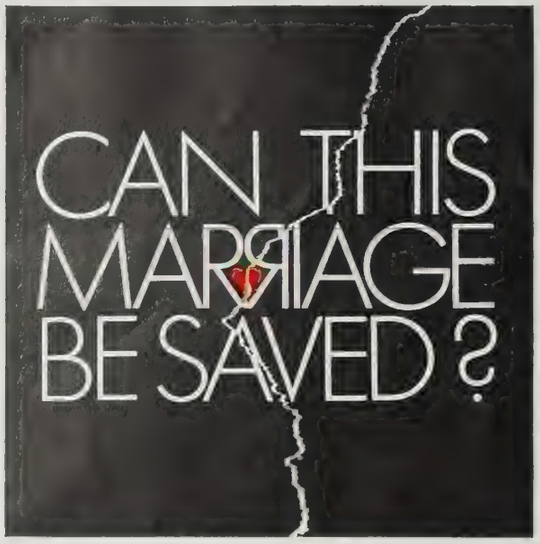
5 If you can't find the Checkerboard "Game Board" on a Checkerboard Sweepstakes display or on a Chex cereal box, we'll send you one. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Checkerboard Sweepstakes, Box 558, New York, N.Y. 10046.

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7 Sweepstakes restricted to residents of U.S.A. except Nebraska, and void where taxed, prohibited or otherwise contrary to law. Offer subject to all governmental regulations. No purchase required to win.

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Juanita Was an Oversolicitous Mother

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

A man takes abuse all day from his boss at the office and can't fight back, so he comes home and releases his pent-up wrath by "kicking the cat," according to proverbial explanation. Worse, he may "take it out" on his unoffending wife. It's a well-known peculiarity of human nature, technically known as displacement. It's not merely common, but peculiarly hard for the offender himself to recognize, so it's one of the areas where a neutral—a marriage counselor, for example—can be most helpful. In this case of Juanita and Harold it turned out to be the real explanation of much of Juanita's dissatisfaction with her husband. She was actually infuriated not so much with him as with his mother and father. But she unloaded her hostility on Harold. The affection she withheld from him she poured out on her children instead. Her whole family suffered; so did she. The counselor who helped them all to get on the track was Mrs. Phyllis Weatherill.

PAUL POPENOE, SC. D.,
Founder and president of the
American Institute of
Family Relations

"Sunday was a real beast," 34-year-old Juanita, a dark-haired beauty of Italian descent, said with emphasis. "I'm still nursing my wounds, and Harold and I are scarcely speaking. It's a miracle our marriage survived, and I really mean that.

"Our Oklahoma in-laws were paying their annual visit to California—Harold is an only child—and the whole week they had run us and our three youngsters ragged. On our usual day of rest my father-in-law telephoned twice at the crack of dawn from their motel to instruct us to be ready at nine A.M. so we could reap the full benefit of a jam-packed Sunday excursion to Disneyland. I answered both times because Harold steadfastly ignores a ringing telephone—unless he is dead sure the call is for him. Both times my father-in-law crisply ordered me to put Harold on the wire, as though I were a switchboard operator or complete stranger, and Harold reluctantly showed up at the phone.

"With no help from my spouse, I washed and dressed and got the kids on deck on the dot of nine, no mean trick in the case of six-year-old Tommy, who is inclined to dawdle. Our twin girls are four years old, and all are too young to spend an exhausting, expensive day at Disneyland to gratify the vanity of grandparents. To preserve the peace, I kept this unpopular sentiment to myself.

"As our caravan was straggling out the door, Tommy suddenly noticed the absence of his beloved Bambi, the old, beat-up plush deer he likes to sleep with and carry along on weekend outings. Before I could run and look for Bambi, my husband's father spoke up: Tommy was too old for stuffed toys. My mother-in-law agreed. As the mother of three, I'm not about to accept the parents of one lone chick as world-shaking authorities in the child-rearing field.

"Anyhow, I rushed back and grabbed Bambi, and saved the day for Tommy. Incidentally, I had ample time to spare my little son a tantrum, handle him in my own way, settle him and his sisters, and climb in the back seat with them before anybody got settled up front. As usual, my in-laws took a good five minutes fighting for the favored position there; the seat they both prize is the one next to Harold. My father-in-law won. On their annual visits—indefinite in length, of course—the youngsters and I are automatically relegated to the rear of our wagon with no 'ifs, ands or buts' about it.

"At the exact moment Harold was pulling out of the driveway—wouldn't you know it?—the telephone rang. Since I was crowded in among the small fry, I briefly entertained the hope Harold might bestir himself for once—a foolish hope. Just two weeks ago I called our house repeatedly from the grocery store, and he mulishly listened to the ringing until I called a neighbor to go over and tell him for heaven's sake to pick up the receiver. After he made it clear to his parents and to me that he wouldn't budge out of the car, I crawled over the twins and raced inside again and took the call.

"It was for me, an exciting, well-worth-answering call. I work as a fashion coordinator on a free-lance basis; a small high-style dress manufacturer wanted me to whip up an impromptu fashion show for several Eastern buyers on an unexpected tour. The assignment meant a fee of at least $200 as well as an important new contact.

"Perhaps I should have kept my good luck a secret. I couldn't resist sharing the news with Harold. Although he and I need extra money—we are buying a new house and new furnishings—Harold offered no congratulations. Instead he reminded me that I was due to hold a Monday-afternoon conference with Tommy's first-grade teacher; she is a grim old witch and loathes small boys, and I certainly had not forgotten my appointment with her. But the show was scheduled for Tuesday, as I had plainly said.

"My father-in-law, who is Swiss-born but no neutral, regards me as a slatternly Mediterranean type, a calamitous choice for his Harold, and naturally he paid close attention to our discussion—a matter that was none of his darn business. He chipped in and said I was neglecting *his* son and *his* grandchildren to pursue a trivial career, and also neglecting to take proper care of the fine home provided me by the sacrifices and unflagging toil of that overworked son. Harold didn't say a word in my defense, not one. Every penny of my earnings is allocated to the purchase of our house, the necessary remodeling and furnishings. He might have mentioned that!

"Disneyland bulged with tens of thousands of red-faced, sweating people. Pushed and prodded by my indefatigable in-laws, who had plenty of chance to rest at their motel, Harold and I gawked and walked our three tired children for miles. Tommy has a trick stomach—he has been sickly since his premature birth—but his grandparents don't believe it. At their insistence, he stuffed himself with popcorn and candy. I protested in vain. Harold didn't back me up.

"Not until darkness fell were we allowed to totter to the parking lot. My vacationing in-laws felt generous, expansive, blandly oblivious of the physical wear and tear on those of us who lacked their stamina. Even Harold was pooped. The twins, upset by their upset schedule, were wailing dismally. Tommy was white as death on a soda cracker from nausea, and at the tantrum stage. We were halfway home when it developed he had left Bambi lying on the washstand in the last rest room of the six or seven we inspected in the course of our expedition. When I timidly suggested we return, I was yelled at by Harold and his mother, called an idiot by my father-in-law. Yes, 'idiot' was the word employed. Harold refused to stop at a public booth so I could get in touch with the Disneyland lost-and-found department. Tommy was devastated by his loss and by his daddy's curt refusal, and proved it. He threw up in my lap and on the back seat. The front-seat passengers, of course, went unscathed.

(*continued*)

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from interviews with couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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"Anybody in this world except my in-laws would have asked to be dropped off at the motel—but they were hungry and wanted company. At nine o'clock we made it home; I stripped my emergency shelf and scrambled together a late-late supper. My mother-in-law pulled a chair from the dinette into the kitchen, placed it smack in my way, and plunked herself on it. Without lifting a finger to assist, she serenely watched me hurtle back and forth from the stove to the dining room, from there to the children's rooms. The twins were too tired to eat. Tommy was too grief-stricken.

"Their grandmother didn't offer to undress them, set the table or take a hand at the stove. As always in my kitchen, she remained a spectator. At the very end, when I was ready to drop from fatigue, she did mix an extremely pretty salad, but didn't bother to consult me about the menu. To dress her pretty salad, she used the last drop of imported olive oil and wine vinegar in the house.

"My father-in-law looked over the food, and remarked that he should have returned to the motel for dinner. It appeared, said he, that my so-called career interfered not only with my obligations as a wife and mother but also put a crimp in my ability to prepare a simple meal. He tasted and tested each dish, and criticized each, including his wife's salad. The two fought a pitched battle over that—they fight all the time—but then they joined forces to fight me and pick on Tommy.

"I was informed that Tommy was babyish for his age, spoiled and undisciplined, that it was my fault their grandson wasn't lovable and sunny-natured like their granddaughters. By then the twins had succumbed to sheer exhaustion and were as quiet as two small angels. Not Tommy. Throughout the meal, he continued to howl that he couldn't sleep a wink without Bambi. Harold didn't stand up for me and Tommy. He did not remind his parents that at the age of two Tommy nearly died, suffered convulsions, ran raging temperatures week after week. Nor did he mention the allergies that still torment the child.

"The smugness and placidly chomping jaws of the adults, so like the jaws of three grazing cows, rubbed on my nerves until I had to excuse myself from the table. I slipped into Tommy's room and tried, without success, to comfort him. When I came out, Harold jumped up and slammed the door to shut out the sound of the youngster's cries. I couldn't bear his cruelty. I took my barely touched plate to the kitchen, and there I had a private cry all by myself. He continued to play the dutiful son and gracious host and didn't even miss me.

"At long last his parents left. Harold shouted 'Hallelujah' and instantly collapsed in bed. I stepped in to say goodnight to Tommy. At once Harold began to yell for me to hurry up and come to bed. I finally got Tommy calm, but Harold created such a racket that the twins woke up. I then had to feed them, and fix a snack for Tommy so he wouldn't feel left out. By the time I staggered to bed and contemplated the evils of the future, the appointment with Tommy's teacher, the fashion show, it was past midnight. By then I was tied in knots from tension, and wanted only sleep.

"I was in no mood for lovemaking, I can assure you, and Harold knew it good and well. Undeterred, he reached over to the distant corner where I took refuge. He grabbed my shoulder and shook it hard—for some obscure reason Harold regards roughness as a masculine asset—and inevitably I froze. Indeed, I almost forgot I had ever loved him. I darn near hated him. After I said so, he left me alone.

"But then we had an all-out, no-holds-barred quarrel. I told him I despised his mother and father. That's the simple truth, but I shouldn't have said it. Harold has always been wonderful to my family. Harold told me I was ruining Tommy with smother love, which isn't true. I overlooked that worn-out crack, realizing I shouldn't have made him angry when he was tired.

"But then he accused me of being frigid and unfeminine. The accusation nearly broke my heart, because suddenly I wondered if he were right. Maybe our quarreling, now and in the past, had changed me and spoiled our lovemaking. Early in our marriage, as soon as we got through a wretched honeymoon trip, I was warm and responsive to him, warmer than is possible for me to be now. I used to experience a climax nearly every time we made love, provided Harold was gentle and considerate and kept his sense of humor in line.

"To this day I recall our honeymoon, nine years ago, as a disaster. My parents bankrupted themselves to subsidize a wedding for 250 guests, followed by a champagne reception, a really glamorous affair. We drove away in clouds of rice and rose petals, but it then developed Harold had made no reservations for accommodations. As a result we were turned away by half a dozen motels before he eventually located an expensive but dingy room with sagging twin beds and the bath two doors down the hall.

"It was a horrid, unromantic place for a bride to spend her first night. I was a virgin, but I loved Harold and I wasn't afraid of him. I wanted to be cooperative; I did my best to shut my eyes to the grimy surroundings and show my affection. Harold is five years older than I am; during our courtship he pretended to be sophisticated sexually, and I believed him. I knew he'd had previous experience; as a high-school student he and the beauty queen eloped and were married for a month before a divorce was arranged.

"But as my bridegroom, Harold was terribly rough, clumsy, and anything but considerate. I finally asked him to be more gentle, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh. Harold's particular brand of humor and crude jokes often kill every particle of my affection at the very moment I've begun to feel close and loving. I'll admit I may be oversensitive to trifles, that I should remember Harold's many fine qualities, and count my blessings.

"Despite the way he bullies Tommy and permits a narrow-minded teacher to abuse the boy, Harold is a good father to the twins. He is genuinely fond of children—all children except our own little son. For a long while he has been trying to sell me on the idea of a new baby; he says we can afford an addition to the family. Financially, this is true. He nets about $14,000 a year from his law practice, and I bring in approximately $5,000.

"However, I'm by no means certain I want a fourth child by Harold. If we happened to have a second boy, I'm positive he would insist on naming him for his father because I named Tommy for mine. My in-laws have never forgiven either Tommy or me for that. And, in my opinion, they have prejudiced Harold against our firstborn and made him unfairly partial to our daughters.

"Frankly, I'm too unsure of my marriage now to risk another baby."

"Juanita is a wonderful girl with wonderful parents," said 39-year-old Harold, a muscular, slim-waisted man with slightly receding straw-colored hair. "I wish I could say the same for mine. I sometimes think I fell in love with Juanita's family—her mother and father, her brothers and sisters—even before I fell for her big black eyes, sweet soft voice, her sudden gusts of excitability and fierce, strong feelings about small things.

"Everybody in that family, except perhaps Juanita's mother, was excitable, moody, changeable as the moon, fun to be with. Their home was shabby, but spotlessly clean. And the kitchen was always filled with delicious cooking smells, and Mamma, as I call Juanita's mother, was always quick to put on an extra plate for me.

"Both my parents held jobs in order to give me advantages, but as the only child of an ill-matched couple I missed out on Juanita's advantages. My boyhood was marked by strife and dissension. As a kid I was pulled back and forth like a piece of waxed rope in a constant tug-of-war between my father and my mother. My paternal grandparents emigrated from a small village in the Swiss Alps and took my father, as a boy, to Oklahoma City, where later he met and married my Oklahoma-born mother. Her people regarded him as an ignorant foreigner, although he had graduated with honors from the state university and eventually became as loud, bluff and Western in his ways as any Oklahoman. Father's Swiss, trilingual parents regarded my mother as a stupid provincial.

"The recollection of boyhood weekends still depresses me. On the first Sunday of the month, escorted by my proud father, I would be put through my bag of tricks at the home of his parents. The next Sunday it would be my mother's turn to dress me in my best and show me off to her folks. I used to feel like a pet poodle on display and to envy every kid of my acquaintance—particularly two orphans I knew at school.

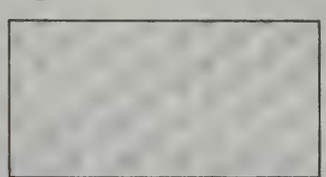
"Nevertheless, in spite of many disagreements with my parents, I cannot forget my obligations as their son, their only son. Even if I could toss them out of my life—I have frequently said goodbye forever to my father—I doubt I could enforce a permanent separation, or that I should.

"The first time I broke with my parents was at the age of seventeen, following a hurry-up, runaway marriage to a scared, pregnant little fifteen-year-old. When she miscarried and we lost the baby, I stood still while my father arranged a quickie divorce; I then sneaked out on the girl and went on to college, unencumbered. Long afterward, I had reason to regret that raw performance. When I could hardly recall the features of the girl, I heard indirectly she was leading a sour, bad life, and I blamed myself for her poor start (*continued*)

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in the world, and blamed my parents, too. This first experience was so dismal that it disillusioned me with romance for a long time. All through my college career and even after I started out in law I was gun-shy. Falling in love with Juanita and her family, meeting people with standards, ideals and yet with gaiety and warmth, was a marvelous happening for me.

"Even so, I hesitated quite a while at the idea of marriage, but eventually, for Juanita's sake, I braced myself for a modest wedding. When I saw the hordes of people packed in the church on our wedding day—I expected a couple of dozen guests at the most—I almost turned and ran and left my bride at the altar. I thought of myself as a hard-bitten bachelor character, but I was in such a swivet I dropped the ring and knocked the bouquet out of Juanita's arms in my hurry to kiss her. Worst of all, I clean forgot the name of the hotel where I had reserved the bridal suite for our honeymoon—something Juanita doesn't know to this day. As a bridegroom that night I was a poor excuse, and I knew it—I was unaccustomed to making love to a nice girl, and our room was a real dump. I must say Juanita's fearfulness and lack of humor did nothing to add to my confidence. My wife still finds it easier to take offense than to take a joke.

"One thing you can say in favor of honeymoons—they don't last forever. It wasn't long before Juanita and I were making out fine sexually, although I've always been the more interested party. The trouble between us, which, as I well know, is often fired up by my parents, really got its start at the time Tommy was so ill.

"He required an unusual amount of attention as an infant because of being premature. He had a feeding problem and still is pestered by allergies. When he was two he picked up an obscure virus that brought on sudden convulsions, accompanied by raging fevers that invariably subsided by the time we got him to the hospital. The doctors, unable to observe the symptoms, failed to diagnose what was wrong, and just about decided Juanita was an oversolicitous mother with an overactive imagination. But then one night Tommy nearly died at the hospital—the virus was identified as a variety of salmonella, a sort of cousin of typhoid, I gather—and he was properly treated and cured.

"Juanita was vindicated, and she never forgot it. From then on she firmly believed that physicians, teachers, my parents, her kinfolk—in fact everybody, including me—were in league against Tommy. Actually Tommy is spoiled rotten, as Juanita's own mother would be glad to tell you. My mother-in-law is the only baby-sitter who has ever been allowed to stay in our house, although the twins are four years old and Tommy is nearly seven.

"He has a high I.Q., but his behavior is so immature he is now repeating the first grade and is a demoralizing influence on the whole class. He jumps on the smaller children, gives smart-alecky answers to the teacher's questions, or clams up and refuses to give any answer. The most recent complaint of that harried woman, scoffed at by Juanita, is that Tommy acts as though he were doped, lays his head on the desk and sometimes sleeps through the ent session. According to Juanita, Tomm suffers from insomnia. She provokes There are occasions when she goes ir his room as often as a dozen times night to make sure he is breathing; s serves him milk and cookies on demar she lies down beside him and talks sings to him until his young majes agrees she can leave.

"As a result, she herself often wal through the day in a haze of fatigu And she is always, or nearly always, t tired for love-making. In the three yea since Tommy entered kindergarte once or twice a month has been t absolute maximum for us. Neverth less, I'm sure Juanita isn't frigid, ev though the other night I got sore ar accused her of it.

"The unhappy truth is she devot so much thought and attention Tommy she has practically none reserve to devote to the twins and to m Because we are dependent on the goo nature and unpaid labor of her moth to look after our youngsters, Juani and I can very seldom go out togethe My mother-in-law isn't young, liv twenty miles from us, and lately Tomm and the twins have become too muc for her.

"I go bowling once a week by mysel Once or twice a week Juanita goes sho ping or to an evening drive-in with girl friend; she then gets mad if I tak the phone off the hook or let it rin while she's gone. All the calls to ou house are for Juanita, and frequentl involve her with some job assignmen that turns out to be too taxing for he strength. She has limited energy, an yet drives herself terrifically hard t keep up our place—she is a meticulou housekeeper—and frankly I would b delighted if she quit work entirely. Bu whenever I suggest the idea, she say I am selfish.

"In my opinion, she is considerabl more selfish than I am in a lot of ways And, for a girl who is supersensitive her self, she is amazingly insensitive wher my parents are concerned. We driv over to see her folks at least once week. She talks to her mother and he sisters daily on the phone. My mothe and father live eighteen hundred mile away, visit Los Angeles once a year an stay two or three weeks, seldom longer in a motel. Juanita has consistently re fused to visit Oklahoma, which mean they must vacation in California if they are ever to see me and their grand children.

"In the beginning they were very fond of Juanita, but then she made her distaste for them too plain. She gets offended because my mother doesn't help her in the kitchen, but my mother, unlike hers, has always held a job and never learned how to cook or swing a broom. She complains because my father doesn't greet her when he tele phones our house for me, but she has called him down a few too many times for the rough way he joshes her.

"I'll admit my parents raised an awful ruckus at the hospital when she named Tommy for her dad instead of naming him for me and my dad. Since Tommy was her first baby, I thought she had the right to choose. But when our twins arrived, and Juanita named one for her oldest sister and the other for her mother, I could understand why *my* mother was miffed.

"But if she will agree to stop working and have another baby—a little brother

would do Tommy a world of good—I can promise there will be no argument between Juanita and me about the little fellow's name."

"In this case I worked with Juanita, Harold *and* Tommy," the counselor said. "It wasn't difficult to spot Tommy as the storm center of this turbulent marriage. The other troubles were side issues.

"In order to allay Juanita's exaggerated fears about the child's health, deal with her overweening, compulsive protectiveness, I recommended that Tommy be sent to a well-known pediatrician. The pediatrician ordered an encephalogram to discover whether the boy might have suffered brain damage from the high temperatures he ran in early childhood, which sometimes occurs.

"After a complete medical examination established that the youngster was normal, I put him under observation and gave him a battery of psychological tests. The results of the tests and careful observation helped Juanita to see that her overindulgence was hampering the emotional development of her intelligent but spoiled youngster.

"As soon as she acknowledged that she was damaging Tommy with too much affection, she perceived that she was also cheating her husband and her daughters. It was not surprising that there were times Harold resented the child. She very often rejected Harold's overtures with the excuse of weariness; on the occasions when she did accept her husband, she was likely to keep an anxious ear open for a summons from Tommy.

"Once Juanita made up her mind she wanted to improve her marriage, she was intelligent and strong enough to change her ways. A few sensible rules, not many, were laid down to guide and help Tommy become a less demanding—and less unhappy—child. Spoiled, undisciplined children are seldom happy. Tommy was allowed a specified number of bedtime privileges, a bedtime story of course, a good-night kiss, a glass of water, a night light, but then his door was firmly closed until morning.

"It would be pleasant to say that Tommy was swiftly transformed by this changed regimen, but it wouldn't be true. His tantrums slackened only gradually, but eventually disappeared. Gradually he behaved better at school and, for the first time, acquired a boyhood friend. But the improvement in Tommy's personality came about much more slowly than the improvement in his parents' relationship.

"Harold was so pleased when he and the twins received more attention from Juanita—she also curtailed her fashion assignments—that he gladly made concessions on points that had annoyed Juanita. For one thing, he spoke bluntly to his father, a blunt man, and told him to stop sniping at his daughter-in-law while a guest in their house. When he cut down on his own boisterous jokes—the crudities borrowed from his father were probably a dim heritage of a rough frontier male society—he found Juanita more amenable to love-making.

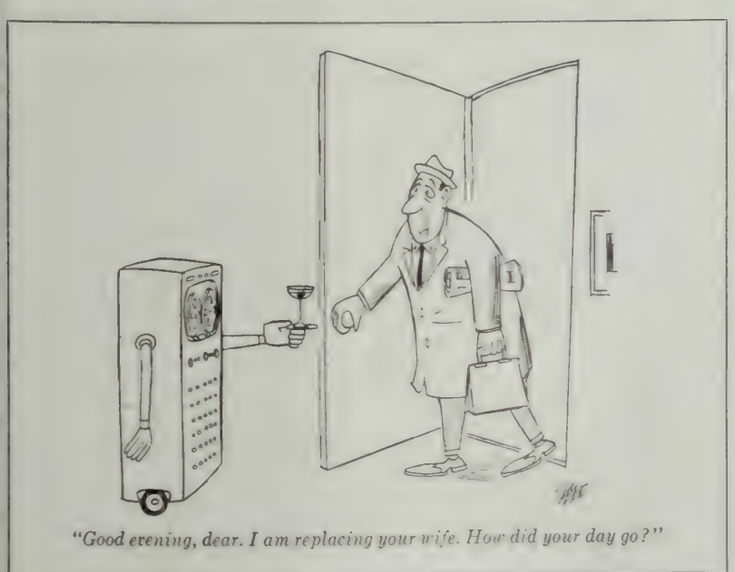
"For her part, she conceded that she and Harold needed a social life together. She located a satisfactory sitter in the neighborhood; she and Harold now go out together at least once a week—and not always to her relatives.

"Juanita tried, with considerable success, to become more impersonal about her own feelings and more understanding of the feelings of others. She then admitted that her in-laws couldn't be expected to be duplicates of her parents, who had very different backgrounds. She also conceded that her own kinfolk had imperfections and that she sometimes had wished them far away. Although Harold's parents might be trying, she granted that they were entitled to see their son and their grandchildren. During the past two summers the annual visits from Oklahoma have been much less of an ordeal to her.

"Juanita and Harold have had no fourth child, and now have contented themselves to the present size of their family. The twins celebrated their seventh birthday recently. Tommy is now nine. I am proud of Tommy and of our work together; I still see him three or four times a year.

"Tommy is doing well scholastically and socially, and I believe, judging from the most recent report, that he is happy in his life. Following my usual practice with child clients, I gave Tommy a large calendar with a square to designate each day. I asked him to record on the calendar every evening whether his feelings that day had been glad or sad.

"When Juanita handed me the latest leaf torn from Tommy's calendar—it happened to be for the month of June—she smiled and so did I. For on the calendar Tommy had drawn thirty round cartoon faces with thirty upturned, joyous grins!" **END**



"Good evening, dear. I am replacing your wife. How did your day go?"

Whip'n Chill® recipe #12:



Chocolate Mint Dessert

(Foolproof. Needs no cooking.)

1 package Whip 'n Chill Chocolate Dessert Mix
2 tablespoons sugar (optional)
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
¼ teaspoon mint extract
Thin chocolate wafers, coarsely broken

Just follow these simple directions: Combine dessert mix and sugar; then prepare as directed on package. Cream the cheese; gradually add to prepared dessert, beating after each addition. Blend in mint extract. If necessary, chill until mixture mounds — about 10 minutes. Layer in parfait or dessert glasses with broken wafers, beginning and ending with prepared dessert. Chill 2 hours or more. If desired, garnish with chocolate wafers.



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Another rich but light Whip 'n Chill dessert.

Just one of the 141 recipes in Whip 'n Chill's new *Magical Desserts* recipe book. Mail 25¢ and two box tops to "Recipe Book," Box 1418, Kankakee, Ill.

Whip 'n Chill is a registered trademark of General Foods Corp.

He said He is GOD— what do YOU say?

Picture yourself as judge and jury with Jesus Christ standing before you on trial for blasphemy.

You ask Him if it is true that He claims to be God and He tells you yes.

Would you believe He was telling the truth? Or would you decide that He is a person of unique holiness... that He is a teacher of exemplary virtues... that He is only a prophet —but NOT God? Would you conclude that a man who looks and talks and acts like other men has to be human and cannot be divine?

This question, we know, confronted the tribunal which condemned Jesus Christ and sent Him to the cross. And it still confronts everyone who wants to be and claims to be a follower of the Christian faith.

For Catholics... and for many other Christians, too... belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ is the very foundation of Christianity. We have to believe this on the strength of God's promise to send His divine Son into the world to redeem us from sin. We have to believe it if we accept the Bible as divine truth. We have to believe it on the testimony of the Apostles... and on the teachings of Christ's Church since its very beginning.

Jesus Christ claimed to be God when He said: "... the Father is in me and I in the Father... for the Father and I are one" (John 10:38, 30). He did so again in these unmistakable terms: "He who believes in the Son has everlasting life; he who is unbelieving toward the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God rests upon Him" (John 3:36).

Additional proofs of Christ's "oneness" with God are to be found in the Bible. And, of course, no purely human Jesus could have walked on the water, calmed the storm, given sight to the blind, restored life to the dead, multiplied the loaves and the fishes, and returned from the tomb as Christ did.

The responsibility to learn the truth and make a correct decision rests heavily upon all who claim to be Christian. To help you do this, we have prepared a new pocket-size pamphlet explaining profound truths which cannot be presented in the limited space available here. It will give you a clear-cut understanding of the nature of Jesus Christ—True God and True Man—and we'll send it to you free and without obligation. Nobody will call on you.

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The "Doctor Game"

First Mother: I have a question. A thirteen-year-old and his fifteen-year-old brother took my five-year-old girl into a little shed in back of their house. I can understand children of the same age group exploring, but this disturbed me greatly, and I made that very clear to the mother of these older children. I still don't know whether I handled it well. I do realize that in children's games they do some of these things. But I read that children are aware that many of these things aren't quite proper, and are really happier when mother calls a halt or puts cookies and milk out for the children and directs them to some other activity. But these two older boys took a five-year-old and said that if she didn't undress they would undress her. Just by instinct I happened to be searching for her at the moment, and found her before anything serious had happened. How would you handle something like that?

Dr. Bettelheim: What did you say to them?

First Mother: I talked to my daughter, forbidding her to go across the street anymore.

Dr. B.: Why did you say she shouldn't go across the street?

First Mother: Because we have our own yard to play in.

Dr. B.: Right. But is that really the reason?

First Mother: You mean, was that the reason I gave my daughter?

Dr. B.: No, to yourself.

First Mother: No, that wasn't the reason to me.

Dr. B.: All right, so why should she suddenly not go in the yard across the street?

First Mother: I explained to her that there are some people that just don't do things right. That we don't do things like this and that I expect her to stay near us, or play with other children. Which is probably all wrong, but ——

Dr. B.: No, I don't think it's all wrong. I would certainly protect my own daughter. I'm just not sure I'm too happy about your explanation.

First Mother: I can't exactly remember the whole explanation, but we did talk.

Dr. B.: This is certainly of interest. After all, we might all find ourselves in this position. There's precious little we can do about the past, but we can develop better foresight. Because your daughter, at age five, knew very well that this was sex behavior these boys were engaging in. To tell her "I don't want you to go across the street because you have a yard of your own here," really means to her that you're afraid to call a spade a spade and talk with her about it.

First Mother: Well, yes . . . but we talked for quite some time, and I did say, "Does Mother run around exposed herself? And ——"

Dr. B.: Wait a moment. Do you feel that it's right to walk around in the nude, to make a display of yourself, in the home? Or how is this problem handled in your suburb?

First Mother: Never outside. (Laughter.) No, generally speaking, I would say no. We don't make any display of ourselves. If I just had a towel wrapped around me, it would be only to run from the bathroom to the bedroom.

Dr. B.: What worries me about your daughter is the way you first put it to us; your daughter might have gotten the idea that it's all right to do it in your play yard, but not across the street. As long as it's kind of kept in the family it's all right. (Laughter.) I mean, it isn't which yard that matters, but that's the idea we give them, you know?

First Mother: I felt that the age was more serious, too.

Dr. B.: I have no question about that. You did the right thing in protecting your daughter. But the question is: What attitudes do we get across to our children about sex, and themselves, and society, by the way we handle it?

Second Mother: Well, a lot depends on the mother who happens to uncover sex play among small children. One mother may understand that this sort of thing happens, and just distract them and break up the group. I feel strongly that I should occasionally pass through the room so that nothing like that starts. But with a mother who gets terribly upset, and many women still have this attitude, you've got a scene on your hands.

Third Mother: I had a different experience. A few boys were apparently playing doctor. They had my son, and were trying to take his temperature with a Popsicle stick. He got away, and came home, and didn't say a thing to me. He took a drink and went back out again. Another mother had caught them, and this is how he'd gotten away. When he got back to the boys, this mother walked up to my son, grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him. This I saw. I turned red, and told her in no uncertain terms that never, never was she to touch my son again. Apparently he had just walked up to the boys and they threw him down. This was all she had seen, and also that my son had been struggling quite a bit.

Dr. B.: So why did she shake him?

Third Mother: He would have been involved if they had gone through with what they were trying to do. Her son was the one who had the Popsicle stick and was trying to take my boy's temperature. Anyway, she said she would talk to her son, and I said I would talk to mine. I did, and he was very shaken. But nothing had upset me like this before.

Fourth Mother: About sex, and handling oneself, and such matters, my child is only two, but I think I'll be able to accept it as natural, and leave her alone in the hope that it doesn't become compulsive or anything. But what about if she does it with other children, or explores with other children?

Is this as natural, and should I accept it as readily? And when does it become dirty? At what age is it not exploration anymore?

Dr. B.: What is natural? This I think is where many parents get hung up. Certainly it's natural to run around naked. For primitive man it was natural to run around naked. Then civilization evolved and we put clothes on. But it's very hard to say it's not natural to run around in the nude. Nor can we say it's not natural for children to play sex games with each other. Because I think nobody goes out of his way to tell them to do it, or to teach them. They learn it by themselves. But while we want our children to grow up naturally, we want even more that they should grow up civilized. Some restrictions have to be put on naturalness, if we want them to be civilized. The problem is how much restriction is just the right amount? And what's too much? What little children of the same age, like four- or five-year-olds, do with each other is one thing; what a twelve-year-old does to a five-year-old is something entirely different. While they may benefit from the first or at least not be damaged by it, the second might be very seductive, overpowering, scary, destructive, and we have to protect them against it. How has all that become to be the game of "playing doctor"?

Maybe if we had never taken a child's temperature rectally, if a doctor would never have examined their genitals, children might not have gotten this particular idea. But what is the doctor game really all about? And why do they call it the doctor game?

Fifth Mother: It makes being nude and things more acceptable. They've learned that.

Dr. B.: That's right. But do you really think that before doctors were around and made physical examinations the children didn't have sex play with each other?

Fifth Mother: Yes, but they didn't call it doctor.

Dr. B.: That's right, exactly. That's the whole difference. As a matter of fact, one could even say this is something bad. We now get what we never got before: To give birth to a child is a sickness, because the mother goes to the hospital and goes to the doctor in pregnancy. Many children think this, deep down. So we get a very strange feed-back. Moreover, it extends to what, in other societies, is a normal behavior of children—their playing with each other in preparation, so to say, for adult sex activities. With us the person for whom you undress and who handles your body is a doctor. So this is something that's connected with sickness: a strange attitude toward sex.

Fifth Mother: I hadn't even thought of that.

Fourth Mother: I question that, Doctor Bettelheim. With preventive medicine it's just routine for mother and baby to go to the doctor regularly to make sure the baby is developing, or bland things like that. I can't recall any special curiosity about the doctor.

Dr. B.: I don't think there's any special curiosity. It's just that you go to the doctor when you are sick, whether it's preventive or not. The doctor is here for sickness. And to undress yourself and be bodily examined has to do with sickness. That's why they call it playing doctor.

Fifth Mother: Look, I'm still not quite sure what your feeling is on the playing of doctor. Are there any limits? What limits should we set?

Dr. B.: I cannot tell you what is right and wrong. I can only tell you the consequence of various actions. You are the parents, and you have to decide what attitudes you want to develop in your children about sex. It's well known, for example, that when children come to nursery school—if it's a relatively free nursery, as more and more of them are—most of the time the children spend there, those first few weeks, is spent watching other children on the toilet. That's where they finally learn about the sex differences. They're fascinated. Their curiosity shows that they hadn't learned enough before, but they were certainly ready to learn. Otherwise they wouldn't spend all their time watching the boys or the boys watching the girls. On the other hand, maybe school is for learning, and therefore they should learn it in school. All this is well known to nursery-school teachers. It's another well-known fact that children are interested in comparing their own genitals with the genitals of other children of the same sex, and the other sex. This curiosity is very natural. The question is: Where does the satisfaction of a natural curiosity end, and where does seduction begin? Or where does anxiety about sex begin? These are much trickier questions.

A man like me doesn't take much stock in the so-called innocence of children, but while they are not innocent they certainly are naïve about it all, and that's a great protection. That is, whatever ideas they may have about sex, they're all more or less on the same level. But an adult, or a fifteen-year-old, has entirely different ideas about sex: His ideas are neither innocent nor naive, although anybody who uses a child for sexual purpose must be mighty confused about it all. When a fifteen-year-old boy takes a five-year-old girl and undresses her, as the first mother told us, then he looks at her and handles her not with a five-year-old's ideas, but with those of a fifteen-year-old, and that makes all the difference in how the five-year-old experiences it.

It is these, the fifteen-year-old's ideas, and his confusion, and how he goes about satisfying his ideas, that make the experience so bad for the little girl. If another five-year-old would have done something similar, it might be somewhat exciting, but never so scary, or degrading.

The same goes for the doctor game. Little kids will go just so far, and then feel guilty, because they know their parents won't like it. This healthy guilt will protect them against going too far.

There just is a great difference whether two people who are equals do something together, or whether one who is older and more powerful inflicts something on somebody who is helpless because he is much younger, or weaker, or less developed or sophisticated. That's why I would stop it if a big kid plays doctor with a little one.

What we have to protect our children against are *all* emotional experiences, including sexual ones, which are not "age-correct," which would arouse feelings and anxieties that they are not equipped to handle. **END**

Whip'n Chill® recipe #59:



Maple Nut Pie

(Foolproof. Needs no cooking.)

1 package Whip 'n Chill Vanilla Dessert Mix
⅓ cup Log Cabin® Syrup
⅓ cup chopped nuts
1 unbaked 8-inch graham cracker crumb crust

Just follow these simple directions: Prepare Whip 'n Chill Dessert Mix as directed on package, reducing water to ⅓ cup and adding syrup with the water. If necessary, chill until mixture mounds—about 10 minutes. Fold chopped nuts into this mixture and spoon into crust. Chill 3 hours or more. If desired, garnish with prepared whipped topping and a drizzle of Log Cabin Syrup.

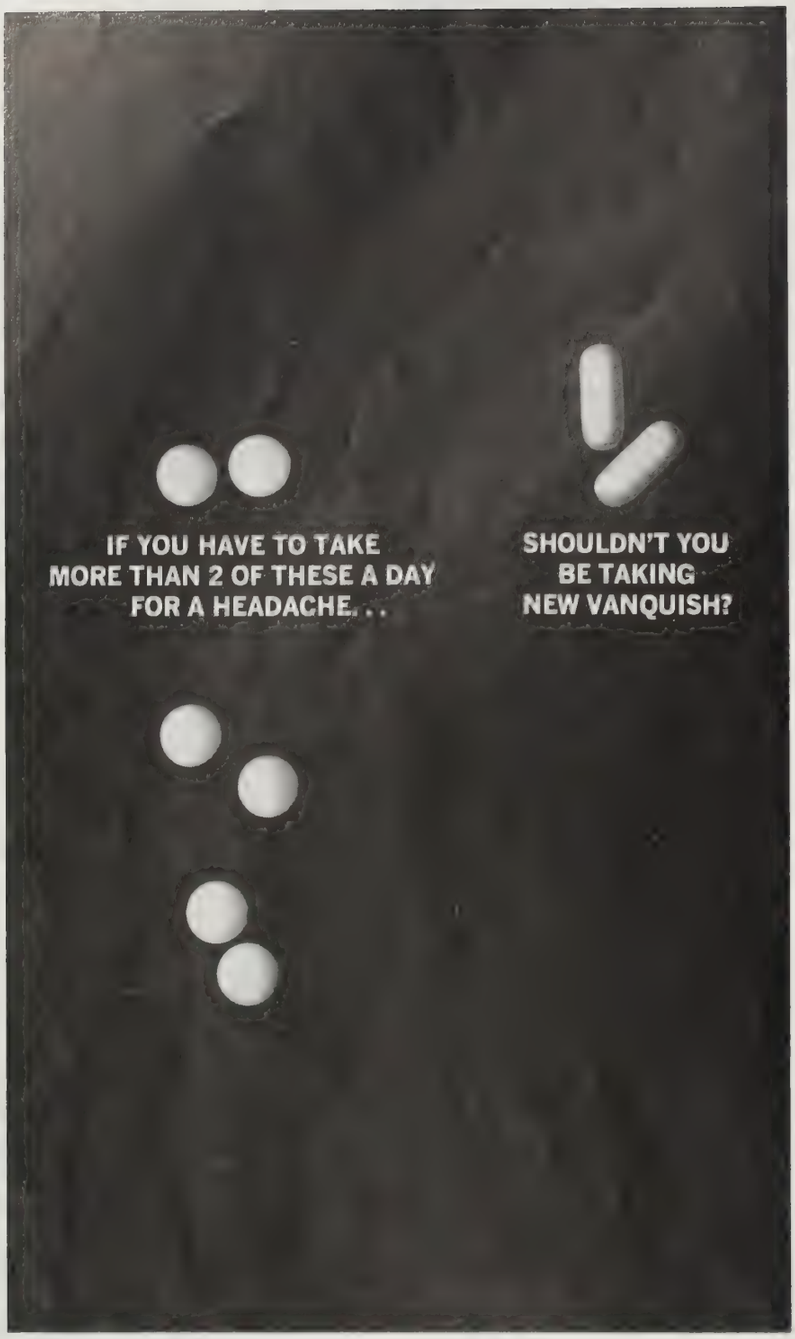


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Another rich but light Whip 'n Chill dessert.

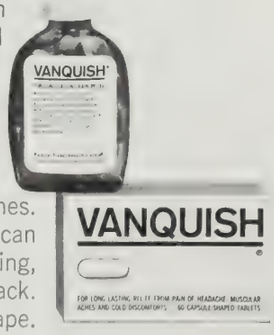
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MEDICINE TODAY

More than 20 years have passed since people first began poking tiny plastic disks in their eyes in an effort to look better and see better at the same time. But it is only now that enough studies have accumulated to give us the definitive facts about contact lenses—the good and bad points.

Just how safe are they really? Six ophthalmologists recently reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association the results of a nationwide survey covering almost 50,000 contact-lens wearers. Encouragingly, the great majority of them had no complications. But there were 7,600 patients who showed some temporary and usually readily treatable changes in their eyes. Disturbingly, there were an additional 157 cases in which patients suffered minor but permanent eye damage. In a small number of cases, however, damage was hardly minor. Fourteen persons were blinded in one eye. The authors conclude, "The popularity of contact lenses has exceeded the public knowledge of potential hazards associated with their use." They found that the serious complications were particularly common in patients who had cataract surgery, in older patients, and in those with previous eye injuries or diseases. And it is not surprising that ocular damage became more severe if the patient continued to try to wear the lenses after symptoms of trouble appeared.

There is no need for most wearers of contact lenses to be overly concerned about such complications, however, *if* they will have their lenses properly fitted; *if* they will follow instructions on the use and cleaning of the lenses; and *if* they will have routine checkups, preferably every six months.

The fact is that, without such precautions, any number of complications may occur. One of the ophthalmologists, Dr. Joseph M. Dixon, has found some cases where the lenses scratched the cornea, the clear covering of the eye. He has also found occasional cases of blood vessels growing across the cornea, obscuring vision, changes in the lining of the eyelids and changes in the composition of the tears. He points out that all persons who wear contacts for any length of time eventually become less sensitive to pain in the cornea. While the wearer may be more comfortable with his lenses, at the same time he may become oblivious to foreign bodies in his eyes, such as dust particles. The problem of decreased corneal sensitivity is especially dangerous in older patients where cataract surgery may have already reduced their pain perception. (These patients are sometimes so delighted with their unexpected ability to adapt to their new lenses that they may prolong the wearing time to a degree that is unsafe.)

Eye specialists caution against sleeping with the lenses in place; inadvertently rubbing a sleepy eye could cause severe corneal scratching. Another widespread and dangerous practice is to use saliva to moisten the lenses before inserting them in the eyes. The lenses should be kept as scrupulously clean as possible to minimize the danger of infection.

Some years ago I made a valiant attempt to switch to contact lenses, despite the prediction of my ophthalmologist that I would never adapt to them successfully. He pointed out that I was not dependent enough on my glasses (I *am* able to grope around without them) and, being already happily married, I would not be sufficiently motivated by the cosmetic advantages (in contrast to some of his high-school and college-aged patients). At first I was delighted with the "vistavision" the lenses afforded; driving the car or playing golf I was no longer peeking, with a blurry peripheral vision, out the sides of the frames of my glasses. The lenses also were great for watching football games in the rain or for locating the soap in the shower. But the glare and smog of Southern California eventually defeated me, and I finally went back, to conventional glasses.

I feel strongly that anyone considering contacts should be fitted by a physician who specializes in eye problems. Only a physician is equipped to follow a patient medically and to treat any possible complications before they become serious. One expert ophthalmologist, Dr. Charles E. Jaeckle, stresses that three phases are important in the care of a patient with contact lenses. The first phase is a medical diagnostic evaluation, not only of the eye but of the patient as a whole. The second phase is the actual fitting of the lenses, and the final one is that of medical follow-up as long as the lenses are worn.

His last point deserves special emphasis. Probably the biggest fallacy among contact-lens wearers is the idea that once you have been properly fitted and have adapted to wearing your lenses there is little or no need to see the eye doctor. To avoid complications (especially those that may be developing silently) ophthalmologists today advise that your eyes and lenses be examined routinely, every six months, and immediately if you suspect trouble.

Baby identification bracelets or bands still are the best way to insure against a mix-up in the new-

By Phyllis Wright, M. D., with Victor Cohn

born nursery, according to Air Force pediatrician Lt. Col. Kenneth S. Shepard. He conducted a controlled study of the footprint method of identifying newborns and found that even the experts could not match newborn prints with prints of the same babies taken at five to six weeks of age. Apparently the problem of making a non-smudgy footprint of a wriggly baby is almost insurmountable.

My children's dentist has just introduced our family to the Water Pik. This new little dental home appliance shoots a pulsating jet of water or mouthwash into dental areas difficult to cleanse with even an electric toothbrush. It irrigates the spaces between the teeth and is great for cleansing around braces or dentures, removing packed food particles, and, at the same time, massaging the gums. Even my five-year-old son learned to use it, once I was able to persuade him it was not a water pistol. It's expensive (around $40), but for the family that is serious about dental care, Water Pik may be well worth it.

Recurrent stomachaches are a common childhood complaint, according to Dr. Guilio Barbero of the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia (and, likewise, according to any mother). One hundred and eight of 1,000 schoolchildren questioned had chronic abdominal pain. A variety of causes turned up, from physical abnormalities to emotional problems. (Many children tell Dr. Barbero that nobody believes them, and some say they are "crying inside.")

Stomach and duodenal ulcers occur more commonly than has previously been suspected. All children with ulcers complain of abdominal pain that may awaken them at night and is usually worse upon arising in the morning. The morning stomachache of ulcers is often confused with the I-don't-want-to-go-to-school syndrome. In contrast to adults who suffer from ulcers, there is often no clear-cut relationship between the pain and mealtime. One third to one half of the children with ulcers experience vomiting or sour eructations, and half have a family history of ulcers. Dr. Barbero points out that most children improve with medical treatment, and that it is very rare indeed for a child patient to require surgery.

At least one physician, Dr. Robert M. Siegel of Dallas, attributes some cases of ulcers in children to heavy homework loads and too much competition for grades.

Here's an encouraging note for husbands. Dr. Milton Ende of Virginia has been spending a lot of time on the golf course, studying blood pressure and pulse rates of a group of male golfers before, during and after their game. He also took electrocardiograms, blood and urine tests. He reports that golf causes only a slight temporary elevation in blood pressure, which soon returns to normal. Most of the golfers slept very well after a day's play—quite in contrast to what happens after a bridge game. His conclusion is what such golfers as Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower found out long ago: Even most cardiac patients can probably play golf without undue risk.

Suicide is the fourth leading cause of death among U. S. teenagers. Recently Dr. Joseph Teicher and Dr. Jerry Jacobs of Los Angeles studied the motives and personalities of 50 adolescents who attempted suicide. These teenagers had not acted on a sudden impulse, but had considered suicide for two years or more before the actual attempt. They had developed a pattern of rebellion and withdrawal from the family, usually for an average of five years before the attempt. This behavior was the child's way of calling for help, but the parents tended to see the child merely as misbehaving and therefore in need of punishment. Feeling that his parents did not love or understand him, the youngster often became involved in a romance. If this attempt to establish a meaningful relationship with another person happened to fail, the teen-ager then decided on suicide.

"Parents are awfully lackadaisical about having their children immunized against measles," a pediatrician colleague of mine complained recently during a lunch-table discussion. We had just seen an eight-year-old child in the mental retardation clinic. She had been a perfectly normal little girl, but an attack of measles, complicated by measles encephalitis (inflammation of the brain), had left her severely and permanently brain-damaged. "One of the most tragic things about the case," observed my friend, "is that her mother realizes that measles is now a preventable disease."

The effectiveness of the new measles vaccine has been recently reconfirmed by a careful study of over 36,000 children in Great Britain. One group of children received killed vaccine, followed a month later by attenuated live vaccine. A second group received live vaccine only, the third group was not vaccinated.

Only 9 percent of the children who had received the killed and live vaccine combination developed measles after close family exposure, and even fewer (6 percent) developed measles after the live vaccine. On the other hand, 83 percent of the nonvaccinated children came down with the disease.

When you consider that deafness, brain damage, and even death may result from this disease, which is far too often still considered a minor childhood ailment, it makes you want to bang on doors and beg mothers to get this simple protection for their children. **END**

Whip'n Chill® recipe #116:



Strawberry Soufflé

(Foolproof. Needs no cooking.)

1 package (10 oz.) Birds Eye® Strawberry Halves, thawed
1 package Whip 'n Chill Strawberry Dessert Mix
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sugar

Just follow these simple directions: Drain strawberries, measuring the syrup. Add *cold* water to syrup to make one cup. Prepare Whip 'n Chill as directed on package, using measured syrup instead of milk and water. Beat egg white until it is foamy. Blend in sugar. Beat until mixture forms stiff, shiny peaks. Fold this into prepared dessert mix. Chill until mixture mounds, about 10 minutes. Fold in Birds Eye Strawberries. Spoon into individual soufflé dishes, each heightened with a 1-inch paper collar. Then chill 2 hours or more. This makes 4 delicious servings.



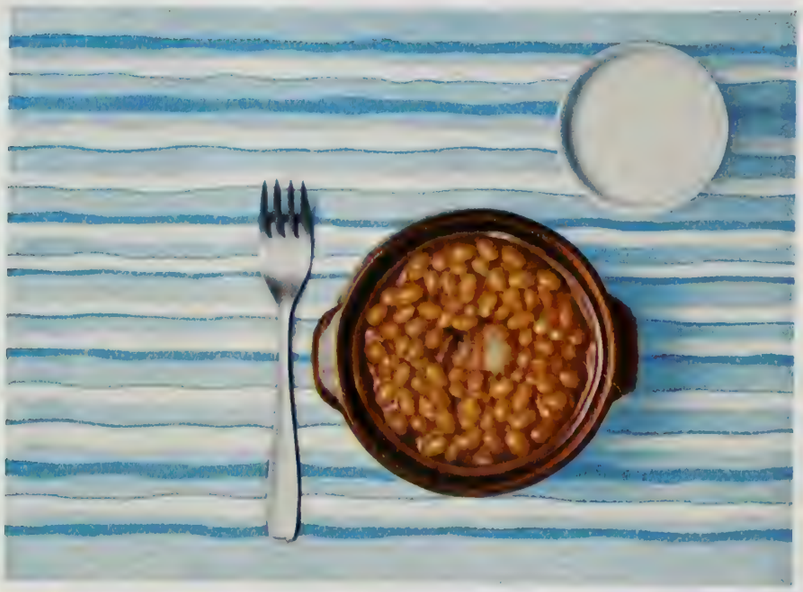
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Fashion Site



On site here, our not-to-be-missed fashion buy for June. A cool little standby that stands in for pants when there are jobs to be done—marketing, shopping, picking up the children—and that keeps you looking pretty and feminine while you're doing them. By Lady Manhattan, of easy-to-care-for red and white cotton broadcloth. 8–18, $15. Golo shoes. Hairdo by Phillip of Costantini. Available at the following stores:

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What Really Happens When Your Obstetrician Is Late

BY PATRICIA H. BRENNER, R.N. and ROBERT L. BRENNER

Mrs. Emery Deutsch's obstetrician had told her to call him the minute she felt any signs of approaching labor. So when her bag of waters broke that Sunday morning, she phoned at once. "Get right over to the hospital," he ordered, "and I'll see you there later." She and her husband took a cab across town, and within an hour she'd been admitted to a private room in Doctors' Hospital on New York City's fashionable East End Avenue.

Mrs. Deutsch saw her obstetrician, Dr. Emanuel Klempner, at four that afternoon. He examined her and learned that her last two contractions had been about 15 minutes apart, indicating that she probably would be in labor for several hours. Then he said he was going to his apartment four blocks away for a nap; the nurses would call him, he assured her, when the baby was ready to arrive.

At that point, Mrs. Deutsch had good reason to expect her delivery to be "normal." She was in one of New York's most exclusive private hospitals. Dr. Klempner had delivered her first child, a fine, healthy boy, in the same hospital 5½ years earlier, and the obstetric nurse who looked in on her just after Dr. Klempner left turned out to be Helen Sawicki, who had also assisted at her earlier delivery.

In harsh reality, though, Mrs. Deutsch was on the brink of a tragedy that still hasn't ended nine years later. Her baby boy, born that February 3, 1957, is hopelessly mentally retarded today. And Mrs. Deutsch has since sworn in court that his condition was caused by Helen Sawicki and another nurse who forcibly delayed his birth for some 12 minutes while they waited for Dr. Klempner.

Fortunately for today's mothers-to-be, the Deutsch case is highly unusual. Nevertheless, the startling story alleged in this case raises questions every intelligent woman should want answered.

It's almost impossible to predict the exact moment of birth, even in a delivery that is normal, which 90 percent are. Thus it's inevitable that some women may not have their private physicians at their sides when the babies come. When the doctor isn't there, exactly what does happen in labor and delivery rooms? Can an expectant mother do anything to improve the chances that her doctor *will* be there—or to assure that, if he isn't, she and the baby will still be as safe as possible?

Leading obstetricians, nurses with long experience in labor and delivery rooms, and other hospital authorities have some answers to these questions. They say that chances that a particular doctor may not be on hand for a delivery probably are increasing. And too many hospitals often cannot provide a woman with a competent substitute for her own doctor. But there *are* definite steps an informed mother-to-be can take to make it more likely that her own doctor will be there and to reduce the possibility of a mishap if he isn't. Most important, they say there's little likelihood today of a chain of events like those the Deutsches have testified caused their tragedy.

What apparently happened to Mrs. Deutsch was that her labor progressed much faster after Dr. Klempner left than he or the nurses expected. Her husband was keeping written notes of the time of her contractions, and his record shows that by five o'clock they were only five or six minutes apart. He pleaded then with the head nurse to have someone look at his wife, but no one came.

At 6:25, with his wife's contractions coming strong and regular every three minutes, Mr. Deutsch again pleaded in vain with the head nurse to send someone in. He was trying to wrestle a stretcher into her room himself when two nurses finally came, put her on the stretcher, and wheeled her into the labor and delivery suite. His note of the time she went through the door shows 6:35. It was "five, six, or seven minutes later," he has testified, that Dr. Klempner hurried through the same door.

Mrs. Deutsch has testified she could feel the baby's head moving in the opening of her birth canal even while she was being put on the stretcher. In the delivery room, Helen Sawicki and another nurse, Paula Van Camp, transferred her to the delivery table and strapped her wrists down. But Mrs. Deutsch testified they didn't then perform the next two steps in the delivery routine: putting her feet up in stirrups and draping her.

Instead, she testified, Miss Sawicki "took a towel or a piece of cloth and applied it between my legs as hard as possible. I was having very strong contractions," she said, and under this pressure "I felt that the contractions were suddenly reversed and the downward contractions were stopped, and they started coming back up again in an excruciating way. I was screaming for her to stop. I said: 'What are you doing? Stop!' Then I heard her say, 'If we don't do this, Dr. Klempner will lose the case.'" They kept the pressure on, Mrs. Deutsch said, until "just one minute before the baby was born," which the hospital record puts at 6:47 P.M.

Miss Sawicki has admitted that "about a quarter of an inch" of the baby's head was visible before Mrs. Deutsch was wheeled into the delivery room. But she testified that neither she nor Miss Van Camp did anything to delay the birth; that it occurred normally at 6:47. Miss Van Camp backed her up. An award of more than $280,000 that a jury voted for Mrs. Deutsch last September (the third jury award in this drawn-out lawsuit) awaits appeal.

Medical authorities insist it is increasingly unlikely today that experienced delivery-room personnel would forcibly delay a birth. Indeed, recent research has given convincing evidence that "the holdback procedure," as some doctors call it, does hold grave dangers for the infant.

In one study of 130 mentally retarded children whose births reportedly had been forcibly delayed, researchers pinpointed the holdback as the sole cause of retardation in 78 of the cases. Dr. Charles H. Carter, director of the Sunland Hospital for mentally retarded and physically handicapped children in Orlando, Fla., said recently, "This and other research have convinced nearly all obstetricians that the holdback procedure has no justification in modern obstetrics."

Fortunately, modern nurse training is stressing the same point of view. In the past, nurses sometimes delayed deliveries until the doctor arrived because they believed his presence was more crucial than that the birth occur normally. In fact, Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman of The Johns Hopkins University says that as recently as the 1940's one large hospital "included in each delivery kit a large sterile mitt for 'emergency' use by the nurse in holding back the baby's head pending the arrival of the obstetrician." He calls the holdback maneuver "a sly little trick to cover up for the failure of the obstetrician to be present."

Nurses trained in the past decade have been taught that under *no* circumstances should a delivery be forcibly delayed. "In my thirteen years in nursing education," says Margaret M. McDermott, chairman of the conference group on maternal and child health nursing of the American Nurses Association, "I've never heard nurses even suggest holdback as an acceptable obstetric technique."

Unfortunately, our birth rate is fast outstripping the supply of private physicians who practice obstetrics. Dr. Louis M. Hellman, chairman of the obstetrics and gynecology department at the Downstate Medical Center of the State University of New York, predicts that private physicians will be able *(continued)*

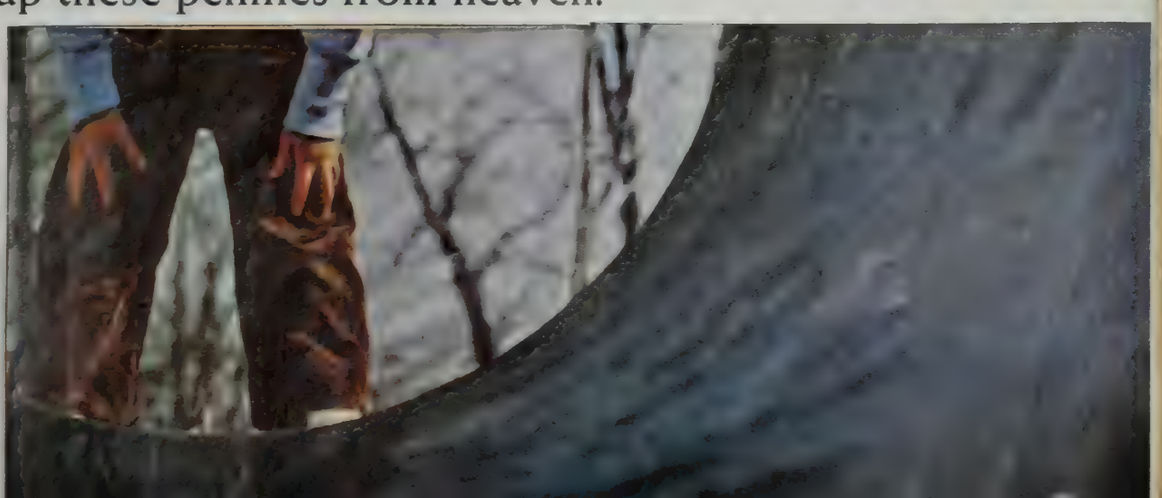


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percent are. Thus it's inevitable that some women may not have their private physicians at their sides when the babies come. When the doctor isn't there, exactly what does happen in labor and delivery rooms? Can an expectant mother do anything to improve the chances that her doctor *will* be there—or to assure that, if he isn't, she and the baby will still be as safe as possible?

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OBSTETRICIAN *continued*

to deliver fewer than 60 percent of the babies born in the United States up to 1970, and an even smaller percentage thereafter. Hospital house doctors or other obstetric-department personnel will have to deliver the rest.

This trend may surprise women who expect to be delivered as private patients. Yet, inescapably, the private obstetricians' mushrooming work load makes it increasingly likely that any doctor may be somewhere else when one of his patients gives birth. What happens to the private patient whose physician isn't there when delivery is imminent?

In general, nearly all hospitals have regulations aimed at preventing such emergencies and insuring that another qualified doctor will be on hand to substitute. But how foolproof these regulations actually are, depends considerably on the quality of the individual hospital.

At the very best hospitals, those that are affiliated with a medical school or university and have many residents and interns in training, mothers in labor are watched so carefully that births almost never occur unattended by a doctor. A common rule at these teaching hospitals is that the private physician must be with his patient by the time she enters active labor. As a further precaution, big teaching hospitals like Columbia Presbyterian in New York also assign half a dozen or more resident physicians to the obstetric service around the clock. They are qualified to handle deliveries if a woman's private physician is not there. "In all my years at Columbia Presbyterian," says a supervisor of obstetric nursing, "the only mothers I've seen deliver without a doctor attending were those who got here so far along in labor that the baby arrived before we could even undress them."

Of course, there are freak accidents like the one an obstetric nursing instructor at a New Jersey hospital recalled recently. "The patient was in active labor when admitted," she said, "so another nurse and I undressed her and got her to the labor and delivery suite within minutes. Her doctor had arrived ahead of her, so there was no emergency. Then the impossible happened. An elevator carrying her doctor, the anesthesiologist, and all three obstetric residents up to the delivery room got stuck between floors. It was fixed in about five minutes, but by the time the doctors stepped out, I'd delivered her of twins."

Even in hospitals that have few or no residents or interns, it's still unusual for a mother to deliver without a doctor present, if the hospital is well run. Most such hospitals require the staff doctors themselves to provide round-the-clock emergency coverage of the obstetric service. They also have a strict rule that every staff doctor must be at his maternity patient's bedside at least by the time she begins active labor, or that he must provide a qualified substitute if he can't be there. Doctors who violate this rule at good hospitals are disciplined.

This happened to two New Jersey doctors only recently. A patient in active labor was admitted to the hospital without her doctor. The head obstetric nurse routinely called his office. It was his day off, she was told, and he was at his phoneless summer cabin 20 miles away, but he had arranged for a substitute. Calling the substitute's office, the nurse learned he was en route to make a house call and couldn't be reached. The staff doctor on emergency obstetric duty was busy doing a cesarean delivery, so the nurse had no choice but to deliver the patient herself. A few days later, the woman's original doctor and the substitute had their hospital privileges suspended for several weeks.

Unfortunately, obstetric services in many hospitals in this country are not run under any such strict rules. This is often the case, for example, at hospitals not accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. Many of these are small rural hospitals with fewer than 100 beds that don't have enough doctors, well-trained nurses or other personnel to provide the high quality of care that the Joint Commission requires. They also include more than a few metropolitan hospitals that are "proprietary"—that is, privately owned and run for profit with a business incentive to keep down overhead.

These hospitals usually have no residents or interns qualified to deliver babies, and often no staff doctor on duty—or even nearby—to take over in an emergency. A maternity patient in these hospitals usually has only her own physician to rely on. And if he happens to be late, chances are that her baby will be delivered by a nurse.

An obstetric nurse who formerly worked at one such hospital in southern New Jersey described what it was like:

"Doctors weren't required to be at the hospital when their maternity patients entered active labor," she said. "They'd often stay at their offices nearby and tell the obstetric nurse: 'Call me when the patient has thirty minutes to go.' It's hard even for a doctor to gauge the moment of birth that accurately, let alone a nurse. When we misjudged, we often had to deliver the baby ourselves. I personally delivered over a hundred in the two and one half years I was there."

Emergency deliveries occur even more frequently, nurses add, when they're required to keep track of half a dozen women in labor at once. "One day there were only two of us on a labor and delivery unit with twelve patients," says a nurse with several years' experience in small rural hospitals in the Midwest. "I was circulating between two labor rooms and the surgery, where a cesarean was being done. The other nurse was watching two active patients whose physicians hadn't arrived. Nobody was watching the supposedly nonactive patients. Then I heard one of them scream. I rushed to her room, saw the baby's head emerging and delivered the baby right there in her bed. When nurses are in sole charge of obstetric units, they inevitably wind up catching babies."

Nurses with experience "catching babies" are the first to say they don't like it. "I still shudder when I think of my five years at a small community hospital near Cleveland," says an instructor of obstetric nursing at The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. "The three months' obstetrics I'd had during training certainly didn't qualify me to deliver babies. Yet, time and again, doctors whose patients were about to deliver would be busy delivering at another hospital or otherwise unavailable, and there usually was no other doctor in the house. Rather than hold the baby back in such cases, you simply let it come and help the mother as best you can. I never had a serious (*continued*)



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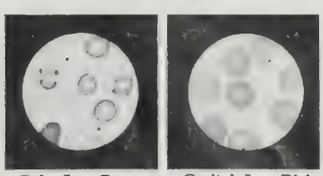
You NOTICE it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you *look* as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for it ...but if you're one of the 40 million women who have a regular period, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

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OBSTETRICIAN *continued*

mishap, but it bothered me so much that I eventually quit and came East to get more obstetric training. If I was expected to deliver babies, I wanted to know how."

While there are many unaccredited hospitals (over 3,500), they fortunately account for only a small share of the country's hospital beds: about 15 percent. Most forewarned mothers-to-be, therefore, can avoid the added risk of giving birth in such a hospital simply by choosing one that is accredited. And there are several other ways an intelligent pregnant woman can reduce the likelihood that her baby will arrive under emergency conditions.

Probably the most important is to be sure she doesn't create the emergency herself. No existing hospital rules can guarantee a physician-attended delivery if you get to the hospital only minutes before your baby is born. Yet nurse after nurse, at hospital after hospital, reports that when an emergency delivery occurs it's usually because the mother, not the doctor, got to the hospital late. Private patients, they add, especially those who've had previous pregnancies, are the worst offenders.

"Our clinic patients often know more about labor and delivery than our private patients," says a head obstetric nurse at a New Jersey teaching hospital. "They get so much instruction on their prenatal visits from our residents, interns, nurses and social workers. The private patient has only her own obstetrician to talk to. Perhaps because she feels he's too busy to explain labor, she often relies on advice from her mother, her friends, or her bridge club. She gets a lot of misinformation and often arrives at the hospital late. Women in their second or third pregnancies are even more likely to be late, because their labor is less recognizable in its early stages and usually goes much faster."

No matter how busy your obstetrician appears, you should insist early in your pregnancy that he explain the labor process in terms you understand, including exactly at what point he wants you to call him. He probably has literature that will help, and he may recommend that you attend one of the free childbirth courses given by social agencies in many cities.

This discussion will also give you an opportunity to get across tactfully that, if it's humanly possible, you fully expect him—not a house doctor you've never met or a nurse—to deliver your baby. When a doctor accepts you as a maternity patient, he's actually making a contract to provide all your necessary pre- and postnatal care *and* delivery. Some obstetricians even put such a contract in writing. Women whose doctors have violated this agreement by negligently getting to the hospital late and not providing a qualified substitute have on at least some occasions refused to pay the doctor's fee. And at least one court recently sided with such a mother when her doctor sued to collect.

Unpleasantness such as this, of course, is the last thing any intelligent mother-to-be wants. What she does want is assurance that her doctor will be there when it's time. And a final way to get such assurance is to consider using an obstetrician who practices in a group.

Nearly half of our obstetricians have turned to some form of group practice as the most efficient way of meeting their growing work load. Doctors in these groups usually rotate assignments monthly so that some see patients only in the office, while others give 24-hour coverage of the hospital or hospitals where the group has privileges. A patient of the group usually doesn't know which doctor she'll see on any office visit, or which one will deliver her baby. But many women find the drawbacks of this less personal care offset by the assurance that a doctor from the group will be at the hospital unfailingly when she delivers.

Clearly, then, even though our birth rate is outpacing our supply of private doctors who deliver babies, the informed woman who insists on adequate obstetrical care can still get it—if she demands it. But your health and your baby's could hinge on your doing just that. **END**



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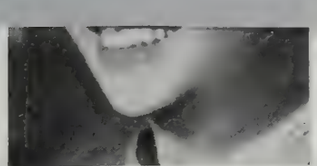
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Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to Journal *readers: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*

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AMY ANDER- BILT

Open House

ould like to know the proper hold an open house for 100 Should all be sent written in- ns? How are guests served?

rural communities, when an ouse is held, it is customary to e known that the whole com- y is welcome. Sometimes a of the pending open house is hed in the newspaper. How- in large communities this y gesture is usually not pos- The commonest way to issue an tion to an open house today is a fill-in or informal invitation. u need write is:

Open House
Sunday, June 19
4–6

our card or informal does not your address, it should be n at the lower right (just the address, since presumably ev- e who receives an invitation s the city or town in which you R.S.V.P.'s are not requested pen-house celebrations. Small sandwiches and cookies may rved, and punch is the tradi- beverage since it is easy to to a crowd.

Funerals and Separation

a husband dies after he and his are separated but before a di- decree is final, may she refer to lf as a widow, or must she say a divorcée? How does she refer rself in writing?

a man dies while he and his wife stranged but still living in the community, is she expected to d the wake? Should she also d the funeral?

the first case, since the decree is inal, the woman may properly herself a widow. She would be John Doe, or, in a signature, Doe.

the second case, the situation is ate, and depends greatly on the ngs of all concerned. Probably it d be best for her to attend the briefly, if she is certain that her arance will not be resented; and to the funeral, sitting with her and's family if asked, or quietly friends elsewhere in the church neral parlor.

Pouring Tea or Coffee

Does one always pick up the cup saucer when pouring tea or cof- Having been brought up in orian Boston, I always do.

A: If you are pouring tea or coffee from an urn, you pick up the cup and saucer and place it under the spout, or perhaps slide it over on the tray. If you are pouring from a coffeepot and the cup is on the tray (for example, in the service of demitasse), it is optional whether or not you pick up the cup and saucer. It may be more convenient merely to pour from the pot directly into the cups on the tray, especially if the pot is a heavy one that may need balancing with the left hand.

Wedding Gifts

Q: Our cousin was married to the daughter of the chancellor of a large university many months ago. We carefully selected a bowl of unpolished pewter, which is my favorite metal, and sent it to the bride before the wedding by special handling. So far, we have received no note of thanks. It seems to me that failing to acknowledge even a small, inexpensive gift is discourteous.

A: No matter how modest the gift, it must be acknowledged. If this was a very big wedding, perhaps the bride has been swamped and unable to get her thank-you notes off within the traditional three-month limit. If so, her mother should have anticipated such a dilemma, and had cards engraved, indicating that a gift had been received and would be acknowledged in time by the bride.

Signaling the Waiter

Q: Is it improper to make a gesture to the waiter for more coffee, when he has finished serving it several tables away from ours?

A: No, it is not improper. You might also say, loudly enough for him to hear, "Waiter!" and then, "Will you please give us some more coffee?" In this country it is not customary, however, to whistle, snap your fingers, or tap your glass.

If a waiter is especially elusive and you need service, raise your finger after catching the eye of the headwaiter or captain, and state your need. He will get your waiter.

Inactive Charge Accounts

Q: I agree with the reader who complained in a recent column about people moving away and failing to notify their physicians. It is equally irritating to a pharmacist to have customers who open a charge account, three months later make a one-dollar purchase, and several months later—after receiving two or three statements—finally pay the bill. I am a pharmacist myself, and can tell you that this happens many times a year in thousands of drugstores.

A: Charge accounts that are not used regularly should be closed. It costs business establishments money to carry charge accounts in which there is little traffic, and can certainly be costly to bill people for small amounts that are not even paid promptly.

The Swinging 40's

Q: My husband and I are in our 40's. We used to give a lot of parties, inviting people in the 25–40 age group. No one ever turned down an invitation, but over the years I began to notice that no one in the swinging go-go age group of 25–35 ever returned an invitation—we were invited only to fuddy-duddy parties with guests 45 and over, and not a bit lively. I had to face the sad fact that, the way things are, if you hit 40 but still look young, act young, wear lovely clothes, it makes no difference—the swinging group will never invite you. But why do they accept invitations they do not intend to return?

A: The answer may be simpler than you suspect. Many of the young people who accept your invitations may be in a financial group less affluent than yours. Perhaps your parties have been not only too numerous, but intimidatingly elegant. These younger people may be afraid to compete. Continue to invite them. They must like your parties and like you or they wouldn't accept your invitations.

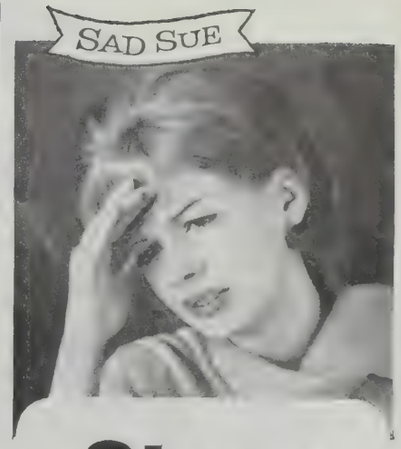
You might try, at least occasionally, giving a party that is very simple, perhaps as simple as spaghetti, Chianti, salad and fruit on a help-yourself basis. Maybe some of these young people will get the idea that reciprocation does not have to be tit for tat, especially if you and your husband indicate real interest in their lives. I remember a woman much younger than I saying to me one day, "I love your parties. I am going to give a very little one—you wouldn't want to come." I assured her that I did, and I went. It was wonderful, and I know my hostess felt much more comfortable after having reciprocated.

But don't forget that many older people have a great deal to contribute, too—in grace, charm, good conversation and good manners. I like parties where the guests are of different ages.



Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers, to be answered in this column as space permits.

The following booklets by Miss Vanderbilt are now available to Journal *readers: "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," "Table Manners" and "Office Etiquette." Send 25c in coin for each booklet ordered to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn.*



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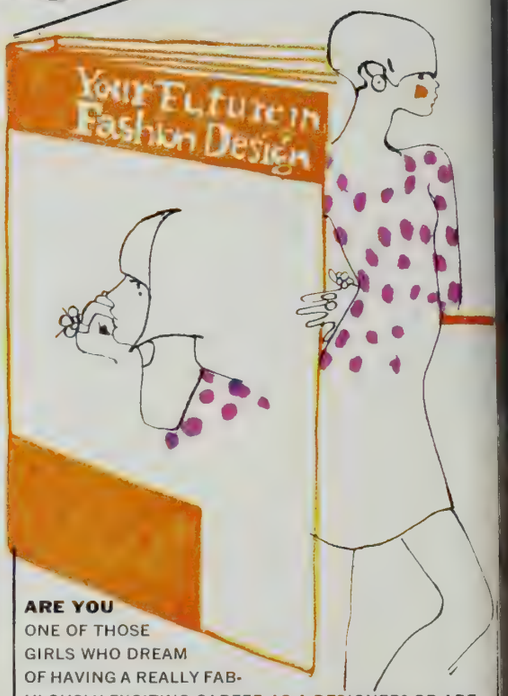


JR. JOURNAL

A MONTHLY REPORT FROM, BY, AND FOR THE YOUNGER JOURNAL SET, BY MARGARET KADISON

BARE, BARER, BARELY THERE AT ALL. THAT'S THE LOOK TO LOOK FOR IN THIS SUMMER'S SHOES. THE ONE HERE, WITH ITS CUT-OUT FRONT, TOE NEATLY SLICED AWAY TO REVEAL *YOUR* PRETTY, PAINTED TOENAILS, AND LACES UP THE INSTEP, IS A GOOD EXAMPLE. AT THOM McAN STORES, IN BLUE, ORANGE, BEIGE, SHOCKING OR PALE PINK, $3.99. OBVIOUSLY, SHOES LIKE THESE MAKE A **PERFECT PEDICURE** MANDATORY. CLIP TOENAILS STRAIGHT ACROSS. PUSH BACK CUTICLES. THEN POLISH, AS CAREFULLY AS YOU WOULD YOUR FINGERNAILS: A BASE COAT, A SECOND COAT, THEN SEALER. HERE'S A TIP: IF YOUR TOES ARE ESPECIALLY PRETTY, USE A BRIGHT POLISH; IF THEY'RE NOT, STAY WITH THE PALE COLORS.

MEET HANDSOME, dark-haired Eric Bass, 19 years old, who has what might be the summer dream job of all time—and for the second summer in a row. Eric is discussion leader and moderator on an all-teen panel radio show called "Youth Said It." The program is a half hour long and is broadcast once a week over Radio New York Worldwide. Eric just completed his freshman year at Middlebury College, Vermont. (College, he says, made him thinner, more outspoken, and reinforced an interest in philosophy.) Eric approaches his second summer on "Youth Said It" with plans for a slightly different kind of show. "Last year, we discussed young people's problems and tried to come up with answers. This year, I'd like to deal in unanswerables and pin down the panelists' individual points of view."



ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE GIRLS WHO DREAM OF HAVING A REALLY FABULOUSLY EXCITING CAREER AS A DESIGNER? OR ARE YOU SIMPLY TREMENDOUSLY INTERESTED IN FASHION IN GENERAL? IF YOUR ANSWER IS "YES" TO EITHER OF THESE QUESTIONS, THEN YOU'LL PROBABLY LOVE READING A NEW BOOK, *YOUR FUTURE IN FASHION DESIGN*, WRITTEN BY 15 MEMBERS OF THE FASHION GROUP. (THE FASHION GROUP IS AN ORGANIZATION MADE UP OF WOMEN EXECUTIVES IN THE FASHION FIELD.) THE BOOK IS SURE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A DESIGNER, HOW SHE GETS HER START, THE OPPORTUNITIES IN SPECIAL AREAS OF FASHION DESIGN. PUBLISHED BY RICHARDS ROSEN PRESS, INC., N.Y., IT'S $2.95 AT MOST BOOKSTORES.

WHY NOT MAKE an armful of papier mâché bracelets (this summer's biggest jewelry fad) like those at left made by young designer Jan Stevenson? All you need is a bowl of flour paste (equal parts flour and water), newspaper, poster paints, airplane glue or clear lacquer. To make a bracelet, tear a page of newspaper in half, horizontally. Then fold the half into halves until you have a strip the width you'd like your bracelet to be. Now form the strip into a ring wide enough to pass easily over your wrist, mark, tear off excess length. Dip strip in flour paste, pressing loose ends together. Bake bracelet in 250° oven until dry (15 minutes or so). Then, to get the thickness you'd like, wrap short strips of paste-soaked newspaper vertically around bracelet, lapping ends. Bake again till dry. Now paint bracelet (use your imagination), let dry, cover with lacquer. Other suggestions: arrange paste-soaked string in designs on bracelet before painting. Or, attach little papier mâché nuggets to your bracelet with a strong needle and thread.

IT'S, THE SUMMER of papier mâché jewelry, huge raffia hoop earrings, mismatched shoes—and, the biggest fun fashions of the season—bathing suits, pants, jackets, decorated with crazy squiggles, scribbles, stripes, hearts, initials, all drawn on by you, according to whim. The jacket and two-piece bathing suit peeping from beneath it, at left, are made of a wild new fabric called Chameleon Cloth (made by the Riegel Textile Corporation). When lemon juice or citric acid is applied to Chameleon Cloth, the fabric changes color—sky blue becomes cream, olive turns lemon yellow, royal blue goes coral, and so on. And the change is permanent, doesn't wash out. Jacket, two-piece bathing suit, by High Tide of California.



MORE *MUST* SUMMER READING: *JOURNAL MISS*, A NEW SISTER PUBLICATION TO JR. JOURNAL, BRIMMING WITH BRAND-NEW FASHION AND BEAUTY IDEAS FOR TEEN-AGERS. VACATION ISSUE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW, OR SEND 35c TO JOURNAL MISS DEPT., CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., 641 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

Illustrations by Ann Marie Barden

Three new SEGO® flavors with the nice new taste

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Innocent as they may seem, these newest three are wickedly, recklessly tempting. Now, altogether, sixteen nice-new-taste SEGO® Diet Food flavors, so nice we put them in nice new cans. All with the extra protein, the extra ounces, the extra-special brand of slimming magic only SEGO offers. Sixteen nice-new-tastes . . . three irresistible newcomers . . . one lucky you. This is dieting?

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Q: In just five years both of our children will be in college. My husband and I agree that I should take a job then to help meet the costs. I earned a college degree 20 years ago, but I have never worked, and I'm afraid I won't be able to make much of a financial contribution. Have you any suggestions?
A: Here are three that could help boost your future paycheck substantially:

1. Extend your education by studying part time for a higher degree than you now hold, in some field that interests you. Don't underestimate your potential.
2. Work part time in a field in which you have some knowledge in order to acquire work experience and to sharpen your job qualifications.
3. Read and study at home whenever you get a chance, to brush up on your earlier education or, if you can, take refresher courses.

Q: We keep getting tokens and "gifts" along with mail appeals for charitable causes. Are we obliged to send a contribution to cover the cost of these things—even if they're of no use to us and even if we prefer to contribute to other organizations?
A: Absolutely not. In fact, legitimate fundraisers turn thumbs down on this method of high-pressure solicitation, and emphasize that unsolicited "gifts" should put you under no obligation whatever.

Q: We feel up to our necks in monthly installment payments, although somehow we always manage to keep up with them without too much financial strain. We'd feel better, though, if we knew what precautions we should take in case the family purse is hit by an unexpected blow. Aren't there some special rules on installment buying for all of us?
A: There are no rigid rules on installment buying that would apply to everyone. Individuals and families obviously differ in what they consider important or unimportant, in their financial positions and in the size of their financial cushions. But here are some basic rules to follow:

1. Before you take on installment debt, figure out just how much you can afford to earmark from each paycheck—leaving enough to cover your other major fixed expenses, your day-to-day living costs *and* enough to put into regular savings, which you should also regard as a "fixed expense."
2. Shop for credit as well as goods to get the best value available for your purposes. This is particularly important in this era of historically high borrowing rates.
3. Plan your installment buying as husband and wife and have an understanding on who is responsible for the balance sheet. Clear lines of communication between the two of you are of paramount importance in all aspects of family financial planning—and this definitely includes installment buying.

In sum, use installment credit, but use it wisely and obey the disciplines involved.

Q: I've never figured out the difference between all the grades, sizes and colors of eggs you buy in a grocery store. The last time I checked, prices for a dozen eggs ranged from 50 to 80 cents. Since our family uses three to four dozen eggs a week, I'm interested to know if there's such a thing as an "egg bargain" without sacrificing quality.
A: Yes, there is. The quality of an egg itself is not affected by color, grade or size. Grade B eggs are cheaper than grades A or AA, but there is virtually no difference in quality. The difference is only in how the egg looks when you break it out of the shell: the high-grade egg "stands up" higher in a frying pan. But even if looks are important to you, you can still save by using Grade B eggs for scrambling or cooking with other ingredients.

As for size, the general rule is that if the price difference between one size and the next is less than seven cents, the larger size is more economical. If it's more, the smaller size is the better bargain.

Q: I'm a working wife and I contribute regularly toward our household expenses. But where should our savings come from—my husband's paycheck or my own?
A: My advice would be to set up a joint savings account into which you both contribute a regular, fixed share of each of your paychecks. As a husband-wife working team, build a husband-wife nest egg.

Q: After living and working abroad for almost 25 years, I am planning to return to the United States to retire. Since I have been away I've lost touch with the cost of living. Will my wife, our nine-year-old daughter and I be able to lead a reasonably comfortable life somewhere in the Northeast on a retirement income of $8,500?
A: Yes, although the Northeast is the most expensive of the four major regions in the United States. Your anticipated income is well above the national average family income. Remember: in general, the farther you live from a big city, the less your overall cost of living will be.

By Sylvia Porter

Q: Is it true that the mighty U.S. dollar is worth only 44 cents today?
A: Your dollar is worth only 44 cents in terms of the goods and services it will buy today—*if* you earned and put it away in the pre-World War II year of 1939. But 1939 is "ancient history"; most of us were either not born or were under 21 when World War II began. If you put it away in 1955, it's now worth 84 cents; if you saved it in 1960, it's now worth 94 cents. The crucial point is that the current "worth" of your dollar depends on what past year you choose to say one dollar was worth 100 cents in the marketplace.

The 1965 dollar is now worth slightly under 100 cents.

Q: Every time our family takes an out-of-town trip, we're amazed how high our hotel bills run. We're planning to take our vacation this year in late June. How can we pare the charges on this trip without resorting to second-class accommodations?
A: First, ask for rooms in a lower price range or request the minimum rate, if you want it. Many hotels have rooms at "economy," "standard" and "luxury" prices.

Second, cut down—or out—room-service requests. Breakfast menus, for example, are frequently higher if you have the meal delivered than if you eat in the coffee shop instead.

Third, inquire about special room and restaurant rates that may be available for children, or request a folding bed to be set up in your room.

Fourth, if you're visiting a large city and driving your own auto, choose a hotel that offers free overnight parking. Or, if you're traveling by plane, find a hotel that is on the airport bus route to save on taxi fares.



Fifth, use the free electronic reservations system offered by many hotels to reserve a room in the next city you plan to visit.

By following these rules, you can expect to cut the cost of hotel living by one fifth or more—with almost no pain.

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



A little paint here, a few squiggly lines there (plus a dog where Daddy can see it and maybe get the hint), and her house is complete.
A grown-up's dream house, alas, requires money. That's where we can help you.
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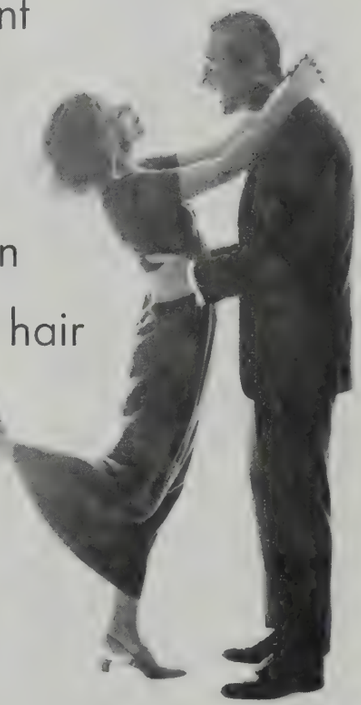
I've got all kinds of problems, but dandruff isn't one of them.



Salon Wave 'Control/Plus' by Helen Curtis. Also available in Canada.

Enden® Dandruff Shampoo really dismisses dandruff. Really beautifies your hair. That's why new Enden is an improvement over every other dandruff shampoo in the world. Enden is really two shampoos in one. Beauty shampoo. Dandruff shampoo. In one bottle. (Or jar.) Enden makes your hair shine. Controls dandruff. Leaves hair shimmery soft. Controls dandruff. Makes hair behave. Controls dandruff. All this with just regular use. Enden. Two shampoos. All in one. That's the point. Get it.





Helene Curtis

where beautiful young ideas begin.





Your legs stay smoother days longer— without shaving

with easy, all-in-one pink Neet®

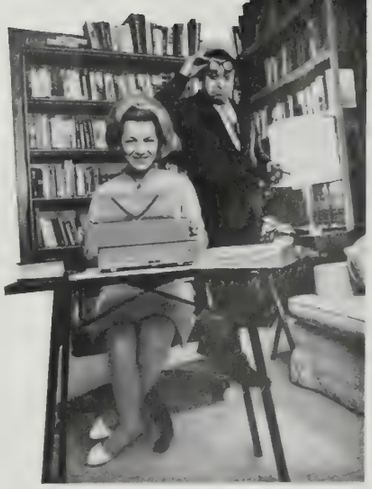
If you shave your legs, you know how quickly the hair grows back. How bristly and stubbly it looks and feels. That's why so many women are discovering the far more effective way to remove hair without shaving! It's Neet—the pleasantly fragrant, pink hair-remover. With Neet, legs stay smoother days longer.

Goes on like a beauty cream: Neet is so easy to use. Just smooth it on. No mess. No fuss. In minutes, pink Neet penetrates down deep into the hair shaft. Gently dissolves hair away near the root (where no razor could ever reach). Then rinse. That's all! Legs look and feel marvelously smooth when you use Neet.

Let's face it! Cream embarrassing facial hair away with pleasantly fragrant, pink Neet. So gentle, so easy to use. With Neet, you never need special finishers or messy after-lotions. You'll love all-in-one, pink Neet. Use as directed.



Cream and Lotion



MY WIFE, THE WRITER / BY ART BUCHWALD

Sometime last fall my wife decided to write a book with a friend of hers titled White Gloves and Party Manners aimed at the five- to 12-year-old jet set. In fairness to myself, I encouraged her in this endeavor, mainly to keep her off the streets as a den mother or a monitor in the PTA.

For several months she locked herself in the library with Marjabelle Young, and they turned out several drafts with the aid of a kindly editor.

Finally they had the book in the shape the editor wanted, and the manuscript was shipped off to the printers for publication a few months before Christmas. I was pleased for her that she completed it and that a publisher wanted to print it, and I made a mental note to buy 50 copies just to assure her that her work had not been in vain.

What I didn't realize was that the book would take off and become a best seller. The first, second, and third printings were sold out before Christmas, and book buyers all over the country were screaming for reorders. This happened at a moment when my own book had taken a slump in sales; but I must be honest and say I was very happy for her and if I felt any pangs of jealousy, I took it out on the kids, not on her.

The bright spot as far as I was concerned was that it would give my wife some spending money, and she wouldn't have to come to me whenever she wanted something for herself.

Of course I was wrong. A few weeks after the book was published, my wife said, "I need some money for a new suit."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"I'm going on the Today show to plug my book and you can't expect me to wear an old suit."

I gave her a check for $150.

She came back two weeks later. "I have to buy another suit."

"You just bought a suit," I protested.

"I'm going on CBS-TV, and I can't very well wear the same suit I wore on NBC."

"Of course not," I said. "I'm a fool to have even thought of it." I wrote out another check for $150.

Two weeks later she was scheduled to attend an autograph party at Brentano's. "I suppose you'll need a new suit for the autograph party?" I said.

"No, but I could use new shoes and gloves and a hat."

A month had gone by, and I had spent about $500 clothing my wife for her book promotions.

Then she came in excitedly and said, "Neiman-Marcus wants me to go to Dallas and autograph books."

"Who is paying for your trip down there?"

"I didn't bother to ask," she said.

She came back after calling the store. "They said if I pay for the trip, they'll pay for my hotel room."

"You'll have to sell more books in Dallas than Truman Capote has in all of the United States to pay for your plane fare."

"You don't have to shout," she said. "I think you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous. The idea of writing a book is to make money. You can't use up your royalties tooting around the country signing books."

"Marjabelle said you'd say that," she said.

"And, speaking of royalties," I added, "you're going to have to pay taxes on them, you know."

Her eyes narrowed. "What do you mean, taxes?"

"You earned the money—you have to pay taxes on it."

"That money is mine," she said firmly.

"But somebody has to pay taxes on that money or I'll go to jail." I looked at her smiling. "You mean you'd let me go to jail?"

"Marjabelle and I earned that money. We worked hard for it. It's ours."

"Don't you see, if you don't pay taxes, I'll have to pay them?"

"That's between you and the Government," she said. "Work it out anyway you want to. Only Marjabelle and I are not giving up our royalties."

A month after Christmas, I was out about $2,000 from White Gloves and Party Manners.

Then my wife came in and announced, "Marjabelle and I are going to write another book, and we're going to get a one-thousand-dollar advance from our publisher."

"I'll make a deal with you," I said. "I'll give you a twenty-five-hundred advance not to write it."

END

Blondes! (untanned or suntanned)

Brush on a sunny face (or place!)

with New Clairol® 'Soft-Blush' Summer Duo*

Regular & Suntanned Blush



Brush away summer make-up problems

Clairol's new 'Soft-Blush' Summer Duo has summer make-up problems licked. *Sun*-licked, thanks to a marvelous little tanned cake of bronzed sunlight that sunblushes you before you're tan... keeps an already good tan glowing... and naturally brushes up a has-been tan.

And *more!* There's a regular blonde blushcake, too. That special pink 'n honey shade that's so natural—and so right for blondes—that you simply can't overblush!
And only $2.50 for all this personal attention! (brush alone $1.00)

P.S. Of course Clairol has arranged similar sunblushed cosmetic marvels for redheads and brunettes.

But that's another look entirely.



April 12, 1945

The Day A Generation Wept

There are days you don't forget. You know where you were when you heard the news. You know exactly what you were doing at the time. On such a day President Kennedy was assassinated. And for the parents of the young men and women who will reach the age of 21 this year, such a day, too, was April 12, 1945. Berlin was all but captured. The war was all but over. The atomic bomb was about to be revealed to the world. Hitler was about to commit suicide. And this was the day Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the nation's only four-term President, unexpectedly died. As this excerpt from the best-selling book, THE LAST 100 DAYS, *movingly documents, it was a day of tears for the Allied world. And this is what it was like.*

In Warm Springs, Georgia, it was 11 A.M. on April 12, 1945. At the six-room clapboard cottage called the Little White House, President Roosevelt was trying to relax. Bad weather had grounded the courier plane from Washington, and the morning mail would not arrive until noon. With no work to do, Roosevelt decided to stay in bed and read the Atlanta *Constitution*.

"I don't feel any too good this morning," he told Lizzie McDuffie, a Negro maid, and laid the *Constitution* on top of the paperback mystery he was reading, *The Punch and Judy Murders*.

An hour later he was sitting in his leather armchair chatting with two cousins, the Misses Margaret Suckley and Laura Delano, and an old friend, Mrs. Winthrop Rutherfurd. He wore a dark gray suit, a vest and a red Harvard four-in-hand tie.

He disliked vests and preferred bow ties but was about to have his portrait painted. His secretary, William Hassett, brought in the outgoing mail, and the President began to sign letters. One prepared by the State Department tickled him. "A typical State Department letter," he told Hassett. "It says nothing at all."

A tall, dignified woman began setting up an easel near the windows. Madame Elizabeth Shoumatoff was doing a watercolor of the President, which Roosevelt planned to give to Mrs. Rutherfurd's daughter. *(continued on page 64)*

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Only Karo® seals in so much flavor...so temptingly!

"Barbecue Sizzle Glaze" takes only 4 ingredients·4 minutes and Karo



1/2 cup Karo All Purpose Syrup (dark corn syrup)
1 (14 oz.) bottle tomato catsup • 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce • 1 Tbsp. mustard
1 (8 oz.) bottle Hellmann's/Best Foods Italian Dressing

Combine all ingredients and brush on hamburgers, franks, chicken, spareribs, pork chops, etc., while cooking. Bottle left-over sauce to use at your next barbecue.

You'll find Karo adds delicious flavor to your Barbecue Sizzle Glaze—helps blend all the ingredients and provides a luscious-looking glaze that helps seal in flavor and moisture. Keeps the juicy goodness of the meat from dripping away in the fire, too. Whenever your recipe calls for light or dark corn syrup, always use Karo.

The new way to cook is with Karo!



wall flowers



Unbashful prints in matching 2-ply facial and bathroom tissue. New decorator dispensers in Bluebell Blue, Camellia Pink, Fern Green, or Antique Gold, shed their outside wrap (as shown here) to display Lady Scott facial tissue beautifully.



New Tissue Collection by Lady Scott®

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

THE DAY A GENERATION WEPT

continued

She draped a navy blue cape around the President's shoulders, and as he continued his work, began to paint. At 1 P.M. Roosevelt looked at his watch and said, "We've got just fifteen minutes more."

Roosevelt lit a cigarette. Suddenly he touched his temple with his left hand; then the hand flopped down.

"Did you drop something?" asked Miss Suckley.

Roosevelt closed his eyes and said quietly, "I have a terrific headache." He slumped over and lost consciousness. It was 1:15 P.M. The 15 minutes were up.

Moments later Commander Howard Bruenn, the Navy doctor attending the President, arrived and ordered Roosevelt carried to the bedroom. He was breathing heavily; his pulse was 104, his blood pressure above the last mark of 300. Bruenn knew it was a cerebral hemorrhage. He injected aminophylline and nitroglycerin into Roosevelt's arm.

At 2:05 P.M. Bruenn phoned Admiral Ross McIntire, the President's personal physician, in Washington, and reported that Roosevelt was still unconscious after what looked like a cerebral stroke. McIntire phoned Dr. James Paullin, former president of the American Medical Association, in Atlanta and asked him to rush to Warm Springs.

It was about then that Laura Delano phoned Eleanor Roosevelt at the White House, and said that the President had fainted while sitting for his portrait. A moment later McIntire phoned the First Lady. He was not alarmed, he said, but thought they should both go to Warm Springs that evening. He advised her, however, to keep her afternoon engagements, since a last-minute cancellation would cause too much comment. As scheduled, Mrs. Roosevelt was driven to the Sulgrave Club for the Thrift Shop benefit.

At 3:28 P.M. Dr. Paullin reached the Little White House at Warm Springs. He found the President "in a cold sweat, ashy gray and breathing with difficulty." His pulse was barely perceptible, and by 3:32 P.M. his heart sounds disappeared completely. Paullin gave him an intracardiac dose of adrenalin. The President's heart beat two or three times, then stopped forever. It was 3:35 P.M., Central Time.

In Washington it was 4:35 P.M. Mrs. Roosevelt was still at the Sulgrave Club, sitting at the head table listening to a pianist, Evalyn Tyner. At 4:50 someone whispered that she was wanted on the telephone. It was Steve Early, the President's press secretary. In an agitated voice he said, "Come home at once."

Mrs. Roosevelt didn't ask why. She knew in her heart "that something dreadful had happened." But she felt "the amenities had to be observed" and went back to the party. After the pianist had finished her piece, Mrs. Roosevelt announced that she had to leave for the White House.

She went to her sitting room, where Early and Dr. McIntire told her that the President had died in a coma. At once she sent for Vice President Harry S Truman, and arranged to fly to Warm Springs.

Truman was at the Capitol Building, presiding at a session of the Senate. When the Senate adjourned at 4:56 P.M., Truman stepped into the office of Sam Rayburn for a drink. The House Speaker handed him a glass of bourbon and water, suddenly remembered that Steve Early had just phoned, asking that Truman call the White House. A minute later Early told Truman in an agitated voice, "Please come right over, and come in through the main Pennsylvania Avenue entrance."

Truman later wrote that he was not at all upset—he imagined that Roosevelt had unexpectedly returned from Warm Springs. He arrived at the White House about 5:25 P.M., and was immediately brought up to Mrs. Roosevelt's second-floor study. Eleanor Roosevelt stepped forward with calm, graceful dignity and put an arm gently around Truman's shoulder. "Harry," she said quietly, "the President is dead."

The Vice President couldn't speak for a moment. Finally he said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Is there anything *we* can do for *you?*" she said. "For you are the one in trouble now." She told him how sorry she was for him and for the people of America.

Then she cabled her sons:

FATHER SLEPT AWAY. HE WOULD EXPECT YOU TO CARRY ON AND FINISH YOUR JOBS

At 5:45 P.M. Attorney General Francis Biddle, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and Secretary of State Edward Stettinius were in a meeting nearby when a message came for Stettinius to go to the White House. It was his duty as Secretary of State to proclaim the death of the President. By the time he walked into Mrs. Roosevelt's study, tears were flowing down his cheeks. Truman told Stettinius and Early to summon the Cabinet immediately, and again asked Mrs. Roosevelt if he could do anything. She wondered if it was proper for her to fly to Georgia in a government plane. Truman assured her it was right and proper.

He walked to the Presidential Office at the West End of the building, where he telephoned his wife and daughter to come to the White House. He also phoned Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, asking him to come at once to swear him in as President.

All America was stunned that afternoon, and shared a momentary disbelief. When Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright and Presidential adviser, heard that F.D.R. was dead he stayed by the radio "waiting for the announcement—probably in his own gaily reassuring voice—that it had all been a big mistake, that the banking crisis and the war were over. . . ."

At the White House, hasty preparations for swearing in the new President were made. A few minutes after seven a Bible was finally found. Truman, his wife and daughter at his left, faced Chief Justice Stone, who was wearing a blue serge suit. Mrs. Truman's eyes were red, and she looked frightened as her husband picked up the Bible with his left hand.

Repeating after Justice Stone, Truman said, "I, Harry S Truman, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." It was 7:08 P.M.

All left but the new President and his Cabinet. They took seats around the table in an atmosphere that seemed strangely subdued. Truman was about to speak when Early burst in and said the press wondered if the San Francisco Conference would take place as scheduled on April 25.

"The conference will be held as President Roosevelt has directed," Truman replied unhesitatingly. Peering levelly through his thick glasses, he told the Cabinet that he intended to "continue both the foreign and the domestic policies of the Roosevelt Administration." Characteristically, he added that he was going to be President in his own right and would assume full responsibility for his decisions. He hoped they wouldn't hesitate to give their advice, but all final policy judgments would be his alone. Within the space of a few minutes Truman had shown that he was a man unafraid to declare himself. After the short meeting Henry Stimson stayed to discuss with President Truman an urgent matter. "I want you to know about an immense project that is under way—a project looking to the development of a new explosive of almost unbelievable destructive power." The Secretary of War added that this was all he felt free to say at the time, and when the President left a few minutes later for his apartment at 4701 Connecticut Avenue, he was still puzzled.

The "All Clear" had just sounded in Berlin that night when Press Secretary Rudolf Semmler got a call at the air-raid shelter of the Propaganda Ministry. Someone from the *Deutsches Nachrichtenbüro*, the official German news agency, said, "Hello, listen, something incredible has happened. Roosevelt is dead!"

"Are you joking?"

"No, here's what the Reuters message says: 'Roosevelt died today at midday.'"

Semmler loudly repeated the message. The drowsy occupants of the shelter jumped to their feet, suddenly wide awake, and cheered. People laughed and shook hands. The Ministry cook cried, "This is the miracle that Doctor Goebbels has been promising us so long!"

Semmler called Ninth Army and was told Goebbels had left and should be in Berlin soon. Then the Reich Chancellery phoned and asked Goebbels to call the Führer as soon as he arrived. Fifteen minutes later Goebbels' car pulled up to the Ministry in the glow of fires from the recently bombed Adlon Hotel and Chancellery. Several staff members hurried down the steps to meet Goebbels. "Herr Reichsminister," a reporter said, "Roosevelt is dead."

Goebbels jumped out of the car and stood transfixed for a moment. At last he turned to those who had gathered excitedly around him, and said in a voice shaking with emotion, "Now, bring out our best champagne and let's have a telephone talk with the Führer!"

As Goebbels stepped into his office, Semmler couldn't resist shouting the news at him. Goebbels, face pale, said, "This is the turning point!" Then he asked, incredulous, "Is it really true?"

Some 10 people hung over him as he telephoned Hitler. "My Führer," he said feverishly, "I congratulate you! Roosevelt is dead. It is written in the stars that the second half of April will be the turning point for us. This is Friday, April the thirteenth!" It was just past midnight. "Fate has laid low your greatest enemy. God has not abandoned us. Twice He has saved you from savage assassins. Death, which the enemy aimed at you in 1939 and 1944, has now struck down our most dangerous enemy. It is a miracle!" He listened to Hitler for a while, and then mentioned the possibility that Truman would be more moderate than Roosevelt. Anything could happen now!

Goebbels hung up, his eyes shining, and began making an impassioned speech. Semmler had never seen him so excited; it was as if the war was nearly over.

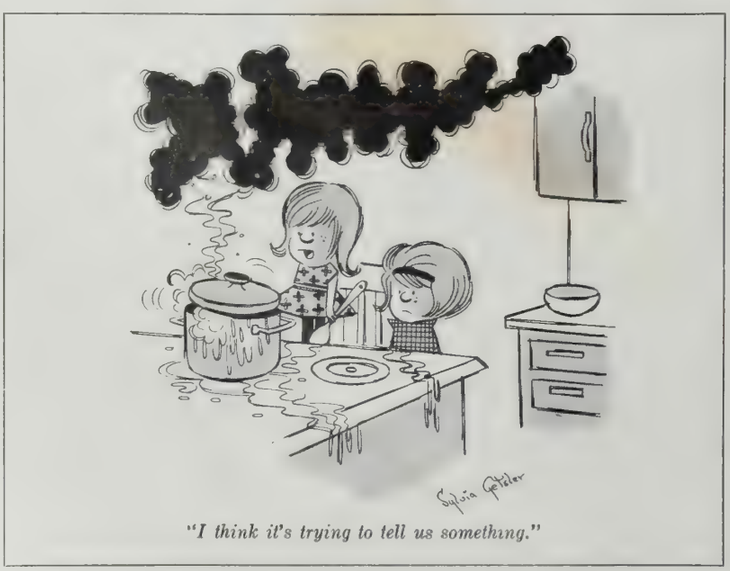
Lt. Gen. George Patton was just getting ready for bed in his trailer after a long evening with Gen. Dwight Eisenhower and Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley. His watch had stopped, so he turned on the radio to get the BBC time signal; what he heard was the announcement of Roosevelt's death. He rushed into the house where the others were sleeping and knocked at Bradley's door.

"Anything wrong?" Bradley asked.

"Better come with me to tell Ike. The President has died."

The two went to Eisenhower's room, and the three of them sat there until two in the morning, gloomily wondering what effect Roosevelt's death would have on the future peace. They doubted that any other man in America was as experienced as F.D.R. in dealing with Stalin and other leaders, and agreed it was a tragedy that America had to change leaders at such a critical point in history. Finally they filed off to bed, sad and depressed.

When Winston Churchill first heard that the President was dead, he felt as if he'd been "struck a physical blow" and was "overpowered by a sense of deep and irreparable loss." (*continued*)



"I think it's trying to tell us something."

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THE DAY A GENERATION WEPT

continued

He telephoned his old friend Bernard Baruch, and in a deeply grieved voice asked, "Do you think I ought to go to Washington?"

"No, Winston, I think you ought to stay here on the job." Baruch, who was in London on a special mission, promised to see Churchill before he flew back to Washington, and when he arrived at No. 10 Downing Street, Churchill was still in bed, looking greatly upset. "Do you think I ought to go?" he asked again.

And once more Baruch assured him it would be wiser to stay at home. He himself was leaving London on the Presidential plane with Judge Samuel Rosenman and others. It was noon by the time the plane took off on its long, sad trip to Washington. None of the passengers felt like talking. All were too occupied with their own memories of the President. Baruch remembered meeting Roosevelt first in Albany—he was a young, somewhat haughty state senator then. And he recalled the great moment at the 1924 Democratic Convention when Roosevelt propelled himself on crutches up to the podium and made his gallant "Happy Warrior" nomination speech for Al Smith. Whatever his defects and errors, Baruch thought—and they had often disagreed—F.D.R. "believed deeply in the ideas and ideals of democracy" and "thought of liberty, justice, equality of opportunity not in abstract terms but in terms of human beings."

When Count Schwerin von Krosigk, Hitler's Minister of Finance, was told about Roosevelt, he "felt the flutter of the wings of the Angel of History rustle through the room," and wondered if this could be "the long-desired change of fortune." He telephoned Goebbels and advised him to "take the press into tow at once." It should neither revile the new President nor praise him. "New possibilities may now arise, and the press must not spoil them by clumsiness."

Goebbels agreed. "This news will provoke a complete change in the entire German people's morale, for one can and must consider this event a manifestation of fate and justice!"

At a conference late that morning, Friday the 13th, Goebbels counseled the press to write very objectively and noncommittally about Truman; to say nothing to irritate the new President; and to hide any rejoicing at Roosevelt's death. But by afternoon the Propaganda Minister's elation was already beginning to wane. Reports from the front indicated that the change of Presidents had not at all affected the enemy's operations, and later in the day Goebbels told Semmler and others on his staff. "Perhaps fate has again been cruel and made fools of us. Perhaps we counted our chickens before they were hatched."

It was a full day for Truman. On his way to the White House he gave Tony Vaccaro of the Associated Press a ride. "Few men in history," the President said, "equaled the one into whose shoes I'm stepping, and I silently prayed to God that I could measure up to the task."

He summoned Stettinius and told him to prepare an outline of the problems with Russia, then went to the Capitol and asked a group of Congressional leaders if they would arrange a joint session of the Senate and House so that he could address them on April 16.

"Harry," said one senator, "you were planning to come, whether we liked it or not."

"You know I would have," he replied in his tart Midwestern twang. "But I would rather do it with your full and understanding support and welcome."

All day he received messages of condolence and encouragement, and the cable from Stalin read:

. . . THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND THE UNITED NATIONS HAVE LOST IN THE PERSON OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT A GREAT STATESMAN OF WORLD STATURE AND CHAMPION OF POST-WAR PEACE AND SECURITY. . . .

In Moscow, Roosevelt's death had caused genuine grief as well as apprehension for the future; the front pages of all newspapers were edged with wide black margins, black-bordered flags were displayed, and the Supreme Soviet stood in silence. (Even an enemy, the new Japanese Premier, Admiral Kantaro Suzuki, expressed his "profound sympathy" to the American people for the loss of a man who was responsible for "the Americans' advantageous position today." Some Japanese propagandists, however, started a story that Roosevelt had died in agony—and changed his last words from "I have a terrific headache" to "I have made a terrific mistake.")

Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's close friend and chief adviser, telephoned Sherwood from St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minn., just to talk to someone about F.D.R. "You and I have got something great that we can take with us all the rest of our lives," Hopkins said. "It's a great realization. Because we know it's *true* what so many people believed about him and what made them love him." The President sometimes seemed to be making too many concessions to expediency, he admitted. "But in the big things—all of the things that were of real, permanent importance—he never let the people down."

Mrs. Roosevelt was on a Washington-bound train with her husband's body. It had been "a long and heartbreaking day." All night long she lay in her berth, looking out at the passing country and "watching the faces of the people at stations, and even at the crossroads, who came to pay their last tribute all through the night."

At 10 o'clock in the morning of April 14, the train arrived at Union Station, Washington. Roosevelt's daughter, Anna Boettiger, accompanied by her brother Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt and his actress wife, Faye Emerson, entered the car carrying the body. Then Truman, Henry Wallace and James Byrnes went aboard to pay their respects to Mrs. Roosevelt.

A caisson drawn by six white horses carried the flag-draped coffin down Constitution Avenue toward the White House as hundreds of thousands watched. No President's death since Lincoln's had so affected the American people. Many wept quietly; some were grim and stoic or just stood staring in a daze. It was still hard for Americans to accept the fact that the man who had been their President since 1933 was dead. Truman noticed an old Negro woman, apron held to her eyes, sitting on the curb and crying as if she had lost a son.

As Rosenman and his wife passed under the White House portico, she whispered, "This is the end of an epoch in our lives!" It was the end of an epoch for the United States, too, and for the entire world, thought Rosenman, and remembered the Jefferson Day address F.D.R. was to have made the previous day—particularly the last sentence, which was in his handwriting: "Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

A few minutes after Truman had returned to the Executive Office, Harry Hopkins arrived.

"How do you feel, Harry?" Truman asked, noting how pale he looked. "I hope you don't mind my calling you in at this time, but I need to know everything you can tell me about our relations with Russia—all you know about Stalin and Churchill and the conferences at Cairo, Casablanca, Teheran and Yalta."

Hopkins said he was glad to help, because he was confident that Truman would continue to carry out Roosevelt's policies. "And I know that you know how to carry them out." They talked for over two hours, eating their lunch from trays. "Stalin is a forthright, rough, tough Russian," said Hopkins. "He is a Russian partisan through and through, thinking always first of Russia. But he can be talked to frankly."

When Hopkins mentioned that he planned to retire in May, Truman replied that he wanted him to stay, health permitting. Hopkins said he would give the matter serious thought.

Just before four o'clock, Truman, his wife and daughter went to the East Room of the Executive Mansion for the funeral service. Flanked by flowers, the casket had been placed in front of the French doors. One of the 200 mourners, Robert Sherwood, felt a hand squeeze his shoulder. It was Hopkins, his face a "dreadful cold white." With Roosevelt dead, Sherwood thought, he seemed to have nothing to live for.

Nobody stood when Truman entered, and Sherwood felt sure "this modest man did not even notice this discourtesy or, if he did, understood that the people present could not yet associate him with his high office; all they could think of was that the President was dead." But as soon as Mrs. Roosevelt stepped through the doorway, everyone rose.

After the service Hopkins asked the Sherwoods to come to his Georgetown home. Hopkins was so exhausted that he went to bed. Sherwood sat beside him. "Damn it," Hopkins said, and fire shot out of his sunken eyes, "now we've got to get to work on our own. This is where we've really got to begin. We've had it too easy all this time, because we knew he was there, and we had the privilege of being able to get to him. Whatever we thought was the matter with the world, whatever we felt ought to be done about it, we could take our ideas to him, and if he thought there was any merit in them, or if anything that we said got him started on a train of thought of his own, then we'd see him go ahead and do it, and no matter how tremendous it might be, he wasn't scared of it. Well—he isn't there now, and we've got to find a way to do things by ourselves."

Obviously Harry Hopkins still had something to live for.

But he thought he and the whole Cabinet should resign. "Truman has got to have his own people around him, not Roosevelt's," he said. "If we were around, we'd always be looking at him, and he'd know we were thinking, 'The *President* wouldn't do it that way!' " END



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What Every Mother Owes Her Child And Herself

The Journal begins its campaign for a new family birthright. By Lois Benjamin and Arthur Henley

Unbelievable as it may seem, there are 11 million children in America today who live with their families but enjoy far less than a full family life. Their mothers are not only helpless in the face of this deplorable state of affairs; they must live each day with the frustrating, guilty knowledge that they try fearfully hard to be good mothers—but that there is one critical lack in our society that makes it impossible.

Some of these families, of course, are welfare cases. Some belong to the so-called "disadvantaged" or "culturally deprived" groups. But a great many do not. On the contrary, many of these mothers and fathers are among our most energetic, ambitious, stimulating and productive citizens.

In a deep and shocking sense, all of these families *are* deprived—and so is every child being born in the United States. For in this most affluent, enlightened and child-oriented of times, we have not yet claimed—or even become fully aware of—a precious family birthright: the right to freely accessible, well-run facilities to provide for all of our children, during every hour of their childhood lives. And implicit in this birthright is a vital new freedom for mothers: the freedom to make the most of her personal and professional resources, while at the same time gaining periods of respite from the often crushing responsibilities of her children.

Who are these families? How do their needs arise? And, most importantly, how can they be met so that a mother's loving care for her child is, if anything, protected and enhanced rather than reduced?

In a prosperous Connecticut suburb, the family of a young businessman suffered a severe financial blow when his company went bankrupt. He found another job quickly —but at a much lower salary, and not before the family's small savings were wiped out. With food and medical bills and overdue mortgage payments piling up, the wife decided to go back to work for a while. She had quit her secretarial job when their first child was born, three years before.

The couple found a housekeeper with good references, through a local employment agency, and hired her to come in and care for their little boy while the mother worked. For about a week things seemed to be running smoothly—until they discovered that the housekeeper was not feeding the little boy properly. The mother had been preparing lunch for him herself each morning. But it developed that the housekeeper had been taking the food home with her. She gave the child nothing all day but a single slice of bread with peanut butter on it.

The mother tried again—another agency, another housekeeper with "good references." This one seemed warm and conscientious — but one *(continued on page 133)*

MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON SAYS:
"A Great Society can only be as great as the opportunity it provides its children—how they grow, how they learn, how they live. The statistics tell the challenge! In the United States today, there are 48.8 million children under 12 years of age. Of that number, there are 11 million children whose mothers work. Nearly one million of these children are "latchkey children"—children whose mothers have no alternative but to leave them a key to the house when they are away at work. How can we bolster our children, left to fend for themselves for large parts of each day? The need for expanded programs for good child-care centers to provide care for ALL children can no longer go unanswered. The Head Start Program has dramatically illustrated how much a little extra attention can mean for the underprivileged child.

"The *Ladies' Home Journal* will explore the problems and the answers. I commend the magazine for its leadership in facing up to this many-faceted challenge in search of happier solutions."

MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY SAYS:
"Efficient, loving day care for the nation's children has been a need too long neglected. The time has come when we must do something about it."

The Kennedy Nobody Knows

Few men are richer or more powerful than Joseph P. Kennedy. Yet only Ann Gargan, "the Kennedy nobody knows," can help him in his need. BY GAIL CAMERON



The sun was hot and the day was dazzling in Palm Beach. Inside his sprawling white stucco villa on North Ocean Boulevard, Joseph P. Kennedy—founder of one of the great fortunes of the century, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and patriarch of one of the country's most powerful families—had just awakened from his afternoon nap. On an equally brilliant Florida day, four and a half years ago, he had suffered a sudden and severe stroke, which had paralyzed his right side; he was now able to walk short distances with a cane, but still spent most of his days in a wheelchair. He was not yet able to speak much.

A husky boy in khaki shorts named David Crawford now wheeled the Ambassador onto a bright blue elevator, which slowly descended from the second floor to the immense living room, which looked out on a vast lawn with towering palms, stretching down toward the beach and the roaring surf. Photographs in silver frames of his son, the late President, his children, grandchildren, friends, history-makers, and world figures—all the people who have filled Joseph Kennedy's full and tumultuous 77 years—seemed to cover every tabletop in the huge room, which now was empty and silent, except for a lithe young woman in dark-green Bermuda shorts walking briskly toward a side door.

"I'm going out to the pool for a minute, Uncle Joe," she called cheerfully as the elevator doors opened, "but I'll be right back." Then, thinking of her uncle's asthma, she darted lightly toward him, leaned down and affectionately kissed his cheek.

"Take a deep breath, Uncle Joe," she said. "A *deep* breath . . . yes, that's it, now take another, that's fine." With a broad smile, she added, "That's *Irish*."

Ambassador Kennedy responded with a huge, knowing laugh, and smiled back at his niece, Ann Gargan. She headed once more for the side door, reminding him that she would be right back.

The reassurance was scarcely necessary. For Ann Gargan, who was on the golf course of the Palm Beach Country Club with her uncle that December morning in 1961 when illness first struck, has been by his side ever since.

The press has fleetingly documented her (*continued on page 128*)



THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO SUDDENLY LOVED WOMEN

He introduced his ladylove as Mrs. Hodge, never thinking that his wife would find out, never dreaming that she would take revenge.

BY JEROME WEIDMAN Mrs. Margaret Turner Hodge was a very lucky woman. Everybody said so, and Margaret agreed. Until the third Monday in September, at 1:38 in the afternoon, when her luck ran out.

Margaret didn't know it at the time, but she knew it very soon thereafter. And as soon as she did know it, she was able, merely by closing her eyes and reconstructing the scene in her mind, to pinpoint the moment in time. This was no trick for Margaret. She had been doing it, and things like it, all her life.

Even as a child, Margaret Turner had been very neat and methodical. As the wife of Bernard Hodge, she had continued to be both, with Bernard's approval. Detail drove him crazy. Margaret liked detail. She enjoyed managing and arranging things. For this, some of her friends laughed at her. Others, behind her back, of course, criticized her for it. Margaret, who was not stupid, knew about the criticism as well as the laughter. She disregarded both.

Only one thing mattered to her: what she got out of handling details with efficiency and skill. It gave her a sense of order in a world that she knew in her heart was in total disorder. It provided her with a feeling that she, and not the nameless furies that drove so many of her friends to drink and divorce and worse, was in control of her destiny.

Margaret felt very much in control as she parked the station wagon on the Eighty-first Street side of the apartment building. She got out and locked the door. She circled the car to make sure the other three doors were locked and all the windows closed. Then she walked around the corner to the building's Park Avenue entrance. Carl, the doorman, tipped his white-gloved hand to his black-visored cap.

"Morning, Mrs. Hodge."

"You mean afternoon, Carl."

He looked at his wristwatch and released a bar or two of his old man's cackle. At the last stockholders' meeting, Mr. Trevor, who managed the building for the owner-tenants, had announced that Carl and one back elevator man would be due for retirement before the next fiscal year was over.

"By George, so it is," Carl said. "One-thirty, by George."

Margaret glanced at *her* watch.

"One-thirty-*three*," she said. "Now, Carl. Here are the keys to the station wagon. It's parked around the corner, almost directly in front of the freight entrance, so the distance things will have to be carried is reduced to a minimum. Carl, are you listening to me?"

"Every word, Mrs. Hodge. Oh, yes, every word. It's just that I'm also trying to remember something *Mr.* Hodge said to me when he went down to his office this morning."

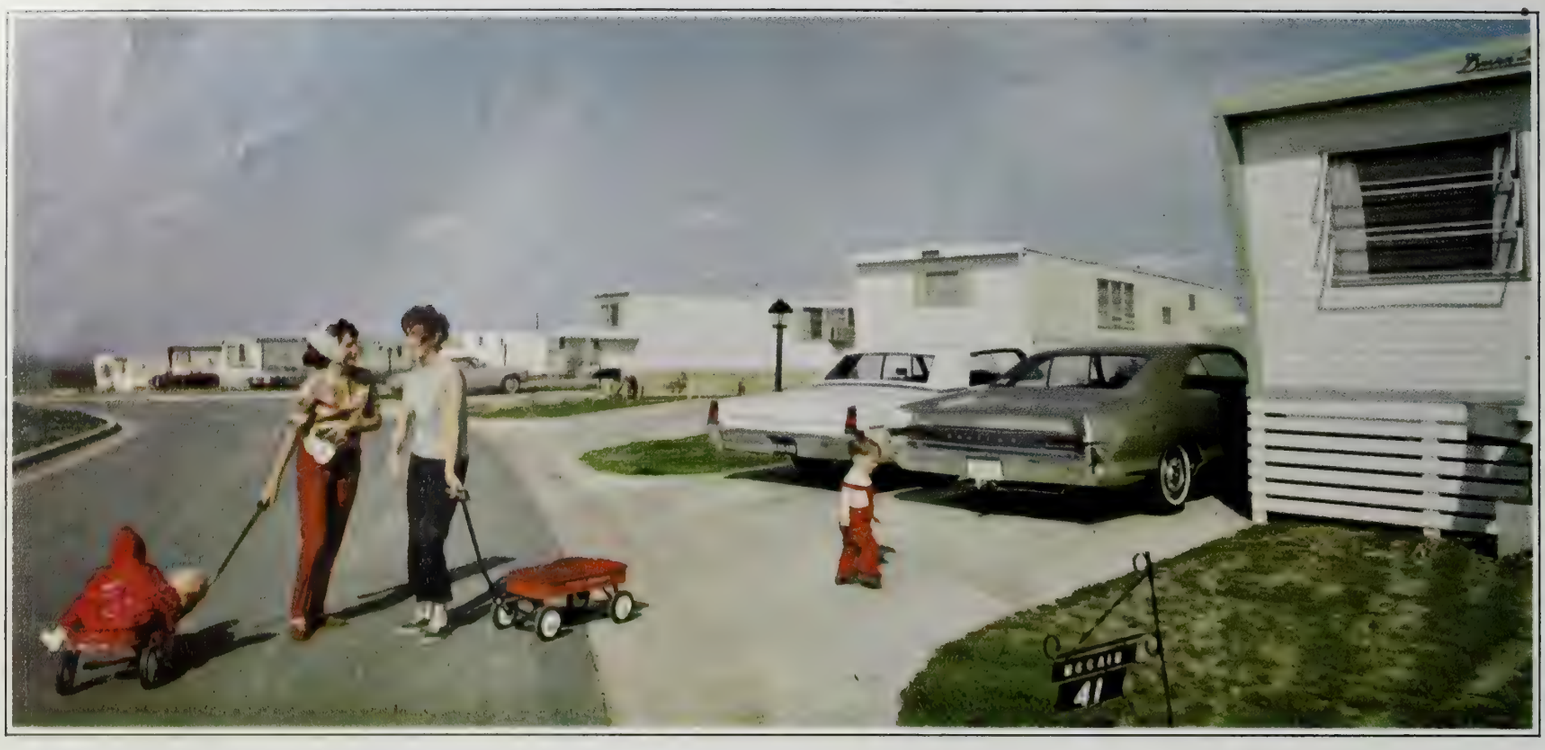
"He said Mrs. Hodge will be driving in from the country late in the day," Margaret said patiently. She didn't really mind repeating things. Especially to servants. It improved the chances of their remembering her instructions accurately. "Mr. Hodge explained to you that he had come in from the country on Friday because he wanted to be out of my way while I spent the weekend closing up the country house for the winter."

Another bar of old man's cackle rose into the pleasant September afternoon sunlight. *(continued on page 122)*



Illustration by Howard Terpning


Margaret made another cup of coffee, took it into the living room, and sat down with her terror



"Every place I've lived is home," says Dona McCain (above, right). The latest stop of her trailer (second from right) is Dallas.

THEIR HOME IS WHEREVER THEY LIKE IT

BY GAEL GREENE *Meet the very model of the modern trailer family: the McCains, who call all America their home. But if you think they're rootless, you'll be surprised.*

The entrance to the suburban Dallas community of Town View does not scream to be captured on a scenic postcard. The route is unpaved and pitted, brutal to the underpinnings of automobiles. Dona McCain, in the new bronze Pontiac with 17-month-old Jeff wiggling at her side, kept her eyes on the U-haul-it hooked to the bumper of her husband's ancient Studebaker ahead.

Their two-car caravan moved along a deserted street, Sheltered Road—as yet brutally unsheltered, although the brochure had promised a forest of shade trees. How deserted, Dona thought. And . . . aren't we going to have some neighbors? . . . and where are the people? It was all so flat and new. The grass was brown.

For a long moment Dona McCain was overcome with homesickness.

But only a moment. Then Dennis, her husband, pulled into a driveway. Dona maneuvered the Pontiac into the space beside him, looked up, and there it was—home. It sat on a couple of dozen cement blocks. Home, a 65-foot length of white and soft aqua aluminum. A trailer, non-initiates would call it. Mobile home, the salesman chides.

For a few hours earlier that day it had been a great long metallic whale, beached and stranded.

But now workmen had spliced it into Town View's lifestream. Instantly it revived, hooked into the community's aesthetically hidden underground circulatory systems—water, sewage, gas and electrical.

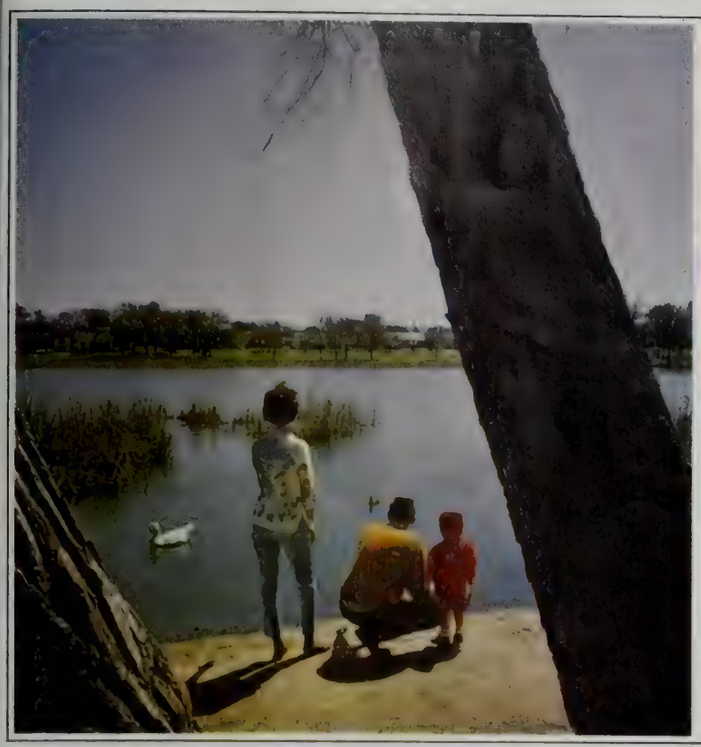
"I felt everything would be all right if we could just get inside," says Dona. The old steps didn't quite reach the new height of the front door. The back door was lower. Inside at last, Dona collapsed in her flowered-print rocker. Through the span of picture window she could see a sweep of mud and dried grass and a solitary wrought-iron gas lamp—all strange and cold and unfamiliar. But inside it was the same tweed and birch and patches of autumn color. Home. Jeff, crawling under a coffee table, had discovered his favorite toy, a tooth-marked green plastic screwdriver. "Yes, we do miss our families and our friends. I miss everywhere we've lived," says Dona. "And every place I've lived is home. But you're never homesick long if you bring 'home' with you."

Dennis and Dona (named after her great-grandmother Caldona—it rhymes with Jonah), both 26, have moved six times in six years of marriage. And they are looking forward, eagerly, to moving again, to California possibly next year, and then maybe East a few years later, and then . . . "Well, I'm not sure. We plan ahead," says Dennis, "but we haven't planned *that* far ahead."

Dennis and Dona are part of the Great American non-directional migration, Americans on the move, the one out of five families that moves every year. Like the families of many men in the military, in seasonal work or run-of-the-contract jobs, or young academic hopefuls, they are repeat movers. "Dennis has explained to me that it takes a few jobs before an engineer finds a place to settle," says Dona. But the McCains won't mind if it takes years. "This is an ideal way to see the country," says Dennis.

"I like being in new places," says Dona. "New places have always fascinated me. Maybe I inherited it from my dad. He's an evangelist minister, and he travels a lot. I'm just terribly curious about how people live. We're very nosy. We like to peek into people's windows. I like to just drive up and down streets watching people in their yards."

"My idea of how to spend a Sunday is driving each week to a new part of town," Dennis offers. "I guess I got that





Forever curious about new places and new people, the McCain family, left, likes nothing better than to explore their surroundings.

"People are always surprised to see how much space we have and how well we live," says Dennis (above, center), who is an engineer.

from my family. Every Sunday we would all pile into the car and go house-hunting. We did it every Sunday for ten years."

Dennis is an aerospace engineer, designing electrical and hydraulic systems in fighter planes under Navy contracts for Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc., at Dallas. At the moment his design team is trying to come up with a way to keep the firm's new vertical take-off craft from gobbling up dirt and dust at take-off. When contracts expire, the low seniority men move on. This is Dennis's first full-time job since graduation, and he is low man in the design department.

While many men dread the uprooting of families to meet the demands of a career, Dennis clearly pursues mobility. And though some women may suffer, collapse, storm and even shatter into nervous breakdowns over the frustration and trauma of moving, Dona seems to enjoy it, too. "Maybe there's something wrong with me," Dona suggests with a grin. "I'll lie down on the couch and we'll figure me out. But to me moving is kind of like a vacation." How can she sail into what most women consider a nightmare? It can be a major project just to move from one block to another. But not for the woman whose home is a trailer.

Even a 300-mile cross-country move is painless for the McCains. "I think of moving as an adventure," says Dona. "If you told me to get ready to leave for California tomorrow, I'd love it." And she'd be ready!

"All we have to pack are the glasses and the good china," says Dennis. "Everything else just stays on the shelves. We stuff pillows in to hold things. We pull all the furniture away from the walls, and everything else is made fast with masking tape—such as cupboard doors, drawers, even the burners on the stove."

Of course, there is always the chance of home getting a flat. Dennis bought four new mobile home tires when the McCains moved from Kansas to Dallas—and returned them for a refund when the old tires took the haul unscathed. They paid $300 (about 48 cents a mile) to a trucker for the tow, which Dennis considers a "real bargain" compared to the $1,300 a co-worker paid a moving firm to cart a vanload of household goods from Los Angeles to Dallas.

Something has happened to trailer life. Affluence is what's happened. It's not the gypsy existence of early trailer days. More than 1.6 million families live in trailers on farms, in backyards, on lake shores, in borrowed corners of city lots, and in trailer parks across the country. Many seem to be parked for good, rooted by all the paraphernalia of immobility—stone patios, sunken barbecue pits, Japanese gardens, and even concrete noncollapsible swimming pools. Many trailers are almost too big to trail. You don't just hook a mobile home to the back of the family car and tow it away anymore. The '60's are an era of specialization. Status in the field of mobility comes with being a two-trailer family, with one trailer to stay at home in and a mechanized camper or a compact portable for touring. And the ultimate in the McCains' Great American Mobility Dream is to have an airplane parked nearby for brief jaunts. Just as suburban Americans don't always (*continued on page 141*)



Having lost their first child, the McCains take delight in son Jeff, a "tyrant."



Above: Three sleeping-bag styles—all like pretty, permanently made beds. Dad's and children's have bandanna and patchwork-quilt covers, blue percale sheet lining. Mom's is blue and white damask-print percale inside and out. (Sheeting by J.P. Stevens; matching pillow cases available.) All are filled with Dacron for warmth and are machine washable. Each bag unzips, can be spread flat for use as a quilt. To store, roll bags and stow on a shelf.

Photograph by Mike Sweets

Indoor Camp-out

Here's an adventure for the whole family—an indoor camp-out in pretty, practical, lightweight but warm sleeping bags. It's a great way for children to entertain their sleep-over friends or just to amuse themselves. The ideal campsite is, of course, the floor. But sleeping bags are fun in bunk beds or in back of the station wagon on overnight trips. And they're just as much fun for adults who want to join the children or camp-in on their own. That's why, if you have a strong sense of adventure, you'll be wise to have a few of these sleeping bags for unexpected guests and to take along when the family's on the move.

BY MARGARET WHITE, Decorating Editor



Bags are designed for indoor use. But, if you'd like to use them outdoors, make an "envelope" of any waterproof material and slip sleeping bag into it. Don't, however, plan on camping out when the temperature dips below 40°.

By General Recreation Industries, Inc., and called the Snuggler Sr., all bags measure approximately 34 x 79 inches. They will be available after June 1 in sportswear departments of stores listed on page 138, for about $16.95 each.

Sports Journal

VOLUME XX BY TRUDY OWETT, FASHION EDITOR JUNE, 1966

THE WINNERS

A FASHION EDITORIAL

Even though your golf score's astronomical, your tennis serve doesn't sizzle, and you don't make much of a splash as a swimmer, you're still a winner. Just the fact that you're out there trying—reaping the benefits of fresh air, sun and exercise—puts you ahead of the game. And, pro or not, you're in the chic when you dress the part in simple, classic clothes that obey the rules of the game—clothes that don't restrict a golf swing or swimming stroke, that keep a sailor warm and dry and, just as important, make the most of your basic femininity.

MRS. TEED, NEW AMATEUR CHAMP

Record-shattering winner on the fairway (left), in culottes of Arnel cord, belted in black patent leather, $17; striped shirt of Arnel jersey, $9. 8–18. Both (and golf shoes), Louise Suggs.

TAKES OPEN JUMPER CLASS

Boots Devereaux (below), in a turtleneck top by Ulla, of Dacron/nylon knit jersey, SML, $14; hacking pants by Loaf-eez, of cotton/nylon stretch denim, 8–18, $10.

HOT-DOGGING WAHINI

She's no gremmie: Sonnie Sewane III (opposite) wears a surf suit of stretch nylon and Lycra knit, by Jantzen Jr., 5–13, $17.



Photographs by Horn/Griner



Big Events of the Month

CONTEMPLATES ROUND-THE-WORLD VOYAGE



RECORD-BREAKING SOLO CROSSING

Janet Weatherwell aboard the spunky sloop *Herself,* in which she made an Atlantic crossing (first woman to do so). Miss Weatherwell set sail from Sheepshead Bay March 2, docked at Dover May 25. Time: 84 days, 3 hours, 6 minutes. "My parka ($16) and pants ($10) kept me dry and cozy all the way." By Holt Knowles, of water-shedding cotton chambray, SML. Sheffield watch.

ALL FASHIONS AVAILABLE AT ALL SAKS FIFTH AVENUE STORES.

THREE WOMEN COMPETITORS TAKE TOP HONORS

May 21 will long be remembered as a banner day for American women competing on the international sports scene. At Wimbledon, Miss Winnie Jones, top-seeded Curtis Cup singles player, blasted Trish Birmingham, England's top amateur, off the courts in a quick victory, 6–0, 6–0, with a blistering display of service aces to become the world's top-ranking amateur.

PRAISES TENNIS DRESS

Miss Jones, below, spoke in glowing terms of her no-crush tennis dress, said it made her feel so "comfortable and self-assured." By Courtship, of textured Dacron knit, 6–16, $35 (with panties).

SWIM MEET CHAMPS

At Brighton, American women covered themselves with glory in the water, too. Esther Mitloch, (opposite, left), of Balboa, Calif., won the 200-meter backstroke hands down. Gloria Krzinska (opposite, right), of Flushing, N.Y., set a new record for the 100-meter freestyle. Both girls modestly attributed their splashy victories to their fabulous new swimsuits, which, they said in unison, "fit just like second skins." Esther's navy and white nylon stretch knit by Rikki for Sport Trio, 8–16, $28. Gloria's red and white nylon rib knit by Cole of California, 5–15, $16.





Beauty Faces the Sporting Life



OUTDOOR EYE MAKEUP? WHY NOT? EYES ARE THE FOCAL POINT NOW ANYWAY, AND BESIDES, WITH TONED-DOWN COLORS AND WATERPROOF PRODUCTS AT HAND—FALSE EYELASHES TO WEAR IN THE WATER; NO-RUN MASCARA (USE, TOO, TO DRAW ON LOWER LASHES WITH A FINELINE BRUSH)—YOU CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR EYES.

BASIC TO ALL SUMMER BEAUTY IS A REALLY GREAT HAIRCUT—THE KIND THAT HOLDS THE LINE (STRAIGHT IS FINE) EVEN WHEN WIND-TOSSED OR WET. SUN-STREAKED HAIR IS A NICE SUMMER TOUCH, WHETHER IT HAPPENS NATURALLY OR GETS OUTSIDE HELP. A GOOD IDEA: AFTER A DAY IN THE SUN, TREAT HAIR TO A WATER RINSE AND A CONDITIONER, WITH SHINING RESULTS.

LET YOUR SKIN GLOW. FORGET ABOUT POWDER AND A MATTE FINISH WHEN YOU'RE ACTIVE OUT-OF-DOORS. WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT IS SHINING SKIN, A GLOWING, GOLDEN TAN. KEEPING SKIN WEATHERPROOF IS EASY: SIMPLY PAT ON A MOISTURIZER BEFORE YOU GO OUT. REFRESH AFTER A SWIM. OR RELY ON THE MOISTURIZERS THAT ARE BUILT IN TO MOST SUNTAN PREPARATIONS.

WITH TODAY'S EMPHASIS ON PALE, PLAYED-DOWN LIPSTICK COLORS, IT'S EASY TO SKIP OUT INTO THE SUN WITH NOTHING AT ALL TO PROTECT YOUR LIPS. A VERY BAD POLICY. LIPS SUNBURN VERY QUICKLY. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WEAR LIPSTICK OUTDOORS, USE A GLOSS—IT BRINGS UP JUST A HINT OF NATURAL COLOR—OR BABY OIL; IT GIVES YOUR LIPS A SOFT SHINE. BOTH ARE EXCELLENT PROTECTORS.

Sun, sand, wind and salt spray—this summer, you can face up to any beauty hazard with impunity. The new waterproof, weatherproof, natural-look beauty products make it all possible, because they stand up to the elements with never a smudge, streak or smear. The kind of preparations we're talking about were specially created to help you achieve your best natural look, yet never go so far as to make you look out-of-place on the tennis court, golf course, a sailboat, or wherever your favorite sport is played. **By SUSAN HARNEY, Beauty Editor**

Photographs by Horn/Griner



YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU... AND YOU HARDLY KNOW IT'S THERE

Pack a whole vacation wardrobe into the smallest bag you own, when the clothes you take are made of the new featherlight jersey fabrics. None of the fashions here, for example, weighs more than a few ounces, which makes them wonderfully cool and comfortable to wear. And all spring unruffled, wrinkle-free from even the most carelessly packed suitcases. Laundering is a simple matter of whizzing through soapsuds and hanging up to dry. **BY NORA O'LEARY, Patterns Editor**



Photographs by Melvin Sokolsky



Barely there dress, right, that takes to the road with the greatest of ease. Of texturized nylon by Maxwell, ribbon-bound and tied. Vogue design 6766. Coach Leatherware bag; Adlib shoes; Sally Victor hat.

At home on the beach and in the water, right, a one-piece blue and white polka-dot playsuit, banded in white, its back bared. Fabric of Arnel triacetate jersey by Wullschleger. Vogue design 6751.

Two-piece pajamas, opposite, to stay home in or take along when you travel. Of printed nylon jersey by Soptra. Vogue design 6621. (For a whole weekend wardrobe, make matching shorts and skirt.)

Easy-going worldwide traveler, left, a slim-sleeved shift of batik print Ban-Lon jersey by S. Edwards. Vogue design 3010. White-ribbed tights by Beautiful Bryans; red T-strap shoes by Mademoiselle.

Randomly op-dotted dress, above, that makes a brief, pretty point of sleeves, a high Empire waist. Of black and white Ban-Lon jersey by Jonelle, Vogue design 6763. Bracelets by Vendome.

Backviews on page 134

Cabinets on wheels for storing, using small appliances



There they go, the go-carts—two compact storage, work and serving units that can be wheeled around to wherever they're needed, plugged into electric outlets to become a master-control center for the small electric appliances that normally are scattered here and there on various kitchen shelves. Both are original designs by the *Journal's* Home Management Department. The cart above, made of red antique-finish wood, with a chopping-block top, is two-feet square, could fit into almost any kitchen corner. A cord and plug at the bottom of the cart can be reeled in and out from a spool and connected to a wall outlet (always check circuit capacity, as you will probably be using more than one appliance at the same time). Appliances are plugged into outlets on the cart itself. All shelves slide out and are adjustable; insides of doors are equipped with racks to hold instruction manuals. Set up your cart with the electric equipment you use most often. Our choices here: a built-in Trade Wind can opener; a Waring Blendor; Toastmaster skillet and portable mixer; Rival electric knife; Revere coffeemaker. And there's room to spare for storing supplemental cooking tools. Cart by Mutschler.



THE GO-CARTS

Another version of the go-cart, above. This one, with its natural-wood exterior and cane-inset doors, not only provides storage and work space for small electric appliances, but does double-duty as a server in a dining area. The top is marble and measures 38 inches across; two 15-inch lift-up leaves extend the top surface to 60 inches when additional work or serving space is needed—room enough, in fact, to set up as a buffet. Again, fit the cart with appliances you'll use most often. We show the following: a NuTone blender (which includes an ice crusher); General Electric knife and portable mixer; Dominion broiler; Westinghouse coffeemaker. We've filled the bottom shelf with additional serving plates and accessories. Like the kitchen cart, all shelves slide out and are adjustable. Both carts have handles or grips beneath their top surfaces for easy maneuverability. The dining room go-cart, above, by Whitehall. For how to order our carts, see Shopping Center on page 138. For more information on electric plug-in cookers, see page 132. BY MARGARET DAVIDSON.



JULIE CHRISTIE TALKS ABOUT "MATES" AND MORALS

BY PENELOPE MORTIMER

SCENE ONE: A bell rings; the lights go up; the bit players, extras, hangers-on and camp followers shift about on their benches in the nave of the vast movie studio; Julie Christie picks her way sideways down the steps from the stage, her hands in the pockets of her suede jacket, her wigged head round, neat, medieval. We sit side by side on canvas chairs like people on a lawn in summer. Bare acres of conversation stretch in front of us, waiting to be filled—it is an awesome prospect. I was once left alone, for about two minutes, with the Queen of England—not that I'm comparing Julie Christie in any way with the Queen, but the story is relevant—and realized how appalling it is to be bereft of the *(continued on page 120)*

Photograph by Melvin Sokolsky

THE PAPER DRAGON

Before book publication: A best-selling author writes a memorable novel—of love and secret heartbreak. Condensed in this issue. By Evan Hunter

MONDAY He was fearful and elated and uncertain, but beneath it all he felt like a thief, and this was confusing because it was he who had been wronged. It was almost as if he were identifying fully with the real thief, experiencing the thief's reaction to exposure. That's my trouble, he thought, I empathize too easily.

He was a man of medium build, with black hair, and brown eyes that darted nervously as he climbed the courthouse steps. He wanted to yell aloud as he entered the building, accusing James Driscoll, but the nervousness persisted, the feeling that *he* was guilty.

He took an elevator to the seventh floor and saw his lawyer standing by a water fountain. Sidney Brackman was a short, undistinguished-looking man, wearing a brown suit. He said, "Good morning, Arthur, how do you feel?"

"I'm worried," Arthur said.

"You have nothing to worry about. You're the plaintiff, and you'll make a good witness. The truth will win this case for us. Do you remember all the points we covered?"

"Yes, I remember. Just so the judge understands."

"McIntyre's a smart judge, Arthur. Try to appear a little more confident, eh?" Brackman smiled.

"I'll try," Arthur said. "But I'd be much happier with a jury."

They had breakfast downstairs, in the hotel dining room. When they got back to their own room, Driscoll stretched out on the bed, his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. Ebie could not fool herself into believing he was actually resting.

"We ought to get started for court," she said. "Dris, I'm afraid. Can't you tell me we're not going to lose?"

"I'm not sure of that, Edna Belle."

"Please don't call me Edna Belle."

"That's your name, isn't it?"

"My name's been Ebie for the past God knows how long; please don't call me Edna Belle. You know I hate the name Edna Belle."

"All right."

"And please don't get angry with me. You have no reason to get angry with me."

"That's true. No reason at all."

"Get angry with Constantine, if you want to get angry. Or his lawyer. *They're* the ones who are trying to ruin us."

"If you ask me," he said, "*you're* the one who's angry."

"Because you're not giving me the assurance I need."

"False assurance is a beggar's ——"

"Don't try to get literary," Ebie said. "I can't stand it when you try to sound like a damn novelist."

"Have no fear. I'm not a novelist. I'm a Vermont farmer. I've never been a novelist."

"No? What do you call *The Paper Dragon*?"

"Luck," he said, and closed his eyes.

The room was silent. From the wintry street below, she could hear someone shouting directions to a truck driver.

"They can take it all away from us," she said. "We can lose everything."

Back home in Alabama they called her Edna Belle, always using her full Christian name. In high school she had been very much interested in art, and was encouraged by Miss Benson, her teacher. Once Miss Benson said how it was important to get out of this town, go to New York or Chicago, study there, or Rhode Island, there was a fine art school in Rhode Island, but get out of this town, Edna Belle, get out of the South before they cut a piece out of your life and leave you to shrivel and die.

In September of 1946, when she was eighteen, she left for Pratt Institute in New York City. Now, in a seventh-floor room at the Hotel Astor, she said to her husband, "In Alabama, when I was a little girl ——"

"Spare us the magnolia blossoms," he said.

"—before I knew there were such things as witty novelists ——"

"I'm not a novelist."

"—who could make clever remarks about magnolia blossoms, when I was still a little girl in Alabama . . ."

Her voice trailed. "They loved me," she said at last.

The courtroom seemed too large for the scant handful of people it contained. Jonah Willow and his assistant were at a long, leather-topped table, talking quietly. At the other end of the table, Samuel Genitori, the attorney for A-P-I, was reading documents. As Arthur followed Brackman to the plaintiff's table, he heard Willow's assistant burst into laughter, and the sound infuriated him.

Seated in the otherwise empty jury box were James Driscoll and his wife. Arthur avoided looking at them. When Judge McIntyre entered from his chambers, and the clerk called "All rise!" Arthur felt a rush of panic.

"The United States District Court, Southern District of New York, is now in session," the clerk intoned, "the Honorable Frank H. McIntyre presiding. Arthur Nelson Constantine versus James Driscoll et al. Are all sides ready?"

Almost in a chorus, Brackman and the defense attorneys said, "Ready, Your Honor."

"You're representing the plaintiff, Mr. Brackman?" McIntyre asked. "Are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Brackman said. "I would like Mr. Constantine to take the stand."

The clerk held out the Bible. Arthur Nelson Constantine put his left hand on it, and swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Sidney Brackman smiled encouragingly and said, "Mr. Constantine, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a writer," Arthur answered. His voice was too low. "A writer," he repeated, loudly.

"Can you tell us what works you've written, Mr. Constantine?"

"Yes, well . . ." He hesitated. "The first thing I wrote was a play called *Catchpole*."

Brackman displayed a manuscript. "Is this the play titled *Catchpole*, which you wrote in 1946?"

"Yes, it is."

"I offer the manuscript in evidence," Brackman said, and handed it to the clerk.

"No objection," Willow said.

"No objection," Genitori repeated.

"I also offer in evidence the copyright registration certificate of the play."

Willow rose from the defense table. "Your Honor," he said, "before trial we conceded that the play was registered with the Copyright Office and a certificate granted in August of 1947."

Brackman turned to the witness. "Mr. Constantine, what else have you written besides this play?"

"Well, in 1948, I worked for Columbia under contract—Columbia Pictures. I wrote two films for them."

He was beginning to feel more at ease. They were simply restating for the judge all the points they had gone over time and again in Brackman's office. He glanced at the judge and said, "The first was an adaptation of a *Collier's* story, a Western. The movie was called *Brother to the Sun*, and was very successful. I then worked on an adaptation of *King Lear* . . ."

As Arthur began speaking, he spoke he could feel the alert presence of James Driscoll sitting in the jury box on his left, patiently watching with the cold, blue, guileless eyes of a thief. He could feel the judge, erect and attentive at the raised bench on his right, someone who would eventually decide whether he, Arthur Constantine, had been wronged. He could feel, too, the enormous paneled dignity of the courtroom, a Federal court, copyright offenses were tried in Federal courts.

"Go on, Mr. Constantine. What did you do after *King Lear*?"

"I left Columbia early in 1949. Then, between March 1949 and February 1952, I wrote screenplays for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"And after you left Metro?"

Copyright © 1966 by Evan Hunter. Condensed from his novel, "The Paper Dragon," to be published by The Delacorte Press.

"I was employed in March of 1952 by A-P-I, under contract to write and direct four films."

"By A-P-I are you referring to one of the defendants in this action, Artists-Producers-International, also referred to as Kessler, Inc.?"

"I am."

Genitori rose suddenly and said, "Your Honor, may the record show that the title of the defendant Kessler, Inc., was changed by court order to Artists-Producers-International in January?"

Brackman seemed annoyed by the interruption. He looked at Arthur sympathetically, and asked, "*Did* you in fact write and direct those four films for A-P-I?"

"I worked on one of them, which was later produced and directed by someone else," Arthur said.

Brackman smiled. "Mr. Constantine," he said, "can you tell me when your employment at A-P-I terminated?"

"I left in April of 1954."

"Going back to your play called *Catchpole*, which you wrote in 1946, will you tell us where it ran and for how long?"

"It opened at the Fulton Theater here in New York, in October of 1947, and ran for twelve days."

"Had it been previewed anywhere?"

"Yes, sir. There were a series of previews held in a loft on Second Avenue, for college students."

"Of which colleges?"

"C.C.N.Y., Hunter, Brooklyn College, L.I.U., Pratt Institute and several others."

His voice lowering to a solemn pitch, Brackman asked, "Have you read the novel *The Paper Dragon*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen the movie *The Paper Dragon*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you tell us when you read the book?"

"I saw the movie in September of 1964, and I read the book a week or so afterward."

"In what circumstances?"

"Well, I had been out of town for several months, which is why I missed the opening of the movie. When I got back to the city, I went out with a young lady one night, and she said, 'Have you seen *The Paper Dragon*?' She told me that it was a direct steal from my play."

Brackman walked back to the plaintiff's table and returned with his hands full. "I would like to offer in evidence," he said, "this book, which is *The Paper Dragon*, as written by James Driscoll and published by Mitchell-Campbell Books, Inc. And I offer in evidence the shooting script of the film *The Paper Dragon*, as produced by Kessler, Inc."

"No objection," said Willow.

"No objection," echoed Genitori.

Brackman returned to the witness stand. "Mr. Constantine," he said, "did you ever submit the manuscript of *Catchpole* to anyone at A-P-I while you were employed there?"

"Yes, I showed the manuscript to a man named Matthew Jackson, with whom I was working on a film. I hoped he could see movie possibilities in it."

"To whom else at A-P-I did you show the manuscript?"

"Well, there was Joe Edelson, head of A-P-I's story department. And Rudy Herdt, who was a producer, and Iris Blake, who was also in the story department."

"What were the reactions of these various people?"

"They all liked the play, but they felt the collective reaction, I would say, was that the United States wasn't ready to take criticism of its armed forces. To my mind, there was no question that everyone who read the script thought ——"

"Your Honor, I regret having to interrupt the witness," Willow said, "but he has just now made a statement as to the operation of his mind, and I think you'll agree that is clearly inadmissible."

"Sustained."

"Mr. Constantine," Brackman said, "were any of these scripts ever returned to you?"

"No."

"Have you examined your work *Catchpole* and also the book and movie version of *The Paper Dragon*?"

"I have."

"What did your examination reveal?"

"That there are close similarities between *Catchpole* and *The Paper Dragon*. Similarities to both the book *and* the film."

Brackman took a deep breath. "What similarities did your examination reveal?" he asked.

"Thematically, my play deals with the lunacy of war," Arthur said. "My hero is a young lieutenant who feels that human life is more important than the quarrels of nations, and this theme is stated in Act One, Scene Four, of *Catchpole*. This is also the theme of *The Paper Dragon*, where the hero is the same young lieutenant who feels exactly the same way."

"Do you consider this theme unique?" Brackman asked.

"I do not, sir. But this suit is not based on a similarity of theme alone. It is based on development of the themes—they are developed along *identical* lines. To begin with, the hero of my play is a new officer who is shipped to the Pacific to fight the Japanese on Eniwetok. The hero of *The Paper Dragon* is also a new officer who is shipped to the Pacific to fight in Korea. Now, the men in the platoon to which the lieutenant is assigned ——"

"Excuse me," Brackman said, "but is this plot or character?"

"This is plot," Arthur said.

"Very well, go on."

"The first time Lieutenant Mason—who is the hero of my play—leads his platoon into battle, a young private is killed by a sniper. In the book, this basic situation has been altered only slightly. The lieutenant's name has been changed, of course—to Cooper—and the incident of the sniper takes place *before* his arrival in Korea. It is a major this time who is killed by a sniper.

"In my play, the men resent Mason because they blame him for the private's death. In the book, the men resent Cooper because he is taking the dead major's place. Moreover, the biggest troublemaker in Cooper's platoon is a Private Colman, and it is implied that he has had homosexual relations with the dead major."

"You mean when he was alive, of course," Brackman said, and McIntyre burst into laughter. "I was trying to clarify," Brackman said quickly, "the relationship between ——"

"Yes, of course," McIntyre said, still laughing.

"I mention this homosexual attachment," Arthur said, "only because, in my play, a senior officer is also suspected of homosexuality and is sent back from the front to a hospital unit. It is there that he becomes the patient of an Army nurse, who later falls in love with my hero. I think it is significant that an Army nurse appears in *The Paper Dragon*, on page one-twenty-four, and that a love affair between her and Lieutenant Cooper develops along lines parallel to my play."

"Your Honor," Willow said, rising, "I wonder if I might interrupt to ask Mr. Brackman how long this will take. Couldn't we shorten this by putting in a paper calling Your Honor's attention to the alleged similarities?"

"In order to save time," Arthur said, "I might combine plot and

Pop used to bang out Irish songs while my Uncle Benny sang.



Illustrations by Marvin Friedman

character in explaining these three soldiers. Would you want me to do that?"

"Which three soldiers?" McIntyre asked.

"Private Colman in the novel, and Corporal Janus and Colonel Peterson in my play."

"If it will save time," McIntyre said.

"Just so we can keep this straight," Arthur said, "let me again say that Private Colman is the prime troublemaker in the novel, and is also suspected of homosexual relations with the major. In my play, the prime troublemaker is a man named Corporal Janus, but in addition there is the homosexual colonel who is sent up for observation. The point is, the *two* characters in my play, Corporal Janus and Colonel Peterson, are *combined* in Driscoll's book to form the single character named Private Colman."

"Are these characters important to the play?"

"They are important to the play, the book, *and* the movie. In fact, it is Janus in my play and Colman in the book who suggest that the lieutenant be murdered. In my play, a sergeant volunteers to shoot the lieutenant from ambush. In the book, the men plan to lead the lieutenant into a Chinese stronghold where he will be killed."

"Does the lieutenant actually get killed?" Brackman asked.

"There is a very slight difference in story line," Arthur said. "In my play, the psychophathic colonel kills the sergeant before he can ambush Lieutenant Mason."

"And how has this been changed in the book?"

"Your Honor," Willow said, "I must object ——"

"Sustained. Please rephrase the question, Mr. Brackman."

"Can you tell us the plot sequence in the book?" Brackman said.

"In the book, Lieutenant Cooper realizes at the last moment that the men are leading him into a death trap. But he also recognizes that his scout, Sergeant Morley, is in danger of losing *his* life as well. He takes the point from Morley, and sacrifices himself to the Chinese guns."

"How does your play end, Mr. Constantine?"

"It ends when the men in the squad, shaken by the turn of events, come to realize the idiocy of war, and gain a new respect for their lieutenant. The troublemaker, Corporal Janus, is court-martialed."

"And how does the book end?"

"The book ends when the men in the squad, touched by the lieutenant's sacrifice, come to realize the idiocy of war, and gain respect for him. The troublemaker, Private Colman, is court-martialed."

Brackman looked up at the judge, nodding as though in silent agreement with an evident truth. He asked Arthur, "Would you tell us now about similarities of characters?"

"Well," Arthur said, "I'll start with Lieutenant Roger Mason in my play *Catchpole*, and the character called Alex Cooper in *The Paper Dragon*. There are similarities beyond the realm of coincidence. To begin with, the hero of my play is twenty-one years old, and fresh out of college. He is shipped to the Pacific as a second lieutenant. The man who played him on the New York stage was six feet tall, and he had dark hair and blue eyes. The hero of *The Paper Dragon* is a second lieutenant, too. He is described in the book, in fact, as being twenty-one years old, fresh out of Pratt Institute, and drafted into the Army. He goes to O.C.S. and is shipped off to the Pacific. The war setting is Korea, not Eniwetok—but the similarity stands. In addition, the hero of the book is described as being six feet tall, and having dark hair and blue eyes. So these two different men in two so-called separate works look exactly alike.

"There is a nurse in my play, and a nurse in the book. Both girls are blonde, both are from New York City. In both the play and the book a romantic attachment is formed between the hero and the nurse. There is a man killed by a sniper in my play, right at the outset. There is also a man killed by a sniper in *The Paper Dragon*."

"Your Honor," Willow said, "it would appear to me that we are simply going over ground already covered. I must object."

"Well, I will allow the witness to continue," McIntyre said, "but I think we would all appreciate the elimination of material already covered."

"Well. . . ." Arthur hesitated. "It seems to me that the only opportunity I'll get to present my case ——"

"The Court has asked you to continue with your testimony," Brackman said, a note of warning in his voice. "If you have a question concerning ——"

"I will hear the witness," McIntyre said.

"No, nothing," Arthur said, and shook his head.

"We're not trying to give you a fast shuffle here, if that's what you think," McIntyre said, and Arthur turned to look at the judge, and saw him as a person for the first time. He was close to fifty years of age, Arthur supposed, partially bald, with mild blue eyes and a pink face. He was frowning now as he looked down at Arthur and waited for an answer.

"I apologize for the witness, Your Honor," Brackman said. "Please continue, Mr. Constantine."

"Yes, sir," Arthur said, and swallowed. He was embarrassed and angry. Alone on the witness chair, feeling abandoned even by his own lawyer, he searched in his mind for character similarities, struck dumb by the judge's reprimand, his anger building, eyes smarting, hands trembling in his lap. He had felt the same anger, and embarrassment the night the critics killed his play, those rotten, egotistical bastards. That almighty McIntyre will sit there with his watery blue eyes and his pink face and humiliate him the way the critics had humiliated him in October of 1947, the shame and embarrassment of meeting people you knew, how sorry to hear that your play closed last night, but after all what do the critics know?

"We are waiting," Brackman said.

"I'm thinking," Arthur answered.

"Take your time," McIntyre said.

"Thank you," Arthur answered, and he hoped the sarcasm was evident in his voice. "There are," he said, "a few other character similarities. In both my play and in the book, for example, there is a soldier who comes from Brooklyn, a soldier who comes from the South, and a soldier who is Jewish."

"Mr. Constantine," Brackman said, "would you now tell us please what specific similarities of language you found in the play and the novel?"

"Yes, certainly," Arthur said. "In my play, the nurse is a first lieutenant and, of course, the hero is a second lieutenant. There is a great deal of playful lovemaking where she kids him about rank, and about reporting him to the company commander if he doesn't kiss her right that minute, all jokingly of course. In the book, there is an extremely erotic sex scene where the couple are alone together for the first time, and she suddenly says, 'You'd better kiss me now.' And he says, 'Do you think it's safe?' And she replies, 'Do as I say, Coop. I outrank you.' The identical line is used in the motion picture. There is another startling similarity ——"

"Your Honor," Willow said, "might we not do without the editorializing adjectives?"

"If you will simply state the similarities, Mr. Constantine," McIntyre said.

"Yes, sir. Well, in the play I thought it would be best to use a fictitious infantry division, so I invented a division and called it the 105th. There was not then, nor is there today, an Army infantry division called the 105th. That's important when we come to compare this with *The Paper Dragon*."

"Would you explain that, please?"

"Well, the novel *The Paper Dragon* is set in Korea in the fall of 1950, during the Chinese offensive across the Chongchon River. It is significant to me that James Driscoll chose to call *his* division in *his* novel the 105th, the identical number I chose for the division in my play. I think it's safe to say that the possibility of coincidence involving those three digits, one-oh-five—the odds against hitting on those same three digits accidentally and in sequence would be staggering." Arthur paused, and looked up at the judge.

"Does that conclude the direct, Mr. Brackman?" McIntyre asked.

"It does. Defendants may examine."

"In that case, I'll recess until ten A.M. tomorrow, at which time you may begin the cross-examination, Mr. Willow."

TUESDAY It had been snowing for hours when Arthur Constantine met Brackman. They stood in a corridor just outside Judge McIntyre's courtroom, wearing overcoats. "I want to give you some tips about Jonah Willow," Brackman said.

"I feel like hell," Arthur said.

"Arthur, do you want me to tell you about Willow? There's ten million dollars at stake."

"All right, tell me about Willow."

"He's very smart," Brackman said. "Don't underestimate him at any time during the cross-examination."

"All right, I won't underestimate him."

"Especially if he seems to be fumbling for words. That's an old trick of Jonah's, to give the witness a false sense of confidence. Then he springs like an animal."

"I'll watch for it."

"If he asks a question that sounds at all tricky, hesitate before you answer."

"I'll remember."

"Am I making you nervous?"

"Yes, you damn well are."

Willow smiled coolly. "Before this action began, Mr. Constantine, had you possessed any personal knowledge of James Driscoll's methods of writing—the methods he used in writing his novel *The Paper Dragon*?"

"No personal knowledge, no."

"Had you possessed any knowledge of the relationship between James Driscoll and his book editor, Chester Danton?"

"No knowledge whatever."

Willow walked to the defense table. His assistant handed him a document, and he carried it back with him to the witness chair. "This is from paragraph twelve of your complaint, Mr. Constantine." He adjusted the glasses on the bridge of his nose, flipped through the document, and began reading. "'On information and belief, James Driscoll and Mitchell-Campbell Books conspired to deprive plaintiff of his rights in the copyrighted composition.'" Willow looked up from the document. "Did you swear to that statement, Mr. Constantine?"

"I did."

"Did you then possess any knowledge or information concerning a conspiracy to plagiarize your work?"

"Oh, I see," Arthur said.

"Yes, what do you see?"

"Mr. Willow, I can only repeat what I said at the pre-trial examination. I do *not* know how the plagiarism was effected, I do *not* know of any confidential meetings, or secret correspondence. But I do know that there are similarities between my play and *The Paper Dragon* that far exceed the possibility of ——"

"Please answer the question," Willow said. "Did you in fact possess any knowledge of such a conspiracy?"

"I had no such knowledge, no, sir."

"You are aware, are you not, Mr. Constantine, that access must be proved in a plagiarism case?"

"I have been so informed by my attorneys."

"But you don't know whether James Driscoll actually possessed a copy of your play when he was writing his novel."

"No, I don't know. But if he didn't have one, he must have seen the play."

"Do you believe that James Driscoll saw your play during its brief twelve-day run at the Fulton Theater in 1947?"

"I don't know."

"Well, *when* do you think he saw it?"

Arthur glanced at Brackman. "There was also a series of previews," he said. "Tickets were sent out to various colleges."

"Which schools received these tickets, Mr. Constantine?"

"I named them yesterday—City College, Hunter, Brooklyn College, L.I.U. and Pratt Institute."

"Are you aware, Mr. Constantine, that in 1947 Pratt Institute was a highly specialized school teaching art, engineering, library, and home economics?"

"Yes."

"And yet, in your search for a representative college audience, you included Pratt among these other schools?"

"Yes."

"Did you know that James Driscoll was a student at Pratt Institute in 1947?"

"I knew that he was a student at Pratt Institute. I did not know when. If you want to know whether I think Mr. Driscoll could have seen my play in performance, *yes*, I think he could have."

"That was not my question. I'll rephrase it so that it will be perfectly clear to you. Do you not feel, Mr. Constantine, that your having sent free tickets to Pratt Institute, at the very time James Driscoll was a student there, is a remarkable coincidence?"

"I do not."

Willow walked toward the defense table. He leafed through a batch of papers his assistant handed to him, his back to Arthur.

"Mr. Constantine," he said, walking slowly toward the witness stand, "when did you begin work on your play *Catchpole*?"

"When I got out of the Army—July of 1946."

"When did you begin looking for a producer?"

"In January of 1947. I had the play mimeographed and began sending copies around to producers and agents after New Year's."

"Do you know of anyone at Mitchell-Campbell Books who saw a copy of the play when you were distributing it?"

"No, I don't."

"And you have no knowledge that James Driscoll saw a copy of your play at that time."

"No direct knowledge, no."

"Since you have the script in your hand, Mr. Constantine, I wonder if you'd mind pointing out to me the line that labels the Army division as the 105th."

"Certainly." Arthur began leafing through the manuscript. "Here it is," he said. "A stage direction in the second act. 'The division insignia hangs over the door of the headquarters shack, the number one-oh-five in yellow on a black field.'"

"Did this description appear in the mimeographed copies?"

"It did."

"And the one-oh-five insignia *did* actually appear in the play as it was produced on the New York stage?"

"Yes, it did. If you want to call our set designer ——"

"When you held your preview performances in the Second Avenue loft, Mr. Constantine, the ones to which college students were invited—was the play performed with scenery?"

Arthur hesitated. "No. There was no scenery."

"Then the division insignia was *not* displayed during the preview performances?"

"It was not."

"Then anyone present at those preview performances could not have seen the number one-oh-five in yellow on a black field."

"That's right," Arthur said.

"In other words, for Mr. Driscoll to have seen the number one-oh-five, he had to attend one of the Broadway performances, or else he had to have a copy of your manuscript. Is that right?"

"Unless someone told him about it."

"I have no further questions," Willow said.

"I have no re-direct," Brackman said. "That is the plaintiff's case, if Your Honor please."

Willow took off his glasses, pressed his fingers into his eyes, and looked up at the judge. "May I, Your Honor, for the defendant Mitchell-Campbell Books, move for dismissal of the complaint under Rule Forty-one, on the ground that on the facts and on the law the plaintiff has not made out a cause of action."

"I will deny that motion," McIntyre said.

Genitori rose from the A-P-I table to move for dismissal of the claim against A-P-I. His argument went on and on, until, at last, it was Brackman's turn to address the court.

"A-P-I *had* access," Brackman said firmly. "There is no question about that. The play was submitted to five people at the studio in 1952, including Mr. Matthew Jackson, who later worked on the screenplay of *The Paper Dragon*. . . . Carl, may I see that brief a moment, please?" he said, turning to his partner. Arthur saw that he was getting angry, and he thought, *Good, it's about time.*

"I brought roses," he said. Illness had made her pale.



"Your Honor," Brackman said, "it does not matter whether we are dealing here with six similarities or ten, or twelve, or *twenty*—so long as these similarities have sensibly diminished the value of the original." He turned to look at Driscoll and his wife.

"Your Honor, the thief has left behind his fingerprints in this case. I refer now to the numerical designation of the 105th Division, identical in the play *Catchpole* and the novel *The Paper Dragon*, and carried over to the film. There is no 105th Division.

"Until Mr. Driscoll can explain to this Court how he happened to hit upon those three digits in sequence, I will continue to be amazed by the remarkable use of this designation, appearing first in the play, then in the novel, and again in the motion picture. If we were to take all the digits from zero to nine and try to figure out all the possible different combinations for any *three* of those digits, we would have to raise ten to the third power, and that would give us an answer of one thousand possible combinations. In other words, the odds would be a thousand-to-one against any man choosing a specific combination. A thousand-to-one, Your Honor. And those are only the odds for a *single* event. When we come to two mutually independent events, we must multiply the odds against Event One happening by the odds against Event Two happening, and we then discover that the odds against Driscoll hitting on this same combination were a *million*-to-one. It seems to me, Your Honor, that an explanation is due."

McIntyre looked up at the wall clock. "The end of another day," he said. "So unless there's anything further, we'll recess until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

By six-thirty that evening, the three men had each consumed four martinis, and the atmosphere at their table was convivial and relaxed, to say the least. Even James Driscoll, whom Jonah Willow usually found rather reserved, seemed cheerful and optimistic, and it was he who suggested they have another drink. Jonah's assistant, Norman Sheppard, signaled the waiter.

"What we're asking you to do," Jonah said, "is to reconstruct the events that led to your calling your division the 105th."

"The hell with it," Driscoll said. "We're having a good time here. The hell with it."

"We won't have such a good time if we lose this case," Norman said. "Try to remember how you hit upon those three digits."

"It's a coincidence, plain and simple," Driscoll said.

"Did you steal that play?" Jonah asked suddenly.

"I'm not a thief," Driscoll said.

"Listen, Jimmy," Jonah said, "you'd better start thinking about this number one-oh-five. What was your Army serial number?"

"Seven-one-four-five-six-three-two."

"Where did you live before you went into the Army?"

"On Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn."

"The street number?"

"Sixty-one Myrtle."

"What was your wife's address?"

"Well, the apartment on Myrtle was hers, you see. I moved in with her after we got married."

"Where were you living before then?"

"With my parents on West End Avenue—twenty-four twenty-six West End."

"Your life seems singularly devoid of the number one-oh-five," Jonah said sourly. "You will have to think harder."

Driscoll put his glass down and stared into it, aware of the sudden silence. Well, the hell with you, he thought. Don't you think any of this *means* anything to me, Ebie's apartment on Myrtle Avenue, and the telephone number I called maybe ten thousand times, or the apartment on West End Avenue?

I can remember every inch of that apartment the way it used to look when Pop was still alive, and the way he used to sit at the piano with a tumbler of whiskey, banging out Irish songs while Uncle Benny stood there singing at the top of his lungs. Here I am getting squiffed in a bar, thirty-seven years old, things sure change. Everything changes. Even Uncle Benny finally got married and moved off to Fort Lauderdale.

Pop was an upholsterer, an uneducated man who nonetheless taught himself to play the piano and who studied the dictionary night after night, learning new words which he would spring on all of us at dinner. I remember one night when he gave us a word which became the basis for a game we later played. He said, "Use the word 'caruncle' in a sentence," and I said, "Caruncle Benny, have some more mashed potatoes?" and Pop almost died laughing. Pop invented the game called Caruncle, and we used to play it two or three nights a week. The idea was to give a word which the next person would then define incorrectly. For example, if my uncle used the word "discriminate," and my father would say, "Discriminate is when you burn your garbage," and Uncle Benny would say, "No, that's incinerate," and I would say, 'No, incinerate is when you hint at something," and Pop would say, "No, that's insinuate," and Uncle Benny would say, "No, insinuate is meat on Friday," and we would always end up laughing.

Uncle Benny drank a lot. My mother used to call him "a disgusting drunk." He was Pop's brother, and he slept in the end bedroom, next to my room. He worked in a pool parlor, and once he taught me a trick shot with which I later won a lot of money, making bets in the Army. He also taught me geometry when I was flunking it. I ended up with a ninety on the Regents exam, thanks to Uncle Benny's persistence, and he gave me a gold watch.

"Jimmy," Norman said, "do you *know* why you labeled your division the 105th?"

Driscoll looked across the table and said, "No, I do not. And that's the God's honest truth."

WEDNESDAY Chester Danton, pink-faced and pink-pated, walked to the witness chair. In the jury box, James Driscoll sat with his wife, intently watching Danton as he took the oath.

Jonah Willow rose from the defense table. "What do you do for a living, Mr. Danton?" he asked.

"I work for Mitchell-Campbell Books, as senior editor."

Jonah handed the witness a sheet of paper.

"Would you please tell the Court what this is," he said.

"It's an editorial report form referring to James Driscoll's partial novel—ninety-eight pages and an outline—and it is dated July twelfth, 1962."

"I see the novel was titled *The Enemy*. Did this later become *The Paper Dragon*?"

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to offer this in evidence," Jonah said, and handed a copy of the report to Brackman.

Brackman glanced at it, and then said, "I do not see its relevance, Your Honor."

"If Your Honor please . . . the plaintiff has claimed, Your Honor, that *The Paper Dragon* was pirated from the play *Catchpole*. By tracing the development of the book, I intend to show that there was independent creation."

"Well, I will admit the report," McIntyre said.

"Mark it Defendants' Exhibit C," the clerk said.

"What did you do with the manuscript after you wrote this report?" Jonah asked the witness.

"I sent it to Miss Anita Lang, a junior editor at Mitchell-Campbell Books, for an opinion."

"I ask you to look at this, Mr. Danton, and tell me what it is."

Danton glanced at the extended sheet of paper, and said, "This is Miss Lang's report on the book."

"Now, Mr. Danton, there's a paragraph marked with a pencil and the words 'Good suggestion.' Would you read that paragraph, and explain what you meant by your comment?"

Danton began reading. "'However, one thing that does not seem well motivated (in this initial segment, at least) is Colman's instantaneous dislike of the hero, Cooper, which triggers the squad's subsequent resistance to his attempts at reaching them. Can't there be a stronger motivation for their hatred? This certainly requires deeper thought from Driscoll.'" Danton looked up. "That's from her report," he said. "And in the margin I scribbled the words, 'Good suggestion.'"

"Was this motivation added?"

"Yes. I suggested to Mr. Driscoll that perhaps the squad's attachment to their previous commanding officer made them unable to accept his replacement, and I proposed that the former commanding officer be a major who'd been killed by a sniper."

"Did this major exist in the novel when it was first delivered?"

"No, sir, he was not in the novel."

"Are you aware that the plaintiff claims as a specific similarity the fact that a man is killed by a sniper in his play, and a man is killed by a sniper in Mr. Driscoll's novel?"

"Yes, I am aware of that."

"What was the title on the manuscript as it was submitted?"

"*The Enemy*."

"Who suggested that the title be changed to *The Paper Dragon*?"

"I did. The term 'paper dragon' is familiar to most editors. It denotes a story problem that is really nonexistent."

"Would you explain further?"

"Well, let's assume that a man comes home reeking of perfume. His wife suspects that he has been seeing another woman, and this creates the conflict, which in turn provokes a series of plot compli-

"You can see through it, can't you?"

"No."

"Is it true what you said before?"

"What did I say before?"

"That you love me?"

"Yes, it's true."

"Gee!" She heaved her shoulders in a massive sighing shrug. "I've never had anyone fall in love with me just like that. I really think it's so sweet, I can't tell you."

The outer door to the apartment opened, banging back against the doorstop, no knock, nothing, bang went the door, and heavy footsteps pounded toward the bedroom. "Ebie!" a man's voice shouted, and he knew that this was Peter, and hated him at once, even before he laid eyes on him.

He was a tall, blond man of about twenty-two, handsome, with a clean profile. When he saw that Ebie was not alone, the smile dropped from his face.

"Oh, hi," he said. "I didn't know you had company."

"Peter, this is . . . what's your name again?"

"Jimmy Driscoll."

"This is Peter Malcom."

They looked each other over. Unexpectedly, Peter brought out a pair of eyeglasses, perched them on his nose, and turned to study Driscoll with deliberate scrutiny. "You go to Pratt?" he asked.

"Yes."

He turned toward the bed, dismissing Driscoll. "How do you feel?" he asked Ebie.

"Much better," she said.

"She's got mononucleosis," Driscoll said.

"Yes, I know."

"It's what you put on meat to tenderize it," Driscoll ventured cautiously, and was relieved when Ebie burst out laughing.

"That's very comical," Peter said dryly.

The room went silent.

"Well, here we are alone at last," Driscoll said, and grinned, and felt a new surge of confidence when Ebie laughed again.

"Listen, I sure as hell hope I'm not interrupting anything," Peter said, scowling.

"Maybe you can drop by later," Ebie said.

"Yes, well, it won't be 'til after dinner, Ebie. I've got to see my agent." He glanced at Driscoll. "Nice meeting you."

"Pleasure," Driscoll said.

"Yeah," Peter said, and turned abruptly and went stamping through the apartment. The front door slammed shut behind him.

"I think I'd better be going," Driscoll said.

"Listen . . ." she said.

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't you like to ——"

"Yes?"

"Kiss me good-bye or something?"

"Well, yes, I would," he said. "But what about ——"

"Well, why don't you?" she said.

"What about Peter?"

"I mean, don't you want to?"

"Yes, but you've got mononucleosis, and ——"

"Oh, boy," she said.

"It's just . . . who'll take care of you? If I get sick too?"

"Peter can bring us *both* soup. Come on over here and kiss me."

"You really think I should?" he asked, grinning.

"I really think so. As you yourself pointed out, I'm much older than you——"

"Hey, I'm sorry I said that. I didn't mean to ——"

"—and it's my mature opinion that you should come here and kiss me, because you can't just go saying sweet things like I love you and then not even kiss a girl good-bye."

"I do love you, Ebie," he whispered.

"Then kiss me."

"I love you."

"Kiss me."

"I love you."

"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me."

Her mouth then in that small bedroom on Myrtle Avenue, the elevated train rushing past outside as he took her face in his hands and covered her lips with his own, the softness of her mouth. The smell of roses wafting across the room from the dresser top, and her lips parting to accept his kiss. He could feel the warmth of her body, the low fever burning inside her. He held her against him and felt rather than heard her murmur deeply, the sound moving into her lips to hum secretly against his own as she moaned against him, mouth locked to mouth. He thought he would lose consciousness, struggled to catch his breath, her mouth persisted, there was nothing in the world but Ebie Dearborn's mouth.

They came up over the brow of the hill from beyond the river that cold November day; he could remember hearing only the bugles at first, could remember wiping his hand across his mouth, and thinking immediately of Ebie, and thinking he might never kiss her again, might never be able to kiss her again, and then he saw them in the distance. Stumbling out of the hole, he reached for his rifle and saw them silhouetted against the misty November sky, the bugles bleating, the terrifying shrill whistles, the shouts in Chinese. They were wearing strange fur hats that gave their faces a foxlike look, pointed, with sharp, erect ears. The bugles kept sounding over and over again, like angry screams on the early-morning air. There was rifle fire now as his men sleepily stumbled into the mist and tried to halt the charge. *The letter*, he thought, and touched the pocket of his combat jacket, and began shooting angrily into the horde of advancing Chinese, shouting obscenities at them.

THURSDAY Willow rose from the defense table in sections, unfolding his length, walking loosely toward the witness chair. Smiling up at Driscoll, he quietly asked, "Are you the author of *The Paper Dragon?*" as if that were not the prime issue.

"I am," Driscoll answered.

"Did you write it independently, without reference to any other work of fiction?"

"I did."

"Mr. Driscoll, how tall are you?"

"I'm six feet tall."

"How old were you in 1950 when you were drafted?"

"I was just twenty-one."

"Would you consider this a fair description of Lieutenant Cooper in your novel: he is twenty-one years old, six feet tall, with blue eyes and dark hair. He is drafted into the Army from Pratt Institute, is sent to O.C.S. and then shipped to Korea?"

"I would consider that a fair description."

"Mr. Driscoll, would you please tell the court upon whom you based the character Lieutenant Alex Cooper?"

"On myself, sir."

"Was he based on Lieutenant Mason in the play *Catchpole?*"

They began dancing in the hotel corridor.



cations, and at last a resolution. The explanation, of course, is that the man had been buying perfume for his wife, and the salesgirl sprayed a little on him—in short, a paper dragon, a nonexistent problem."

"Why did you suggest this title for Mr. Driscoll's novel?"

"To begin with, I thought the title would indicate that the book was about war with the Chinese. Also, I thought it would clearly label Colman's private war against our hero, the conflict he constructs out of whole cloth, the way he turns the other men against Cooper, the whole chain of events based on a problem that need not have existed in the first place, a paper dragon."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor."

Brackman rose from his table. "Mr. Danton," he said, "do you know for a fact that Miss Anita Lang neither saw nor read the play *Catchpole* before the publication of *The Paper Dragon*?"

"No, I do not know that for a fact. But Miss Lang is only ——"

"You have answered the question."

"I would like to explain ——"

"Your Honor ——"

"I will hear the witness," McIntyre said.

"I would like to explain that Anita Lang couldn't have been more than twenty-two or -three when *The Paper Dragon* first came to us. She must have been seven or eight years old when *Catchpole* was produced in New York, so I hardly think she could have seen the play, unless her mother kept her up past bedtime."

They lunched around the corner from the courthouse, and Driscoll did much of the talking. "There's no reality in that courtroom," he said. "No reality at all."

"I don't think I get you," Jonah said. "It seems real enough to me. What do you think, Mrs. Driscoll?"

"I think it's real enough," Ebie answered.

"Anyway, the reality is that you didn't steal his play," Jonah said. "And further, there's a lot of money involved."

"Constantine thinks I stole something valuable," Driscoll said. "He wants credit for his work."

"No. He wants credit for *your* work. This case can go either way, and I don't need any more headaches."

"Is winning so important to you?"

"Yes," Jonah answered.

It's important to Dris, too, Ebie thought, don't think it isn't. He's hoping against hope that he'll come out of this with honor somehow, without having to speak. He'd give his life to be free of that Vermont rock garden, to be able to come back to New York, which is his home, and look this city in the eye again. I know this man so well, this proud, stubborn, stupid man. I love this man so much. We could win this case, if only he would. . . . We'll lose, Ebie thought. We'll lose because he'll never tell them.

He saw her for the first time in Bertie's on DeKalb Avenue, a girl with short blond hair, wearing sweater and skirt, scuffed loafers, sitting with a group of art students. Unaware of him, she laughed at something someone at her table said, and picked up her beer mug. He hung his parka on a peg, walked directly across the room, and pulled out a chair without even glancing at any of the boys or girls sitting there.

"My name is Jimmy Driscoll," he said.

"Hello, Jimmy Driscoll," she answered.

"What's *your* name?"

"Good-bye, Jimmy Driscoll," one of the boys at the table said.

"Ebie Dearborn," she said.

"Hello, Ebie. You're from Virginia, right?"

"Wrong. Alabama."

"It figures."

"What do you mean?"

"Honey chile, that's some accent you-all got there."

"Don't make fun of it," she said, and turned toward her friends as laughter erupted from the other end of the table.

"Would you like a beer?" he asked.

"All right," she said.

He went to the bar and returned with two mugs of beer. She was in conversation with her friends when he approached, but she pulled out a chair for him.

"Miss me?" he asked.

"Sure enough."

"I knew you would."

"Here's to your modest ways," she said, and raised her glass.

"Here's to your cornflower eyes. Do you always wear your hair so short?"

"Why? What's the matter with it?"

"You look shaggy."

"Say, thanks."

"I mean that as a compliment. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"That's good. Older women appeal to me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm eighteen. You think this'll work out? The age difference, the language barrier. . . ." He smiled hopefully.

"Oh, shut up," she said.

"What?"

"Just shut up."

"OK," he said, but he could not remain silent for long. "We're having our first argument," he said, and smiled.

"Yes, and our last," she answered, and turned away from him. He caught her hand.

"Come out with me this Saturday night," he said.

"I'm busy."

"Next Saturday."

"I'm busy every Saturday until the Fourth of July. Let go of my hand, please."

He should have known that it was finished, but in succeeding days he searched for her on the windswept campus, the malls and the parking lots, and then in the halls and classrooms themselves, and even at the Clinton-Washington subway station.

On Friday, November twelfth, he hit upon the idea of asking a second-year art student about Ebie. Outside an illustration class, he stopped a girl with her hair pulled back into a ponytail. Did she know Ebie Dearborn?

"The one from Alabama?"

"That's the one. Have you seen her around lately?"

"No. She's sick, I think."

"Well, where does she live?"

"On Myrtle Avenue. You could look it up in the phone book."

Late that afternoon, he spent the last of his week's allowance on a dozen red roses, and went up to her apartment without calling first. The building she lived in on Myrtle was a crumbling red-brick structure. He knocked on the door of her apartment.

"Come in," she said.

He found the door unlocked, and stepped into a narrow corridor. "In here!" she shouted.

She was sitting up in a large bed, wearing a blue nightgown. She looked thin and pale as she turned to greet him. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Who'd you think it was?" he asked.

"Peter."

"Who's Peter?"

"The boy who lives upstairs. He's been bringing me chicken soup and such." She paused. "Are those roses for me?"

"Yes. I should put them in something, huh?"

"I think there's a vase in the kitchen."

"You won't disappear, will you? When I go for the vase?"

"I don't usually disappear," Ebie said. "I just happened to get sick the day after I met you, that's all. Mononucleosis. Hey, can you see through this gown?" she asked suddenly, peering down at her breasts.

"No."

"I wasn't expecting anyone but him," she said, and shrugged.

"You mean Peter?"

"Yes. He usually stops by in the afternoon."

"I don't think I like Peter."

"He's very sweet."

"What's his last name?"

"Malcom. Peter Malcom. He's an actor, mostly in television. He's blond and has sort of a curling lip. Usually he plays heavies."

"I'll bet."

"But you didn't come up here to talk about Peter," she said, and looked down at the bed covers. "Did you?"

"I don't even know Peter," he said. He was beginning to get angry. He stood at the foot of the bed, holding the roses, and wondering what mononucleosis was. "Look, uh . . . I'll just put these roses in water, and then I'll take off."

"Why?"

"Well, you're expecting Peter, and I really . . ."

He put the roses down. In a very small voice she said, "What *did* you come up here to talk about?"

"You," he said. "I came up here to tell you I love you."

"Oh."

"Yes." He shrugged. "And so, having said it, I will clear the premises so that Peter can come down with his chicken soup and such, and look through your nightgown."

"Definitely not."

"Mr. Driscoll, I show you this paper and ask you to describe it," Willow said.

"It's the carbon copy of a letter I wrote to my uncle in June of 1963, telling him galley proofs of my novel were on their way, and asking for his opinion."

"I offer it in evidence," Willow said.

"Your Honor, I cannot see its relevance," Brackman said.

"If a man has stolen another man's work, Your Honor, he does not send galley proofs to his uncle, a man he loved and respected, for his approval."

"I will admit the letter," McIntyre said.

"Mark it Defendants' Exhibit S."

Willow turned back to the witness. "Mr. Driscoll, it is alleged that in both your novel and the play the lieutenant falls in love with an Army nurse, is this so?"

"Yes, it is."

"How do you explain the similarity?"

"I wanted to tell a love story. To do that, I needed a woman. In a combat situation, the only possible female characters would be a native woman or a woman connected with the services. There were nurses in Korea, so naturally I chose a nurse."

"Do you agree that the theme of *Catchpole* is the idiocy and foolish waste of war?"

"No, sir. The theme is crime does not pay."

"And what is the theme of *The Paper Dragon?*"

"It would be difficult to express simply. I suppose the theme is that people are capable of . . . of hurting each other beyond endurance by . . . by thoughtless and . . . ill-conceived actions."

"Like war, do you mean?"

"The war is only the background. I tried to . . . you see . . . the lieutenant knows a deep and very real love for this woman . . . the nurse . . . and this . . . their love is destroyed by a single thoughtless act. And the future they might have had together."

"What about the actual death of the lieutenant?"

"I saw that as symbolic."

"You did not see the nurse's deprivation as symbolic, did you?"

"No, that's real enough. She's lost him. Forever."

"Thank you, Mr. Driscoll," Willow said. "That is all for this witness, Your Honor."

Brackman took his time assembling his notes. He pursed his lips, looked up at Driscoll, and said, "Mr. Driscoll, had you written anything before you started your novel?"

"In college, yes. Short stories, mostly."

"Was any work of yours published?"

"No."

"*The Paper Dragon* was your first novel?"

"Yes."

"Suddenly, out of the blue, you wrote a novel—never having written one before—and it was good enough for publication. You haven't written anything since *The Paper Dragon*, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"But you're a writer, aren't you?"

"I'm a Vermont farmer."

"I thought you were a writer."

"You've been misinformed."

"Apparently," Brackman said, and smiled. "Mr. Driscoll, you have testified that Lieutenant Alex Driscoll ——"

"Lieutenant Alex *Cooper*."

"Yes, forgive me, Lieutenant *Cooper* is an idealized version of yourself, is that true?"

"Yes."

"He is not entirely yourself?"

"Not entirely."

"Mr. Driscoll," Brackman asked, "did you have a love affair with an Army nurse while you were in Korea?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"But the lieutenant in your novel did? Lieutenant Cooper?"

"Yes."

"You're familiar with *Catchpole*, I know, and I'd like to ask you now if you recall that Lieutenant Mason in that play had an affair with a nurse?"

"Yes."

"And they are both targets in a murder plot?"

"Yes."

"In those respects, they are similar, are they not?"

"Yes. But they are not identical. I don't know who Constantine's hero is based on, but Lieutenant Cooper is based on *me*."

"A great many things happen to Lieutenant Cooper in your novel. Did all these things happen to you in Korea?"

"No."

"You invented some of them?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever the target in a planned murder, Mr. Driscoll?"

"No."

"You do agree that the men in your novel actively plot the death of Lieutenant Cooper?"

"Yes."

"You invented this?"

"Yes, I invented it."

"Mr. Driscoll, did you do any research on the 105th Division?"

"No. The division was fictitious; I invented it."

"Was the 105th a sudden inspiration? Where did it come from?"

"It did *not* come from Mr. Constantine's play."

"I am not asking you where it did *not* come from. I am asking you exactly where it *did* come from, Mr. Driscoll, and I would like an answer."

"I don't know."

"Is that your answer?"

"That is my answer."

"I have no further questions, Your Honor."

Driscoll rose from the stand, looked out over the courtroom for a moment, and took a seat in the jury box, alongside his wife.

"Is there any further evidence?" McIntyre asked.

"No, Your Honor," Willow said. "That is all for the defendant Mitchell-Campbell."

"Your Honor," Genitori said, rising, "the contract between A-P-I and James Driscoll contains the indemnity clause favoring A-P-I, and is annexed as Exhibit A to our answer and cross-claim. May it be deemed to have been submitted in evidence?"

"Fine," McIntyre said. "Is there (*continued on page 136*)

She rose and said, "Your Honor, may I talk?"



M
IS FOR MELONS

. . . bursting with the richness and heady perfumes of summer; their names like incantations from a tale of *Arabian Nights*, their flesh tinted with the pearls and corals and jades of a maharani's necklace. What better antidote to the heat of the day than an icy slice of Watermelon, cooled in a brook? To begin an elegant dinner—a sliver of Spanish Melon, served with *prosciutto* ham. To end—a slice of Honeydew, flavored with Grand Marnier. Or for a sunny breakfast . . .



Spanish Melon (above) has a rind so hard that it can't be tested for ripeness by the feel. But most are fully ripe when they reach the store. The flesh is sweet and delicate. ***Watermelons*** come in all sizes these days—including refrigerator-sized "babies" like the one below. Thumping a Watermelon for ripeness is chancy. Best way: See if the underside has turned from white to yellow. Or buy wedges.





. . . a wedge of ***Cantaloupe***, the most popular of the muskmelons (above). Pick one with thick gray netting, a faint, musky bouquet, a *smooth*, shallow scar where the stem was. Best if allowed to rest for three days at room temperature. When a ***Casaba*** (below) is really ripe, it will respond with a slight springiness when pressed *gently* between the palms. The wrinkled skin is usually lemon-yellow when ripe; the flesh creamy white to golden.





Melons are a marvel for dieters; a huge wedge of Watermelon has only 120 calories, a 2-by-7-inch wedge of Honeydew, 46. Never let leftover melons languish. Cut into balls or cubes and freeze (in freezer, not refrigerator-freezer combination). Excellent in fruit cups, salads, summer drinks. Ambrosial dessert: cut a "bung-hole" in a melon, pour in a favorite liqueur, replace the "plug," and refrigerate for 24 hours, turning occasionally. Serve in wedges.

"For he on honey-dew hath fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise," Coleridge wrote of Kubla Khan. Long before history, the sweet emerald flesh of the ***Honeydew*** (above) was a delicacy. Pick one with a creamy skin that feels velvety as a kid glove and yields to slight pressure at the blossom end. (Test a Honeyball—a cross between a Honeydew and a Cantaloupe—the same way.) Let rest at room temperature for a day, serve unchilled, topped perhaps with a sherbet.

Illustrations by Arnold Varga

Basic Cream Puff Pastry (Pâte à Chou).

1. Made with all-purpose flour: Bring to a boil 1 cup water, ½ cup butter or margarine, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Off heat, add 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour. Beat vigorously. Over low heat, beat 2 or 3 minutes until dough leaves sides of pan. Off heat again, add 4 large eggs (1 cup), one at a time, beating well after each. Beat until dough looks shiny. Drop by rounded tablespoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 40 to 45 minutes in preheated 400° oven. Cool on rack away from draft. Makes 12 puffs.

2. Made with pie-crust mix: To ½ cup boiling water add 1 cup packaged pie-crust mix. Beat over medium heat until mixture leaves sides of pan. Off heat, add 2 (not 4) large eggs (½ cup) one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Bake as in recipe No. 1, but only 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 10 puffs.

3. Made with popover mix (low-calorie!): Bring 1¼ cups water and 1 teaspoon sugar to a gentle boil. Off heat, add 1 (6-oz.) pkg. popover mix. Beat vigorously. Over low heat beat 2 or 3 minutes until dough leaves sides of pan.
Off heat again, add 2 eggs (½ cup), beating well after each, and ½ teaspoon vanilla.
Use rubber spatula to pull dough from edge of pan while beating. Bake as in recipe No. 1, but only 35 to 40 minutes. Makes 14 puffs.

THE COMPLIANT CREAM PUFF

Over the years it has been my experience that more women write more letters about cream puffs than any other single recipe. Fascinating subject . . . the American cream puff with delightful relatives all over the world—the beignets *and* profiteroles *of classic cuisine;* churros *of Spain;* zeppole *of Italy; Wind-Cakes of Portugal; Queen Fritters of England. All are made from the same basic* pâte à chou *(sounds like "pat a shoe"). Above are three newer-than-new fast and fearless ways: the first . . . from all-purpose flour; the second uses a packaged pie-crust mix. The third, and perhaps most exciting, discovered almost by accident in the* Journal *kitchens, uses a popover mix, lops off almost 1,000 calories. Use any one of the three to make the fabulous Paris–Brest dessert (below). The timid or rushed may even achieve a Croquembouche, right, (literally, crunch-in-the-mouth) with no actual cooking whatsoever. Put it together with small bought cream puffs and a boiled-down syrup. For complete directions, hints, do's, don'ts and diagrams,* *please turn to page 112.* *BY POPPY CANNON, Food Editor*






HOT DOG!
JOURNAL'S COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH. NUMBER 9 OF A SERIES.



HOLY MOLY! A WHOLE COOKBOOK DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO HOT DOGS WITH OVER 150 RECIPES (GASP!) PRESENTING THE WILY WIENER IN A MULTITUDE OF MYSTIFYING GUISES, INCLUDING APPETIZERS, SOUPS, MAIN DISHES, SANDWICHES, SALADS AND COOKOUT SPECIALTIES. IN *THE HOT DOG COOKBOOK* (DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC., $3.95), WILLIAM I. KAUFMAN, A VETERAN OF 13 COOKBOOKS, SHOWS THE MILD-MANNERED FRANKFURTER IN SUCH REFINED ROLES AS ALSATIAN HOT DOG DINNER, HOT DOG KABOBS, DOGGIES DE LUXE, SWEET-SOUR HOT DOGS, AND A DAZZLING DISPLAY OF FOREIGN DISHES. FOR ANY HARRIED HOUSEWIVES IN THE AUDIENCE, THERE ARE SUPER-FAST ENTREES (SWOOSH!) LIKE HOT DOG BUNDLES. FOR PARTY-THROWING SWINGERS THERE ARE ICE-MELTERS (WOW!) LIKE HOT DOG PIZZA AND FIREMAN'S FRANKS. ADVENTURING FATHERS WILL FIND A WHOLE SUMMERFUL OF BARBECUE RECIPES.

AMERICANS DIDN'T EXACTLY INVENT THE HOT DOG, AS AUTHOR KAUFMAN POINTS OUT. THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS PROBABLY DID . . . CONSTANTINE THE GREAT WHEN HE WAS EMPEROR OF ROME DECIDED SAUSAGE WAS MUCH TOO GOOD FOR *HOI POLLOI* AND BANNED IT, THUS CREATING SAUSAGE SPEAKEASIES FROM HERE TO THE FORUM . . . IT WAS GOOD FRAU FEUCHTWANGER, WIFE OF A BAVARIAN SAUSAGE MAKER IN ST. LOUIS, WHO DREAMED UP THE HOT DOG ROLL IN 1883 BECAUSE CUSTOMERS COMPLAINED THAT HER HUSBAND'S WARES WERE TOO HOT TO HANDLE. . . THE LATE SPORTS CARTOONIST T. A. DORGAN CHRISTENED THE CONCOCTION THE HOT DOG IN THE EARLY 1900'S, AND AN AMERICAN EXCLAMATION WAS BORN.

IN ADDITION TO SUCH NUGGETS OF FASCINATING FRANKFURTER LORE AS THESE, *THE HOT DOG COOKBOOK* IS A TROVE OF USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT ITS NAMESAKE, SUCH AS THE AUTHOR'S LIST OF:

THINGS TO REMEMBER ABOUT HOT DOGS

REMEMBER, HOT DOGS ARE FULLY COOKED SAUSAGES. THEY ONLY HAVE TO BE HEATED.

DO NOT BOIL.

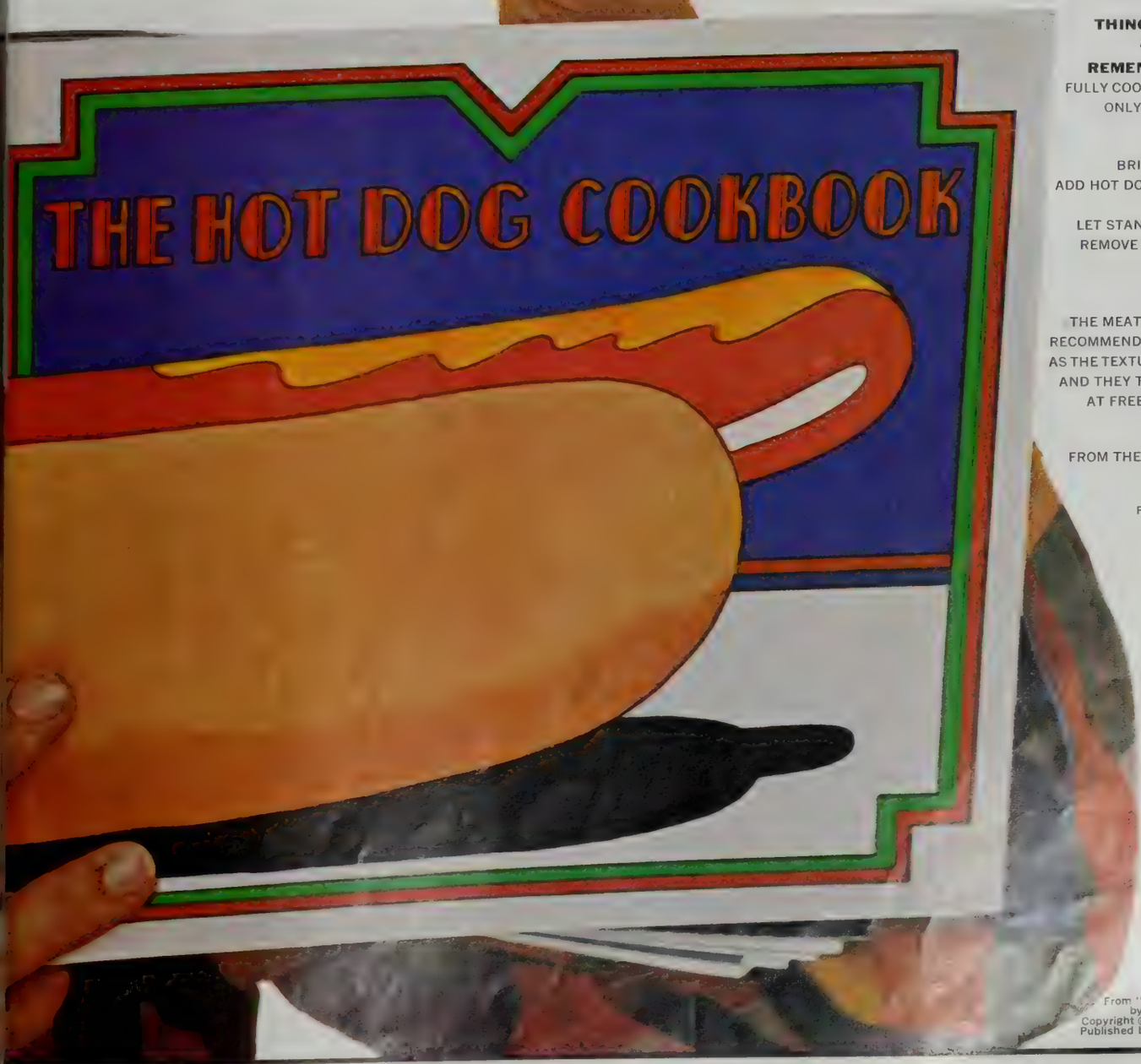
BRING WATER TO A BOIL. ADD HOT DOGS AND REMOVE PAN FROM HEAT. COVER. LET STAND ABOUT 7 MINUTES. REMOVE HOT DOGS FROM PAN WITH TONGS.

DO NOT FREEZE.

THE MEAT INDUSTRY DOES NOT RECOMMEND FREEZING HOT DOGS, AS THE TEXTURE MAY BE AFFECTED AND THEY TEND TO LOSE FLAVOR AT FREEZER TEMPERATURES.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM THE HOT DOG COOKBOOK BEGIN ON PAGE 116.

Photograph by Bernard Gray



From "The Hot Dog Cookbook," by William I. Kaufman. Copyright © 1966 by William I. Kaufman. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Above, London Broil, made from flank steak.

Roast Beef Steak, below, is surprisingly thrifty.



The Great American Steak is the great American argument. Take any 10 U.S. citizens; give them any 10 steaks. They will disagree about practically everything: how to cook, serve, slice them—even the names. They'll agree about nothing . . . except that they love steak!

Should a perfect steak be thick or thin? Charred on the outside? Red in the middle? What about charcoal versus the broiler? Pan- or oven-broiled? There are ways and ways. Try some new ones. Cast your eye on the lusty bevy of recipes on page 110. If you haven't tried a marinade, a steak massage, or a sauce Béarnaise, now's the time. Whether you like your steak charred and crusty or just lightly seared, superbly sauced or absolutely plain, there's a recipe just for you.

Myths have exploded all over the *Journal* kitchen. Charcoal is dandy—but the broiler's so handy. And a great deal of that open-air flavor is due, we've found, to the presence of air. Plenty of it, all around while you're broiling. So keep the oven door well ajar.

Steak as you like it—rare, medium, well done . . . or what the French call *bleu*, meaning *really* rarin'. What exactly do these terms mean? On the meat thermometer, as generally marked, rare beef is 140°. This is about 10 degrees too high for the modern "rare bird." He'd call 140° medium rare, and so would we. Add 10 more degrees for medium; another 10 and it's well done, or ruined, depending on your point of view. If you're a true fanatic, you'll probably agree with the old legend that says a steak is properly cooked when you "carry it very slowly through a very hot kitchen."

How do you judge when a steak is done to a turn? Best way—take its temperature. Be sure that the thermometer goes into the center and touches no bone. Of course, you won't put it in while the steak is in the broiler; wait until it is almost done, take it out for a moment and test.

No thermometer? Don't panic. Simply make a small cut next to the bone, if there is one, or near the center, and take a look. Or make like a French chef. Press with two fingertips. If the meat feels firm, not squishy, it is medium rare.

What do you do if the steak you want to cook is solid frozen? Broil it same as always, only about half again as long (check our recipe, page 110). This is the new way, based on years of research at Teacher's College, Columbia University, and at the University of Montana. They have proved that beef cooked from the frozen state, without thawing, is not just more convenient, but *better*, both nutritionally and flavorfully.

What's in a name? When it comes to steak, no end of confusion! A T-bone by any other name may taste just as good, but who's to tell you that it's the same as a Porterhouse in the next county? Or a Club in Jersey City? We do! On page 108 you will find a chart crammed with a hundred answers.

Our chart is a first-time-ever bonanza for steak fans. What name means what. Where it's from on the critter. How long to broil. Plus the translation of those terms like Tournedos, Contrefilet and Chateaubriand that crop up on expensive menus and in expansive cookbooks.

Happily armed with this chart, you can look your butcher straight in the eye. "Nobody ever heard of a New York cut in New York," you can tell him. "Or a Kansas City steak in Kansas. Or a Top of Iowa steak in Des Moines. Don't give me that look when I ask for Delmonico. Call it a Shell, Club, Market or just plain Strip."

We also prove that you *can* have steak on a hamburger budget. If you blanch at the thought of eight dollars a pound for the tenderloin tips that go into elegant little Tournedos, we have a way of improvising from eye of round. And we tell how to transform humble pot roast into a super steak fully three inches thick.

For the great news on The Great American Steak, please turn to page 108.



1. *Neck: stew and soup meat, ground beef.*
2. *Shoulder or chuck: steaks, pot roasts, stew meat.*
3. *Short ribs, cut from inside rib ends.*
4. *Rib section: rib steaks and roasts.*
5. *Tenderloin muscle: variously cut, it's filet mignon, Chateaubriand, tournedos.*
6. *Loin: steaks with a dozen names come from here.*
7. *Sirloin: steaks, roasts.*
8. *Rump: primarily roasts; steaks, too—**see page 108.*
9. *Round: roasts, top and bottom round steaks, Swiss steak.*
10. *Hind shank: stew meat, soup meat, ground beef.*
11. *Flank: London broil, flank steak.*
12. *Plate: pot roasts, stew meat, soup meat.*
13. *Brisket: usually made into corned beef.*
14. *Fore shank: stew, soupmeat; groundbeef.*

LINE A DAY, by Poppy Cannon



June is a moonstruck month full of such delicious madness as "Old Maids' Wigs" for Old Maid's Day, Big Papa Cookies for Father's Day, red-hot Devilburgers for Satan's Square Dance in Hell (Mich.) and the whimsical Portuguese custom on St. John's Day (June 24) of boys and girls striking their sweethearts with garlic plants.

1. June is the month for brides, roses and strawberries. First raspberries are reddening, first peaches goldening. Also, it's Dairy Month. One must think of cream.

2. Who could ever forget tiny wild strawberries in Paris served with the yellow, faintly sourish cream they call Crème Fraîche. The look, the taste, even the feel on the tongue can be reproduced by whipping together with a blender or beater 1 (3-oz.) pkg. softened cream cheese, 1 cup each sour cream, heavy whipping cream, an egg yolk, 2 teaspoons sugar.

3. Vegetables and fruits make happy couples in a salad: potatoes and apples, cucumbers and grapefruit, pineapple and beets or green peppers.

4. On Old Maid's Day in Bedfordshire, "Wigs" are for lunch—spicy buns, so-called because the dough puffs over the sides like the curls of a wig.

5. Nowadays, when young maids make Old Maids' Wigs, they knead into a pound of well-thawed frozen bread dough 1 egg, well beaten with a tablespoon of caraway seeds, ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and mace, 2 tablespoon sugar. Let rise again. Brush with beaten egg. Bake in 12 muffin tins 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

6. Biggest sardine news since Leif Ericson glimpsed the silvery little dears in North Atlantic waters a thousand years ago.... Some bright soul has invented a can that *pulls* open. Without keys, cuts or curses.

7. Tiny little red globes of radishes lifted that moment out of the sun-warmed earth. No gourmet treat in all the world is comparable. Especially...served the French way with curls of sweet butter and fresh bread.

8. St. Medard's is a day of decision. If it rains, it will be wet for 40 days. Be prepared either way. Order charcoal for outdoor grilling; cookie dough for rainy-day baking.

9. In Scotland, a big bannock is baked with a silver coin inside. Whoever gets the coin has charge of the new baby lambs. With or without coin, these bannocks are delights: Mix ¼ cup blanched, shredded almonds, 3 cups flour, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons orange peel. Into a center well, place 1 cup softened butter or margarine. Knead smoothly. Roll out, cut into 3-inch rounds, pinch the edges, prick centers. Bake on a greased sheet 300°, 45 minutes.

10. For Prince Philip's birthday, recalling his Hellenic ancestry — Grecian Oranges, fast off the shelf. Drain 2 cans mandarin orange sections. Add one cup of this liquid to 1 cup orange marmalade, the long, shreddy type, along with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind or two drops orange bitters. Pour over oranges. Chill several hours.

11. How sad—and smelly—the little cut onion was before we had those clear, strong plastic sandwich bags.

12. For Sunday breakfast—what the French call Lost Bread, *Pain Perdu*. Belgians call it "Found Bread," Germans, "Poor Knights." We say "French Toast."

13. Tonight is lover's night in Portugal, when, at the stroke of 12, maidens singe the tip of a small wild artichoke. If it turns to violet again in the morning, he loves you.

14. Flag Day. Haul Up Old Glory. Also blow the bugles and enjoy, enjoy the All-American fried chicken. Have it crisp and golden, done to a turn, *without frying*. Use a new seasoned coating mix. The oven does all the work. No watching, no turning.

15. Most distinctive vegetable at the elegant Café Chauveron is the Medley Puree, which suggests a glamorous destiny for dibs and dabs. To feathery whipped potatoes (a 4-serving pkg. of instant), add ¼ cup each of one or all of these: mashed carrots, leeks, peas, green beans, chopped watercress, spinach, onions, parsley. Garlic, salt and pepper to taste. Cream and butter ad lib.

16. Well-Dressing, at Buxton in Derbyshire, today. The custom dates back to the ancient Druids who threw garlands of flowers into the water as a gift to the gods. Gin and ales made from such blessed waters are said to have a special taste. Why not?

17. Bluefish Tournament in Norfolk, Va. Nothing better with baked bluefish than a sauce made of equal parts mayonnaise and chopped piccalilli.

18. On the night before the Battle of Waterloo, a desperate chef in the field dreamed up for his hungry boss, Napoleon, Chicken Marengo: Sauté 2 cut-up young fryers in ¼ cup olive oil. Remove chicken. To the oil, add ½ cup finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1½ cups sliced mushrooms, 1 small can tomatoes, drained. Cook 3 minutes. Add ½ cup dry white wine. Stir and cook till reduced about ⅓. Replace chicken, cover, cook 15 minutes or till tender.

19. For Papa on his day, bake him some Big Papa Cookies. Make up a batch of Toll House Cookies from the recipe on the packet of chocolate pieces. Divide batter into 6 parts, using about a half cup for each cookie. Flatten with a spoon to about ½ inch. Bake at 375° for 15 to 18 minutes.

20. Green Beans Kyoto! Bamboo shoots (canned, drained, sliced) are heated in peanut oil along with a pkg. of frozen green beans because there's a Bamboo-Cutting Ceremony in Japan, and a legendary bamboo serpent is whacked with the swords of temple priests.

21. In ancient times, on the longest day of the year, summer carolers went from door to door to be greeted with bread, cheese, and beer.

22. In honor of Will Rogers, whose rodeo begins in Oklahoma, Green Corn Fritters: Start with a cup of tender corn scraped from the cob or use 1 (8-oz.) can drained, canned cream style. Add 2 eggs, well beaten, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour—enough to hold together. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, cook light brown. Airy nothings!

23. Sharpen your gold and silver scissors to cut herbs at dawn tomorrow. They'll be most potent.

24. Girls and boys in Portugal on St. John's Day flail each other with garlic plants. Always politely asking beforehand, "May I?" or "Do you mind?"

25. Tonight's the night for Satan's Square Dance in Hell, Mich. (pop. 45). Devilburgers will be served.

26. Hell's Chamber of Commerce sends recipe for Devilburgers: Mix 2 lbs. chopped beef with ½ cup each milk, soft bread crumbs. Season with ½ teaspoon MSG, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Form into 8 large burgers. Brown in ¼ cup fat. Add 1½ cups hot barbecue sauce, ½ cup condensed tomato soup, ½ to 1 teaspoon chili powder. Cover; cook 10 to 15 minutes. So hot...only 2 to a customer.

27. For fruity cocktails (heady or otherwise), Chef Werthmann of the Minneapolis Sheraton-Ritz rubs the rim of the glass with a cut lemon, then dips into sugar tinted with the merest trace of green coloring.

28. Squeezable packets of already melted chocolate are pure bliss, but not *sweet* bliss. One packet equals a square of *bitter* chocolate or ¼ cup of *unsweetened* cocoa.

29. For the Day of St. Peter, fish is traditional. We'll be opening 2 (1-lb.) cans of salmon. Drain and flake with 1 cup chopped onions, ¼ cup lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mold in 1-qt. bowl. Chill. Turn out. Garnish with avocado crescents.

30. Consommé "double" reads the chi-chi menu. To us it means condensed—straight out of the can—served very hot in small cups with a slash of sherry, maybe. Try this as a perfect overture to a cold supper.



Campbell's Instant Saucery

3 delicious soup sauces that make plain foods fancy

lend 1 can of Campbell's Cream of elery, Chicken, or Mushroom Soup ith ½ cup of sour cream in a sauce- an. Heat; stir now and then. Thin as esired. Makes about 1½ cups sauce.

Sour Cream Sauce



Creamy new topping for chicken!



Instant magic for any vegetable!



Stroganoff touch for beef!

Blend 1 can of Campbell's Cream of Celery, Chicken, or Mushroom Soup, 2 to 4 tbsp. milk, ½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Heat until cheese melts. Stir often. About 1½ cups.

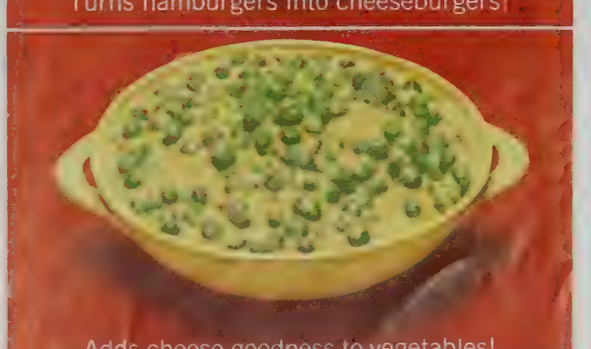
Cheese Sauce



Makes an omelet a main dish!



Turns hamburgers into cheeseburgers!



Adds cheese goodness to vegetables!

Blend 1 can of Campbell's Cream of Celery, Chicken, or Mushroom Soup, ¼ cup mayonnaise. Add 2 to 4 tbsp. water, 2 to 3 tsp. lemon juice. Heat; stir now and then. About 1½ cups.

Hollandaise Sauce



Divine topping for open sandwiches!



New tangy flavor for fish



Gives vegetables creamy elegance!

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Surprises From The Syrup Jug



Schoolboys in Dickens' day longed for the treat of treacle on their bread. Abraham Lincoln loved his syrup on hot biscuits and corn cakes. Since time immemorial, liquid sweetness has poured joy onto and into the simplest viands—and the most complex. Not only on the table, but behind the scenes, the syrup jug is a wonder-worker . . . in far more than just the usual ways.

Give tiny whole carrots or baby beets this **Savory Lucent Glaze:** In a small saucepan, combine ¾ cup butter or margarine, ¾ cup dark corn syrup, ¾ cup catsup, 1 tablespoon orange rind. Simmer uncovered, 5 minutes. Toss with 3 lb. cooked vegetables. You can also use 3 (1-lb.) cans of vegetables, drained. Heat 5 minutes more. Turn little new potatoes or canned drained potatoes into **Danish Delights** in the same way.

Give a homemade touch to **frozen cakes** by brushing with corn syrup before heating to give a soft and shiny glaze.

Have your **Pork Chops** bedizened. Brush them with Sweet-Sour Sauce, broil about 10 minutes on each side.

Make **Sweet-Sour Sauce** in half a trice: Combine ½ cup dark corn syrup, ½ cup prepared mustard, 1 clove crushed garlic, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Heat 5 minutes.

Crispy Barbecued Corned Beef uses this same sauce: Heat a foil-wrapped 3- to 4-lb. piece of cooked corned beef at 350° for 30 minutes. Unwrap. Brush one side with Sweet-Sour Sauce. Broil about 8 inches from heat for 10 minutes. Turn, brush other side with sauce, broil 10 minutes more. Serves 6.

Add fresh garden sweetness to cooked, drained vegetables by adding 1 tablespoon corn syrup. Use those home-grown tomatoes in this **Plain and Fancy Salad:** Combine 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon black pepper, ⅓ cup light corn syrup, ⅓ cup vinegar, 1 cup salad oil, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix well. Pour half of dressing over 6 thickly sliced tomatoes arranged on a serving platter and sprinkled with 2 tablespoons chives. Cover, refrigerate 20 to 60 minutes—the longer the better. Serve remaining dressing separately. Serves 6.

While you flip breakfast pancakes, have this **Buttery Applesauce** simmering on the stove: Heat 2 cups applesauce with ¼ cup dark molasses, ¼ cup butter or margarine, 1 cup golden raisins, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Cook gently uncovered 5 minutes. Serve warm on flapjacks, waffles, French toast.

Maple syrup + ice cream = **Split-Second Sundae.** Nuts? Maybe.

Bewitch a baked ham with a garland of **Spiced Apricots:** Drain a 1-lb. can apricot halves, saving ¼ cup juice. Combine the juice with ½ cup light corn syrup, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon allspice. Heat 2 minutes. Pour over apricots. Cover and chill.

Make **Mayonnaise Entranced:** Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup light corn syrup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated rind, 1 tablespoon slivered, crystallized ginger. Toss with 2 cups unpeeled, diced red apples, ½ cup each broken pecans, thinly sliced celery, seedless green grapes, orange sections. Chill 20 to 60 minutes. Serve in lettuce cups. Serves 6.

Cake, pudding or ice cream? Transform it with our **Something Special Sauce:** Heat 1 cup light corn syrup with ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ cup chopped walnuts. Stir in 1 cup apricot preserves (or orange marmalade or prepared chocolate frosting). For a flaming finale, slightly warm 2 to 4 tablespoons brandy, ignite, pour into sauce.

The inspiration of one of America's greatest chefs is this most elegant of *frivolités*, a bonbon to serve with a demitasse. **Glazed Strawberries à la Stockli:** Heat 2 cups light corn syrup with ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar without stirring until candy thermometer reads 260°. Remove from heat. Holding washed and dried strawberries by the stems, dip them into hot syrup. (Watch your fingers!) Let berries dry on a lightly oiled wire rack for 3 hours. (Make these only on dry, cool days. Serve within 12 hours.)

In Turin, Italy, in the Piazza San Carlo, stands a dashing bronze equestrian statue. Nearby at the famous restaurant 'L Caval 'd Brôns, you may end a meal with **Flaming Bananas and Chestnuts in the Style of the Bronze Horse:** Cut 6 bananas in bite-size pieces, brush with a little lemon juice. Drain a (2-lb.) can waterpack chestnuts very well. Heat 2 cups dark corn syrup until candy thermometer reads 310°. Dip small wooden skewers with 1 piece of banana and 1 chestnut on each into syrup. Cool on lightly oiled tray. Arrange on a flameproof dish. Sprinkle with ¼ cup warm rum, ignite. Serves 6.

Whipping some cream for a dessert topping? Sweeten it (after whipping) with corn syrup—¼ cup to 1 cup cream. Dissolves instantly. No grittiness.

Popular in the Northwest and in Canada, **Dutch Babies** are a cross between a popover, a pancake and Yorkshire pudding. Prepare 1 pkg. popover mix following pkg. directions. Divide between two well-greased 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 400°. Meanwhile, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 tablespoons dark corn syrup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Heat. Brush over "Babies" just before serving. At the table, cut into quarters, pass with maple syrup and bacon. Serves 8.

A landmark, a tourist attraction in Minneapolis is crystal-chunky **Maple Frango:** whip 2 cups heavy cream until stiff. Fold in ¼ cup maple syrup. Chill in freezer tray until mushy. Beat thoroughly, put in 6 parfait glasses. Freeze till firm. Serves 6.

An exotic accompaniment to pork, ham or cold meat is **Curried Fruit,** served hot or cold: Soften 2 (1-lb.) pkg. mixed dried fruits according to label directions. Combine 1 cup dark corn syrup, 2 teaspoons curry powder; ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon turmeric, 2 tablespoons cider vinegar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Simmer 5 minutes. Drain fruit and add to sauce. Heat 5 minutes. (Can be kept for weeks in an air-tight jar in refrigerator.)

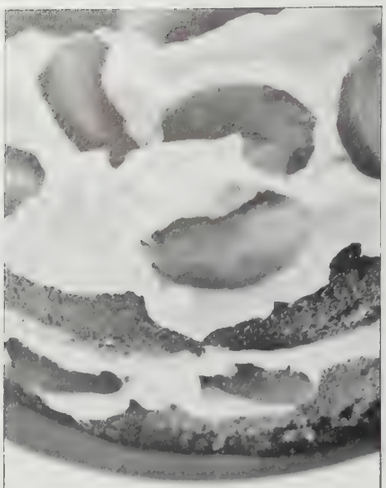
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½ cup sugar
⅓ cup water
¼ cup red cinnamon drops
1 1-lb. 4-oz. can Comstock Pie-Sliced Apples, drained
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine first 3 ingredients in 8-inch skillet. Cook over medium heat until sugar and cinnamon drops dissolve, stirring constantly. Bring to boil; simmer 10 minutes. Add apples and simmer in syrup until glazed, about 3 minutes, turning often. Remove apples from pan. Drain and cool. Combine cream, sugar and vanilla. Whip until stiff. Fold in apples. Fills tops of two 8-inch sponge layers or 8 to 10 Mary Ann shells.



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STEAKS *continued*

over other half of heart and join edges by rolling in a tight seam. (Use paper clips to help, if necessary.) Place enclosed steak on cookie sheet. Bake 10 minutes at 450°.

Remove steak from paper; place on serving platter and pour cooking juices over steak. At the table, cut on the bias in ¼-inch strips. Serve with rest of sauce. Makes 6 servings.

SALT-BROILED STEAK WITH HOT CHIVE SAUCE

You'll need a fairly heavy skillet for this; cast iron or cast aluminum, or Teflon-lined are all suitable. The recipe calls for a cup of salt, and we do mean a whole cup. It keeps the meat from sticking, and gives it a delicious, savory dark-brown crust.

1 cup salt
1 (3-lb.) T-bone steak, about 2½ in. thick

Pour 1 cup salt into a heavy 12-inch skillet. Set skillet on high heat for 5 minutes, until salt is very hot. Place steak on hot salt and cook over high heat 9 minutes per side for rare. (Steak will smoke during cooking.) Remove salt crust. Serve with Hot Chive Sauce (below). Serves 3 to 4; for 6 to 8 servings, use two T-bone steaks about 2 inches thick.

Hot Chive Sauce
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup olive oil
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 Tb. Worcestershire sauce
¼ tsp. pepper
2 Tb. chopped chives

Melt ½ cup butter or margarine in a small saucepan. Add ½ cup olive oil, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped chives. Stir well. Heat slowly to boiling. Serve immediately. Makes 1 cup.

HICKORY-CRUSTED STEAK

If you can't grill your steak over an open fire of hickory chips, you can use hickory-smoked salt to give it a smoky, outdoor flavor.

2 tsp. hickory-smoked salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 (2¾-lb.) sirloin steak, 2 in. thick

Combine 2 teaspoons hickory-smoked salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Rub well into both sides of a 2¾-lb. sirloin steak. Let stand 10 minutes. Place heavy skillet over medium heat for 3 to 4 minutes, with a 1-inch piece of fat cut from steak in it. Rub fat around to grease skillet thoroughly, then remove it. Cook steak 10 minutes per side over medium heat for medium rare. Serves 3. To serve 6, use two steaks.

PLANKED STEAK FLAMBÉ

Since this steak is broiled and served on a wooden plank, you'll need a well-seasoned board that can withstand the heat. Or you may cover a large chopping board with foil.

2 (4-serving size) pkg. instant mashed potatoes
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen whole-kernel corn
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. curry powder
1 (3-lb.) sirloin steak, 1½ in. thick
1 Tb. liquid gravy coloring
1 tsp. ginger
1 (6-oz.) can mushroom caps, drained
¼ cup bourbon (optional)

Prepare 2 (4-serving size) pkg. instant mashed potatoes according to pkg. directions. Place in large bowl; set aside. Thaw 2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen whole-kernel corn. Toss with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ⅛ teaspoon curry powder. Set aside.

Rub each side of a 3-lb. sirloin steak (about 1½ inches thick) with a mixture of 1 tablespoon liquid gravy coloring and 1 teaspoon ginger. Place on a large heatproof plank (or on a foil-covered chopping board). Place under preheated broiler 4 inches from heat. Broil 1 minute on each side, to seal in juices. Turn and cook each side 5 minutes more for rare. Remove from broiler.

Using a large cotton piping bag with a No. 9 serrated tip, pipe swirls of potato around edge of board. (Or use a small ice-cream scoop or tablespoon, swirl with tip of small spoon.) Fill in area between potatoes and steak with prepared corn. Top steak with a 6-oz. can mushroom caps, drained. Place board in 450° oven for 5 minutes, or until potatoes are lightly browned and corn is hot.

If desired, slightly warm ¼ cup bourbon in a small saucepan. Set match to bourbon and pour flaming over steak just before serving. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings.

COLONY-INSPIRED STEAK WITH HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

The Colony restaurant in New York serves some of the thinnest steaks in the world. It's a gread idea for summer: the steaks are pan-broiled (no oven heat to make the kitchen swelter), and you'll need top-of-stove heat for only 10 short minutes.

6 butterfly steaks (about ½ lb. each)
1 Tb. unseasoned meat tenderizer
1½ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. pepper
½ cup cooking oil
3 cloves garlic, crushed

Pound each of 6 butterfly steaks between 2 pieces of waxed paper until ⅛–¼ inch thick. Use flat side of wooden mallet or a rolling pin. Sprinkle both sides of each steak with ¼ teaspoon unseasoned meat tenderizer. Prick steaks thoroughly with a fork.

Sprinkle both sides of each steak with ⅛ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. In a measuring cup combine ½ cup cooking oil with 3 cloves crushed garlic. Place 1½ tablespoons garlic oil in large skillet. Heat skillet very hot, then quickly fry a steak 30 seconds on each side. Repeat with 5 remaining steaks, using 1½ tablespoons garlic oil for each. Keep cooked steaks warm while others cook. Serve with Hot Mustard Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Just before cooking steaks, prepare the Hot Mustard Sauce.

Hot Mustard Sauce
1 (1-oz.) pkg. brown gravy mix
1 Tb. dry mustard
1 (10½-oz.) can condensed beef consommé
2 Tb. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. black pepper
⅛ tsp. garlic powder
3 drops hot-pepper sauce

In a small saucepan, combine 1 (1-oz.) pkg. brown gravy mix, 1 tablespoon dry mustard and 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed beef consommé. Stir until smooth. Blend in 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder and 3 drops hot-pepper sauce. Bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Simmer uncovered 5 minutes. Makes 1¼ cups.

END

CREAM PUFFS

continued from page 98

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF CREAM PUFF MAKING

1. Always bake puffs in a preheated oven, so that they expand at once.
2. Since eggs vary in size, always measure. Four large eggs (the kind we use) usually make 1 cup; but you may find you need five.
3. Heat butter or margarine and water *only* until butter melts and water comes to a boil. Prolonged boiling evaporates water, changes proportions of recipe.
4. Don't mix in eggs with the pan still on the stove. The eggs might coagulate.
5. When we say beat the dough, we mean *beat.* It develops the gluten in the flour, gives the cream puffs a glossy finish, and helps them puff up as they should.
6. If beads of moisture appear on the puffs after they're baked, they are still moist inside. Turn the oven off, leave the door slightly open, set the puffs back in for about 5 minutes to dry them out.
7. A perfect cream puff is golden brown, dry, firm to the touch, and sounds hollow when tapped lightly with the fingertips.
8. When you're making one large cream puff (as for the Paris-Brest), bake until golden brown, cut off top crust, scoop out soft dough and let dry in turned-off oven 10 to 15 minutes with the door slightly open. If you leave damp dough inside, puff will collapse when cool.
9. Let puffs cool at room temperature away from drafts. Rapid cooling will make puffs collapse.
10. Fill puffs just before serving to keep them from becoming soggy.
11. *Unfilled* puffs, when thoroughly cooled, may be wrapped in plastic wrap and frozen. Thaw and fill as needed.

CREAM PUFFS FROM AROUND THE WORLD can be produced in minutes from our Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98). Here's how:

Classic French Beignets: Drop basic dough by teaspoons or tablespoons into 4 inches of hot cooking oil. Fry 3 to 4 minutes, until golden brown. Drain on paper towels and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Serve with a fruit or custard sauce.

Spanish Churros: Make the same way as Beignets. Often served with hot chocolate.

Italian Zeppole: Drop blobs (they needn't be neat) of basic dough into hot oil, as for Beignets. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.

English Queen Fritters: Drop full, rounded tablespoons of basic dough into hot oil, as for Beignets. Dough will puff up into large balls. Drain on paper towels; slit open and fill with jam or preserves. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and serve hot.

CROQUEMBOUCHE

The Croquembouche pyramid must be assembled quickly, or the syrup used to assemble it will harden and have to be reheated. Therefore be sure to read the recipe through thoroughly before starting to work. And have all ingredients near the stove, so you can dip the puffs and set them in place quickly.

1 cup dark corn syrup
5 dozen (60) small cream puffs, custard-filled (from the bakery, or homemade)
¼ cup confectioners' sugar

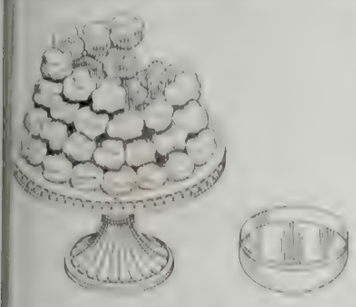
Cut a 9-inch circle from cardboard and cover with foil. Set the circle on a board near the stove. Have the filled cream puffs close at hand.

Cook 1 cup dark corn syrup over high
at until candy thermometer reaches
ard ball" stage (240° F.), or until a
all drop of the syrup forms a *soft* ball
cold water. Turn heat off.

To build the pyramid, lightly dip the
ttom of a cream puff in syrup and set
the edge of the circle, syrup-side
wn. Repeat with 9 more puffs, form-
g a ring.

For the second row, arrange a slightly
aller ring of puffs over the spaces be-
een the puffs of the first row, inclining
e second row slightly inward. Fill in
e center with more puffs, for support.

Continue building the pyramid in de-
easing rings (as shown below), filling



n center for support as needed, until
ou have completed 8 rows.

Top with one puff. Sprinkle the Cro-
quembouche lightly with ¼ cup sifted
confectioners' sugar. Serves 8–10. To
at, just pull one or two puffs at a time
off the pyramid starting from the top.

Note: If syrup begins to thicken be-
ore pyramid is completed, add a tea-
spoon of water and stir over low heat.
Do not let syrup burn.

PEACH FANTASTIC

Two layers of puffy pastry, sand-
wiched together with a creamy, brandy-
flavored filling, topped with peaches.

1 recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98)
1 Tb. butter or margarine
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
½ cup water
1 Tb. brandy or lemon juice
Sour Cream Custard Filling (below)
2 (12-oz.) pkg. frozen peaches, thawed

Preheat oven to 400°. Prepare 1 recipe Basic Pastry (page 98). Grease backs of two 9-inch cake pans lightly with 1 table-spoon butter or margarine, leaving a 1-inch margin. Spread half of dough evenly on back of one pan, stopping at ungreased margin, as shown below.



Spoon the other half of dough into a pastry bag. Using a No. 9 tip, make a spiral beginning at the center of the other pan. Leave ½ inch between the coils of the spiral, and a 1-inch margin on ungreased edge of pan, as shown below.



Bake both 45 to 50 minutes at 400°. Let cool completely on wire racks away from drafts.

Glaze: In a small saucepan combine ¼ cup confectioners' sugar and ½ cup water. Place over medium heat; bring to a gentle boil and cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 tablespoon brandy or lemon juice. Brush top of both cream-puff layers with glaze.

Place the plain layer on a serving dish; spoon Sour Cream Custard Filling over it. Top with spiral layer. Top spiral layer with a 12-oz. pkg. thawed frozen peaches. Surround with another pkg. thawed frozen peaches. Serves 6–8.

Sour Cream Custard Filling

1 (3⅝-oz.) pkg. vanilla-pudding and pie-filling mix
1½ cups milk
1 cup sour cream
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1 Tb. brandy or lemon juice

Prepare a 3⅝-oz. pkg. vanilla-pudding and pie-filling mix, following pkg. directions but reducing milk to 1½ cups. Pour into a medium bowl and let cool. To prevent formation of a skin on top, place waxed paper or plastic wrap directly on top of pudding.

When thoroughly cooled, add 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and 1 tablespoon brandy or lemon juice. Mix well and chill until serving time.

Note: Pastry bags are available from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. and 59th St., New York, N.Y.

PARIS-BREST DESSERT

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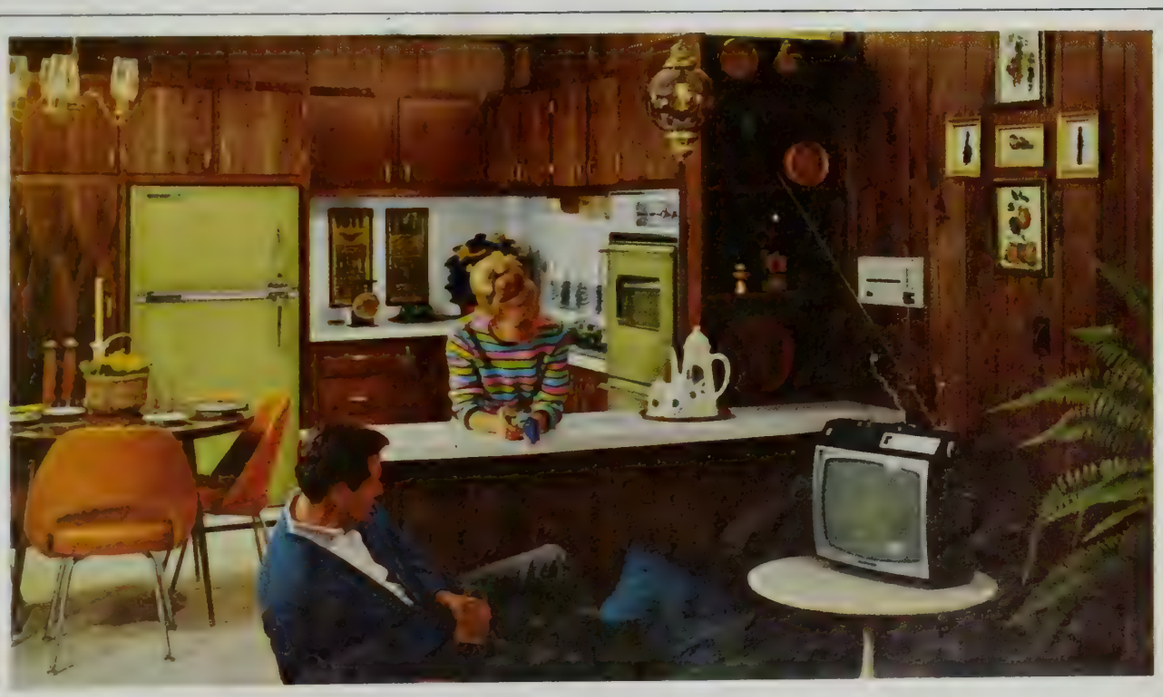
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REAM PUFFS *continued*

recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98)
cups heavy cream plus 2 Tb. sugar, or 2 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped-topping mix
Tb. sherry or lemon juice
¼ cup light corn syrup
2 Tb. green pistachio nuts, coarsely chopped pecans or walnuts, or slivered almonds

reheat oven to 400°. Cut a 9-inch circle ut of heavy brown paper, place it in enter of cookie sheet and oil it lightly. Make Cream Puff Pastry (recipe, page 8). Place pastry around edge of paper ircle in heaping tablespoons, leaving a -inch circle bare in center. Smooth astry with a spatula, making an even ing. Bake 50 minutes at 400°.

Remove ring from oven. Cut off top with sharp knife. Scoop out any soft lough. Turn oven off, place ring back in, nd let it stand in oven with door lightly open for 15 minutes. Remove rom oven and cool on wire rack away rom drafts.

Whip 2 cups heavy cream with 2 ablespoons sugar until stiff (or prepare wo 2-oz. pkg. whipped-topping mix, ollowing pkg. directions). Fold in 2 ablespoons lemon juice or sherry. Fill ottom of pastry ring with whipped ream or topping. Replace top of ring nd brush lightly with ¼ cup light corn yrup. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons green pistachio nuts, coarsely chopped pecans or walnuts, or slivered almonds. Serves 6–8.

MENTON ÉCLAIRS WITH APRICOT SAUCE

The town of Menton on the French Riviera is famous for its lemons and light, lemony desserts—like this one.

1 recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98) or 12 éclair shells
1 (3⅜-oz.) pkg. lemon-pudding and pie-filling mix
½ cup apricot preserves
½ cup orange marmalade
1 Tb. Cointreau, apricot brandy or lemon juice

Preheat oven to 400°. Make Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98). Spoon dough into pastry bag with No. 9 tip. Press dough into twelve 4x1-inch strips on an ungreased cookie sheet, about 3 inches apart. Bake éclairs 35–40 minutes at 400°, until golden brown. They will sound hollow when tapped lightly with fingertips. Cool on wire rack away from drafts. Cut off tops and remove any soft dough.

Filling: Prepare a 3⅜-oz. pkg. lemon-pudding and pie-filling mix, following pkg. directions for pudding. Fill éclairs with cooled filling and replace tops.

For apricot sauce, bring ½ cup apricot preserves and ½ cup orange marmalade to a gentle boil in a small saucepan. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 tablespoon Cointreau, apricot brandy or lemon juice. Let cool and brush tops of—or spoon over—éclairs. Makes 12 éclairs.

WIND LOG OF CHERRIES

In Germany and in Spain, cream puffs are known as Wind Cakes or Wind Buns. This, then, is a Wind Log. Canned cherry-pie filling, subtly seasoned; a touch of cream and nuts!

1 recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98)
1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped-topping mix
2 Tb. orange juice
1 (1-lb. 5-oz.) can cherry pie filling
1 Tb. orange juice
¼ tsp. cinnamon
2 Tb. chopped walnuts or pecans

Preheat oven to 400°. Prepare one recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry, page 98. Grease a 3x5-inch area in center of cookie sheet. Using a tablespoon, pile pastry onto greased area. Smooth edges and top with a spatula, forming a log. Bake 50 minutes at 400°.

Remove from oven and cut off top with a sharp knife. Scoop out any soft dough. Turn oven off, put log back in oven. Let stand in oven with door slightly open for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool on wire rack away from drafts.

Prepare a 2-oz. pkg. whipped-topping mix, following pkg. directions, and adding 2 tablespoons orange juice. Chill.

Flavor a 1-lb. 5-oz. can cherry pie filling with 1 tablespoon orange juice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon. Mix well. Spoon mixture into cream-puff shell, leaving about ½ cup in bowl. Replace top of log. Spread top with chilled whipped-topping mix. Garnish with the cherry filling left in bowl. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts or pecans. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

MOCHA RUM PUFFS

You'll need half a cup of strong, black coffee for the Mocha Rum Sauce that goes with these. If you don't have some left from breakfast, use 1 teaspoon instant coffee and ½ cup boiling water.

12 cream puffs (from the bakery, or use Basic Cream Puff recipe, page 98)

Filling
1½ cups heavy cream
½ cup confectioners' sugar
1 tsp. vanilla extract
¼ tsp. almond extract
2 Tb. finely chopped walnuts

In medium bowl combine 1½ cups cold heavy cream, ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Cover and refrigerate 30 minutes or chill in freezer 10 to 15 minutes. Also chill the beaters you will use to whip the cream.

Beat cream with chilled beaters in chilled bowl until mixture is just stiff. Just before serving, fold in 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts. Fill 12 cream puffs with flavored whipped cream and top with Mocha Rum Sauce. Makes 12 servings.

Mocha Rum Sauce
1 (8-oz.) pkg. dark sweet chocolate
¼ cup sugar
½ cup strong black coffee
1 Tb. butter or margarine
2 Tb. rum
¼ tsp. vanilla extract

In top of double boiler over hot water, melt 1 (8-oz.) pkg. dark sweet chocolate. Add ¼ cup sugar and mix well. Then add ½ cup strong black coffee and 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Continue cooking for about 10 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in 2 tablespoons rum and ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract. Makes about 1½ cups.

GÂTEAU SAINT-HONORÉ

This pastry was named in honor of St. Honoré, the 7th-century bishop of Amiens, who is one of the several patrons of cooks and bakers.

1 recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98)
2 cups fresh strawberries
½ cup sugar
1 (8-inch) sponge cake layer
1 cup dark corn syrup
Vanilla Cream Filling (page 116)

Preheat oven to 400°. Cut a 9-inch circle out of heavy brown paper and oil lightly. Prepare 1 recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry, following directions on page 98. Drop 10 rounded teaspoons of pastry on a cookie sheet, about 2 inches apart, to make 10 small puffs. *(continued)*



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Reveal The Loveliest Qualities Of Your Complexion



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

A soft, dewy complexion is a loveliness that every woman desires, and today you can easily achieve that exquisite, petal-smooth look by promoting the natural processes of skin beautification. Try some of these skin-cherishing suggestions to help sustain the precious, youthful qualities of your complexion.

CONSTANTLY LOVELY

Keep your complexion constantly beautiful by anointing the skin every day with a film of tropical moist oil. This unique beauty fluid is important to every type of complexion because it assists nature in the maintenance of a natural oil and moisture balance on the skin surface. Stroke the moist oil of Olay in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a lovely, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that oil of Olay not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather but insures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkably finer finish.

FLOWER-FRESH SKIN

Give your skin a delightfully toned, clear feeling after cleansing by wiping over your face and neck with pure, gentle lemon Jelvyn freshener. The light, tonic effect of Jelvyn is felt immediately because it contains the natural skin refining, bleaching and cleansing action of lemons. Moisten a cotton pad with this ideal beauty aid and press it lightly to the pores so that the skin is stimulated and blemish-inducing impurities are cleared away. Afterwards, to hold the natural bloom on your complexion, smooth on a film of oil of Olay.

NIGHTLY MASSAGE ROUTINE

From the early twenties, bedtime massage with a vitalizing night cream is excellent for smoothing away surface skin dryness, easing out tiny lines and bringing to the fore the loveliest qualities of the complexion. Apply rich Olay vitalizing night cream to your cheeks, forehead and throat and coax it into the skin with light, upward molding strokes of the fingers. A complexion pampered with this softening, suppling beauty care is wonderfully encouraged to retain its youthful, radiant qualities.

TENDER CARE FOR EYES

The tissue-thin skin area surrounding your eyes needs the gentlest and tenderest of care. Finger-pat moist oil of Olay around the eyes before you apply make-up, working from the nose and over the upper eyelid, then down and round the eyes towards the nose again. The special isotonic properties of the tropical beauty fluid make it invaluable for keeping wrinkle-dryness at bay and protecting the youthful appearance of pretty eyes.

Advertisement

CREAM PUFFS *continued*

Place the oiled brown paper on another cookie sheet. Drop rest of pastry by tablespoons around edge of circle. Smooth with rubber spatula to form a ring. Bake puffs 20 to 25 minutes, and the ring 45 to 55 minutes, at 400°. Let puffs and ring cool on wire racks away from drafts.

Prepare Vanilla Cream Filling (below). While it is cooling, wash and drain 2 cups fresh strawberries. When they are almost dry, roll them lightly in ½ cup sugar to frost.

To assemble: Cut a layer of sponge cake to fit exactly inside of the cream-puff ring, and fit it into ring. Place filled ring on a large platter; have platter and the 10 small puffs near stove so you can work quickly.

Heat 1 cup dark corn syrup over high heat until candy thermometer reaches "hard ball" stage (240°), or until a small drop of the syrup forms a *soft* ball in cold water. Turn off heat. Dip each puff in the syrup and press lightly onto edge of pastry ring. Leave spaces between the puffs so you can set strawberries in between the puffs. Brush top and sides of ring and puffs lightly with syrup.

Spoon Vanilla Cream Filling into center of ring and smooth the top. Place frosted strawberries between puffs; surround edge of platter with rest of strawberries. Makes 6–8 servings.

Vanilla Cream Filling

1 (3⅜-oz.) pkg. vanilla-pudding and pie-filling mix
1½ cups milk
2 egg yolks, beaten
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1 Tb. plain gelatin, softened in 2 Tb. cold water

Prepare 1 (3⅝-oz.) pkg. vanilla-pudding and pie-filling mix according to pkg. directions for pudding but reduce milk to 1½ cups, and add 2 beaten egg yolks. When pudding is thickened, but before it has reached the boiling point, remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and 1 tablespoon plain gelatin that has been softened in 2 tablespoons cold water over boiling water. Mix well and chill until needed.

SOMERSET STRAWBERRY PUFFS

Strawberries make us think of Somerset, in southwestern England near Cornwall, where, some say, the strawberries are the best in the world—fragrant, sweet, juicy, the very essence of early summer. We've named our Strawberry Puffs in their honor.

½ recipe Basic Cream Puff Pastry (page 98) or 6 medium cream puffs
1–1½ cups confectioners' sugar
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 egg white
1 Tb. kirsch, light rum or Cointreau
1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen or 1½ cups fresh strawberries
3 cups vanilla ice cream

Make 6 cream puffs, using half of basic recipe, page 98. In a medium bowl combine 1 cup confectioners' sugar (or 1½ cups, if you're using fresh strawberries) and ¼ cup butter or margarine. Mix well. Beat 1 egg white until slightly stiff and add to sugar-butter mixture. Also add 1 tablespoon kirsch, light rum or Cointreau, and a 10-oz. pkg. thawed frozen strawberries (or 1½ cups fresh). Using an electric beater, beat until smooth and creamy. Chill until serving time.

With a sharp knife cut tops from cream puffs and remove any soft dough. Fill each puff with ½ cup vanilla ice cream. Replace top crust and spoon chilled strawberry sauce over ice-cream-filled puffs. Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings. **END**

HOT DOG COOKBOOK

continued from page 101

The first five recipes we've borrowed from the *Hot Dog Cookbook* are from the chapter "Cookout." Grab some skewers, grab some sauce, and complain no more about "just plain" hot dogs!

DOGGIES DELUXE

You might try the same treatment on tiny cocktail hot dogs, and cook them over a small hibachi grill for a summer party.

1 pound hot dogs
½ pound processed cheese
12 chunks pineapple
12 stuffed green olives
6 slices bacon
½ cup barbecue sauce

Split hot dogs lengthwise. Cut cheese into ½-inch strips; insert between hot dog halves. Cut each hot dog crosswise into 4 pieces. Alternate on skewers with pineapple and olives, weaving bacon over and under pieces. Brush on all sides with barbecue sauce. Grill 6 inches from heat for 5 minutes, turning once. Makes 6 servings.

TANGY KABOBS

Try serving these with saffron rice (comes in a package with all the seasonings added).

8 hot dogs
2 small onions, cut in quarters
8 small sweet pickles
⅓ cup catsup
Dash hot sauce, if desired
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 tablespoon vinegar

Cut each hot dog into 3 pieces. Thread hot dog pieces, onion pieces, and pickles alternately on skewers. Mix together catsup, hot sauce, brown sugar, and vinegar. Brush kabobs with sauce. Place about 3 inches from heat and broil 2 to 3 minutes on each side. Makes 8 kabobs.

HOT DOG KABOBS

You might like to try adding chunks of pineapple, cherry tomatoes, wedges of onion—what you will. All taste good with this simple and savory barbecue sauce.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 can (8 ounces) tomato sauce
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 pound hot dogs, cut into bite-size pieces
1 green pepper, cut into 2-inch squares
Small cooked potatoes

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Add chopped onion and sauté 5 minutes. Add tomato sauce and seasonings and heat. Thread skewers with hot dog pieces and vegetables. Baste the kabobs with sauce as they grill. Makes 4 servings.

HOT DOG BUNDLES

Great take-along food for a picnic. You can have the rolls all stuffed and wrapped, ready to take out of the hamper and pop onto the grill.

(*continued*)



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HOT DOGS *continued*

½ pound hot dogs, finely chopped
½ pound American cheese, shredded
¼ cup salad dressing
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
8 hot dog rolls, split and buttered

Combine all ingredients except rolls and mix well. Spread on rolls. Wrap individually in aluminum foil and grill about 5 minutes on each side. Makes 8 sandwiches.

FIRESIDE HOT DOGS

For a party, you could prepare these hours ahead, have them all ready to grill when the guests arrive.

½ cup corn chips
1 cup (4 ounces) shredded American cheese
½ medium onion, chopped
¼ cup tomato sauce or catsup
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 pound hot dogs
10 hot dog rolls

Crush corn chips and mix well with cheese, onion, tomato sauce, and Worcestershire sauce. Slit hot dogs lengthwise, not quite through, to form pockets. Stuff with cheese mixture. Wrap carefully in heavy aluminum foil and seal securely. Heat on grill 8 to 10 minutes. (Do not turn.) Remove foil and serve in warm buns. Makes 10 servings.

HOT DOG PIZZA

Delightful idea: pizzas made with English muffins—small enough so that even the children can handle them without drips.

4 English muffins or hamburger buns
Butter or margarine
1 can (6 ounces) tomato paste
1 tablespoon salad oil
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon oregano
Dash garlic salt
¼ pound mozzarella or Swiss cheese, sliced
3 hot dogs, cut into thin slices
1 can (3¼ ounces) mushrooms, drained and chopped
Grated Parmesan cheese
Ripe or green olives

Preheat broiler or oven to 425°. Split muffins or buns and spread with butter or margarine. Toast lightly. Combine tomato paste, salad oil, oregano, and garlic salt. Spoon half of mixture on muffins. Cover with cheese slices, hot dog slices, and mushrooms. Spoon remaining sauce over top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler until cheese is melted, or bake in 420° oven for 5 to 10 minutes. Garnish with olives. Makes 4 servings.

SUCCOTASH 'N' HOT DOG CHOWDER

This would be nice to serve on one of those unexpectedly chilly June evenings when everything feels damp. Guaranteed to make you glow.

1 quart milk
1 can (1 pound) cream-style corn
1 package (10 ounces) frozen lima beans
1 small onion, minced
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ tablespoon pepper
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup cold water
1 pound hot dogs, sliced
½ cup (2 ounces) grated processed American cheese

Combine milk, corn, lima beans, onion and seasonings. Simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend cornstarch and cold water and stir into succotash mixture. Add hot dogs. Cook, stirring frequently, until mixture thickens. Serve hot, sprinkle with cheese. Makes 8 servings.

ALSATIAN HOT DOG DINNER

We Americans aren't the only ones who are crazy about hot dogs. This recipe originated in Alsace, the region of France that borders on Germany.

2 or 3 cloves garlic, minced
⅓ cup butter or margarine
8 small potatoes
1 medium head cabbage, cut into quarters
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ bay leaf, crumbled
1 pound hot dogs

Brown garlic lightly in butter or margarine in heavy saucepan. Add potatoes, quartered cabbage, water, and seasonings. Cover and steam about 15 minutes until vegetables are nearly tender. Add hot dogs and steam 10 minutes until vegetables are tender. A little water may be added if needed, but water should be evaporated at the end of cooking time. Makes 4 servings.

LITTLE HOT DOG SHORTCAKE

Squares of hot corn bread topped with tiny hot dogs in a cheesy, oniony cream sauce, as in the Old South.

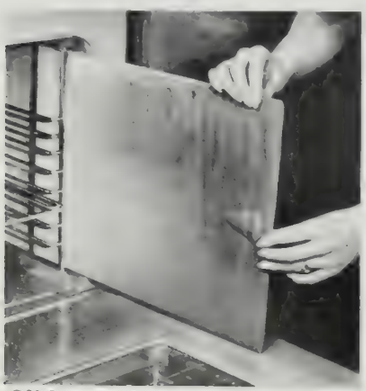
1 package corn muffin mix
1 package (10 ounces) frozen French-style green beans
¼ cup sliced green onion
1 can (10½ ounces) condensed cream of chicken soup
½ cup milk
½ cup (2 ounces) grated Cheddar cheese
2 packages (7 ounces each) little hot dogs

Prepare corn muffin mix and bake in loaf pan according to package directions. Cook green beans according to package directions, adding green onions last 3 minutes. Drain. Combine soup, milk, and cheese and heat until cheese



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nelts and sauce is smooth. Add little hot dogs and simmer 5 minutes. Add beans and onions. Serve hot over squares of cornbread. Makes 6 servings.

FIREMAN'S FRANKS

What do firemen do when they're not putting out fires? Presumably they invent dishes like this one, with marvelous—and very masculine—tang and gusto.

1 cup grated cheese
¼ cup evaporated milk
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup shredded dried beef
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 pound hot dogs

Mix grated cheese, milk, and pepper in top of double boiler; cook over boiling water until cheese melts; stir until smooth. Add shredded dried beef and horseradish; cool slightly. Split hot dogs lengthwise, but do not cut through; put close together in shallow baking pan; fill with cheese-dried beef mixture. Bake in 375° oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 5 servings.

SAUERKRAUT, HOT DOGS, DUMPLINGS

Summertime, and you're feeling too lazy to stir up dumplings? Simply cut 4 refrigerated biscuits into 12 small pieces. Drop them onto the boiling sauerkraut and proceed.

1 pound hot dogs
1 can (1 pound) sauerkraut, drained
1 cup water
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk

Place hot dogs in large heavy covered pot. Cover with sauerkraut; add water; bring to a boil. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add milk, stirring only until dry ingredients are moistened; do not beat until smooth. Drop dumplings from tip of spoon onto boiling sauerkraut. Cover and cook gently for 15 minutes without removing cover. Makes 4 servings.

LITTLE HOT DOGS CALICO

Calico because it's a homespun-type dish, and because of the colors—red-brown hot dogs, bright yellow corn, the orange hue of carrots—against the creamy-white background of the sauce.

6 slices bacon
¼ cup bacon drippings
2 packages (7 ounces each) little hot dogs
2 cups (one 1-pound 1-ounce can) whole kernel corn, drained
1 cup grated carrots
⅓ cup chopped onion
⅔ cup (one 6-ounce can) evaporated milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cook bacon until crisp. Drain and crumble. Sauté little hot dogs, corn, carrots, and onion in drippings for 5 minutes. Add evaporated milk and seasonings and simmer on low heat for 3 minutes. Add bacon. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

SWEET-SOUR HOT DOGS

Hot dogs in the Chinese manner, in a savory sauce thickened slightly with cornstarch, with flecks of bright pimiento and dill pickle to please the eye as well as pleasure the taste buds. You might like to cut the hot dogs in chunks and serve as an appetizer with plenty of cocktail picks. Or serve whole, with rice, as a main dish.

1 cup water
1 beef bouillon cube
5 teaspoons cornstarch
2 teaspoons chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped dill pickle
½ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
8 hot dogs

Heat ¼ cup water, add bouillon cube, and stir until dissolved. Add cornstarch to remaining ¾ cup water and combine all ingredients except hot dogs. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Simmer hot dogs in water to cover until just heated through, about 10 minutes. Serve sauce over hot dogs. Makes 4 servings.

END



German Chocolate Cake, the classic 'bake shop' dessert... now for the first time, in two new mixes from Betty Crocker. Sweet, light German Chocolate Cake, with traditional chewy Coconut-Pecan Frosting. Real coconut. Real pecans. Real great.



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WINE WOMEN & SO ON

Across the Saturday morning beauty parlor din, from under the dryer: "The wedding was hardly legal," came the voice, "there was no champagne!"

To quote wine authority Robert Misch, "Champagne is, in America, a way of life, a star in the eye, a status symbol, a perpetual New Year's Eve. So special is champagne that it actually ceases to be wine at all."

Although champagne, in the strictest sense of the word, is a term applied to the wines grown and made in a tiny splotch on the map of France not far from Paris along the Marne, the name has come to be applied, even according to United States law, to a sparkling, light white wine (or pink) "which derives its effervescence solely from the second fermentation of the wine within glass containers of not greater than one gallon capacity and which possesses the taste, aroma and other characteristics attributed to champagne . . ."

No American with an ounce of palate patriotism or dollar-and-cents sense can afford to ignore our American sparklers, especially those that are bottle-fermented in the authentic French fashion.

They are not imitations of anything. They are "real," distinctive. Especially in the case of many of the New York State wines, they have a haunting, inimitable, pungent Difference that comes from our own, our native grapes.

To those who have been brought up in European champagne tradition, this soft, musky perfume may at first seem startling. Be advised: it grows on you. After a while you miss it in more, shall we say, conventional champagnes.

Within the last few years, American champagnes and especially those of New York have changed their natures. More and more vineyards along the Finger Lakes have been planted to French grape hybrids—the offspring of wild American and elegant Continental grapes.

A few days ago, our *Journal* kitchen was the scene of an American champagne tasting: 26 beautiful bottles ranging from the palest peridot and straw color to flush-of-dawn pinks.

This was a blind test. There were no price tags. The only question: "Which of these would you like to drink and to serve if money were no object?"

Nevertheless, it is important to mention that, in addition to being good, a great many of our American champagnes are excellent values. Contrary to some widely held notions, however, they are not always or necessarily less expensive than imported champagnes.

The Best of Class, like those listed here, are less costly than comparable wines in France. As an example, the admirable Almadén Blanc de Blancs (that terribly "in" type of champagne made of all-white grapes) sells for a little more than $6 a bottle, $2 less than the most modestly priced fine French Blanc de Blancs, less than half as much as the Blanc de Blancs best known in this country.

Wine prices vary, of course, from state to state, but almost anywhere in the country you should be able to buy a bottle of America's finest for less than $5 in a wine shop. A select coterie costing perhaps a dollar more includes Korbel Natural, a remarkably dry and beautifully made champagne from California; and Charles Fournier, a New York State wine of a rare, interesting quality.

The list is our own, personal choices.

MERITORIOUS SPARKLERS, U.S.A.

Almadén Extra Dry—not quite as distinguished as Almadén Blanc de Blancs, but highly acceptable (and about $2 cheaper).

Beaulieu, Napa Valley, Brut—not quite as much character as some of the others, but very delicate.

Cook's Imperial—The fame of this wine dates back to Diamond Jim Brady days. A notable example of a New York State champagne. Faint greenish tinge, like a Montrachet. "Wild and wonderful" was one comment.

Gold Seal Brut—a New York State champagne with a universal appeal. Not dusty-dry, but pale as a good martini. Served at the Palace Hotel in Chicago in 1893, and at good parties ever since.

Great Western Brut—definitely one of America's great. Won its first award in 1867. Also available in new, easy-open, 8-oz. splits—3 servings.

Korbel Extra Dry—Despite the name, Korbel Extra Dry is not quite as dry as Korbel Natural (which some found excessively sophisticated). This one proved a favorite with all the tasters.

Paul Masson Brut—Anna Held, the Edwardian beauty who took milk baths, loved this champagne, according to legend. So have generations since.

Taylor's Brut—Has been called the archetype of Finger Lakes champagnes. The fine old reliable, with a scent of wild grape blossoms.

Widmer's Brut—"Very good." "Excellent." "Outstanding." "Delightful nuances of New York State taste."

ROSÉS THAT DANCE

The pinks have never been considered as "serious" champagnes. They are the maddest, the merriest, the prettiest. Belles of the ball from this group:

Almadén Pink Champagne—As good as one might expect from vintners with a world-wide reputation for rosé wines.

Cresta Blanca Pink—A bright, pale shade with the merest moment of mauve. Flavor good, too.

Great Western Pink—One of the Great Western wines that won medals from the Russians this year.

Korbel Rosé—One of the dryest California pinks. Notable for color and taste.

Paul Masson Pink—Very fine, with excellent, delicate flavor and the color of star rubies diluted with dew.

Taylor Pink—Deliciously typical New York State flavor. Fine, long-lasting bubbles. Beautiful glitter.

FIZZY, NOT DIZZY

For those memorable occasions when you want the look, the sparkle, and the festivity of champagne without the alcohol, remember Meiers of Isle St. George in Ohio. They bottle sparkling Catawba grape juice—naturally dry and pale or luscious pink.—POPPY CANNON.

JULIE CHRISTIE

continued from page 88

normal opening gambits of conversation: What do you do, where do you live, how many children have you got, do you come here often? What *shall* I ask this girl?

She grins suddenly: "I know—why don't I interview *you?*" For a brief moment, the possibility of a game, of bringing some tedious and overfamiliar situation to life. I watch her, up on the stage again, walking about by herself, hands in her pockets, apparently glowering, but probably not. Her second wisdom tooth is coming out this evening.

Nearly an hour later, shooting over for the day, she pulls on the ubiquitous white stockings, puts a little coat over her shrunken green dress. Her clothes appear shrunken not only because they are short and skinny but because the girl inside seems to have grown out of them. She searches for another wig, frantically, in what seem to me the most improbable places, under chairs, behind mirrors, in the washroom. Finally she releases her own hair from the battery of grips. It falls lank as oiled string. She ties it with what appears to be an old shred of Christmas ribbon, and we're off.

Outside, waiting for her driver, she says that she often hangs about here, hoping to meet Marlon Brando—well, not to *meet* him, just to see him, because he's so beautiful. She looks, at the moment, like a waif from a refugee camp; she talks, at the moment, like a star-struck adolescent. I light her tenth menthol cigarette for her, vowing to bring her a box of matches tomorrow. In the car she asks the driver how long it took, last time, to have her wisdom tooth out. He is reassuring: 20 minutes.

SCENE TWO

(*Despite her publicity agent's conviction that Miss Christie was far more relaxed on a movie set than at home, I was determined, after our first encounter, to see her outside Pinewood Studios. It wasn't—to her credit—easy. "If I let people into my home, it just stops being home," she said valiantly. For some quite unjustified reason I resented being called "people," and persisted.*)

At 2 o'clock the following afternoon I double-park outside the Victorian block of flats in W.14. She is dressed today in her own, freshly washed hair, a black sweater and a string of pearls. The unpredictable sun is streaming into her ground-floor living room, the sash window flung open at the bottom, the tiny ornamental finches ("I don't like them much; I like cats better") like an animated Chinese drawing in their caged-in alcove. She leaves me immediately, and for a long time, to make tea. I rock gently in the rocking chair to the sound of what may be Thelonius Monk. I'm not in the least interested in peering at the pictures, poking among the books, Sherlock-Holmesing the stains on the green carpet. The room is delicious: Victorian-Pop with undertones of industry and a feeling for peace. When she eventually comes back with two soup-sized earthenware cups and a small black teapot she says she is worried about the carpet; "What do you do about the marks?" I say just let them happen. She says, despairingly, "Well, that's what I *do!*"

(The finches squeak like mice, the traffic roars at arm's length, the cigarette stubs pile higher and, sometime

during the course of the afternoon, it begins to pour with rain).

Penelope Mortimer: This image of you as a rebellious teen-ager—the sort of amoral character that you play in *Darling*—where do you think it comes from?

Julie Christie: I think it's because maybe a lot of people, in America anyway, are still back in old-movie times. They're not really used to people who aren't basically film-star material becoming film stars. I mean, in England and other places, the whole idea of "A Film Star" makes us laugh, whereas in America I think it's . . . well, a sort of *wish* really.

P.M.: We hear a lot about your "mates." What's the secret about your mates?

J.C.: (roaring with laughter): What's the secret about *your* mates? None at all. They're just mates.

P.M.: One gets the impression that you travel about with a kind of retinue—like a female Frank Sinatra.

J.C.: Oh no, not at all. I hope I will, eventually. I'd love everybody to come and do all these things with me—I mean, it's no fun unless there's somebody there who can say "Cor!" when you find something new. I'm not quite that powerful yet, but eventually I think I shall be. I'd get all that sort of thing paid for by the company. I'm sure they all do, don't they?

P.M.: Do you make friends easily?

J.C.: Not really. In America I met one . . . two . . . about three or four people at the most who I thought were smashing people.

P.M.: What's your idea of a smashing person?

J.C.: Well . . . clever and gentle and kind and nice—you *know*.

P.M.: Do you consider yourself as a "one-man woman" or are you . . . changeable?

J.C.: Well . . . I wonder. (Long pause.) I don't think I'm a one-man character *basically*, because I'm pretty conceited. But if it wasn't for that, I would be. Because I think it's much more fun to make one thing work and to have one nice, terrific thing going than to have lots of things not really going. The trouble is that when people start getting paired off, getting married, everybody retreats—you have so little time for anybody except your partner or your family. Everyone's got married now, or they're "living together" (this in lurid quotes), and all of us see less of each other than we used to. You know—the girls used to go to clubs together and parties together, and go to the cinema and have a good old natter. I never get nattering with girl friends any more. We're all working so hard that the little time you get you want to spend with whoever you're with, and there's always something to be done, like cooking.

P.M.: It sounds just like marriage.

J.C.: Doesn't it? Yes.

P.M.: But you don't have any hankerings to get married?

J.C.: No, not at all.

P.M.: What about children?

J.C.: Well, I obviously want to have children. I must, before I'm thirty. Thirty is a reasonable, a goodish age to have children. I wonder whether a child *does* suffer nowadays from being illegitimate. I'd really like to know. I think the stigma of illegitimacy has completely passed by. As long as you've got enough money, I don't see that they've got any disadvantage at all.

P.M.: Do you think that this would be an ideal attitude for women as a whole?

J.C.: No—no, I mean it depends what you want, doesn't it? Some women are perfectly happy to be looked after.

P.M.: Do you approve of that, or do you rather despise it?

J.C.: (vehemently): No! No, I don't despise it at all! That's what most women really want, isn't it—to be dependent? I mean, I'm very dependent in many ways. When I'm fond of people I give quite a lot, sometimes in excess, but sometimes I demand in excess, too. It's really financial dependence that I think is so horrible—I hate it.

P.M.: You've been with the same person, partner, boyfriend, for nearly three years now. Do you see this as being a more or less permanent situation?

J.C.: Oh, yes. I don't look into the future—but I think I've just got very staid and compatible and all that. We've both got difficulties—I mean, he's got to understand my horrible job, but I've got to understand how horrible it is for him to live . . . with someone as horrible as me!

You know, I think that if you *know* you're free—free to go whenever you like—then you don't *want* to go . . . and I think it's fairly normal to settle down, isn't it?

P.M.: There's nothing very outrageous about you, is there?

J.C.: I don't think there is, really. But, you know, the truth . . . probably isn't particularly good journalism, is it? Not *news*. (Pause.) I mean, that's what the whole thing's about, isn't it, for goodness' sake?

P.M.: Supposing you had a "message"—you know, something you believed in very much—what would it be?

J.C.: (After hard thought.) Nothing, really, except . . . a sort of *tolerance* of everything, that's all. And you know (brightening), I think a lot of people feel like that now, which is rather nice.

SCENE THREE

It's raining, hailing, the London sky is like an overturned bucket. Julie asks me for a lift to Chelsea. She wants to go to a dress shop to see a friend, but she's not quite sure where the shop is, or what it's called. Suddenly she recognizes it, jumps out of the car. Waiting to pull away from the curb, I watch her for a moment in the rear-view mirror. Splashing through the rain on her spindle legs, unequipped for the weather, she'll be half-drowned by the time she gets there.

Julie Christie, 25 years old, product of the English public-school system and the Central School of Speech and Drama, onetime of the Royal Shakespeare Company and Birmingham Rep, star of Schlesinger's *Darling*, David Lean's *Doctor Zhivago* and Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, winner of an Oscar and the New York Film Critics Award, and most-talked-about actress of the year—correct?

Julie Christie, perennial teen-ager, Mods' darling, prototype Chelsea chick, neurotic, anything for kicks, and kicks with everything—correct?

Julie Christie, curiously noble, keen young profile aimed into the wind of change, searching for a Truth, for a New Approach to life and love; Christie the ferocious independent, sweeping away Victorian hypocrisy—correct?

I can't possibly say which of these images, or what combinations of them, is real—and I very much doubt whether she could herself.

My impressions of her were as swift as a face caught in a crowd, a remark overheard on a bus, a scene glimpsed from a railway carriage, a reflection flashed on a driving mirror.

If this person is also unrecognizable to another reporter who trailed her with a zoom lens for five days and five nights and invented, out of necessity, what he could not discover, then I am not sorry—and I am not, quite honestly, surprised. **END**



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Table for Two

MENU

SKEWERED CHICKEN LIVERS*

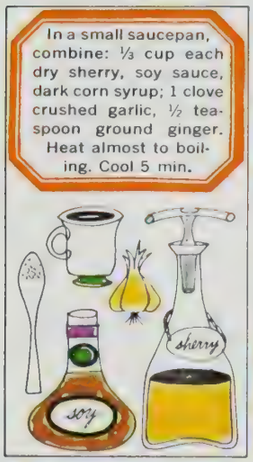
SAFFRON RICE

GREEN SALAD

ROASTING EARS

FRESH BLACKBERRIES TOPPED WITH ICE CREAM















To grill corn: remove husks and silk. Put each ear on a piece of foil. Brush with soft butter or margarine, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Wrap foil snugly around ears; *don't* seal. Roast on *hot* hibachi about 15–20 minutes. Turn frequently. For saffron rice, use a mix. Or add ⅛ teaspoon crumbled saffron to water for quick-cooking rice for 2.

SHOPPING LIST

12 CHICKEN LIVERS (ABOUT ¾ LB.)

WOODEN OR BAMBOO SKEWERS

SAFFRON (OR YELLOW) RICE MIX

ROASTING EARS

FRESH BLACKBERRIES

VANILLA ICE CREAM

ON HAND

ALUMINUM FOIL

DRY SHERRY

SOY SAUCE

DARK CORN SYRUP

GARLIC

GROUND GINGER

PLASTIC WRAP

SALAD GREENS

OIL-AND-VINEGAR DRESSING

BUTTER OR MARGARINE

SALT, PEPPER

THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO SUDDENLY LOVED WOMEN

continued from page 72

"So he did, by George, so he did," Carl said. "Mr. Hodge said when it comes to things like that, he's got four thumbs, and all he does is get in the way, so the best way he can help Mrs. Hodge is to clear out, he said."

"He also said that when I drove in," Margaret continued as though she were dictating a note to a secretary about whose hearing she had grave doubts, "I'd have a station wagon full of things that will have to be taken up to the apartment. Here are the keys to the car."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Carl."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"I don't want you carrying anything yourself."

"Oh, come now, ma'am. I'm not *that* old yet, by George."

"Of course you're not," Margaret said. "Your age has nothing to do with it. It's simply that if you're doing the carrying, there won't be anybody to watch the station wagon, and we don't want a repetition of what happened seven years ago, do we?"

What happened seven years ago, which had been the fourth year after Margaret and Bernard Hodge had bought the co-op at Eighty-first and Park, had clearly vanished from Carl's never very retentive memory.

"By George, no," he said with an uneasy frown. "We don't want *that* happening again, we certainly don't."

"It wasn't much, and the insurance company did pay for the silver frames," Margaret said. "But nobody can possibly pay for the photographs that were *in* those frames, because their value is so intensely personal, and I wouldn't want anything stolen again just because nobody is watching the station wagon."

"Nothing will be, ma'am," Carl said firmly. "I can assure you of that."

"Good, Carl, thank you," Margaret said. "And the way to make sure is first get whoever is on the back elevator now, Fred or Charlie."

"Charlie, ma'am," Carl said. "The shift changes at noon."

"Well, then, Charlie," Margaret said. "Get Charlie first. Then go out to the station wagon with him. Open the station wagon with these keys, and you stand there, on the sidewalk, by the station wagon, you stand there until Charlie has carried everything into the back elevator. No matter how many trips he has to make, you stand there and wait."

"Yes, ma'am," Carl said.

"Then, and only then," Margaret said, "when the station wagon is empty, then you will lock it up."

"Yes, ma'am," Carl said.

"Check all four doors to make sure they're all locked," Margaret said. "Test all the windows to make sure they're locked from the inside."

"Yes, ma'am," Carl said.

"Then give the keys to Charlie and have him bring them up to me," Margaret said. "Can you do all that, Carl?"

"By George, yes, of course," he said. "Absolutely, ma'am."

"Good, Carl, thank you," Margaret said, and she walked into the apartment house. The C-D elevator door was closed, but the car on her side of the building was open and waiting. The operator was seated in the red-leather chair under the heavily framed painting of autumn maples. He was holding up a newspaper to catch the light from the small bulb in the base of the picture frame, so Margaret could not see his face.

"Good afternoon, Wendell," she said.

The newspaper came down, and the man stood up. He was not Wendell.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

Margaret stepped into the elevator. He did not follow her.

"Fifteen-A, please," Margaret said.

"Have you been announced, ma'am?"

For a moment or two Margaret did not grasp what he meant. When she did, she felt the stirrings of a small irritation. Margaret disliked being surprised. Carl should have told her, when she was giving him instructions about unloading the station wagon, that the building had hired a new elevator man.

"I live in Fifteen-A," she said. "I am Mrs. Hodge."

Margaret's next surprise was caused by the fact that the *man* was so obviously surprised.

"No, you're not," he said, and then he apparently regretted his sharp tone. More quietly, but firmly, he said, "I'm sorry, ma'am, but you are not Mrs. Hodge."

Astonished, aware that her irritation was turning to confusion, Margaret fought swiftly for, and won, what she valued most: self-control.

"You are a new employee here?" she said quite calmly, as though she were getting to the bottom of an error in her grocery bill.

"Yes, ma'am," the man said. "I came to work here on Friday."

"I have been living in this building for eleven years," Margaret said. "What makes you think I am not Mrs. Hodge?"

"Because Mr. Hodge came in with Mrs. Hodge on Friday night and he introduced me to her," the man said. "Just before I went off duty."

It was at this moment, although she did not recall doing it until later, that Margaret looked at her watch. She did it to get away from the man's face. There was in it, especially around the eyes, the beginnings of a look Margaret did not understand. It frightened her. The act of looking down at her watch, however, broke the thread of inexplicable fear. When she lifted her glance from the watch, she was back in control.

"Excuse me," she said coldly, and walked out of the elevator. It was no more than twenty feet to the front door, but before she had gone half the distance, Margaret had changed her decision. To go out and summon Carl, and ask him to establish her identity, would be a mistake. Not only because it might spread to the garrulous old man whatever it was that had frightened her in the eyes of the new elevator operator, but also because it would needlessly disrupt the small, efficient plan to unload the station wagon that had been set in motion. Whatever it was that had frightened her was undoubtedly due, at least in part, to the disruption of orderly routine, and it would be foolish, while she was in the unpleasant position of being partially out of control of all the details of her world, to enlarge the area of disorder.

Margaret turned instead into the corridor that led to Mr. Trevor's office. She pressed the buzzer, and the building manager opened the door himself.

"Oh, Mrs. Hodge," he said. "Good afternoon. Back from the country, I see."

(*continued*)

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"Yes," Margaret said, and she did something that was rare for her. She paused to consider how best to phrase her next remark. Mr. Trevor seemed to be aware it was unusual.

"Anything I can do?" he said helpfully. "Like unload the station wagon or something?"

"No, thank you, Carl and Charlie are doing that," Margaret said. "Why I rang your bell, Mr. Trevor, I see we have a new man on the A-B elevator?"

"Oh, yes. Clarence. Clarence Heintz. He was hired last week, while you were in the country. Wendell's back started acting up again, and the doctor said he had to go into traction. Poor man, he may *never* be able to work again."

"What a shame," Margaret said. "Heintz, did you say?"

"Yes, Clarence Heintz." Mr. Trevor hesitated, as though he were trying to think of something to add to the new man's biography, and then he seemed to be struck by a happy inspiration. His face brightened. "Would you like me to introduce you to him?"

"Why, yes, I think that would be nice," Margaret said, pleased by Mr. Trevor's perception and tact. She had always thought him highly intelligent. "Since he's a new man."

"Come along," Mr. Trevor said. He led the way out of his office, into the lobby, and down to the A-B elevator. The new man was standing at the open door. It struck Margaret with another tremor of fear that he looked expectant, as though he knew the punch line of a joke that was about to be told.

"Clarence, this is Mrs. Hodge," Mr. Trevor said, "who lives in Fifteen-A."

"How do you do?" Clarence said, and that was all he did say.

"I hope you like it here," she said.

"I'm sure I will, ma'am."

Margaret stepped into the elevator and said, "Thank you, Mr. Trevor."

"Not at all," the building manager said. "Sure I can't help with the station wagon?"

"You might just take a look and see how Carl is managing," Margaret said. "He is a bit forgetful now and then."

Mr. Trevor laughed and said, "Hope I'm as spry as he is when I reach his age, but I'll take a look, Mrs. Hodge."

"Thank you," Margaret said.

Clarence closed the door and pulled the lever. Not until the car stopped at the fifteenth floor and she got out and put her key in the lock, did Margaret realize she had been waiting tensely all the way up, dreading anything Clarence might say. Inside the apartment, where she paused to allow the tension to ease away by leaning against the closed door for a few moments, Margaret was assailed by a new dread. Why had the new man *not* said anything on the way up?

"Now, look here, my girl," Margaret said to herself sharply. "You cut this out right now, do you hear?"

She heard, and she went out to the kitchen, where she made herself a cup of instant coffee. By the time she finished it, Charlie was at the back door with the things from the station wagon, and this kept Margaret busy for another twenty minutes or so. After the things were all neatly stacked out in the back, ready to be distributed to their proper places in the apartment the following morning when Mavis, the maid, would come back to work from her holiday, Margaret made another cup of coffee, took it into the living room and sat down with her terror.

Recognizing it for precisely that, being able to use the word terror to herself, had a soothing effect. It was then, seated alone in her living room, coffee cup in hand, that Margaret Hodge suddenly knew her luck had run out.

The knowledge came, of course, as a shock. She was proud, however, of the fact that the shock, as real as a physical blow, did not cause her to spill a drop of coffee. Calmly, aware that from now on only calm could save her, Margaret set down the cup, and closed her eyes. The first step in handling the situation, any situation, was to pinpoint the moment when it *became* a situation. At once, into Margaret's mind came the moment when Clarence had said, "*Because Mr. Hodge came in with Mrs. Hodge on Friday night and he introduced me to her just before I went off duty.*" As soon as the new elevator man had uttered the words, Margaret had looked at her watch. Her mind had then recorded what it now disgorged: her luck, a lifetime of it, had run out at 1:38 in the afternoon on this bright third Monday in September.

"All right," Margaret said aloud, into the stillness of her pretty living room. She made of the two syllables a punctuation mark, a period, an end to terror. It worked. Panic receded. Reason took over. Reason, and her lifelong passion for arranging things, her talent for handling detail.

All her life Margaret Turner Hodge had been a lucky woman, which had made her different from many, probably most, people. Now that her luck was gone, she was no different from countless other people, some of them her close friends, to whom the same thing had happened. Some of them, not possessing Margaret's talents and character, had reacted angrily, flinging themselves without thought into accusations from which there was no retreat, quarrels that could end in only one place: the hands of lawyers. Margaret had always felt these friends of hers had been wrong. Now that she was in their shoes, so to speak, she knew it.

It was better to live with luck than without it, true. But it was better to live than not to live. Her friends who had acted in anger, without thought, were not really living. Even of those who had remarried, she knew several who regretted their divorces. The first step in Margaret's new luckless life, therefore, would have to be a negative one: Bernard must not know, he must never suspect, that she knew.

Margaret stood up, went to the phone, dialed his office, waded through the nonsense of switchboard operator and secretary protocol and at last had her husband at the other end of the wire.

"Bernard?"

"Oh, hello, darling. Everything OK?"

A sardonic retort rose to her lips, but Margaret did not utter it.

"Everything is fine," she said. "The country house is all put to bed for the winter, the station wagon is unloaded and my only problem at the moment is dinner. Since Mavis won't be back until tomorrow, we have to fend for ourselves tonight, and I have two choices to offer you. I can do a steak myself, or we can go around the corner to the Clarendon. It's not very good, but it's close. Which would you prefer?"

There was a pause, and then Bernard said, "Neither. I'm going to buy you a marvelous dinner at some hideously expensive place. You've earned it."

Margaret, who felt she certainly had, felt more strongly that she was not quite ready yet to cope with the benefits of Bernard's sense of guilt. Until she settled her own problem, Bernard would have to cope with his own.

"That's very sweet of you," Margaret said. "But the drive in was more tiring than I thought, and if you don't mind, dear, I'd rather not go out tonight. Steak, then?"

"Anything you say," Bernard said. It was not what he would have ordinarily said. Bernard was fussy about food. But Margaret was certain that, for a while at any rate, Bernard would not be saying and doing things the way he ordinarily had. He was probably thinking, with as much genuine puzzlement as anger, *What in the world could have come over me?* But Margaret knew. Molly Parsons had told her.

"In a way, I suppose it's understandable," Molly Parsons had said bitterly to Margaret across the luncheon table six years ago, just before Molly flew off to Reno. "Marriage gets to be a routine, especially for a basically decent man, and even though at the moment I hate the wretched beast for what he's done to me, I must say I think Dick is a basically decent person. Anyway, he *used* to be, until I found out about all these women."

"But you don't really know about 'all these women,'" Margaret had said. Even though she deplored what Dick Parsons had done, she felt Molly was making a mistake. The purpose of the lunch, which had been Margaret's idea, was to dissuade Molly, if possible, from going through with the divorce. "All you know about is that *one* woman."

Molly had shaken her head.

"One I could handle," she said. "I wouldn't break up my marriage for just one misstep. Why I'm doing it, the reason I know I can't go on, it hasn't been just one, and it won't stop. It can't. Men like Dick, they go along for years, in the old routine, decent men, as I say, faithful to their wives, never even thinking about other women. And then one day, unexpectedly, it happens to them."

"What happens to them?" Margaret had asked.

"What happened to them years ago, when they first met *you*," Molly had said. "They fall in love again. Maybe love is the wrong word, although I'm not sure it is. What I mean is they suddenly rediscover what it was like. What *women* were like. Suddenly, after years of routine they fall in love with women. Not *one* woman. The whole *idea* of women. That there they are, within reach, not just secretaries who take letters, or wives of friends who sit next to them at dinner parties, but *women*. Available women. And it drives them a little crazy."

"It certainly must," Margaret had said. "If what you say is true. Dick must have been *insane* to bring her to your own apartment."

The bitter look had etched itself deeper on Molly's face as she shook her head.

"Not really," she said. "That's just part of their not being used to the idea yet. When it happens to them, I mean the decent ones, like Dick, not the chronic chasers, when it happens to them they're a little shocked. They don't quite believe it themselves. So, instead of taking the girl to a hotel, the damn fools, what they do, they wait until the little woman is away, and they take the girl to their own home. It's stupid, of course, but they don't see that. All they see is their sense of guilt, so they think, why, if I take her to my own apartment, if I'm open and aboveboard about it, right in front of my own doorman and elevator operator, naturally they won't suspect anything is wrong, because they would never think I'd be stupid enough to *do* such a thing. You know what that idiot husband of mine actually did?"

"No, of course not," Margaret had said, a trifle coldly. She really had not wanted to hear all the gory details.

"He was obviously so nervous about the whole thing," Molly had said, "when he got into the elevator with the girl, they had a temporary man on the car, just filling in because the regular operator was out sick, and that great big brain wave to whom I've been married all these years, Dick introduced this tramp, he said to this relief operator in our building, 'I'd like you to meet my wife, this is Mrs. Parsons.'" Molly had paused to let this piece of detail sink in, and then she had released an envious sigh. "But of course you wouldn't know about such things," she said. "You're a lucky woman."

Now that she no longer was, Margaret realized she knew more about such things than she had suspected. She knew, for instance, that when Bernard came home that night, he would bring her flowers. He did, and, as she had also known, he brought too many. Margaret (*continued*)



"Martha, I'm beginning to worry about you . . ."



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did not, however, comment beyond thanking him, and felt she could get through the evening without mishap. The only real difficulty was that Bernard was a little more attentive than usual. He praised the steak too highly and offered to help her clear the table. He had not done this since the first months of their marriage, when Bernard had refused to let Margaret touch her own money. He had insisted they get along on what he earned, which at the time had not been much. They had lived in a two-room walk-up on West Tenth Street, with a twice-a-week cleaning woman.

"Don't bother, darling," Margaret said. "I'll just let Mavis take care of them in the morning."

"It's no bother at all," Bernard said. "Here, you go on into the living room and I'll bring the coffee."

"I don't think I'll have any coffee," Margaret said. "I've got a splitting headache, so I think I'll just go to bed."

It was the wrong thing to say because, immediately, Bernard became excessively attentive. He insisted on getting the aspirin, and while she was taking it, he turned down her bed. After she was in it, Bernard started shifting from one foot to the other, clearing his throat and tapping the small blue vein on his right temple. This was always a sure sign that he was about to announce something unpleasant, and Margaret had the first moment of panic since she had put an end to her terror shortly before two o'clock.

"Look," Bernard said abruptly, with a troubled scowl. "I've got something on my mind, and I'd like to get it off."

With an effort, as though it were a physical presence, Margaret thrust the panic away. She knew she could live with her husband's guilt, if she was given the time to handle it. She could not, however, live with the knowledge that, in the eyes of the world, she had entered the category of women to which Molly Parsons belonged. The imminent confession that would obviously be good for Bernard's soul would, Margaret knew, destroy his wife. She had no intention of being destroyed. She had not created the choice. Bernard had done that. Margaret intended to take care of herself. And Bernard would have to do the same: take care of himself.

"Whatever it is," she said with a slight edge in her voice, "I'm sure it can keep until the morning. My head hurts too much. I don't want to hear anything tonight."

The tone of her voice caused Bernard to look at her in surprise. Then, slowly, the surprise turned to resentment. He was not accustomed to being rebuffed.

"OK," he said sullenly. "I'm sorry to have bothered you."

He had done worse than that, but obviously, by morning, Bernard had ceased to see it that way. Margaret did not get up to make his breakfast. He in turn neglected, perhaps unintentionally, to bring her a cup of the coffee he made himself. That was all right with Margaret. All she wanted at the moment was to get him out of the house so she could get to work. There would be time enough, once the work was done, to mend her fences with Bernard.

"I'm going to be a little late tonight," he said from the bedroom doorway as he punched his way into the sleeves of his topcoat. "I'll call you from the office when I find out just when I'll be able to get home." He turned to leave, obviously thought of something, turned back and said, "Take care of yourself."

Margaret, who intended to do precisely that, said, "I will, darling."

As soon as she heard the front door close behind him, she was out of bed. By the time Mavis arrived, Margaret was dressed and ready for the street. She asked the maid about her vacation; complimented her on her tan; said yes, the last two weeks in the country had been delightful mainly because Mr. Hodge had been able to golf every day; and she instructed Mavis, while Margaret was out, to go down to the basement storage room and bring up the two large brown suitcases.

"What about the things out in back?" Mavis said. "From the country? What Charlie brought up from the station wagon yesterday? I ought to clean all that and set them out where they belong?"

"No, don't bother with those things," Margaret said. "Just get the two big suitcases and give them a good going over. Dust and whatever, I mean. That storeroom is not exactly the cleanest place in the world, and Mr. Hodge and I haven't used those suitcases since we were in Europe two years ago. I'll be back before noon."

She had to be. The building employees changed shifts at eight-hour intervals: noon, eight in the evening, and four in the morning. Clarence Heintz would be taking over the front elevator on the A-B bank at twelve o'clock, and Margaret didn't want to see *him* again.

"If anybody calls?" Mavis said.

"Just say I'm out, and I'll be back before noon," Margaret said.

While waiting for the elevator she ran over in her mind what she planned to say to Pedro, who worked the 4 A.M. to noon shift, and it sounded right. Pedro was pleased to see her, when she got into the elevator, hoped she'd had a good summer and remarked that she was up and about very early this morning.

"It won't last," Margaret said. "It's just all that energy stored up from the country. By the way, Pedro, did my sister give you the front-door key?"

"Your sister, Mrs. Hodge?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "She came into town Friday to do some shopping, and I told her she could use the apartment overnight. When she left Saturday morning, she said she'd leave the key with you."

"Oh, a blonde lady in a blue suit?"

"Yes," Margaret said.

"Very pretty, your sister, Mrs. Hodge."

"Thank you," Margaret said. "What time did she leave, do you remember?"

"I'd say, the way I remember it, around ten in the morning, ten-thirty, I think," Pedro said. "But she didn't leave no key, Mrs. Hodge."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," Margaret said. "I'll call her later about it."

The last lingering doubt about Bernard's guilt having been settled, Margaret was able to go about her morning's work with a clear mind, performing the chores she had set herself with her customary efficiency and skill. She even drew from her movements the pleasure that executing a detailed plan had always brought her in the years before


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1:38 P.M. yesterday, when she had been a lucky woman. She was finished and back in the apartment at ten minutes after eleven.

"No calls," Mavis reported. "And I got the suitcases, Mrs. Hodge."

"Good," Margaret said. "Now, don't ask any questions, Mavis, and just do as I say."

Mavis did, nonetheless, ask a few, but Margaret put her off with irrelevancies, and they spent the rest of the day packing. Bernard called at three to say he was not going to be late after all, and when he came into the apartment shortly after six, he seemed to have recovered from his ill temper of the morning.

"Hi, sweetie," he said, kissing Margaret's cheek. "How's the headache?"

"All gone," she said. "Now, come along, and I'll make you a drink."

"I could use one," Bernard said. "Boy, if you knew the kind of idiots that get paid big fat salaries these days and call themselves office help——" His voice stopped. He had seen the two big suitcases in the foyer. "What's this?"

"One of them is mine," Margaret said. "The other is yours, packed with as many things as I think you'll need for a week or so, till we find a new place."

The incredulity in Bernard's voice rose like a choked scream as he followed her into the living room and said, "A new *what*?"

"A new place to live in," Margaret said. "Here. Is that enough ice?"

"To hell with the ice," Bernard said, but he took a long pull at his glass before he said, "What are you talking about?"

"Us," Margaret said. "I mean where we're going to live. We can't stay here, Bernard."

There was less incredulity, and no belligerence—indeed, a sudden touch of caution—in his next two words: "Why not?"

"You know Wendell?" Margaret said.

"Wendell?"

"Our front elevator man?"

Bernard's furrowed brow smoothed out, but not very much.

"Oh, you mean the *building* Wendell," he said. "What about him?"

"Well, you know that back thing he's always had?" Margaret said. "His vertebrae or whatever it is?"

"Yes, sure," Bernard said. "What about it?"

"Well, it seems to have affected his brain," Margaret said. "I know that sounds silly, but yesterday, when I drove in from the country, I had the shock of my life. Wendell was gone. He seems to be in the hospital, and frankly, if he never gets out, I couldn't care less. Don't look at me like that. I know it sounds brutal, but dear old kindly Wendell, with his white hair and twinkling blue eyes, and his little remarks about the weather, he's a dirty old man, Bernard, that's what he is. A filthy, dirty old man. I just learned yesterday, never mind the details, it's all too disgusting, but I just learned yesterday that he's been spreading horrid, malicious, detestable rumors about me."

"For God's sake, sweetie, what kind of rumors?"

"That when you're away at the office, during the day, I've been receiving male visitors, a whole stream of them, for you know what."

The astonishment on Bernard's face was quite clearly and, Margaret noted grimly, quite understandably laced with relief.

"Why," Bernard said, and then seemed to forget what he had started to say.

"Of course," Margaret said, "maybe he's just a sick old man. Mentally sick, I mean. Whatever he is, the damage is done, and I cannot continue to live in this house, I simply cannot, Bernard."

Bernard, obviously still confused by his very welcome feeling of relief, managed to mumble, "Sure, of course, sweetie, I understand that." Then he managed to recover and, with genuine puzzlement, he said, "Why not?"

"Because it's all over the building," Margaret said. "Even Mr. Trevor. They're all sniggering behind my back, and no amount of calling Wendell a lying, dirty old man is going to change that. I can't live here, Bernard. I've got to get out, and I mean now."

"Now?" Bernard said.

"Tonight," Margaret said. "I can't live with another minute of this horror."

"But darling, I mean, sweetie, what can we do on such short notice?"

"It's all done," Margaret said. "I went to Joe Carmody's office this morning, and he said I can afford to get out and just leave this place. I mean the money from mother's trust fund will carry it without any trouble until the apartment is sold and the money goes back into capital. Then I went to Spencer and George, who sold it to us, and I said I wanted it put on the market at once, which they are doing, and then I went to the Crichton and booked us a two-room suite, into which I want to move tonight, immediately, darling."

There was a pause, and then Bernard said slowly, "Of course. I mean if you feel that strongly about it——"

"I do," Margaret said.

"In that case, sure," her husband said. "The only thing is——"

"The only thing is what?"

"It's such a funny thing for an old man to do," Bernard said. "Wendell. A perfectly respectable woman, someone he sees every day, someone who's always been friendly to him, why would he start a rumor like that? I mean, where would the old duffer even get the *idea* to start spreading a thing like that?"

Margaret shrugged.

"I can't imagine," she said. "Maybe from Molly Parsons, the times she's dropped in during the day with those endless boy friends of hers."

The surprise in Bernard's voice was, to his wife, very gratifying as he said, "They have? I mean Molly's been bringing men here to this apartment?"

"Every now and then," Margaret said. "For me to inspect them, so to speak—and pass judgment. Are they OK, or should she continue hunting?"

"Funny," Bernard said. "You never told me about that."

"It seemed too silly to mention," Margaret said, and it took a small effort to keep the satisfaction out of her voice. She knew she was going to be all right. Not lucky ever again, but all right. What she had set in motion was going to work. Now her husband would never dare to upset everything by confessing his sins. She could tell from the look in his eyes: Bernard Hodge, his wife could see, was suddenly wondering uneasily whether there might not be some truth in Wendell's accusations. **END**

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THE KENNEDY NOBODY KNOWS

continued from page 70

presence: "Keeping a round-the-clock vigil at the hospital was the Ambassador's niece, Ann Gargan. . . ." "Accompanying him on the five-mile ambulance ride back to his home was the Ambassador's niece. . . ." "Mr. Kennedy's car, driven by Ann Gargan, was parked on the airport apron as the Presidential plane rolled to a stop. . . ." "The President's father watched his son from the White House balcony with his niece, Ann Gargan. . . ." "With the late President's father in Hyannis Port on the day of [President Kennedy's] funeral was his niece. . . ." "Rose and Joe Kennedy learned of Ted's accident from Ann Gargan when they arose the next morning. . . ."

Through all the shining triumphs, the moments of crisis and times of tragedy that have befallen the Kennedy family in stark succession, she has always been there. But who is she?

The name is familiar, but no one can place the face. Ann Gargan has seemingly accomplished the impossible; she has remained unknown to a public that, ever since the decade of the '60's began, has like a giant sponge eagerly absorbed a nonstop avalanche of words and film about the Kennedy clan. One of the paperbacks recently churned out about the family—*The Kennedy Courage*—includes the only newspaper feature ever written about her; it sums her up aptly in the headline as THE KENNEDY NO ONE KNOWS.

No outsider does. Few people have the slightest idea what she looks like, how old she is, or where and how she fits into the Kennedy scheme of things. All this makes great sense to Ann—an unaffected and disarmingly direct young woman, whose late mother was Rose Kennedy's younger sister. Ann has stayed in the background by choice. "I understand people's curiosity about anything Kennedy, or even connected with the Kennedys," she explains, "but I just can't see how my activities would have any interest. The rest of the family have done things; I haven't done anything."

In the eyes of the Kennedys, however, Ann Gargan is the one person they cannot do without, the one who has done what none of them—not even the 74-year-old Mrs. Rose Kennedy—was free and physically able to do: She has seen Joseph Kennedy through the long and frustrating ordeal of adjusting to a radically different life. Yet whenever Ann describes how she assists her uncle to his feet to get out of a car, his wheelchair or his bed, she invariably uses the phrase, "I just give him a boost." Yet the boost, it becomes instantly clear, has been far more than physical; Ann has provided what the best medical care in the world cannot: encouragement, stimulation, optimism and love.

"Ann has always been there whenever she was needed," says Mrs. Rose Kennedy, with obvious gratitude.

"Ann just refuses to accept the fact that life can't still be interesting for my father," says her cousin Eunice Shriver, "she just refuses to treat him like a handicapped person. She's been so resourceful in keeping up his interests that he has continued to do the things he did before, and with great dignity. In New York, he still has the same table at Caravelle—and he wouldn't put up with anything else—and he still wears Sulka suits and Sulka ties; he even wears Sulka shorts and shirts when he's just out alone on the boat with Ann. He also still has the same barber—Ann calls him and he comes to the house. I think with handicapped people things often tend to get rather sloppy, and that it's the worst thing for someone's morale. Ann never lets that happen, although it takes a lot of effort on her part. Her whole life just revolves around my father, but she never gives the impression that this is toil or that it's difficult."

Ann, as a matter of fact, cringes at this very suggestion, always fearful that what she is doing might be considered "noble" or "a sacrifice." "I am doing just exactly what I want to be doing," she says with obvious sincerity. "When Uncle Joe took sick, I decided that he had done a lot to make my life pretty pleasant, and that now I would do anything I could to help him. His own children, after all, were all married with children of their own, and, obviously, it would be impossible for any of them to get away for any length of time. I made up my mind that as long as he needed me, I would stay. I've never had any regrets. I wouldn't want to change my life in any way."

Mrs. Rose Kennedy finds it difficult to describe precisely how much this has meant to her. "Ann has also taken a lot of the emotional strain off me, in times of crises, the times that were very difficult for me. With her being a member of the family she has been able to do so much—things that I wouldn't entrust to a stranger." Her voice faded and choked. "Ann has been—well, just so wonderful, I couldn't put it into words, I could never adequately say it."

Inevitably, Ann's patient and unfaltering dedication suggests someone of super-virtue, saintly, unworldly and withdrawn. "Well," observes a family friend, "she's the only saint who can play touch football like an All-American. In bare feet, she can run like a deer and hit you so hard that your teeth rattle." The first minutes of conversation also reveal that, in the worldliest of ways, Ann feels she smokes too much, and has no intention of cutting down, gets frequently panicked by flying, and possesses an inborn love of gambling.

At 30, Ann bears a striking resemblance to her aunt, Rose Kennedy; her hair is dark brunette, her eyes deep brown and her slender, 105-pound frame fits neatly into a size six. Disinterested in shopping—"somehow I always end up spending the whole day in the elevator"—she dresses casually and comfortably in Bermuda shorts, shirt generally hanging out, slacks or Lillys (the shifts designed by Lilly Pulitzer of Palm Beach). Her stride is athletic, and she fully shares the family mania for the outdoors and obsession for the vigorous things in life.

"I'm not a big-city type," Ann states right off, as she suddenly appears at the front door in Palm Beach in a two-piece bathing suit and bare feet, with a smile and flat Boston accent that are straight, undiluted Kennedy. "I'm not a Florida type either," she continues, leading the way through an enormous dining room with a table that looks long enough to accommodate a state dinner. Seldom, it turns out, has anyone been so untouched as Ann Gargan by the earnest efforts of the Florida Chamber of Commerce. "You can have the whole state as far as I'm concerned," she says flatly. "We've been here since December twelfth and I can't even tell you how cold it's been—that's why you see all the electric heaters around. And it's been so windy you just go mad."

She settled herself into a big armchair in the small library overlooking a spacious patio, which, following the election of 1960, had been the scene of numerous noisy press conferences as the New Frontier was formed—including the one memorably interrupted by Caroline clomping out to see her father in her mother's high heels. Over the fireplace hung a signed copy of the 1961 Inaugural Address. On a side table stood a large picture of the Ambassador with his arm around his son Ted, the Massachusetts senator, at the New England Baptist Hospital, where Ted had been recuperating from the broken back suffered in a plane crash in 1964. Both men were smiling broadly, leaning on canes and standing tall.

"I've always thought that that picture told a lot about Ann, and her total involvement with my father," says Eunice. "He can stand quite well by himself, you know, without any help, but Ann was just so anxious for him to stand *well* that day—she knew that he was sensitive about the way he looked, as compared with the way he had looked before. So she went right over and got behind him and sort of nudged his leg out so it would look better. At that moment, they snapped the picture, and if you look closely, you can see Ann's feet behind my father."

Now, as Ann lit a menthol cigarette, three dogs attempted to get on top of her. "I'm not a great Florida lover," she reiterated, "but I am a *great* animal lover. And I'm also a great animal-*giver*. So watch out!" One dog, an ominous-looking Labrador retriever, soon tired of the ruckus and lumbered out of the room. "That's Dolly," Ann pointed out, "and everyone's always afraid of her, but actually she's the world's biggest slob—just so timid she'd never hurt anyone. That one's Midnight," she said, pointing at a distinctly gray poodle. "He was black when he arrived, but something happened, I don't know what. This one," she continued, holding up a tiny toy poodle, "is Bonbon. The owner of the Baltimore Colts gave him to Uncle Joe—he's one of Uncle Joe's oldest friends. We really get such a kick out of watching him at night; he just stands over his food guarding it and never touching a bit until the other two are finished. Then he eats."

The subject of dogs suddenly reminded her of the 1960 Democratic Convention, which she viewed in a unique way, not only because she was related to the candidate, but because she was wearing brand-new contact lenses. She remembers the tumult and the shouting, and cooking scrambled eggs for Jack at three in the morning. But what really stands out is the agony she experienced when, in the wee hours, she finally removed her contact lenses, which she had been wearing many hours too long.

"I couldn't see," Ann recalls, "and I felt like I had two cement mixers on my eyes. I can't even describe how painful it was, and I really, genuinely thought I had gone blind. I remember having this crazy thought of 'now that I am blind, Aunt Rose will have to give in, I will have to have a seeing-eye dog.'"

The memory of the uproar of Los Angeles leads inevitably to the exhilarating November morning in Hyannis Port when Jack Kennedy became the President-elect of the United States. "He had just changed his clothes to go down to the National Guard Armory to go on television," Ann recalled, "when he leaned against a neighbor's fence that had just been painted. The only thing we could find to take it off was lighter fluid, and his back was just drenched in it. Dora, the maid, was a nervous wreck the whole time he was speaking; she was just terrified that someone would get near him with a lighted cigarette."

All of which brings her to the point Ann is trying to make: "I haven't just shared the bad times with Uncle Joe. I've been there for all the good ones, too."

The bad ones began on December 19, 1961, a bright and sunny Tuesday morning. President Kennedy, en route back to Washington from South America had stopped overnight in Palm Beach, and Ambassador Kennedy drove with him to the airport with Caroline in his lap; Ann followed in another car in order to drive them back to the house. An hour later, they were both on the golf course of the Palm Beach Country Club, as they were every morning.

Having arrived later than usual that day, they decided to play the back nine: "Uncle Joe hated to wait, or to have a lot of people waiting behind him. We had just finished the sixteenth hole—I think it was the sixteenth—when he said that he wouldn't play the next hole, I should just go ahead and tee off and he would walk along beside me. Then he told me he felt a little dizzy, but since the temperature was over 80, I assumed it was the heat."

Shortly after Ann had teed off, the dizziness returned. She quickly asked the caddy to run and get a golf cart, and meanwhile ran to get the car herself. "In the car," Ann recalls, "I remember him asking me if Caroline had gotten home all right from the airport, and I told him she had. When we got back to the house, Caroline and Jackie were both there, waiting to go for a swim with Uncle Joe in the pool—something he really loved. I got him to go upstairs for a while to lie down. He fell fast asleep right away and . . . well, he never got up again."

When Ambassador Kennedy awoke, a blood clot in the artery of his brain had deprived him of his ability to speak, and all the movement of his right side. Still in his golf shorts, he was sped to St. Mary's Hospital in West Palm Beach; through all the anxious days that followed, Ann remained in a room across the hall. The short few minutes that had drastically changed every aspect of her uncle's life had now changed hers.

It had been happening like this all her life. From the beginning, the years had been almost eerily punctuated by unexpected—and frequently tragic—events that had abruptly changed the course of her future. The youngest of three children, Ann was born in Boston late in the summer of 1935, and named after an aunt who was dying of a ruptured appendix right as she was being born. "Then," reports Ann, "she suddenly recovered. Her doctor was completely stunned; he said to her at the time, 'Well, you must have something to finish, because there's no reason on earth for you to be alive.'"

Two years later, his remark proved tragically accurate when Ann's mother suddenly died in the night. (*continued*)



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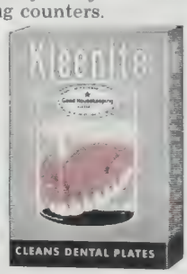
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When her father, a Boston lawyer, later left to work for the War Department in Washington, the three children went to live with their Aunt Ann and Uncle William Gargan in Lowell, Mass., who had no children of their own. "But we used to visit my father all the time," says Ann. "I remember him very well. He used to take us on a lot of trips—one time, all the way to Arizona." Then, at the end of the war, when Ann was 10, her father died of a heart attack on the train returning to Washington. Three years later, Kathleen Kennedy, Ann's godmother, was killed in a plane crash over the mountains of Southern France.

The Gargan children now spent all their summers in Aunt Rose's and Uncle Joe's 15-room house in Hyannis Port, where they were rapidly absorbed into the family. "Despite their own nine children, Aunt Rose and Uncle Joe always made us feel at home." And, like all the Kennedys, Cape Cod is the place she still loves best and considers home.

In the winters, Ann went to boarding school, beginning with the Sacred Heart Academy in Newton, Mass., and winding up finally at Marymount in Tarrytown, N.Y. An unenthusiastic student, she nevertheless managed to make a memorable enough mark for two schools to dismiss her. "They said my behavior was not just what they wanted," Ann explains. It included, it seems, such things as filling up the fonts of holy water with ink, whereby unsuspecting nuns would pass by and bless themselves with Waterman's Blue-Black. In study hall she communicated with friends by pinning notes onto nuns' robes as they floated by, the missives to be deftly removed as they passed the proper destination. There also was the night that Ann and a friend rang the chapel bells at 11 P.M., getting the whole school out of bed for Mass.

Mrs. Rose Kennedy remembers this bit of history quite differently. She recalled: "She was always a little angel, at least at home. I refused to believe the things they'd tell me about the things she did at school."

By the time she reached her 19th birthday, Ann herself had decided to become a nun. She remembers her Uncle Joe coming onto the plane with her as she left to join the Sisters of the Holy Cross in South Bend, Ind. "He told me it was my decision, but he wanted to reassure me that I need never fear changing my mind and coming home."

Ann intended to become Sister Josephine Agnes, a nursing nun in either a hospital or a foreign mission. "I had no interest in science," she says, "but I was drawn to the human part of nursing; I liked the idea of helping a sick person to feel more comfortable." Three years after entering the convent, however, Ann began to experience unexplained dizziness and loss of balance; she found it increasingly difficult to pick things up, and dropped objects without any sensation of having dropped anything. Ambassador Kennedy had her return to the Leahy Clinic in Boston, where tests revealed that Ann was suffering from multiple sclerosis.

"At the time," Ann admits, "I was heartbroken. I desperately wanted to stay in the convent, but it was impossible, because I hadn't taken my first vows; I was due to take them just two months later, in August." In view of subsequent events, she sees a fateful purpose in the way things worked out.

Ann's uncle in Lowell had died while she was in the convent, and her aunt was now critically ill with cancer; when she died the following spring, Ann went to live permanently with the Kennedys. Her multiple sclerosis had begun to subside, but was not yet over. "Uncle Joe was wonderful to me during this time," Ann reports enthusiastically. "He just did everything possible to make things pleasant and agreeable for me. I'll never forget how considerate he was—right down to little things like making sure my meat was cut before it came to the table—I still didn't have great control—just to save me any embarrassment." He took her to Europe for a vacation at the Kennedy villa at Cap d'Antibes. "We had to stop in Paris for a few days so I could rest, when everyone really would have preferred to fly straight to the Riviera. But Uncle Joe never made me feel like a drag, even when I knew I was. He always kept things interesting and moving."

During the months leading up to the Presidential nomination, and through the arduous campaign that followed, Ann stayed with Ambassador Kennedy, who purposely chose to remain far behind the scenes, well out of the public gaze. Ann preferred it there herself, having made one brief foray into the political front lines during John F. Kennedy's 1952 senatorial campaign, when she gave a short speech to about 25 people in Lowell. She considered it an unmitigated disaster. "Never again," she states firmly, still a little worked up about the whole business, even after 14 years. "For me, it's licking stamps."

Between licks, Ann traveled with her uncle wherever he went: New York, Chicago, Lake Tahoe, Hyannis Port, Spain, Rome—where he took her to meet the Pope—and Washington, where they jubilantly attended the Presidential inauguration.

Ambassador Kennedy had his stroke before his son had been in office a full year, and Ann had no question as to what she would do. "Uncle Joe had taken care of me when I was sick. Now he needed me." She assumes she will probably get married someday, but for the present, she doesn't even give the idea a passing thought. "I will stay with Uncle Joe until he either gets better, or doesn't get better." She is seldom apart from him, or far from one of the multi-buttoned telephones that connect directly with his room.

She estimates that she spends about 90 percent of her time with her uncle, always fitting her schedule around his. Despite pleas from the family to take vacations, and offers of European trips from her Aunt Rose, Ann has never stayed away for over a week. "It's just so much harder for Uncle Joe when I'm not here," she explains. "I'm around him so much, that I can understand him when he tries to talk—I guess it's sort of like a mother learning what the cries of a new baby mean. But other people, of course, get terribly confused, and this is very frustrating for him."

Ambassador Kennedy's loss of speech has been the most difficult aspect of his illness. "Uncle Joe was the kind of man who was not only on the phone constantly, he really *lived* on it," says Ann. "He really made Bell Telephone stock a valuable buy just with his personal calls." (A former secretary recalls one memorable telephonic day in Palm Beach when the Ambassador, in a great whirlwind of dialing, placed calls to Mayor Daley, James Reston, Frank Sinatra, Janet Leigh, Jack Warner, Chet Huntley, his son Bob, the Attorney General, and son Jack, the President of the United States.)

But while he could not talk much, he was able to make his wishes known in other ways—by saying yes or no, or by gesturing with his left hand. "When he is displeased with something like a dessert," says Eunice, "or he doesn't like the TV channel, he shakes his finger in a very definite way, and there is no question as to what he's trying to say."

Communication remains a problem, but it has gotten easier, both for Ambassador Kennedy and for the rest of the family. "It's like when you break a leg," says Ann, "and suddenly have to walk on crutches. For the first week, it's so awkward and painful that you can hardly stand it. Then you suddenly discover that you're used to them—and you walk. Of course, it hasn't been quite that simple for Uncle Joe—but that's really the important thing about his whole illness, the way he has fought for four years and not just a few days."

On that dreaded day in Dallas, Ann and her uncle were in Hyannis Port. Ann was about to leave for a short visit with her sister, when the first horrifying word came. Dora, a family maid, heard it first as it came over the radio in the kitchen; she called to Ann, who was already outside the house, about to drive away. In shock and disbelief, she raced inside and tore up the steps to her bedroom, and immediately called the Secret Service man on duty at the President's house.

"My aunt, who was taking a rest in her bedroom, heard my voice on the phone, and rushed in to ask what it was all about. I told her that I didn't know anything at all, but that I had heard that the President might have been shot. We turned on the television and then the phone was ringing; it was Bobby." He confirmed their worst fears.

"Uncle Joe awoke not long after that from his nap, and I was going to tell him then, but Aunt Rose said no, we should wait till one of the boys arrived; it was just sheer horror for her, of course. She went out and just walked along the beach alone for hours." Ann, meanwhile, had the nerve-racking task of taking her uncle, as usual, for his afternoon drive, all the while concealing her own shaken emotions. It was a particularly beautiful day on the Cape, so he saw nothing strange when Ann prolonged the drive, to avoid the possibility of his asking to watch television before dinner.

That evening, after supper, she persuaded him to go to the 40-seat family theater in the basement to see a movie. By then, Teddy and Eunice had arrived. "But we had already decided to wait until morning," says Ann. "Uncle Joe always said himself that you should never be told bad news at night, if there was nothing that could be done about it. Then," says Ann, her voice tight in remembrance of that day, "the next morning, Teddy told him." The flag on the front lawn was lowered to half-mast.

When the rest of the family left on Sunday for the funeral in Washington, Ann remained behind as comfort and solace to Uncle Joe; he was under some sedation, and generally bore up better than could be expected. Nevertheless, there were rumors in *(continued)*

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Hyannis that the Ambassador had died; finally the family had Ann, as their spokesman, inform the press that they were untrue. "To this day," says Ann, "it tears Uncle Joe apart just to come unexpectedly across a picture of the President or to talk about him." She tries to see that it doesn't happen.

There have been other setbacks. The most frightening occurred last January when Ambassador Kennedy experienced a temporary heart stoppage. He had just left the swimming pool and gone to his room for a short rest; while lying down, he suddenly experienced a blackout, and, for a few seconds, the heart stopped beating. The nurse administered oxygen immediately, while the doctor was summoned. For a time, after the incident, Ambassador Kennedy felt more tired than usual, and his schedule was curtailed. "Other than that," reports Ann, "he came out of it very well. There was no further damage."

Even more terrifying was a recent flight from Palm Beach to New York aboard the family plane, the *Caroline*. Ann recalls: "Suddenly we lost pressure, and we instantly had to drop—bang, just like that—from 14,000 feet to 7,000 feet right into the midst of a storm and we were just tossed back and forth for about forty-five minutes. We all had to have oxygen. Uncle Joe was as calm as can be, but I was never so panicked in all my life. If there'd been a parachute on board, I would have jumped out, I really would." They eventually put down in Norfolk, where Ambassador Kennedy was treated briefly. "We spent the night in a motel," says Ann, "and I kept talking about how nice it would be to continue by train, but Uncle Joe preferred to fly. So we flew."

The year is now divided between Palm Beach and Hyannis Port, interspersed with brief visits to the Kennedy apartment on Central Park South and short trips to Chicago. They also used to make two or three trips a year to the White House.

They arrive in Palm Beach in mid-December and remain until after Easter when they return to the Cape. In Palm Beach, Ambassador Kennedy occupies a corner bedroom on the second floor. A hospital-type bed, which can be raised and lowered, faces a large color television set, equipped with remote control. Three almost identical photographs, taken probably just seconds apart of Bob and Ted with the late President, stand squarely on top of the set in a triple leather frame; "They were taken at the White House," says Ann, "just before the President left for Dallas." A picture on top of a massive chest shows the Ambassador with his arms outstretched in a boisterous welcome to two of his grandchildren.

In the adjacent room, a nurse is on duty round the clock. In addition to the nurses, David Crawford, who teaches sailing in Hyannis Port during the summer, was working for the Kennedys last winter while he decided whether to enter dental school in the fall. "Dave," says Ann, "does all the heavy things, like guiding his wheelchair into the swimming pool. I do all the fun things."

Ann's bedroom, painted a sunny yellow and looking out on the ocean, is just down the hall. She rises every morning around 7:30, dons a pair of shorts and dashes down the stone stairway to get the dogs and takes them out to run along the ocean. At eight she goes down the hall to her uncle's room to see if he's up—which he usually is—("we're both early risers"). Helping him into his wheelchair, Ann then takes him down in the elevator to the dining room, where they are joined by Mrs. Kennedy. Over the scrambled eggs, they chat along naturally about the things they would be talking about even if the Ambassador were well: the family—what they're doing, who called, who's arriving. Or they bring up something from the newspaper, or local gossip—anything that they feel might be of any interest. The Ambassador nods and responds as they go along.

Upstairs in his room, the Ambassador reads the newspapers which are always left within easy reach. ("You try to arrange things so Uncle Joe can do as much as possible himself; the more a person has to keep asking for something, the more dependent he feels." He then shaves himself. Around midmorning, Ann dons a bathing suit for a swim with her uncle in the heated pool—"the temperature is always kept at around ninety-two or ninety-three degrees, so it won't be a shock to his system—the heat sometimes just leaves me enervated, this morning I thought I'd expire, I really felt dizzy; I'm always ready to get out after a half hour, but not Uncle Joe he could usually stay in a lot longer. He just loves it," she says, "and it's so good for him; you have to imagine what it would be like to sit all the time, how tiring it would be."

When other members of the family are visiting, they join in the morning swim. "This, of course, would be a good time for Ann to get away for a bit," observes Eunice, "but Ann is always right there in her bathing suit. Sometimes the children sneak into the pool around the time my father is about to go in—and I can see Ann standing at the edge, clapping her hands and yelling, 'OUT! OUT! Nobody in the pool between nine and twelve-thirty!'"

When the weather is good they go out on the *Marlin*—the 52-foot family yacht, having lunch aboard. Taking along a portable phonograph, they sit in the sun, and listen to the sound of the Boston Pops orchestra.

The Ambassador's feelings toward Ann are amply clear. Just before Christmas last year, for example, they had convened at La Caravelle—his favorite New York restaurant—for lunch with Eunice and Pat. They were all in a holiday mood, joshing back and forth, talking about shopping, and at one point someone announced in jest that the only worthwhile presents came from Van Cleef and Arpels.

The next morning, while Ann was off shopping, Ambassador Kennedy set off with his nurse in the car. With signals and gestures, he indicated where he wanted to go: Van Cleef & Arpels. Mystified, the nurse and chauffeur accompanied him into the store, where he sat down and began pointing at various pieces of jewelry, which were promptly brought out. The atmosphere became increasingly tense as the Ambassador struggled to make clear which presents he wanted, and to whom they were to go. Finally he spotted an especially spectacular diamond bracelet and popped it into his pocket. At lunch, he took the bracelet out of his pocket, reached across the table and gave it to Ann.

There were no words, and none were necessary. **END**

NEW ELECTRIC KITCHEN HELP

THERE'S HARDLY A KITCHEN WE CAN THINK OF, LARGE OR SMALL, THAT WOULDN'T BENEFIT FROM THE ADDITION OF A FEW WELL-CHOSEN ELECTRIC APPLIANCES—THE KIND OF APPLIANCES THAT YOU MIGHT BUY AS "EXTRAS" AND THAT BECOME ALMOST NECESSITIES BECAUSE YOU'VE FOUND A HUNDRED DIFFERENT USES FOR THEM. AS A RULE, THESE APPLIANCES FALL INTO TWO CATEGORIES: THE ONES THAT HELP YOU *PREPARE* FOOD, AND DO SO MORE QUICKLY AND PROBABLY MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN YOU COULD DO THE JOB BY HAND; AND THE ONES THAT ACTUALLY *COOK* FOOD, USUALLY WITH TEMPERATURES SO WELL CONTROLLED THAT, ALL DURING THE COOKING PERIOD, SUPERVISION BY YOU IS PRACTICALLY UNNECESSARY. REMEMBER THESE MARVELOUS APPLIANCES WHEN SHOPPING FOR BRIDAL GIFTS. AND IF YOU'RE PLANNING TO RENT A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY THIS SUMMER, WHY NOT TAKE THESE SMALL ELECTRIC WONDERS WITH YOU? THEY'RE PORTABLE, OF COURSE, AND COULD MAKE VACATION LIVING A GREAT DEAL EASIER, ESPECIALLY IF YOU FIND YOUR SUMMERTIME KITCHEN LESS THAN WELL-EQUIPPED. (IF SPACE PROBLEMS MAKE YOU THINK TWICE ABOUT ADDING EVEN ONE MORE SMALL APPLIANCE TO YOUR KITCHEN, WE'VE GOT A NEW SURPRISE COMBINATION STORAGE-AND-WORKING SOLUTION ON PAGE 86.)



Make great hash, garden relish in no time with this grinder-chopper. Rival Grind-O-Mat has heavy-duty motor; unit is removable for washing.

Electric tea kettle by Sunbeam holds up to 8 cups of water. Boiling point is reached more quickly because of its built-in electric immersion heater.

Electric corn popper with a see-through glass lid for pop watchers, makes four quarts of popcorn. By Toastmaster.

Ice cream always tastes best when it's home made. It'll probably taste even better when you've turned the job over to an electric ice-cream maker like this one, by Proctor-Silex.

Keep hot foods hot with this white Corning electric platter. Trim and neat, it goes with many table accessories. Platter goes right into suds.

In just a few seconds, tangy, healthful juice is extracted from fruits or vegetables, with this stainless-steel Oster Juice Extractor.

When you hear of blenders with solid-state controls like this one, by Westinghouse, it means more power, infinite speed selections, including low, low speeds for more efficient chopping and cutting.

Two important appliances are combined in this single space-saving Hoover unit: a can opener, and knife sharpener.

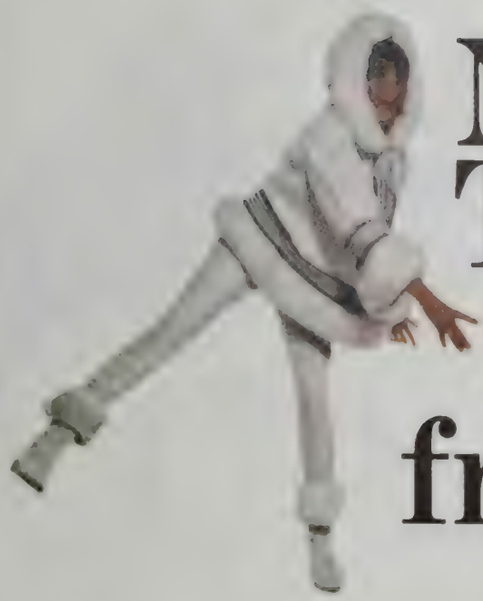
When speed cooking is the aim, reach for an electric pressure cooker. This, by Presto, is automatic, has easy-to-clean Teflon lining.

In addition to chopping, mixing and blending food, the Cook 'n' Stir blender, by Ronson, also heats. Sauces, for example, can be warmed as they're stirred.

As we all know, the best coffee is made from freshly ground beans. This Kitchen Aid Coffee Grinder can be set for coarse, medium or fine grind.

Above-the-heat broiling is the specialty of this Farber Broiler. Fats and juices are collected below heating unit.

Product of The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.Co.



New Tennyson smacks of fresh taste

with menthol flavor you can't miss.

Get the chill taste
of menthol every time.
Charcoal in the filter.
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Tennyson, anyone?



If to rinse or not to rinse is your dishwasher dilemma...

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Now you don't have to pre-rinse dishes, glasses, or silver anymore! New Electrasol, fortified with special water softeners, cleans harder than ordinary dishwasher detergents. Tested under varying degrees of water hardness in homes throughout the country, women reported "No spots, no film!" with fortified Electrasol. No wonder it's recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer.
Try new Electrasol—by the world's largest maker of dishwasher detergents.

Get all you want out of your dishwasher... put fortified Electrasol into it!

PRODUCT OF PERFORMANCE DETECTED ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER



The Blender: wonderful kitchen whiz

The speedy blender does lots of things no other appliance can do—and brings a new kind of convenience and creativity to cooking

Ask the woman who owns one. She'll probably tell you that her new blender is one of the nicest things that ever happened to her. With it she can shred, chop, mince, liquefy, purée, grate, crumb, flake or grind many foods—and do it in a fraction of the time it would take her to do it any other way. (Blending time, in fact, is measured in seconds, not minutes.) She cuts sauce-cooking time in half by blending the ingredients (blenders don't take big chunks, so she cuts large pieces into 1-inch cubes). For baby, she purées cooked meats and vegetables with a little milk, or makes delicious desserts by blending fresh fruits with orange juice. In a wink she can make wonderful blender specialties like instant sherbets, beverages, and almost incredibly smooth soups, desserts and sauces. And, to top it all off, the blender cleans itself (or almost).

The cylinder is simply filled a quarter of the way with warm water, a small amount of detergent is added, the motor turned on for about five seconds, the cylinder rinsed out with clear water—and it's clean.

Blenders are so efficient that care must be taken at high speeds lest the blending process goes too far—peanuts that should be chopped might become homemade peanut butter. It's very important to read the instructions that come with a new blender and understand them thoroughly. You'll find there are different techniques and speeds to use for obtaining different food textures. For example, to grate or chop nuts, coconut, cheese, it's best to use a quick, on-and-off buzzing action. This way the food settles down between cutting phases instead of dancing atop the blades. You'll learn, too, that liquids go into the blender before solids—this gives more uniform results.

Some of the new blenders have a variety of attachments and features that make them even more valuable to the busy, creative cook. Among them:

TIMER CUT-OFFS to set from 1 to 30 seconds—prevent overblending of food. (Waring.)

STORAGE COMPARTMENTS for electric cords—make for a neater kitchen. (Hamilton Beach, Waring.)

CUTTING BLADES IN REMOVABLE SCREW CAPS simplify clean-up, fit standard fruit jars so that they can be used as substitute containers for blending and storage. (Oster, Hamilton Beach.)

MEASURE MARKS ON CYLINDERS make recipe-following easier, save hunting for measuring cups.

SPEED SELECTION. Most blenders have two speeds (high for quick blending, low for thicker mixtures), but many come with a wide range between. New transistorized models give any number of speeds, have more power at low speed, which is good for chopping and mincing.

LID-WITHIN-LID COVER—small center lid can be removed in order to add ingredients during the blending process.

ATTACHMENTS for some models make the blender motor a many-use appliance that crushes ice, sharpens knives, grinds coffee, slices vegetables. One model (Oster) comes with small jars for blending and storing small quantities of prepared foods.

BUILT-IN MODEL—the motor is installed *in* the kitchen counter, and is always ready for use. (NuTone.)

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR

Illustration by Tom Daly



Real cool coleslaws need real mayonnaise... Best Foods

What puts the zest in coleslaw best?
Best Foods. It's real mayonnaise.
Full-bodied so it stays creamy and smooth even when thinned. Delightfully tangy.
Yet, light and delicate to bring out flavor.
So play it cool. Perk up wilted appetites with these great coleslaw ideas.
But remember, it takes Best Foods Real Mayonnaise to bring out their best.



BASIC COLESLAW

1 quart shredded or chopped cabbage
1/2 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoon salt

SEAFOOD COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
3 tablespoons catsup
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
1 (6-1/2 to 7-1/2 oz.) can tuna or salmon, drained
1/4 cup chopped radishes

COTTAGE CHEESE COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
1/4 cup cottage cheese
1/4 teaspoon celery seed
1/2 cup shredded carrot
1/4 cup green pepper strips

CALIFORNIA COLESLAW

To basic coleslaw add:
1/2 cup quartered marshmallows
1 (8-oz.) can crushed pineapple, drained
1 tablespoon pineapple juice

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR "SECOND BEST"... BRING OUT THE BEST WITH BEST FOODS REAL MAYONNAISE

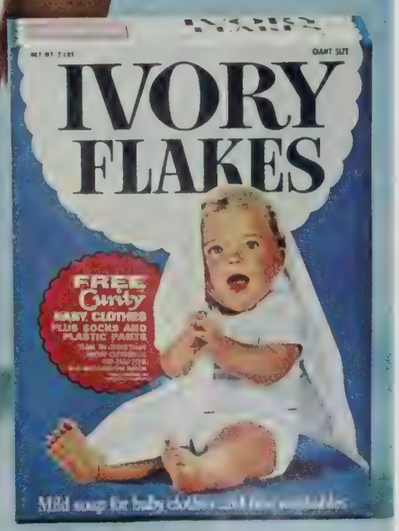
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TELL ME, DOCTOR

Do I Have to Live With Varicose Veins?

By JOSEPH COOGAN

"I don't know exactly when it started," Mrs. Anne Sergeant told her family doctor. "At first I thought it was a bruise, but that was three weeks ago, and it hasn't gone away."

The doctor pressed his finger against the lumpy, bluish-purple line that began at the middle of her calf and extended down about three inches.

"It hasn't gotten worse?"

"No."

"It's nothing to worry about. A superficial varicose vein. There's always the chance that the condition could become worse, but right now it doesn't present any real medical problem. No treatment is necessary."

"But it's so *ugly*."

"Oh, a little pancake makeup should conceal it nicely."

Then, according to Anne Sergeant (not her real name), he smiled indulgently at the singular vanity of women, and dismissed her.

Anne, a pretty blonde who is the mother of two young boys, left her doctor's office relieved there was nothing seriously wrong, but depressed by the thought that she'd have to put up with an unsightly blemish for the rest of her life.

She said, "I kept telling myself, 'Don't be so childish. You're twenty-eight years old, a happily married woman. What difference does it make?' Well, thanks to makeup, it wasn't *too* noticeable, I guess, when I wore stockings. But I stayed pretty much away from our swimming club all that summer, because I was so ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit. And I can't tell you how happy I was when I finally decided to do something about it."

Following the advice of a friend, Anne had gone to a specialist who obliterated the swollen vein by injecting it with a solution that caused it to close permanently, and eventually harden into a thin, all but invisible, thread.

The specialist hadn't obliterated the vein for cosmetic reasons only. "It's true," he said, "that mildly varicose veins usually don't need to be treated. Anne's doctor gave her good advice. But one man's definition of 'mild' isn't always the same as another's. I thought this varicosity, though far from severe, probably should be taken care of. Besides, why should any woman have to put up with the shame and worry an ugly, disfiguring vein can cause? And this one was easy to treat with injection therapy.

"Injection therapy was just about abandoned in this country because many of the drugs used were too dangerous, and because they were given in too large doses," the specialist who treated Anne said. "But now we have much safer drugs, we administer them in much smaller doses over longer periods of time, and we don't try to knock out several veins all at once. In more severe cases, however, I prefer a simple operation to injection therapy. *But the overriding fact is that today all varicose veins can be treated safely and successfully.* Yet, because so many people fail to get them treated early enough, varicose veins have actually become an important national problem."

They have indeed. Countless numbers of Americans (one estimate runs as high as 60 million) are afflicted with varicose veins, and in one year the disease accounts for the loss of about six million days' work.

Why are varicose veins so common? A great deal of the blame can be placed on the hairy shoulders of our arboreal ancestors who dropped from trees to begin running around on two legs. In so



"Single, thanks. How are you?"

loing, they forced the body's circulatory system to work harder to overcome the pull of gravity. (Dogs, horses and other four-legged animals are free from varicose veins.) It is rare for veins deep within and protected by the leg muscles to become varicose; varicosities almost always occur in the veins that lie closer to the skin. Here's how they come about.

Blood pumped by the heart through the arteries eventually makes its way to the veins in the lower part of the body. Here it begins its return to the heart—an uphill fight all the way. To help do the job, the veins have their "pumps," too. Chief among these are the leg muscles, which, as they contract and expand, massage the veins, "milking" the blood upward. Within each vein are tiny valves that close at appropriate times to prevent newly arrived blood from flowing backward. If the vein is subjected to too much pressure, a valve may fail to function properly. Stagnant blood accumulates in the vein, which then becomes swollen and inflamed. As the amount of stagnant blood increases, more and more veins may become swollen (varicose), until twisted, lumpy blue lines appear all over the leg. Waste products in the stagnant blood invade surrounding tissues. A painful rash may develop and, finally, the skin may die and become ulcerated.

THANK YOU, LORD

By Ogden Nash

I didn't go to church today,
I trust the Lord to understand.
The surf was swirling blue and white,
The children swirling on the sand.
He knows, He knows how brief my stay,
How brief this spell of summer weather,
He knows when I am said and done
We'll have a plenty of time together.

This unhealthy series of events is not inevitable, nor does it occur overnight. Anyone foolish enough to let it occur can count on spending many weeks in the hospital—during which skin grafts are performed—and many uncomfortable months waiting for the ulcer or ulcers to heal. And, although the patient will recover, her health insurance plan may not.

Anything that increases downward pressure encourages varicose veins. A very tight girdle, which acts as a partial tourniquet, invites trouble. Obesity doesn't help either. Pregnancy often causes varicosities as the swelling uterus puts increasing pressure on veins. Pregnant women and women undergoing the menopause (hormonal changes are believed to contribute to this) often develop "spider web" or "sky rocket" veins—a cluster of hair-thin blue or purplish lines that may spread out to cover large areas of skin. They result from varicosities of the minute blood vessels within the skin itself. Harmless but unattractive, the blemish can often be partially or completely cleared up by injection therapy.

Varicose veins never clear up by themselves. They must be obliterated or removed. Varicosities usually develop along the long superficial vein in the leg, and the removal of this vein involves a surgical procedure known as "stripping." In this operation the surgeon makes one very small incision in the groin, exposing one end of the vein, another in the ankle. Then he passes a special, wire-like instrument through the vein from top to bottom. When he draws it out, the telescoped vein comes out with it. This operation usually requires the patient to spend no more than one to four days in the hospital. When the damaged veins are gone, the blood finds efficient new channels that carry it safely to other invisible veins.

The only foolproof way to avoid varicose veins is to select non-varicose-veined ancestors, for a tendency to weak veins is inherited. And there is no absolute guarantee that when varicose veins are obliterated or removed, others won't develop. Although the veins are gone, the inherited tendency isn't.

You can, however, help prevent or delay their appearance. If you must stand for prolonged periods, exercise the leg muscles by rising up on your toes once in a while. If you're taking a long plane ride, walk around a bit every half hour or so. If you're sewing or doing any other sedentary chores around the house, prop your feet up on a chair. Support stockings, if strong enough, are helpful. So, too, are such exercises as "bicycling" on the floor, which reduces muscle pressure.

And, if you do develop a varicose vein, by all means see your doctor.

Far too many women who suffer from varicose veins do merely that—suffer. That solution is not only ineffective but also dangerous. And there's no earthly reason for it. **END**



Easy cleaning is just one big difference you get with Gas and this new Vesta range



30" slide-in Vesta range white or colored top and door panels. Easy see-through glass door.

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See the Vesta range at your Gas company or dealer now. Or write your name and address across this ad and mail to The Athens Stove Works, Inc., Athens, Tennessee 37303.

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*A.G.A. Mark

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For the LEATHER in your Wardrobe

From the Journal Home Management Department

Supple and stunning last fall, your favorite leather coats, dresses, belts and gloves may now look dejected and worn. Leather will generally last a long time, but it does require care different from other items in your wardrobe to keep it pliable and attractive.

• Smooth leathers (except some imported kids that should be cared for by experts) are cleaned with a sudsy froth of mild soap such as Ivory (not detergent) applied with a soft sponge or brush. For dark leathers saddle soap is good. Gently go over areas that are spotted and stained. Let the foam do the job so the leather doesn't become sodden. Then blot the surface with a soft towel to take up moisture. Never use cleaning fluids, for they dry the leather and leave rings.

• Suede leathers, because of their nap, should not be moistened. Instead, go over the surface with a dry rubber or plastic sponge to rub off soil and lay the nap in one direction. Experts suggest a dry-sponge brushing after each wearing of a suede coat or jacket to keep it looking new longer.

• When garments wrinkle and crease, as do some skirts, jackets and belts, carefully smooth them with an iron. First, clean by following the above suggestions, then cover the surface with a layer or two of brown paper and press with a warm, dry iron (never use steam).

• Coats and dresses that are too long or that sag so as to be uneven can be shortened with pasted-up hems. Measure, cut and press (under paper, with a warm iron) or crease with the fingers. Spread ordinary rubber cement where hem is to be sealed and let it dry slightly. Fold up hem and press firmly.

• Gloves of leather, clearly marked washable, are easily done at home. Don the gloves and wash your hands in warm, sudsy water. For soiled spots, use a sponge or very soft brush to loosen the dirt. Then remove gloves, rinse in tepid water, letting water run inside. Squeeze but don't wring, roll in a towel to absorb as much water as possible; blow into each glove to puff into shape, and clip so they hang open for fast drying. When almost dry, knead gloves between fingers to soften; otherwise they will be stiff and harsh when completely dry. Send nonwashable gloves to a competent cleaner who cleans and blocks them, and reglazes kid ones.

• Important leather garments should be sent to the manufacturer or a cleaner who specializes in the care of leather at the end of the principal wearing season. Experts often work wonders in conditioning, redyeing or blocking leather for added wear.

• "Do's and don't's" to help you maintain leather things at their best. Do hang garments on padded hangers or stuff tissue into shoulders to keep natural shape. Don't use moth spray—it may harden and discolor leather. Moths like suede, but the best protection is to clean before storing. For storage, choose a cool, airy spot (not a dry attic or damp basement). Leather needs to breathe, so for protection choose a ventilated closet or generous-sized fabric garment bag—not a tight plastic one. Makeup, hair oils and perspiration produce some of the most permanent stains—so protect garments by wearing scarves or installing dress shields. When putting gloves away, use tissue wraps so colors won't be transferred. Handbags hold shape best when stuffed with tissue and laid on their sides. **END**

Do your stockings run before you walk?



On the back of every woman's heel there's a tiny, bony, rough skin area. We call it the Rolderma Pellotrop. Women call it names that would make a truck driver blush.

That little bony rough area has snagged millions...maybe billions of stockings.

If you've ever tried to get a stocking past this trouble spot and lost, you'll be happy to know that the Rolderma Pellotrop has finally met its match. Pretty Feet.

Pretty Feet wasn't made just to tame the Rolderma Pellotrop. Pretty Feet was made to give you just what the name says—pretty feet.

Pretty Feet is a pleasant roll off lotion.

Pour a little on your fingers every day of the week and rub it into your feet. Then see the rough, dead skin roll right off.

Soon you'll have beautiful feet that will be as smooth, as soft, and as sexy as the rest of you.

If you're genuinely interested in making the Rolderma Pellotrop the smoothest part of your body, we'll be happy to start you off with a free sample bottle of Pretty Feet.

Just write Pretty Feet, Dept. L6, Chemway Corp., Fairfield Road, Wayne, New Jersey.



We invented it because too many attractive women have unattractive feet.

Coooolcumbers

A little over 3,000 years ago, a thirsty shepherd wandered over a sweltering, dusty plain in northwestern India. As he dragged along he almost stumbled over a dark green, blimp-shaped gourd that the parching heat had not yet dried out. He picked it up, bit into it with a juicy crunch, and gleefully pronounced, "Cool" . . . or words to that effect.

We've been munching happily ever since. But not entirely with carefree abandon. Our grandmothers' cookbooks disapprovingly noted that "cucumbers have almost no nutritional value." Gasp! *We* say, with a satisfied chuckle, that cucumbers are so wonderfully low in calories that you could eat yourself almost silly without gaining a single ounce.

The old recipe books continue with pages of instructions, warning the foolish reader who would eat a cucumber to remove the peel, which is bitter. Then it *was* bitter. But no more. Horticulturists have bred cucumbers with skins so thin and sweet that we eat them deliberately, and with relish.

You'll find that cucumbers usually have a waxy coating, which should be thin. (Helps keep them fresh and firm.) Even though it's entirely edible, most people like to remove it with a quick dip in warm water and a bit of a rubdown. Peel or not as you like. Now plunge ahead into some of the quickest, coolest recipes ever dreamed up for a hot summer's day.



CUCUMBER-STRAND SALAD

Just for fun, we cut our cucumbers in spaghetti-like strands, as at Giovanni's famous restaurant in New York City. But if you haven't the time or inclination to cut them this way, then go ahead and slice them. But not too thickly, please!

4 large cucumbers
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ cup olive oil
½ cup cider vinegar
1 Tb. chopped chives

Peel 4 large, fat, straight cucumbers. Cut off the rounded ends to make a cylinder. Cut in half, making two shorter cylinders. With a long, sharp knife pare each cucumber cylinder into a long, continuous strip by cutting round and round until you reach the seeds. Go slowly; it takes a little practice to make the strip thin without breaking it. Discard the pulp. Roll up the strips jelly-roll fashion and slice very thin. You'll find yourself with long strands of cucumber that look like green spaghetti. Just before serving, toss with a dressing made from 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup olive oil, ½ cup cider vinegar and 1 tablespoon chopped chives. Serve chilled. Makes 6 servings.

CUCUMBER CHIPS

Serve these as hors d'oeuvres at your next party, and be prepared to give people the recipe. They'll surely ask!

3 medium cucumbers, unpeeled and sliced
2 eggs
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup packaged bread crumbs
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Oil for deep-fat frying

Slice 3 medium unpeeled cucumbers about ⅛ inch thick. Combine 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper in a shallow dish. Set aside. In paper bag combine 1 cup packaged bread crumbs and ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Working with a few slices at a time, dip cucumbers in egg, then shake in bag until completely coated. Continue until all slices are coated.

In a heavy skillet, heat ¼ inch cooking oil. Place coated cucumbers in skillet and fry until golden, about 2–3 minutes per side. Serves 10–12 as appetizer, 6 as vegetable.

COOL CANAPÉS

These canapés may be made with peeled or unpeeled cucumber. If you prefer unpeeled, you might like to run the tines of a fork down the length of the whole cucumber: when you slice it, the edges look scalloped.

2 large cucumbers
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
½ cup shredded carrots
½ cup finely chopped radishes
¼ cup finely chopped parsley
2 Tb. finely chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Cut 2 cucumbers in ½-inch slices. Chill. Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup sour cream, ½ cup shredded carrots, ½ cup finely chopped radishes, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Chill. Top cucumber slices with vegetable mixture. Use any extra vegetable mixture as a dip. Makes about 1½ cups.

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

Serve this cold and creamy soup as the prelude to a hot main dish. It's made in a jiffy with condensed cream of chicken soup, tastes homemade. To speed the chilling, pour soup into refrigerator trays and place in freezer about 10 to 15 minutes.

1 (10½-oz.) can condensed cream of chicken soup
1 soup can milk
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups finely chopped peeled cucumber (about 2 small cucumbers)
1 cup light cream
Nutmeg

In a medium saucepan, combine 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed cream of chicken soup, 1 soup can milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 1½ cups peeled, finely chopped cucumber. Heat slowly, stirring, until cucumber is lightly cooked (about 10 minutes). Chill thoroughly in refrigerator or freezer. Just before serving cucumber soup, stir in 1 cup chilled light cream. Garnish with thin, thin slices of cucumber sprinkled with a few grains of nutmeg. Serves 6–8.

GREEN BEANS IN CUCUMBER BOATS

Hollowed-out cucumbers make an edible dish for a simple green-bean salad with Italian dressing. Hollowed-out cucumber shells are charming bowls for cold sauces and relishes, too.

3 medium cucumbers
2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen French-style green beans
¼ cup Italian dressing
½ cup slivered toasted almonds

Halve 3 medium cucumbers lengthwise, scoop out pulp, leaving a thin shell. Discard seedy part; chop rest coarsely. Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen French-style green beans according to pkg. directions. Drain. Toss beans and chopped cucumber with ¼ cup Italian dressing and ½ cup slivered toasted almonds. Fill shells and chill. Serves 6.

CUCUMBER MOUSSE WITH A GARLAND OF WATERCRESS

Serve this as the entrée for a Sunday-evening supper, or as the first course of a more substantial meal. Perfect with fish or a lamb roast.

1 (3-oz.) pkg. lime-flavored gelatin
¾ cup hot water
¼ cup lemon juice
1 Tb. finely chopped fresh dill
1 Tb. finely chopped onion
1 cup sour cream
1 cup finely chopped peeled cucumber
1 bunch watercress (garnish)

(continued)

YESTERDAY...Only at the finest gourmet restaurants



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FOR THE FIRST TIME, thanks to Bernsteins'—the famous salad dressing people—your at-home dining can be graced by the authentic Green Goddess Dressing formerly available only at America's finest gourmet restaurants. A creamy taste-triumph with anchovies and chives, Green Goddess gives simple greens a heavenly touch. As a topping for sliced tomatoes, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, other vegetables, it's just—tops!

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FOUR OTHER WAYS TO TRANSFORM GREEN SALAD INTO BLUE HEAVEN.



COOOOLCUMBERS *Continued*

Dissolve 1 (3-oz.) pkg. lime-flavored gelatin in ¾ cup hot water. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh dill and 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion. Chill until mixture begins to set. Then stir in 1 cup sour cream and 1 cup finely chopped peeled cucumber. Beat thoroughly with rotary beater. Pour into 6 individual oiled soufflé dishes, or a 1-qt. oiled soufflé dish. Chill until firm. May be unmolded or served in the dish. In either case, garnish with watercress. Serves 6.

CUCUMBER SAUCE FOR FISH

This delicate and lovely sauce is a perfect accompaniment for almost any kind of baked, broiled, or poached fish.

- 1 cup finely chopped peeled cucumber (1 medium cucumber)
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tb. cider vinegar
- ⅓ cup heavy cream, whipped

To 1 cup finely chopped peeled cucumber add ½ teaspoon salt. Chill 1 hour. Drain and mix with 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cider vinegar. Just before serving, fold in ⅓ cup heavy cream, whipped. Makes 1 cup.

GRAPEFRUIT AND CUCUMBER SALAD

The epitome of freshness: icy grapefruit and cucumbers, served with a swoosh of tangy dressing.

- 3 small grapefruit
- 3 medium cucumbers
- 2 qt. ice water
- 2 Tb. salt
- 3 Tb. French dressing

Halve 3 small grapefruit. Using sharp scissors, cut out center membranes, leaving hole in center larger than usual. Loosen grapefruit sections with knife. Peel cucumbers, halve lengthwise and remove seeds, and dice. Marinate at least half an hour in 2 qt. ice water with 2 tablespoons salt. Drain well. Fill grapefruit halves with cucumber; top each with 1½ teaspoons French dressing. Serves 6.

DANISH OPEN-FACE SANDWICH

Here's a zippy open-face sandwich in the Danish manner. Cucumbers act as foil to the flavor of sardines and onions.

- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- ½ tsp. celery seed
- 6 slices pumpernickel bread
- 1 medium cucumber, peeled and sliced
- Salt
- 6 slices Bermuda onion
- 2 (4-oz.) cans sardines

Mix ¼ cup mayonnaise with ½ teaspoon celery seed. Spread equal portions of mayonnaise on 6 slices pumpernickel bread. Arrange 5–6 slices of cucumber on each slice of bread, making an attractive pattern. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Place a slice of Bermuda onion on each sandwich. Top with pieces of sardine from 2 (4-oz.) cans. Makes 6 sandwiches.

CUCUMBER-TOMATO SAUTÉ

An easy last-minute dish to serve with hamburgers, a rotisserie chicken or leftover roast lamb.

- 2 large unpeeled cucumbers
- 2 small onions, sliced
- 2 Tb. butter or margarine
- 1½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 (1-lb.) can tomatoes, drained and coarsely chopped

Sauté 2 large unpeeled cucumbers, sliced, and 2 small onions, sliced, in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for about



m-m-m-more seasoning per shake

More of the finest herbs and spices per sprinkle. Get seasoning salt from the people who practically invented seasoning—

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4 minutes, or until softened. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a 1-lb. can tomatoes, drained and coarsely chopped. Mix well. Heat only until tomatoes are thoroughly heated through. Serves 4–6.

CUCUMBERS IN ORANGE SAUCE

The fruity, tropical flavor of this recipe hints at its Puerto Rican origin. Makes a good accompaniment for the peppery, spicy food of the Caribbean and of Mexico.

2 large cucumbers
1 tsp. salt
1½ Tb. cornstarch
1 cup orange juice
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¾ tsp. salt
1½ Tb. grated orange rind
1 tsp. white vinegar

Slice 2 large unpeeled cucumbers ½ inch thick. Place in saucepan with water to cover, and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; cook 1 minute. Turn off heat; let stand 8 minutes. Drain. Meanwhile, smooth 1½ tablespoons cornstarch into 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir into 1 cup orange juice. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture starts to boil. Remove from heat and add ¾ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons grated orange rind and 1 teaspoon white vinegar. Reheat for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Do *not* boil. Pour over cooked, drained cucumbers. Serves 6.

BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS

Substantial enough for a main dish at lunch; a savory foil to plain broiled meat at dinnertime. And they bake in only 25 minutes.

3 large cucumbers
1½ cups packaged bread crumbs
¼ lb. bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
¼ cup finely chopped onion
2 Tb. finely chopped parsley
¼ cup mushrooms, sauteed and chopped
½ tsp. salt
Dash pepper
2 beaten eggs
2 Tb. butter or margarine

Halve 3 large cucumbers lengthwise; remove pulp with spoon and throw away seedy part. Chop rest of pulp and combine with 1½ cups dry bread crumbs, ¼ lb. bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup chopped, sautéed mushrooms, ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and 2 beaten eggs. Fill cucumber shells. Dot top of each with 1 teaspoon butter or margarine. Bake, covered, at 350° for 25 minutes. Serves 6.

TROPICAL DESSERT

Cucumbers for dessert? With a honey-lemon dressing? You'll be surprised—they taste remarkably like honeydew melon, go beautifully into a dessert salad.



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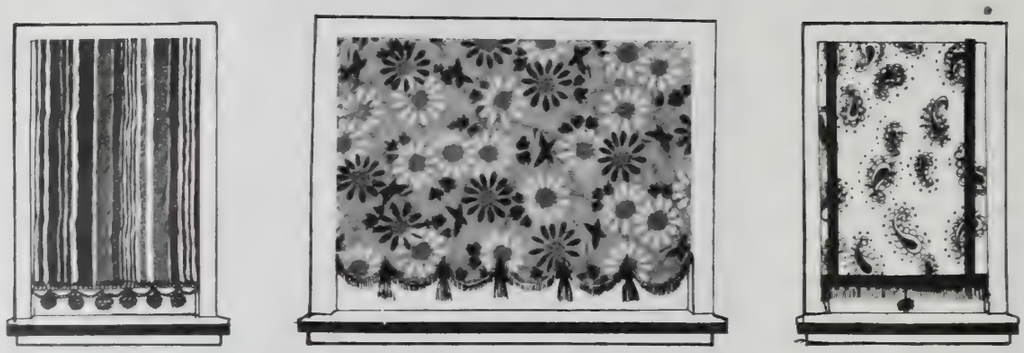
1 large ripe pineapple
3 oranges
1 red apple, unpeeled and diced
2 medium cucumbers, peeled and diced
2 Tb. lemon juice
1 cup honey
½ cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup lemon juice

Cut off top and bottom of a large ripe pineapple. Remove all fruit from shell. Core and coarsely dice half of pineapple; save rest in the refrigerator for later use. Place pineapple shell back together; set aside.

Cut 3 oranges in half. Remove pulp and save shells. Combine orange pulp, diced pineapple, 1 red apple, unpeeled and diced, and 2 medium cucumbers, peeled and diced. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and mix well. Chill.

Meanwhile, combine in a small saucepan 1 cup honey, ½ cup chopped walnuts and ¼ cup lemon juice. Heat to blend. Chill.

When ready to serve, place part of fruit mixture in pineapple shell, using a slotted spoon. Place remaining fruit mixture in orange shells and use to surround pineapple on serving platter. Spoon honey-walnut-lemon dressing over individual portions. Serves 6–8. **END**



WINDOW DRESSING

Colorful fabric shades to dress the windows of any room are easily made at home

By ALICE KASTBERG

Fabric window shades—patterned, striped or plain—to match another fabric used in a room are popular today. They are, of course, available through decorators and stores, but can easily be made at home. Things to remember:

Fabrics that have been treated to resist moisture and stains and are unglazed make the best shades.

Choose your fabric in a medium or light weight. The longer and wider the window, the lighter weight it should be in order to roll easily once it's made into the shade.

Fabric must be of a width that will allow at least ¾ of an inch at each side for hems, preferably without seaming, since this also prevents easy rolling.

To length of window area to be covered, add four inches to cover hem at bottom and space at top to tack or staple fabric to roller.

If shade is to be hung *inside* window opening, deduct ⅞ of an inch from the width of window opening to allow for clearance when the shade is hung.

If shade is to be hung *outside*, cut to desired width, allowing for side hems. Stitch hems on machine or by hand. Now is the time to add trims of embroidery, rickracks, tapes, braids or ball fringes.

Use old shade roller and slat, or buy new ones at hardware o variety stores. Tack or staple fab ric to the roller, making sure tha it hangs evenly. Turn up botton hem 1½ inches and sew a pocke for the shade slat. Insert slat anc add a shade pull, a curtain ring o even a crocheted cord and tassel

Brand new on the market anc tested by us is a product that gives a professional glaze to fabrics used for shades and which keeps them fresh and clean far longer. It is called Make-a-Shade Spray and is made by Shade Specialties Ltd There is enough in the aerosol can to do two average-size window shades. It costs about $3. END

J

See! Today's Cascade stops spots before they start!



Some dishwasher detergents allow water drops to form on dishes. These drops dry into ugly spots!



Today's Cascade has Chlorosheen to make water rinse off in clear sheets. Drops don't form, so dishes dry spotless!

You discover how beautifully spotfree your dishes can be when you discover today's Cascade! No more ugly spots. No more towel touch-ups. Just sparkling dishes you're proud to take straight from your dishwasher to your table! Only today's Cascade has Chlorosheen to stop spots before they start! Its amazing "sheeting action" lets dishes dry spotless! Cascade actually *protects* fine china patterns. More women prefer it. Every dishwasher maker approves it. Today's Cascade—wow!



WHAT EVERY MOTHER OWES HER CHILD

continued from page 69

morning she arrived at their house with the smell of alcohol on her breath, and so the young parents had to dismiss her, too. In despair, the wife gave up her job and remained at home. She had always thought their marriage would survive any crisis, because the two of them could fight it together. Now, suddenly, her husband faced a nightmare of debt and uncertainty, and she felt too frightened by her recent experiences to help him. They were both convinced that if she worked, she would be risking the welfare of their child. . . .

In a small town in New Jersey, three neatly dressed children with big eyes that are too old for their faces are doing their best to bring themselves up during the long empty hours when they're not in school. The eldest—a girl of eight—is in charge of her brothers, six and seven. She fixes lunch for them and makes sure that they look both ways before crossing the street. After school, they simply wait for their mother to come home.

Their father is in Vietnam—and the children are very proud of his picture, in the uniform with his new corporal's stripes. Their mother struggled along on his Army paycheck for as long as she could—and then tried working at home as a dressmaker. She is a gifted seamstress, but she just couldn't get enough work to help pay the bills. Finally, she took a job at a small dress factory, a few miles from their home. She leaves early in the morning, so that she can be back soon after the children get home from school.

If one of the youngsters gets sick, the mother calls on a neighbor for help. If one gets into a street fight with another child, a policeman may settle it.

The mother writes to her GI husband every night: "We're getting along OK. Don't worry." But she is too devoted a mother to stop worrying herself.

It is ironic—and terrifying—that a need as basic as organized day care should still be unanswered in a country that is supposed to believe that nothing is too much, too good, or too soon, so long as it is for our children. But the need is, literally, a crying one. There are, today, nearly a million American children under age 14 who have no adult supervision, care or protection for part or all of their waking hours. There are over 10 million additional children who are entrusted, for part or all of every day, to a haphazard assortment of relatives, baby-sitters, maids or older children, while their mothers and fathers work, take part in community affairs, or attend to the complicated business of shopping for and maintaining a home.

Some of these part-time caretakers are loving and capable, but far too many are indifferent, ignorant or overburdened. And nearly all are shockingly unqualified for the responsibility they bear. One fifth of all U.S. children in this age group are in their charge.

Finally, there are the uncounted millions of "fortunate" children, cared for daily by their own parents, in comfortable homes. Yet even they often receive only a fraction of the full, rich experience that ought to be as freely available as sunshine and fresh water to every modern American child. These are the children of devoted mothers who are trying to cope with more youngsters than they possibly can. They must constantly chauffeur most or all of their offspring from home to supermarket, to laundromat, to doctor's office, rarely questioning whether this nomad's life is the best—or even an acceptable—way for a child to spend what should be the most challenging years of his life; rarely able to devote enough time and love to the older children while the younger one clamors for attention.

This crisis in American family care has not crept up silently. Six years ago, the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor called a national conference to alert the public to the urgency of the need, and 400 concerned people, representing powerful social agencies, women's organizations, education and health agencies went to Washington to sound the alarm.

The late John F. Kennedy, then President-elect, sent a message to the conferees, warning that failure to reach the New Frontier in child care and family service would risk "permanent damage to the emotional and moral character" of all American children. The extent of the emergency, he declared, six years ago, was "a cause for serious national concern."

Equally strong statements came from every recognized authority on family life and child development. The director of the Child Welfare League of America said that continued neglect of this enormous, and still growing, problem actually endangered the lives of children and the welfare of the community.

And Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, chief of the U.S. Children's Bureau, revealed that while the United States dragged its feet in the task of shaping an organized national program of child care to meet the new needs of the 20th-century family, virtually every nation in the world was busy establishing such a program, recognizing it as a vital part of the first step in becoming a modern society.

These concerned U.S. leaders demanded a new social service in every community to be designed as a permanent supplement to strengthen family life. Under this new system, every child would receive such supplementary care—throughout childhood—according to his own needs and those of his parents. There would be a stable, central source of services—a licensed child-development center, whose flexible staff and schedule would offer full day care, temporary care, after-school care—all provided by trained, qualified specialists in every phase of child development. Each community would establish and maintain its own centers, with support from parent fees, Federal as well as local and state funds, and, if necessary, with donations from voluntary agencies. Regardless of the source of funds, the centers would be supervised, licensed and maintained by each community for all its citizens, just as it provides schools, water and protection from crime.

Work must begin at once to establish such centers, the authorities agreed—six years ago. Now it is 1966. The crisis in child care has worsened. The number of alarmed authorities has grown. Some 1,200 of them attended another national conference in Washington last year. Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson sent them a message stating that the citizens of America had no more important duty than the task of shaping a bold new approach to child-care services. Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.), an earnest and early leader of the child-care movement, said there is no cause more important to the Great Society than the cause of the child.

Why, then, has nothing happened? Why doesn't every U.S. community now have a system of bustling *(continued)*



day-care centers? One important answer is that American *parents* have not yet demanded this birthright. Many do not even know how much it is needed.

Vermont child-care authorities told the *Journal* of typical families who urgently need supplementary help from a good day-care program:

Mrs. J.F., a mother of four young children—all born one year apart. There is no household help. Mrs. J.F. is a conscientious homemaker, who works hard at her household tasks. They live in a large, rambling 10-room house. Mrs. J.F. spends most of her day cleaning, marketing and cooking for her large family. The children usually follow her from room to room as she works. Those who do not join this procession are allowed to watch television. A popular TV commercial for a fruit product shows a picture of a zebra. Mrs. J.F.'s children are so saturated with TV that when her eldest child, an intelligent boy, became ready for public school, he was shown a picture of a zebra, was asked what it was—and identified it as "some kind of fruit."

Mrs. R.D. is an outstanding member of her suburban community, active in church affairs, the P.T.A., and other civic projects. Her seven-year-old daughter attends public school; her four-year-old son is at home with her. Until last year, Mrs. R.D. took him along with her on her various errands and missions, including club meetings and marketing expeditions. Finally she decided it would be better to enroll him in a private day nursery. The place she chose appeared suitable. Later, however, it turned out that the children were not permitted to have their lunch in the attractive home where the facility was housed. They ate instead in an adjoining garage, which was filthy. And when her son was guilty of mild misbehavior, his caretakers punished him by making him wear girl's clothes.

In other, less affluent areas the damage is more devastating.

Mr. and Mrs. William Andrews live in Detroit, Mich. They have a small house of their own just outside the city. For years, Mr. Andrews was a railroad fireman. Then he got laid off. They had three young sons—Chick, nine, Philip, seven, and Bart, six. Mr. Andrews took the only job he could find: driving a cab. But he could not make enough money to meet their bills and satisfy their creditors.

Mrs. Andrews decided to help. She is an attractive woman, but looks far older than her 32 years. She has been forever striving to reach the middle-income bracket—and never quite reaching it. The disappointment is showing.

But there is no mistaking her devotion to her children. "My kids come first," she says, softly but firmly. "Much as I hated to leave them, I just had to. We needed the money more."

Her husband is a pleasant, outgoing man. There is gray at his temples but a great deal of sparkle left in his eyes. He has just turned 40. "I didn't want Marge to go to work," he says, "but there was nothing else we could do. We were up to here in debt. And we figured, well, the kids are all in school now, they're real good kids, and they can look after themselves after school."

So Chick, Philip and Bart became "latchkey" children. They carried their housekey in their pocket or on a string about their necks. Their school was only a few short blocks from home. Their mother worked from noon to six, and their father could come home about four. So it seemed the kids would not suffer because their parents worked.

But one rainy day, the three boys returned home from school, and decided to play ball in the small, cluttered basement of their home. Chick, the eldest, was at bat. He concentrated on hitting a softball into a box set up at the other end of the basement. When his younger brother pitched the ball, he swung, and connected—but not before his bat hit the metal pipe of a hot-water heater. The hot steam poured out, scalding him. His younger brothers ran to his aid, becoming scalded in turn.

All three fled from the basement, screaming for help. All were taken to the local hospital and treated for severe burns. It was lucky that they survived.

The horror stories are endless—stories of accidents, boredom, neglect, unqualified supervision in unlicensed homes (which are common even in the "nicest" communities). They are rarely stories of cruel parents, of cold mothers—although those exist, too; and the children who are dutifully "cared for" by an unloving mother may be the most deprived of all.

There are also many stories of devoted young parents trying desperately—and vainly—to find their own answers to this overwhelming problem.

In Brooklyn Heights, N.Y., Harry and Gloria Grant discovered that resourcefulness is not enough.

The Grants live in an old-fashioned brownstone house. Mr. Grant holds a full-time job writing for trade publications. Evenings and weekends, he writes poetry and fiction to make his reputation in these fields. Both he and his wife are college graduates. Both are in their late 20's. They have three children: Bart is five, Marsha is three and a half, and Jeannie is a year old.

Before Jeannie was born, Mrs. Grant gave a few hours each week to helping other children as a School Volunteer. Her task required only an occasional absence from the home—from 10 in the morning until one in the afternoon, once or twice a week. "I felt I was doing something worthwhile," she remarks. "It seemed to do something for me, as a mother, to work with these less fortunate youngsters. It seemed to redouble my enthusiasm for homemaking and motherhood. My children, thank heaven, were well adjusted and seemed to enjoy their brief opportunity each week to get away from Mama."

But leaving them in charge of the Grants' cleaning woman did not prove satisfactory. Mrs. Grant says: "The cleaning woman had four children of her own, whom she left with a neighbor to enable her to work here. And she was always getting phone calls—one child became ill, another had a fight, another got himself hurt in an accident—so that she had to rush back home."

Mrs. Grant then tried joining a "pool" of mothers for temporary care of her children. Most of these mothers did not work, but required occasional time off from the endless demands of mothering and housework. Simultaneously, their children welcomed the chance for some healthy freedom of their own.

The mother "pool" worked well on paper. A different mother acted as secretary each month, shifting children from one to another mother (there were 30 members) for temporary care. The children would be brought to the house of the mother on duty. But Mrs. Grant reports: "One or another of our children is always getting sick. We can't really depend on each other." The secretary idea proved undependable. And the "pool" is useless for the full-time working mother because, as Mrs. Grant says, "You have to pay this thing back. And how *can* you if you hold a full-time job?" Even at best, such arrangements provide merely custodial care. "We'd all prefer *constructive* supplementary care for our children, but where can you find it?"

The answer, clearly, lies in claiming our long-denied family birthright. To do it, we must begin a hard, intensive fight for a new national program of child-care services. Every authority agrees that such a program is urgent. Every mother should care. It is not a matter, even, of helping "other people's children." For these children are ours. **END**

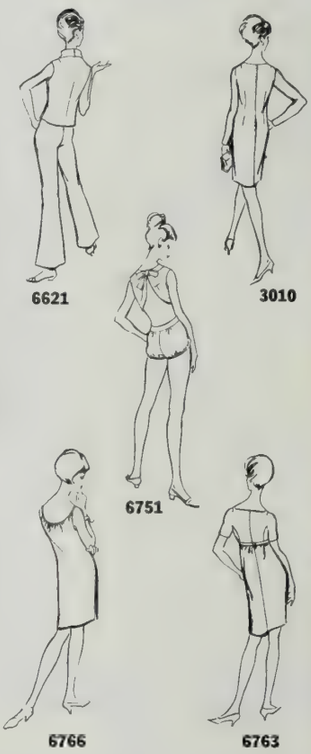
(This is the first of a series of articles on the day-care problem.)



"Don't call him to the phone. Just ask him what he had for lunch."

PATTERN BACKVIEWS

see pages 84–85



VOGUE 6621 Blouse and pants, 10–16; $1.50. Blouse and pants require 3⅞ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 3010 "Easy to Make" basic dress, 10–20; $1.50. Long-sleeved dress requires 2⅛ yards of 49-in. fabric without nap for size 14.

VOGUE 6751 Playsuit, 10–16; $2.00. Playsuit requires 1⅛ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. Banding requires 1¼ yards.

VOGUE 6766 "Easy to Make" dress, 10–18; $1.50. Dress requires 1⅞ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14. Neckline trim uses 2½ yards ribbon.

VOGUE 6763 Dress, 10–16; $1.50. Dress requires 2⅛ yards of 45-in. fabric without nap, size 14.

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continued from page 96

any further evidence to be offered by either side?"

"The plaintiff rests," Brackman said.

"I assume, Mr. Willow, that you will want to argue your motion to dismiss."

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Well, perhaps we can be ready to do that tomorrow morning. I'll reserve any rulings until then."

"May we consider the case closed for all other purposes, Your Honor?"

"Yes," McIntyre said. "The case is closed for all purposes other than the submission of conclusions of law, findings of fact, and argument."

The rain stopped at midnight, just as they came out of the movie theater. They walked up Broadway together, Ebie's arm through his, relishing the noise and the clamor of New York City. Under the marquee of the Astor, a crowd of people in formal wear stood laughing and chatting, trying to get taxis, obviously enjoying themselves. Music came from a hidden ballroom. Ebie's face broke into a grin.

"Come," she said, taking his hand.

They went through the lobby, searching out the source of the music. She raised her arms, and Driscoll cradled her waist, and they began dancing in the corridor. They danced past two old ladies in gloves and hats, who looked at them in wonder. The old ladies delighted him, their looks of astonishment, the way the one in the purple hat opened her eyes wide to express shock, outrage, surprise, even a little touch of wickedness. He felt, when things were right, as they were now, a happiness he had known only once before with Ebie, when they were first married, just before he left for the Army.

They seemed to float an inch above the floor. One of the old ladies was laughing now, all the world loves a lover, the world would soon be dancing with them, dancing and singing, for James Randolph Driscoll and Edna Belle Dearborn were in love.

Had been in love, he thought.

As suddenly as they had begun dancing, they stopped. Out of breath, Ebie laughed and squeezed his hand.

October, 1950, he thought. He tried to remember what it had been like before then, and wondered how it could ever be that way again. They walked to the elevators in silence.

I got a medal in October of 1950, he thought. It was pinned right between my eyes, and I'm still wearing it.

"Oh, my, that was fun," Ebie said.

They entered the waiting elevator. The doors closed. The car streaked up the shaft, cables whining and groaning.

I wrote all about my medal in a book called *The Paper Dragon*, perhaps you've read it, madam. It's about the Korean War, yes, and about this nice young man who is victimized by these horrible people who eventually cause his death, a symbolic death, madam. Oh, yes, an *actual* death in the book, but really symbolic—as I testified today.

I wanted only to die quietly on that farm I bought in Vermont, so why did you have to come along, Mr. Constantine? Why did you have to start this ridiculous suit, opening all the old wounds again, why, Mr. Constantine?

The elevator doors opened. They stepped out into the corridor, and walked to their room. At the door, she put her hand on his arm. "Dris," she said, "there's still a chance."

"For what? The case is closed except for tomorrow's speeches."

"There's something to save," she whispered. "Us."

"Don't make me laugh."

"When you were discharged, when you came home, you tried to understand."

"I tried to understand for eleven years. I never could, Ebie. So forget it; I have."

"You haven't forgotten it, you've only exorcised it by writing a book about it."

"I wrote a book about the Army."

"Dris, if you won't tell them the truth, I will." He saw that there were tears in her eyes. "I'll tell them about the 105th," she said.

He stared at her.

"I know," she said. "I know it's not a hundred and five. I know it's two numbers, Dris. I know it's a ten and a five, and I know why and I'll tell them why."

"And kill me twice," he said.

FRIDAY Willow rose from behind the defense table, a tall and impressive figure. Speaking softly, he said, "If your Honor please, the plaintiff has alleged that James Driscoll freely copied from the play *Catchpole* when he was writing his novel *The Paper Dragon*. But the plaintiff has testified that he has no proof that Driscoll actually possessed the manuscript, or even that he saw the play before writing his book. The entire case, therefore, rests on alleged similarities between the works.

"There are large sums of money involved here, Your Honor, but there is more than money; I speak now of the reputation of an extremely talented writer, James Driscoll. I believe with all my heart that he has done nothing to warrant this charge of plagiarism."

He turned to look at the jury box. Driscoll, reading his face and his eyes, knew that Willow did not believe a word of what he had just said. The knowledge startled him. He glanced at Ebie and saw that she was sitting with her hands gripping the pocketbook in her lap.

Driscoll stopped listening. When Willow finished, and Genitori rose to speak, he hardly noticed. He knew that Ebie had sensed the hollowness of Willow's praise, and he was troubled to see her fingers working nervously on her handbag, fastening and unfastening the clasp, a small, deadly click punctuating Genitori's words, ". . . spend this Court's time in repeating it now" *click* "respected and honored film director" *click* "inconceivable to imagine he had need for copying any of the plaintiff's paltry work" *click*.

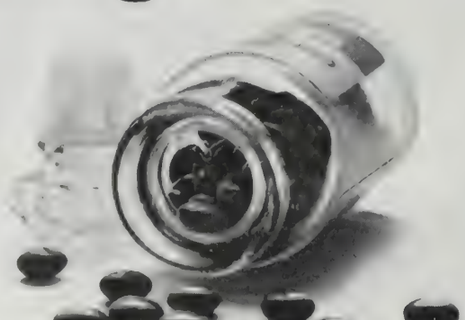
Sidney Brackman took a long while getting up from his chair. He turned to look first at Willow, and then at Genitori, and then he looked up at McIntyre. "Your Honor, I do not believe *any* of the similarities between Mr. Constantine's play and Mr. Driscoll's novel are insignificant. Mr. Driscoll has claimed that *The Paper Dragon* is autobiographical, and then when pressed to tell us just how it is autobiographical, he can tell us only that he *invented* most of the incidents. And so we come to what I earlier called the thief's fingerprints, the labeling of the 105th Division."

A silence fell over the courtroom. Driscoll heard the click of Ebie's handbag once again. She was straining forward in her seat, her eyes on Brackman, her mouth drawn into a narrow line.

"The 105th Division," Brackman repeated. "Here, Your Honor, I do not think there can be any question of coincidence. Mr. Driscoll picked three digits at random, one-oh-five, and they just happened to correspond with those in the play *Catchpole*. Now, Your Honor, that is *too* much to believe ——"

Ebie rose.

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She rose silently, her hands tightly clutching her pocketbook, and looked up at the judge. "Your Honor," she said softly, "may I talk to Mr. Willow?"

There was, for perhaps thirty seconds, total silence in the courtroom. Brackman did not object, although any interruption of his summation was forbidden and in fact unthinkable. Willow made no motion to recess, even though his client's wife had just asked if she could talk to him. The silence was complete. The lawyers looked toward the bench, where McIntyre squinted in consternation. At last he said, "This Court will recess for ten minutes."

They returned to the courtroom at four minutes past eleven. McIntyre called the three attorneys to the bench, where they stood ranged before him, Willow, Brackman and Genitori. "Your Honor," Willow said, "I would like to make application to reopen the case, to submit additional testimony."

"Mr. Brackman?"

"Your Honor," Brackman said, "any additional testimony from the defendant at this point, after I've almost completed my summation, could only be injurious to my case. I respectfully submit ——"

"That may be so, Mr. Brackman. . . . Mr. Willow, I have never had anything like this happen to me before."

"I believe we could find precedent for it, Your Honor."

"Yes, I'm sure we could, Mr. Willow," McIntyre said, "especially if we looked at Section thirty-one forty-five of the *Cyclopedia of Federal Procedure*."

"Your Honor, I'm not familiar with that section."

"I *am*, Mr. Willow. The section states, Mr. Willow, that even after testimony has been entirely closed, the Court may receive additional evidence in its own discretion. I would like to remind you, however, that such additional testimony cannot be allowed for light reasons."

"Your Honor," Willow said, "I believe this testimony to be exceedingly important, and I know the record would be incomplete without it."

"Well," McIntyre said flatly, "I will reopen the case. Mr. Brackman, you can make a new summation later, if you so desire. Call your witness, Mr. Willow."

"Edna Belle Driscoll," Willow said.

Ebie rose hesitantly, looked plaintively at her husband, and walked to where the clerk was waiting.

"Edna Belle Driscoll, you do solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give to the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do," Ebie said.

Her voice was very low. She moved to the witness chair, looked up at the judge, and turned away as Willow approached.

"Mrs. Driscoll," he said, "are you familiar with the novel *The Paper Dragon?*"

"I am."

"Then surely you are familiar with the nurse in the book, the woman called Lieutenant Jan Reardon."

"Yes, I'm familiar with her."

"Mrs. Driscoll, was the relationship between you and your husband similar to the relationship between Lieutenant Alex Cooper and Jan Reardon in the novel *The Paper Dragon?*"

"It was our story. Dris's and mine."

"Dris?"

"Yes, my husband."

"Is that what you normally call him?"

"It is what I've always called him."

"What does the nurse call Cooper in *The Paper Dragon?*"

"Coop."

"Your Honor," Brackman said, "it seems to me now that Mr. Willow is introducing Mrs. Driscoll's testimony as that of an expert on the novel *The Paper Dragon*, and I must object to this."

"Your Honor," Willow said, "I am introducing her testimony as that of an expert on what actually happened between her and her husband beginning in the year 1947 and ending October of 1950. I don't think, Your Honor, that I'm going to have to elicit too many responses to show what *The Paper Dragon* was all about."

"Overruled. Go on, Mr. Willow."

"If I understand you correctly, Mrs. Driscoll, you are saying that the events in *The Paper Dragon* parallel certain *real* events. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Can you give us any examples?"

"Well . . . for . . . for example, when Dris and I first met, I thought he was just a fresh kid, he was younger than I, you know, and a first-year student, so I tried to discourage him, but he kept insisting, said he was going to be a famous artist one day. And the same thing happens in the book. When the lieutenant first gets to Korea, he's sort of a . . . a brash person, and he tries to get friendly with this nurse, and they have this terrible argument, (*continued*)

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*IN OUR SOMEWHAT BIASED OPINION

and he tells her she'll be sorry because he's going to be a hero."

"Is the character Peter Colman based on anyone you or your husband knew?"

"Yes, a boy who used to live upstairs from us on Myrtle Avenue."

"What was his name?"

"Peter Malcom."

"Was Peter Malcom a homosexual?"

"No, he was not."

"The character Peter Colman in your husband's book is a homosexual. How do you explain this discrepancy?"

"Your Honor," Brackman said, rising, "it seems we are calling upon Mrs. Driscoll to speculate on her *husband's* intent. I don't see how she can possibly explain why or how her husband happened to conceive a character ——"

"I can tell you *exactly*," Ebie said.

"Your Honor, I have made an objection," Brackman said.

"Yes, Mr. Brackman. The objection is overruled."

"Mrs. Driscoll?"

"I was going to say . . . I was only going to say that Dris was very jealous of Peter and so he . . . he . . ."

"Yes, Mrs. Driscoll?"

"He first conceived of the character as just a . . . a man, you know, and then later he decided to make the character less of a man, a homosexual. Because, as I say, he was very jealous of him."

"In other words, Mrs. Driscoll, is it correct to say that *The Paper Dragon* is based on your husband's courtship of you, and subsequent marriage to you, and his jealousy of a real person?"

"Yes, and other things as well. It's *his* book. It's him."

"Thank you, Mrs. Driscoll."

"Is that all?" Brackman said.

"That's all," Willow said.

Brackman walked slowly toward the witness stand. Suddenly frightened, Ebie turned to look at her husband. He was staring straight ahead.

"Mrs. Driscoll, are you aware that your husband has testified the name 'Colman'—the name he gave his lieutenant—was a literary pun?"

"Yes."

"Yet you have just told us that your husband based his fictitious character upon a real person named Peter Malcom. Mrs. Driscoll, which of you are we to believe?"

"There *was* a real Peter Malcom. There *is* a real Peter Malcom."

"Do you think your husband simply *forgot* about Peter Malcom? You just testified that he was jealous of him. So how could he have forgotten him?"

"I didn't say he forgot him."

"You *did* say he was jealous of him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because Peter and I were good friends. He was a very troubled person, you see, he was having difficulty getting the kind of acting roles he wanted and . . . I would offer encouragement to him, I would listen to him."

"So your husband became jealous of him. Did Peter Malcom ever conceive a murder plot against your husband?"

"No, of course not."

"Yet Peter Colman in the novel does exactly that. How do you explain it, Mrs. Driscoll?"

"The lieutenant kills *himself*. He sacrifices himself."

"But only because he recognizes Colman's plot."

"Yes."

"But you've just testified that this real man, Peter Malcom, never plotted against your husband's life. Was there ever any trouble between them?"

"Dris didn't like him and . . . he . . . he wouldn't have him in the house. Or speak to him."

"Did *you* speak to him?"

"Peter? Yes, of course. You can't just turn your back on someone, you can't just let them get lost or . . . or hurt."

"I see." Brackman sighed. "Mrs. Driscoll, was there anything in your husband's past to suggest the 105th Division?"

"No," Ebie answered quickly.

"Nothing at all? I was really hoping, Mrs. Driscoll, that you could clear up the mystery for us, since you seem to have cleared up so many of the other troubling points. It seems, however, that the thief's fingerprints are still very much in ——"

"Don't say that," Ebie warned. "My husband didn't steal anyone's work!"

"Then perhaps he told you how he hit upon that number, Mrs. Driscoll, if not by seeing it on the stage?"

Ebie hesitated.

"Do you *know*, Mrs. Driscoll?"

"Yes, I know," she whispered.

"If you indeed know," Brackman said wearily, "will you tell us?"

"Yes." She looked at Driscoll. He was still staring directly ahead of him. "The . . . the number isn't a . . . it isn't a hundred and five."

"Oh? What is it then?"

"It's . . . it's two numbers. It's a ten and . . . and a five."

"I see," Brackman said. "Mrs. Driscoll, perhaps you'd like to tell us the difference between a ten and a five in sequence, and the number a hundred and five."

"The ten and the five are a date."

"What?" Brackman said.

"A date. It's ten slant five. October fifth."

"October fifth," Brackman said musingly. "Of any particular year, Mrs. Driscoll?"

"Nineteen-fifty," Ebie said. She was watching her husband, but he would not turn to meet her glance.

"October of 1950, I see," Brackman said. "October fifth in the year 1950. And what does that date commemorate? An anniversary, perhaps? Were you married on October fifth?"

"No."

"Was it your birthday?"

"No."

"Then what was it, Mrs. Driscoll? Why did your husband attach such importance to this number, which you are now telling us is a date, ten slant five, and not *really* a hundred and five?"

"October fifth was the date on a letter I . . . a letter to my husband in Korea."

"Did you write your husband many letters while he was in Korea?"

"Yes."

"But he took the date from this one letter, is that it?"

"October fifth."

"Yes, that's quite clear. Did you also write to him on October second, perhaps, or October fourth ——"

"Every day."

"But this particular letter was the one he ——"

"You . . . you asked if it was some kind of an anniversary."

"What?"

"It was," Ebie said. "It was the anniversary of the . . . the death of our marriage, the death he wrote about in his novel. He . . . he labeled his division the 105th as . . . as another one of his little jokes, a reminder that I had written my letter on the . . . the fifth of October . . . the letter that . . . that told what . . . what ——"

"I think you have answered the question," Brackman said. He seemed suddenly alarmed. He turned from her swiftly and said, "Your Honor, I have no further—— "

"I would like to hear the witness," McIntyre said.

"Your Honor ——"

"You interrupted the witness before she had concluded her answer, and I would like to hear the rest of that answer now," McIntyre said. "Go on, Mrs. Driscoll."

She nodded, watching Driscoll, who would not turn to meet her gaze.

"Mrs. Driscoll?"

"I wrote the letter because I loved him," she said. "I wrote it to explain."

She fell silent again.

"I wrote and asked him to understand that I was . . . telling him only because I love him and . . . didn't want a lie between us for the rest of our lives. I asked him please to understand."

She kept staring intently at her husband, but still he would not look at her. She lowered her head so that the judge would not see her tears. She did not raise her head again until she began speaking once more, and then she did so only to look at her husband. The tears streamed down her face while she talked, but she did not take her eyes from her husband, who never looked at her once during her long speech.

"I wrote to him because I had to tell him. We had . . . we had been married that April, you see, and this was only September, the end of September. The truth was terrible, I *knew* it was terrible . . . but . . . in his book he described it as a plot to murder him, a . . . a theft of his life, his . . . his manhood. It was never any of those things, only something that . . . one night . . . happened. We . . . I was upstairs in his apartment; I shouldn't have gone up when he asked me to. But I was lonely, Dris was gone, and he . . . he seemed so troubled . . . so in need . . . we talked . . . we . . . no, nothing explains it, nothing *can* explain it. It happened. I was twenty-two years old, and my husband was fighting a war in Korea, and I . . . I went to bed with Peter Malcom.

"I didn't love him, but I went to bed with him. So simple. At first I thought I could forget what I'd done. I'd always believed, you see, I'd been taught to believe it wasn't shameful to . . . to love someone. But . . . this wasn't love, no. The only man I ever loved was in Korea. I . . . I continued to write to him, for almost a week, lie after lie after lie, and then . . . then I couldn't bear it any longer, I had to tell him the truth or allow the lies to destroy our marriage. Instead . . . it was the truth that destroyed it.

"So . . . so you see the ten and the five are the date on that letter, October fifth was when I wrote it, and the man in my husband's book is Peter Malcom who . . . who made love to me . . . and . . . and . . . and I . . . the nurse in the book is only me, and the . . . the lieutenant is my husband, who . . . who testified in this courtroom yesterday that their love and their future are lost because of a single thoughtless act—isn't that what he said here yesterday?—their love . . . is ruined because of a deception that . . . that causes a man to get killed. That's . . . I don't think that's Mr. Constantine's play. I don't think even Mr. Constantine can believe that's his play. My husband's book, you see, is about . . . about *us*, you see. That's what his book is about. And . . . I . . . I have nothing else to say."

The courtroom was silent.

"Mr. Brackman, do you have any further questions?"

"No questions, Your Honor."

Again, there was silence.

"Very well," the judge said. "Thank you, Mrs. Driscoll."

Ebie rose, and wiped her eyes. She walked to the jury box. Her husband did not turn toward her as she sat.

"Mr. Brackman," McIntyre said, "I'll allow you to change or add to your summation now, if you wish. Or, if you feel you need time for preparation in light of this additional testimony, we can set a date."

"I have nothing to add to what I have already said, Your Honor."

"Anything else, gentlemen?" McIntyre asked. "Very well. It's my intention now to reserve decision on the motions and on the entire case until such time as I can render the opinion a case of such gravity warrants. Thank you, gentlemen."

The judge rose.

Everyone in the courtroom rose when he did, and then watched in silence as he walked to the door on his right, nodded briefly as it was opened for him, and went into his chambers.

James Driscoll did not call his uncle until eleven o'clock. He did not know why he was calling unless it was because he and Ebie were leaving (*continued*)

Journal Shopping Center

INDOOR CAMP-OUT
pages 76-77

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THE GO-CARTS
pages 86-87

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THE GREAT AMERICAN STEAK
page 102

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for Vermont in the morning, and Vermont was more distant from Fort Lauderdale than New York City. His uncle's voice was just as he remembered it, gravelly, with a hint of a brogue.

"Hello, Uncle Benny," he said, "this is Jimmy."

"Jimmy? Jimbo? Where are you, Jimbo? Are you in Florida?"

"No, no, I'm in New York."

"Hey, Vera, it's my nephew," Uncle Benny shouted. "Hey, how are you, Jimbo?"

"I'm fine, Uncle Benny."

"Good, good. . . . *Vera*," he shouted, "it's my *nephew!*" To Driscoll, he said, "She's upstairs in bed, Jimbo, hasn't been feeling too well."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, it's nothing serious, just a little cold."

"A little cold is what we have in Fort Knox," Driscoll said, and smiled.

"No, that's a little gold," Uncle Benny answered. "What you're thinking of, lad, is a tiny creature in a monster movie."

"No, that's a little ghoul," Driscoll said. "I hate to correct you, Uncle Benny, but I think you mean a small measure of unmitigated nerve."

"Unmitigated nerve?"

"That's right."

"A little *gall!*" Uncle Benny shouted, and burst out laughing. "Ahhh, Jimmy, Jimmy, it's good to hear your voice. How are you, boy? How *are* you?"

"I'm fine."

"When does the trial start? Is that why you're in New York?"

"Well, yes, but it *ended* today."

"It *did?* Did you win?"

"I think so. Yes, I think so."

There was a silence on the line.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" his uncle asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Why are you calling me at eleven o'clock at night? Is something wrong?"

"No, no, I just felt I had to talk to someone I . . . someone who——"

"Isn't Ebie there?"

"Yes, she's upstairs. In the room."

"I see," Uncle Benny said.

Wise old Uncle Benny, he thought, and listened to the crackling silence on the line, the seconds ticking away.

"Uncle Benny," he said at last.

"Yes, Jimmy?"

"I don't know what to do."

"About what?"

"Uncle Benny?"

"Yes? What is it it, Jimbo?"

"Help me."

"How?"

"Help me, Uncle Benny."

"Is it Ebie?"

Very quietly, he said, "Yes, it's Ebie."

"What about her?"

He could not tell him. He sat in the phone booth in the lobby of the hotel, and looked at the receiver clutched tightly in his hand, and could not tell his uncle. The silence lengthened.

"Jimmy?" his uncle said.

"Yes, Uncle Benny."

"Jimmy, whatever it is—face it, and it'll vanish."

"Vanish is when you kick somebody out of the kingdom," Driscoll said, and tried a smile.

"No, that's banish," Uncle Benny said automatically. "Jim, don't play games."

"Uncle Benny, I called because ——"

"Yes, I know why you called, Jim. Now you listen to me. Where are you?"

"I'm down here. I'm in the lobby. Uncle Benny ——"

"Now you listen to me, Jim, and don't play games, do you hear me? You go right upstairs, do you hear? You go right upstairs and you face whatever it is that's waiting for you there, you face it, Jim, now that's what I'm telling you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Good. I've got to go up to Vera now, I think I hear her calling me. Do you understand me, Jim?"

"Yes, Uncle Benny."

"Good. You keep in touch with me."

There was a click on the line.

He stood holding the dead receiver, and slowly replaced it on the hook. Well, that was very helpful, he thought, thank you very much, Uncle Benny, I'm certainly glad I called you all the way in Florida to listen to your homespun philosophy. Thank you very much, Uncle Benny, you've certainly set everything right with your words of wisdom.

Tomorrow morning they would leave for Vermont, back to the old hay, alfalfa, and oats, back to the farm he hated. What was a city boy doing in Vermont, anyway? How far can you run? Face it, Uncle Benny had said, face it. Thank you, Uncle Benny, for this singular piece of worthless advice.

She was asleep when he got back to the room, snoring very lightly, his charming wife. He undressed quietly in the dark, and got under the covers and lay there silently with the neon Sardi's sign illuminating the black windowpane, and Ebie beside him, her body warm, his hand lying close to the curving flank of her naked flesh. She never slept with a stitch on, his sweet Southern flower, never when he first met her and not now either. He wondered if she had slept naked with Peter Malcom, and wondered why he did not leave her. Face it. The bed was strange, he did not like hotel rooms. In Vermont they slept in separate beds. Twin beds are for Englishmen and other people with severe cramps, Uncle Benny had said one night, disgustingly drunk. Face it. He listened to her even breathing, the snoring had stopped now, felt the warmth of her close to him, and wondered again why he did not leave her, and then wondered why *she* did not leave him.

He touched her shoulder. She murmured in her sleep, and turned toward him and sat up. He could not see her face in the darkness.

"Ebie," he whispered.

"What is it?" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Ebie," he said, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she said.

"I'll never understand," he said. "Ebie, I love you."

"I know."

"I love you very much, Ebie."

"I know."

"But, Ebie, I'll never understand. As long as I live, I will never understand."

"Do you have to?" she asked.

He closed his eyes. "Never understand," he said, "never understand," and was suddenly exhausted. He sighed heavily. As he drifted off into folds of unconsciousness, he thought, *Ebie, let's try*, and then was not certain whether he had thought it or said it, and said aloud, certain that he was saying it this time, "Ebie, let's try, Ebie," and sighed again and said, "I love you, Ebie," and fell into a deep sleep. **END**

continued from page 75

nderstand the pleasures of cliff-dwelling Americans, and camp-out families can't figure out the psyches of the jet set, the happily rooted American may not appreciate the joys of the mobile breed. It *is* a special breed. There are trailer people. The minute they step inside one of those wood-paneled aluminum rectangles, they are happy. Like Dona, they find it "neat and . . . real cozy." They appreciate the ingenious organization of storage space. "More than in any apartment we ever lived in . . . we still have closets we haven't filled. And empty cupboards," Dona says. They like the privacy—more than in an apartment, though less than a house. They appreciate certain economies. "Insurance costs half that on a conventional house," as Dennis points out. "You don't have to worry about termites or the foundation cracking. And you don't have the upkeep. We wash it every six months, paint it every 7 or 8 years." They respond to the community spirit of a mobile home park. "It's like living in a small town, but with all the big-city advantages a few miles away. People just do for each other," says Dona.

But, most of all, trailer people want something to show for their money. They want to *own*. "Rent is throwing money down the drain," Dennis insists. "As long as we want to keep on the move, it isn't practical or possible to think of buying a conventional house. But we are buying something of our own, building up an equity."

To the uninitiated, "trailer camp" often has a grim, shabby, even sleazy connotation, a hangover from the old days when a cluster of trailers was assumed to harbor tramps, transients, and print-wrappered ladies of easy virtue with uncounted unshod offspring. "When I tell someone at work that I live in a mobile home, he'll say, 'A what?'" Dennis reports. "And I'll say, 'A trailer.' And he'll want to know, 'Is it modern?' Meaning, 'Does it have a bathroom?' They think we have outdoor plumbing."

Split-level aficionados have no idea of what's going on in the mobile-home industry. "Some mobile homes even have fireplaces and intercom systems," says Dennis. "You can have a twenty-two-foot living room if you want it. And push-button beds that drop out of a bar, or a mirror that drops down into a bed, and walls that move. Ours isn't the largest or newest, yet people are surprised to see how much space we have, and how well we live."

And it *is* a surprise to walk into the McCains' 12-by-65-foot aluminum "box" and find yourself in a wood-paneled, beam-ceilinged living room. Can it be only 12 feet wide? Perhaps the broad, open expanse of undivided living room-kitchen creates an optical illusion. Only in the bedrooms, one at either end of the structure, and in the tiny nursery is there a sense of tightly limited width. The bedrooms are so fiendishly organized for a maximum of storage space. Four closets and a bank of built-in bureaus, a vanity-desk with a lift-up mirror, and a standard double bed leave a minimum of bed-making space. But the master bath is roomy enough to house a big washing machine as well as a full-sized tub behind sliding-glass doors. Even the half bath is embellished with marble counters, set-in basin, louvered cupboards for towels, and Early American medicine chest. The kitchen has most of the built-in comforts American women have come to expect—coppertone two-door refrigerator-freezer, matching built-in wall oven, a handsome chocolate-brown porcelain sink, cushioned mock pebble vinyl floor. And here's room for an Early American high chair, a maple pedestal table, and four captain's chairs. But no dishwasher. "We'll try to find a spot for one when we get around to remodeling, won't we Dennis?" says Dona. Dennis doesn't argue much with Dona's remodeling ideas. Once she tore out a wall herself because she considered it nonessential.

Even as such mobile luxury becomes standard, the nonmobile community retains a hangover of the old prejudice against "trailer people." Few banks will take on a mobile-home mortgage. The McCains managed to locate only one in Dallas. And the banker required a down payment of at least two-thirds. Finance companies are less demanding. Even so, an eight-year mortgage was the best the McCains could find. Trailer newlyweds, without established credit, need cash. Dona was surprised when even the phone company insisted on a $40 deposit from the couple in the new mobile home next door. "We didn't have to pay a deposit, but maybe that's because we had a phone back in Kansas." Dona was edgy in opening a charge account in a Dallas department store. When the clerk asked, "Do you rent or own?" Dona said, "Own," (*continued*)





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but she did not specify what, to avoid a challenge.

Finances and credit are not the only drawbacks to trailer living. Even the most fervent mobilophile will concede that the floors are often cold, because there are no basements. Trailers sink. "Our washing machine shifts whenever it rains," complains Roger Smith, a neighbor of the McCains. The house too easily gets cluttered. "The minute something is out of its place, the room looks messy," Dona says. Insulation is not always foolproof. "Fiber glass in our last trailer was effective," says Dennis, "but the Styrofoam in this one seems to amplify sound." And no matter how big the lot, there's never enough backyard.

That doesn't stop the McCains from constantly window-shopping for trailers as well as conventional homes wherever they go. They have talked often about settling somewhere when Dennis finds a job with a clear-cut future. Recently, however, he has suggested he might never want to give up mobile-home living, whatever happens. Dona, who pores over magazines and dreams about brick walls and tall beamed ceilings, isn't protesting yet. She figures they both have a lot of wanderlust to work off before they come to permanent root-planting. So, now they carry their roots with them wherever they go.

While their mobile home needs a hookup to function, the McCains themselves seem genuinely self-sustaining. "We kind of stick around home," says Dona. "We haven't been apart very much. I enjoy my home. I enjoy my husband." In a generation of pop and hip, their pleasures are refreshingly old-fashioned: iced tea no matter the season, pizza, hamburgers, shakes and fried onions at a drive-in every Friday after the weekly bank and supermarket session; once in a while a drive-in movie with Jeff in his car bed on the back seat; sleeping late and pancakes on Saturday (Dennis can put away nine or 10), Dona's famous lemon icebox pie, television and cranberry tea (a teetotaler's brew of cranberry and pineapple juices, ginger ale and a cinnamon stick); taking Jeff to watch planes take off at Love Field; experimenting with new restaurants as often as they can afford to; touring Dallas's wax museum; sharing a bag of Tootsie Rolls (although Dona has sworn off Tootsies since the night she dared to sneak the last one in the sack and ran off with Dennis pursuing. He chased her twice around the trailer and grabbed just as she popped it into her mouth. Loss: one tooth).

"We're not people who have to go-go-go all the time," says Dona. It's strange talk from a trailer wife, and yet it's consistent. "We find pleasure in our home. I do feel we're unusually happy, certainly in the upper category of happy couples." Perhaps their keenly felt appreciation of each other has something to do with how fiercely their marriage has been tested. Nothing has been handed to the McCains without its price. Nothing has been given to them but energy, ambition, a kind of romantic curiosity, and much-needed resiliency. Dennis's degree represents an eight-year financial struggle—with only $500 of $2,500 in student loans paid off. And to the McCains, it is plain, Jeff tearing around the house in his pale green Doctor Dentons is some incredible miracle.

Dona was a college dropout. She smiles ruefully about it now. "I was a disappointment to my family when I quit Ouachita College and went to find work in Kansas City, where my sister was teaching. I planned to enroll in art school, but I got involved in work, and then I met Dennis . . . and I just never got around to it. I'd like to pick up some art courses again. I always thought I could be someone if I really tried."

Dona met Dennis at a church bowling competition in Kansas City. "I liked him from the first." But he waited a cool two weeks to call. "What I liked was how serious he was and . . . well, mannerly. Taking my arm when we crossed the street. Back home in Tennessee, boys were teasing. They couldn't care if you got hit by a car."

They became engaged six months later. "Dennit loves Donut," a nephew announced. And they were married Easter Sunday, 1960. Dennis had graduated from junior college and was working as a cost estimator for the Whitaker Cable Corp. Dona worked on mail order and radio ads for National Bellas Hess Life Insurance Co.

Apartments always seemed used and "buggy" to Dona, who regards a bug in her kitchen as a personal insult, so when they visited friends who lived in a trailer, they were immediately interested. "It just looked so cozy," says Dona. And because they were planning to move to Kansas as soon as they'd saved enough money to enroll Dennis at the university, a trailer seemed practical, too. "We must have put everything away in that trailer four or five times, trying to get organized," Dona recalls. "But it had more storage space than any apartment I'd lived in." They paid $1,300 and $40 a month plus $25 lot rental for an 8-x-37-foot "rocket" with two bedrooms and half a bath, half a bathtub.

Two months after their first anniversary Denise Kimberly was born. But this was not the happy event that new parents yearn for. She was a hydrocephalic, paralyzed from the waist down. Doctors said she would never progress beyond a four-year-old's mentality, if she lived. "They told me to leave her there at the hospital," says Dona. "They told me most mothers can't take it. They break down. But once they had talked us out of surgery—it was hopeless—I decided I wanted her home with us. They said, 'All right, take her home and love her as long as you've got.'"

When Denise died, after three months of less than life, Dona realized that she herself had been living at the pitch of a scream. "I knew I was always tired. Everything had to be disinfected, you see, it had to be as clean as an operating room. We had to sterilize her bed twice a day. I wouldn't even let anyone breathe over her. At night I was always afraid that, if I fell asleep, I'd wake and she'd be dead. I lay there and heard every breath. When I was warming her bottle sometimes I'd lie down, just for a minute, and I'd fall asleep. I'd wake up when the bottle exploded. The night after she died I woke up the next morning and realized . . . that was the first real sleep I'd had in months. It took us a long while to realize it was better. I mean, no one would want to live with all that wrong with her. And it took a while for me to get over keeping the house so spotless. Now, as you can see," she grinned, "I'm learning to be sloppy again."

They discovered then that the cozy little trailer was getting crowded. "The walls were closing in," Dennis recalls. But, like true trailer addicts, instead of fleeing for open spaces when claustrophobia sets in, the McCains merely traded up—to a two-bedroom 10-x-50-foot model. Several months later they moved into the Underwood Mobile Home Court in Lawrence, Kansas, so Dennis could enroll at the university.

Underwood was a little like a Hollywood stage set for a musical starring Sandra Dee, Rick Nelson and Tuesday Weld. Practically all were young college couples, most of them newlyweds. The McCains and their neighbors, Glenda and Gerry Touslee, were virtually senior citizens. "A lot of the newlyweds were on allowances," Glenda Touslee recalls. "But the Touslees and the McCains were stuck. We had to help get our husbands through school." The two couples met when Glenda was in the hospital giving birth to Gigi. "Dona just walked up to our door and offered to do our laundry. We'd never even met. Then when I had been home only two days, she stopped by and offered to baby-sit."

The McCains' Monthly Expenses

Trailer payment	$111.00
Lot rent	40.00
Telephone	6.00
Groceries	120.00
Dry cleaning	7.50
Nursery school	32.00
Car payment	72.00
Car expenses	25.00
Washing-machine payments	11.00
Department-store payments	
Singer Harris ($150 debt for Christmas and for curtains.)	10.00
Montgomery Ward ($125 debt for trailer jack, car parts, bedroom carpet.)	5.00
Payments on student loan	60.00
Miscellaneous (movies, pocket money)	15.00
Savings	8.00
Total	$522.50

The McCains' Annual Expenses

Dental care	$125.00
Medical care	180.00
Clothing	300.00
Life insurance	175.00
Hospital insurance	183.50
Car insurance	332.00
Total	$1,295.50

The McCains' Income

Dennis's salary	$650.00
less withholding	117.25
Take-home pay	532.75
Dona's salary	$100.00
Family net monthly income	632.75

Trailer Finances

12x65-foot trailer, bought in August, 1965	$6,700.00
Trade-in allowance on old trailer	3,400.00
Balance owed	$3,300.00

Trailer people are like that, according to Dona. "You do for each other. Like in a small town. Glenda fixed meals for Dennis when I was in the hospital. And we all ran errands for each other. When the guys were all studying for finals, we girls went off to the movies." There was an elderly woman with arthritis whom Glenda and Dennis took turns taking to the grocery. Dona set the older woman's hair once a week (she manages to do incredibly professional things to her own, too) and, in turn, the woman baby-sat. "Dona likes to get involved with people," is Dennis's analysis. "People come to her with their problems. She's always been that way. People just seem to think they've found a friend."

"I feel the need to help someone," says Dona. "When we get out from under our debts, I'd like to give some time to a children's hospital or maybe work with mentally retarded children."

The pace in Lawrence was "a real rat race" for Dona. She had worked up from $1-an-hour girl Friday at Bellas Hess to assistant advertising manager. "I must

have loved that job," Dona says, "I drove a hundred miles a day round trip to keep it." With Dona commuting, Dennis began cooking. "Dennis has always been a good cook," Dona insists. "You should taste his brownies. When I'd come home, he'd be real proud of himself. He'd have dinner started and a rice pudding made." Whenever Dennis had trouble, he'd rush next door to the Touslees, open cookbook in hand. ("At what point do you toss in the red-hots?") Glenda recalls a chill winter evening when both McCains knocked at their door carrying a plate of freshly baked peanut-butter cookies. "Oh, Dona, you shouldn't ——" Glenda began. "Not me. Dennis," Dona replied.

Dona stopped working when Jeff was born, so the McCains' income went down. Already burdened with debt, their shaky economy was staggered when Dennis fell asleep at the wheel of the car driving back to Lawrence from Thanksgiving with Dona's folks. A faulty muffler leaking carbon monoxide was to blame. "Miraculously none of us was hurt—not even Jeff lying on his mattress in back. But the car was demolished when it crashed into an abutment." Dennis rebuilt the battered hulk "practically from scratch," putting $800 into new parts. "Now I've got to keep driving it to get my money out of it."

Then a blood clot in her leg put Dona back in the hospital. Dennis was in full charge. He bathed and fed the baby, took him to the baby-sitter's, rushed to classes, came home to cook, wash clothes. "He even ironed Dona's nighties," Glenda Touslee remembers. "I offered to throw them into the machine with our laundry, but he wanted to do them by hand because they were frilly."

In his senior year Dennis went to Dallas to scout jobs and mobile-home facilities. Then the McCains made their "no-pack," masking-taped move. And they settled at the Glenhaven Mobile Home Park in Dallas. Their portable roots began to take hold. Dona found a supermarket that pleased her. She began to work up rapport with the pediatrician recommended by a doctor back in Kansas City. They discovered a church they liked. Dona found a part-time job, doing layout pasteup for a church weekly with 60,000 circulation and 15 local editions. They found new friends, too.

But in their constant window-shopping, they came across a mobile-home bargain they couldn't resist—a shiny, new 12-by-65-foot three-bedroom streamline baby with a peaked beamed ceiling and what the dealer called "antique birch" paneling. A family had lived in it for two months. That made it "used," cutting the $8,700 list price to $6,700, including the Early American-style furniture. The McCains spent another $600 for air conditioning and sculptured gold carpeting for the living room.

But the new aluminum beauty was too big for the Glenhaven lots. That's what brought them to Town View, the Palm Beach of Dallas mobile-home living. Town View was still new to the point of near-nakedness. Although the brochure promises "a minimum of seven trees and shrubs per lot," the greenery is still struggling. Town View's streets curve in hopeful imitation of high-priced real-estate developments. Lots provide off-street parking. There are gas lights, concrete patios, and a vine-covered trellis shields each aluminum storage shed.

At the heart of all this luxury is the swimming pool and a sprawling community center with a Ping-Pong table, "The Chit-Chat Room," a large ballroom with a piano and huge stone fireplace, and the full-size kitchen tenants may reserve for parties that might tax their trailers. There are salon-style hair dryers, too, and a laundry room, a fenced yard for wet wash, bingo nights, regular pot-luck suppers, and a baby-sitter registration sheet. The lot and all benefits cost the McCains $40 a month.

Trailer-park friendship may be easy, as Dona has said, but it is not automatic. Town View seems a bit stiff and formal compared to campus days in Kansas. "But it's hard to meet people in winter," she explains. "You have to wait till spring. Then people start working in their yards. And we barbecue a lot. Once we get the coals going, we call out if anyone wants to throw their dinner on our grill. You meet people once it gets warm outside."

Jeff is a streak of perpetual motion. He dismantles window handles, loves to unscrew the table legs, and at 17 months had discovered how to lock and unlock the front door, an accomplishment Dona was unaware of till he locked her out one afternoon. "I had to get a man from the trailer company to bring a key over."

The McCains find it almost impossible to say "no" to Jeff, a weakness that may be understandable when you remember Denise Kimberly. And now they have an impishly beautiful tyrant. When Dona works at the paper, she leaves Jeff at nursery (*continued*)



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school after fixing breakfasts for them all and lunches for herself and Dennis. Recently the school was going to charge her 25 cents extra a day. "Why?" she asked. "To pay for Jeff's breakfast," she was told. It seems Jeff had been putting away two breakfasts each morning.

The McCains seem to be a wholesome blend of virtue, convention, romance and curiosity. They brood about pensions. They believe in charity. And they dream about flying cross-country in their own airplane. Dennis, whose hobby is building model planes that fly, plans to put together a small one-seater so that he can earn his air time inexpensively.

Real money for men in his field lies in management. For that he'll need a master's degree in business administration. Soon he must start classes again. Will they ever get to Europe? Dona wonders. They also talk about another child. "I used to think I wanted four," says Dona, "but if they're boys, I'll stop at two. Jeff ought to have a brother or sister." But they want to put it off. "We're selfish, I guess," says Dona. "But we want more time to just enjoy him."

It was dinnertime. Dennis lifted Jeff into his highchair, and Dona put a dish of mashed bananas on his tray. "Bow your head, Jeff. We're going to say grace," she instructed. "Grace," said Jeff, resting his cheek solemnly in the dish of bananas. ". . . and be with our loved ones," Dennis prayed, "wherever they are." **END**

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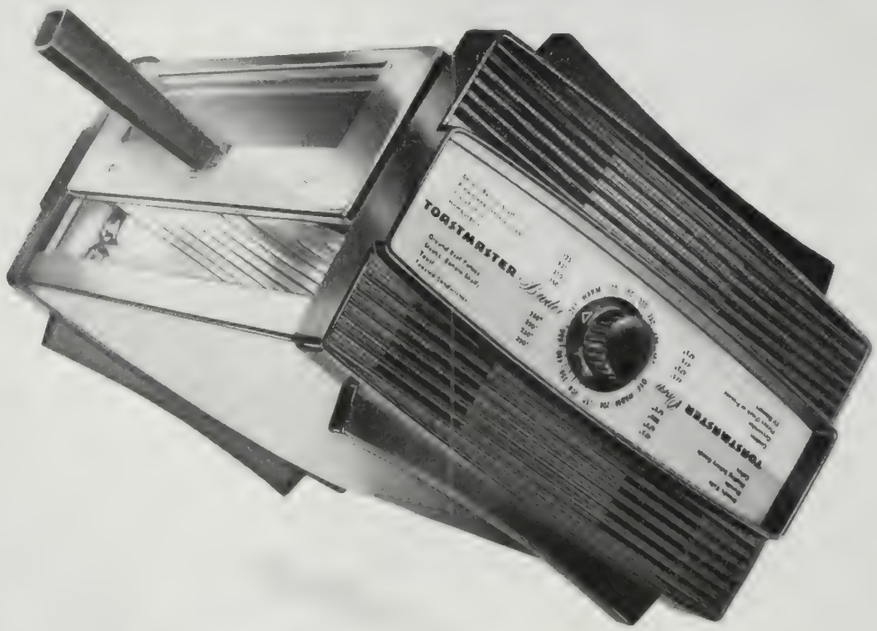
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